

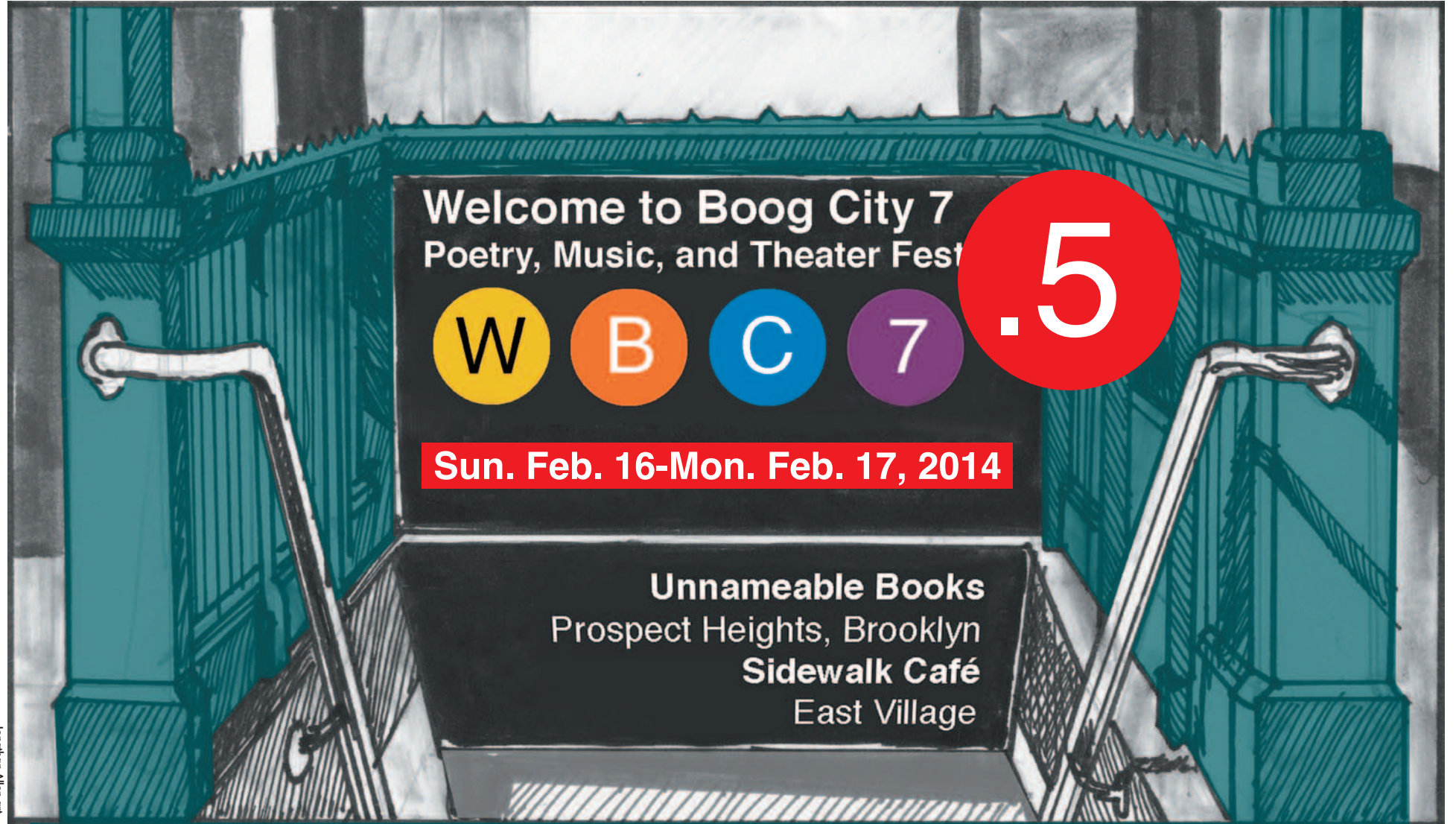
BOOG CITY

A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER FROM A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS BASED IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE

ISSUE 87 FREE

FILM
MUSIC
POETRY

Haunted Landscapes
Zoe Z
Clark, Devereux, Guarie,
Lederer, Roylance, Townsend
PRINTED MATTER
SMALL PRESS
McCarthy, Steck
Fact-Simile



**SUNDAY,
FEBRUARY 16
12:00 P.M., Free
Unnameable Books
600 Vanderbilt Ave.
(bet. Prospect Place/St. Marks Avenue)
Prospect Heights,
Brooklyn**

Directions: 2, 3 to Grand Army Plaza,
C to Clinton-Washington avenues, Q to 7th Avenue

Zoe Z 12:00 p.m.

<http://m.reverbnation.com/artist/zoezelkind>



Zoe Z is a singer-songwriter from Santa Monica, Calif. She just moved to New York City's Stuyvesant Town, where she has been playing and writing. She likes rhinos and recently built a psychedelic scorpion made of melted crayons.

Jamie Townsend 12:30 p.m.

<http://elderlymag.tumblr.com/>



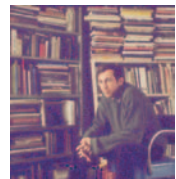
Jamie Townsend is the managing editor of Aufgabe, and Elderly, an emergent hub of ebullience and disgust. He is author of STRAP/HALO (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs), Matryoshka (LRL Textile Editions), and THE DOME (Ixnay Press), as well as the forthcoming longplayer SHADE (Elis Press).

from Predator

a finger broken off sea star & custom Armani suit shit & candy in the water your stare like a block of hash just sitting there impassively waiting it's about a basic interrogation organic growth from the inside out forests of hydrogen a blockbuster rom-com about the first Hummer starring Taylor Swift as the body building politician you the misunderstood light truck with Verhoeven directing the plot's last ditch attempt to haul that plastic island out of the Pacific to actually compose something

as fucking sweet as a naturalization ceremony that ends in beautifully choreographed slaughter

Edmund Berrigan 12:40 p.m.



Edmund Berrigan is the author of two books of poetry, Dismaying Matter (Owl Press) and Glad Stone Children (farfalla press/McMillan & Parrish), and a memoir, Can It! (Letter Machine Editions). He is editor of The Selected Poems of Steve Carey (Sub Press), and co-editor, with Anselm Berrigan and Alice Notley, of The Collected Poems of Ted Berrigan and The Selected Poems of Ted Berrigan (both University of California Press). He is an editor for poetry magazines Brawling Pigeon and Vlak, and on the editorial board of Lungfull!. He records and performs music as I feel tractor. Greg Fuchs photo.

Amelia Bentley 12:50 p.m.



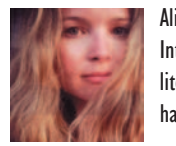
Amelia Bentley is composed of a patina and erosion of texts, slowly pursuing the edge of the capability of language through formal strategies of disruption and appropriation. If, as Chris Hedges says, "We've been robbed of language by which we can express the reality of what we're undergoing," then the language out of which identity is composed ourselves must be broken and re-combined to access possibilities of expression and recognition more accurate to reality.

Jessica Fiorini 1:05 p.m.



Jessica Fiorini is the author of three chapbooks Light Suite (Pudding House), Sea Monster at Night (Goodbye Better Press), and Take it Personal (forthcoming from Lame House Press). Her poems have appeared in such publications as Lungfull!, Vlak and the Brooklyn Rail. She lives in Lefferts, Brooklyn with her husband and his cat. Jennifer Arlia photo.

Ali Power 1:15 p.m.



Ali Power is an editor at Rizzoli International Publications and teaches literature at Pace University. Her poems have appeared in Argos books' Little

Anthology; Forklift, Ohio; Painted Bride Quarterly; Post Road; and Washington Square, among others. Her chapbook You Americans was published by Green Zone Editions.

Anselm Berrigan 1:30 p.m.

<http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Berrigan-Anselm.php>



Anselm Berrigan's recent publications include Loading, a collaborative book with painter Jonathan Allen published by Brooklyn Arts Press, and Sure Shot, a pink chap from Overpass Books. Primitive State, a book-length poem, will be published by Edge Books in 2014.

Joshua Garcia 1:40 p.m.

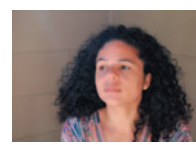
<http://joshuagarciamusic.tumblr.com/>



Joshua Garcia is a folk singer-songwriter based in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn.

Betsy Fagin 2:10 p.m.

<http://betsyfagin.com>



Betsy Fagin is an activist, poet, and librarian who explores the territory where art, information access, and political engagement through direct action meet. She is the author of Poverty Rush (Three Sad Tigers), the science seemed so solid (dusie kollektiv), and For every solution there is a problem (Open 24 Hours), among others.

Ethan Fugate 2:20 p.m.

<http://ignatzybanjo.tumblr.com/>



Ethan Fugate is a poet and co-editor for the 6-issue run of the poetry journal POM2. He currently lives in Charleston, SC.

Susana Gardner 2:35 p.m.

<http://www.archiveofthenow.org/authors/?i=29>



Susana Gardner is the author of three full-length poetry collections, CADDISH and Herso (both from Black Radish Books) and [Lapsed Insel Weary] (The Tangent Press).

Eric Seader 2:50 p.m.

<http://theburntroses.wordpress.com/>



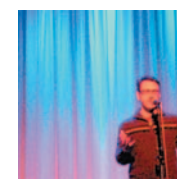
'We Will Mend: Youth Violence and the Healing Power of Music'

Eric Seader is a paralegal, singer-songwriter, and a progressive socio-political advocate living in New York City. He credits his parents with instilling within him progressive values from an early age, and fueling his drive toward activism and advocacy.

A singer-songwriter for over 18 years, Seader strives to touch as many genres with his music as possible, and has recently returned to his roots, writing songs with a message, as he did when he first began. Following the tragic events in Newtown, Conn. in December 2012, he wrote a song to help him cope with the tragedy in hopes that it would help others heal as well. His friend, and now writing partner, Rorie Kelly, took his lyrics and rewrote the music, lending her vocal and instrumental talents to the piece. The two formed the duo The Burnt Roses in late 2013 as they recorded their first single, "We Will Mend." The single was released to coincide with the first anniversary of the Sandy Hook tragedy, with 100% of the proceeds going to charity. They plan to write more songs in the future to spark debate, start necessary dialogues, and, most importantly, to bring healing to those who need it most.

Magus Magnus 3:00 p.m.

<http://sharedimagining.blogspot.com/>



drone: poetic monologue for monotone

Magus Magnus' work sources poetry and "the poetic" as central to the extremes of interiority (thought, philosophy) and exteriority (performance, deed). Published books include The Re-echoes (Furniture Press), Idylls for a Bare Stage (twentythreebooks), Heraclitean Pride (Furniture Press), and Verb Sap (Narrow House). Works in progress are a book on the ancient Roman emperor Heliogabalus and a conceptual writing/theater piece utilizing various government docs on unmanned combat aerial vehicles, titled drone: poetic monologue for monotone.

Pattie McCarthy 3:15 p.m.

http://www.apogeeepress.com/books_marybones.html



Pattie McCarthy is the author of six books, the forthcoming *nulls* (Horse Less Press) and *Quiet Book* (Apogee Press), as well as *Marybones*, *Table Alphabetical of Hard Words*, Verso, & *bk of (h)rs* (all from Apogee). Recent/forthcoming chapbooks include *scenes from the lives of my parents* (Bloof Books), *x y z &&* (Ahsahta Press), and *fifteen genre scenes* (eth press). She teaches at Temple University. Asher Varrone photo.

Ben Roylance 3:30 p.m.

<http://jellyfishmagazine.org/9.0/benroylance.html>



Ben Roylance spends time in two separate valleys on the east coast of the United States of America. *June/July, 1947*. *June/July, 2012*. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in places like *Jellyfish*, *Noo Journal*, *notnostrums*, and similar peaks. His best work is always in the future, worry.

from Postdromal Hymns

Evergrey snow mapped / quarterly onto the bankfront
subevergreen edgeways flanging like winter. Dented and
nonprominent / sky stubbed extremely on the poster rolled
up depicting you-guessed-it a glass of carbonated liquid
analysts. Weak grey scent of grey / calenture at man's groin
insulating an ephemeron for nothing but remonetized and
damn hideless lightness. All stoned on wooing his distortion
/ petal falling from our reselected and special American
persimmon to the underswell of Atlantic asthmal plane.
Evergrey snow mapped
dented and nonprominent
weak grey scent of grey
all stoned on wooing his distortion

Jenn McCreary 3:45 p.m.

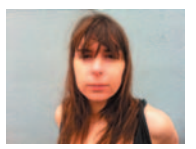
<http://jennmccreary.wordpress.com>



Jenn McCreary's new full-length collection, & now my feet are maps, is available from Dusie Press. Other works include *The Dark Mouth of Living* (Horse Less Press), *:ab ovo:* (Dusie Press), and a doctrine of signatures (*Singing Horse Press*). She lives in Philadelphia with her family, where she co-edits *ixnay press* with Chris McCreary. Colin M. Lenton photo.

Jackie Clark 4:00 p.m.

<http://nohelpforthat.com/>



Jackie Clark is the author of *Aphoria* (Brooklyn Arts Press). She is the series editor of *Poets off Poetry* and *Song of the Week for Coldfront Magazine* and is the recipient of a 2012 New Jersey State Council on the Arts Fellowship in Poetry. Her writing has recently appeared or is forthcoming from *Bone Bouquet*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *The Rumpus*.

The Poetry Field

-- after Eileen Myles

The we as in all the people whose lives I imagine
Like an underground electric fence
Or an empty prairie where people gather
Like the leaves that get stuck in the gutter
The field is luxurious
The heat inside, often deadpan and didactic
Not a hoping to find something
I am here, I could say
I am here and I am thinking
Sometimes I am sleeping
What metaphorical hovercrafts move toward
Bringing us what?
Obviously the career field but who's even left to think
about that
I wash dishes and strengthen my character
I think about my boyfriend and wonder if we will really eat
toast together when we are old
What that being old will feel like
But this can be how it starts
Making what you will of your own corruptions
Humping toward a more moderate life because it is less of
a challenge for your integrity
Not for commodities but for biology
We all just die anyway
The world bigger and our ideas in it smaller
What to do when you you becomes someone else
Frank O'Hara already wrote a poem about not being a painter
& Joan Didion says that the point is always to remember
what it is like to be you

4:10 p.m.

d.a. levy lives: celebrating renegade presses series

Fact-Simile

<http://www.fact-simile.com>



co-eds., Jen Marie and Travis Macdonald
Philadelphia's Fact-Simile is a small independent publisher of mostly handmade books and book-objects. They strive to compose all of their products from recycled and reclaimed materials and to help further expand the physical definitions of literature. Fact-Simile is also an annual large-format (8.5" x 11") literary journal. It is available free at the above url and in print while supplies last. Their aesthetic is best described by the content featured in each of their past issues.

Julia Bloch

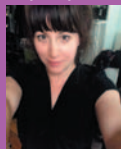
<http://jacket2.org/> <http://jacket2.org/>



Julia Bloch grew up in Northern California and Sydney, Australia, and is the author of *Letters to Kelly Clarkson* (Sidebrow Books), a Lambda Literary Award Finalist. Recent poems and translations have appeared in *Fence*, *Manor House Quarterly*, and *Sixth Finch*. She lives in Philadelphia, works as associate director of the Kelly Writers House, and is a coeditor of *Jacket2*.

Elizabeth Guthrie

<http://aplacesortof.blogspot.com/>



Elizabeth Guthrie is a poet and performer living in New York researching for a practice-based Ph.D. in text and performance at the University of East London. She is a co-editor of *Livestock Editions*. Her work has appeared in journals including *Onedit*, *Required*, *Bombay Gin*, *Pinstripe*, *Fedora*, *Alba Londres*, *Open Letter*, and *Fact-Simile*. She has a pamphlet, *X Portraits*, out through *Crater Press*, a chapbook, *Yellow and Red*, through *Black Lodge Press*, the collaborative chapbook with Andrew K. Peterson, *Between Here and the Telescopes*, through *Slumgullion Press* and a book entitled, *Portraits - Captions from Contraband Books*. She is poet in residence at the Centre for Creative Collaboration in London. She blogs at the above url.

Stan Mir

<http://chapterhouse readings.blogspot.com/>



Stan Mir is the author of two chapbooks, *Test Patterns* and *Flight Patterns*, both published by JR Vansant. His most recent full-length collection is *The Lacustrine Suite* (Pavement Saw, 2011). He lives in Philadelphia where he co-organizes the Chapter & Verse reading series with Ryan Eckes.

Ollie oxen / Alysya Oliver

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



Ukulele and guitar playing singer songwriter with a haunting voice and surreal lyrics will make you wanna howl at the moon as she gets tuned.

Brian Teare

<http://www.brianteare.net>



A former NEA Fellow, Brian Teare is the recipient of poetry fellowships from the MacDowell Colony, the Headlands Center for the Arts, and the American Antiquarian Society. He is the author of four books—*The Room Where I Was Born*, *Sight Map*, the Lambda Award-winning *Pleasure*, and *Companion Grasses*. He's also published seven chapbooks, most recently *Helplessness*, [black sun crown], and *SORE EROS*. An assistant professor at Temple University, he lives in Philadelphia, where he makes books by hand for his micropress, Albion Books.

Kevin Varrone

<http://boxscoreapp.com>



Kevin Varrone's most recent project is *box score*: an autobiography, a free, interactive poetry app for iPhone and iPad (available at the app store or the above url). His other publications include *Eephus* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series); *Passyunk Lost* and the Philadelphia improvements (both Ugly Duckling Presse); *id est* (Instance Press); and *g-point Almanac 6.21-9.21* (ixnay press). He teaches at Temple University and lives outside Philadelphia.

SMALL PRESS

Just the Fact-Simile A Few Words with the Macdonalds



Co-editors Travis and JenMarie Macdonald flank Fact-Simile Editions author Frank Sherlock at PRESS>PLAY, a small-press festival in Baltimore this past September.

Chris McCreary photo

BY CHRIS MCCREARY

Since the press's origins at Naropa University in 2006, Fact-Simile Editions co-editors JenMarie and Travis Macdonald have brought to life more than a dozen ingeniously designed books and "book-objects" ranging from Frank Sherlock's *Very Different Animals*, an accordion-fold chapbook with hand painted canvas covers, to *MINImaxims*, one-line poems Richard Kostelanetz printed on scratch-off cards. In addition to beginning work on next year's installment of the *Fact-Simile Trading Card Series*, which has published baseball-card style cards featuring 12 poets per year since 2010, this editorial duo has just launched the ninth issue of *Fact-Simile Magazine*, their twice yearly poetry journal.

In this email interview with Boog City small press co-editor Chris McCreary, JenMarie and Travis (answering under the collective name Fact-Simile) discuss the press's origins, future projects, and division of editorial labor.

Boog City: Take us to the moment when Fact-Simile was founded. What made you both want to get involved in small-press publishing? Was working on the press something you always conceived of doing together?

Fact-Simile: There was really no one defining moment. Travis had published a few chapbooks by fellow Naropians with the Fact-Simile stamp between 2006 and 2007. JenMarie had a degree in magazine journalism and was the editorial research assistant for *Bombay Gin*—we actually met at the release party for the winter issue in which JenMarie designed the cover and Travis designed the insides. At this time, Travis had already planned on publishing a literary journal around a Jerome Rothenberg interview he had laying around. JenMarie was one of the very first contributors to that issue and she helped finish and print it, making *Fact-Simile 1.1* our first official Fact-Simile

'Working on the press has always been a large part of our relationship and one of the ways in which we've grown together. In fact, a key part of our wedding ceremony was binding a book.'

collaboration. Soon after that, we moved in together. Working on the press has always been a large part of our relationship and one of the ways in which we've grown together. In fact, a key part of our wedding ceremony was binding a book.

Coming from publishing backgrounds, both of us approached the act of book-making as integral to that of writing. There were, and still are, so many great writers living in the Front Range that we wanted to publish, so we began dreaming up new forms like the *Apothecary* series and the *A Sh Anthology*. There was also this sense at Naropa—based in no small part on the rich history/tradition ranging from letterpress to mimeo—that poets/writers can control the means of production and not have to rely on traditional mainstream publishing. We wanted to create opportunities for other writers and be active members in the greater community. It was and is still important to us to provide space for that lively and organic exchange of language and ideas.

Dare I ask how close you come to breaking even financially on your various publishing projects?

Almost, most of the time. Because we mostly use recycled and reclaimed materials, we usually approach, or ever-so-slightly-exceed, a break-even point on our publishing projects. At least from a materials standpoint, which is to say we're not exactly going to be paying ourselves a salary any time soon. The printed copies of the magazine (paper and ink) and the trading cards (printing and mailing) are our biggest recurring costs, but each individual project carries its own set of material expenses. For *One Hundred Colorado Places*, we had to purchase 100 windowed tin cases. For *Very Different Animals*, we supplied the artist Nicole Donnelly with 100 tiny canvases and the paint required to make her stunning one-of-a-kind covers. In cases such as those, we may have to set the price of the books a little higher in order to make back our investment.

I'm always interested in hearing how co-editors split up tasks. How do you decide who does what?

We make a good team in that our strengths complement one another, so it's usually evident who will do what. JenMarie starts lots of projects, Travis makes sure they see completion. JenMarie worked as a bookmaker

All of our projects start with one of us having a vision for a text and working through the idea with the other to help develop that vision into reality.

at a leather arts studio in Santa Fe, so she tends to design and plan book construction as well as perform any work requiring precision and detail, such as carving mountain ranges into five-plus yards of accordion folded text. Travis works at a marketing firm, so he handles communications and manages mailings while manning the printer and overseeing the actual production of most projects. JenMarie is better at Dreamweaver and InDesign, so she updates the website and designs most of the books. Travis is better at Photoshop, so he designs all the trading cards.

While there is a more or less unspoken division of labor, it shifts on a project-by-project basis with Travis taking point on some designs and JenMarie helping out on the production end of things as needed. All of our projects start with one of us having a vision for a text and working through the idea with the other to help develop that vision into reality.

Are there any upcoming projects that you're particularly excited to mention here?

Yes! Given that we approach each text from a completely different angle as far as form and materials are concerned, and that we both have day jobs and active writing practices, we tend to work on the slow side. Glacial really. That being the case, there are currently two long overdue books that we're planning on releasing in early 2014: Brian Foley's *Totem*, which uses recycled denim to reenact an old monastic form called a girdle book, and Jane Wong's *Impossible Map*, which integrates a sort of "pop up" form called the Turkish map fold. We also have one final year of poetry trading cards planned for 2014. Beyond that, we're looking forward to opening up our submission manager again and seeing what new possibilities are out there for the making.

Chris McCreary's most recent collection is the chapbook *Elseworlds* (Cy Gist Press). He co-edits *ixnay press* in Philadelphia. (<http://www.ixnaypress.com>)

**SUNDAY
FEBRUARY 16
8:00 P.M.
\$5 suggested**

**Sidewalk Cafe
94 Avenue A.**

(at East 6th Street)

The East Village

Directions: F/V to Second Ave., L to First Ave.

Katy Lederer

8:00 p.m.

<http://katylederer.com/>



Katy Lederer is the author of the poetry collections *Winter Sex* and *The Heaven-Sent Leaf*, as well as the memoir *Poker Face: A Girlhood Among Gamblers*. Poems, essays, and reviews have appeared in *The*

Boston Review, *The New York Times Book Review*, and *VOLT*, among others. A member of the advisory boards of *The Millay Colony for the Arts* and *The Poetry Project*, Lederer has been the recipient of fellowships and awards from *The MacDowell Colony*, *The New York Foundation for the Arts*, and *Yaddo*.

Writing

If you do it every day the world concatenates to meet your needs.

You must know the right people or no the write people.

*

In the charnel house of the place where I think I make bones.

*

Passing the days just like gallbladder stones I am crying.

*

Losing weight and gaining weight.

Thinking about animals, the fact that people eat them.

Ed Steck

8:10 p.m.



Ed Steck is a writer from Pittsburgh. *Ugly Duckling Presse* published his book, *The Garden: Synthetic Environment for Analysis and Simulation*, last year.

Lunch Break Tantra

8:25 p.m.



Lunch Break Tantra is a group of improvisers out of the Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre in New York, who create a fully improvised show before

your eyes. You might not want to be friends with all of these characters in real life, but you'll definitely enjoy getting to see a glimpse into their world.

Boog's Classic Album Live Series 8:50 p.m.

The Velvet Underground and Nico performed live by

Kung Fu Crimewave and friends



Lou Reed's final request was that the Brooklyn-based band Kung Fu Crimewave

(<http://www.kungfucrimewave.com>) play his album *Velvet Underground and Nico* in its entirety. Lou said "I came up with the idea because the album cover features a banana, and Kung Fu Crimewave features a banana playing bass" followed by death rattle. While some dispute this claim, Shia LeBouf supported the claim in sky writing. Regardless of the hype surrounding this groundbreaking performance, The band will be joined by Julie Delano, Susan Hwang and Leslie Graves of *GOLD* (<http://vimeo.com/43841048>), Hallie Kelly, Phoebe Kreutz (<http://www.phoebekreutz.com>), Julie LaMendola of Ching Ching (<http://chingchongsong.bandcamp.com>), Casey Holford (<http://www.caseyholford.com>), and Rebecca Satellite of *A Deer A Horse* (<http://www.adeerahorse.bandcamp.com>).

Kung Fu Crimewave and friends is:

Luke Kelly: lead guitarist, trouble maker, champion of the proletariat

Joanna Kelly: is nice. is in a band.

Neil Kelly: Huggabroomstik, Tunetown Philharmonic

Preston Spurlock: makes art, plays music, draws videos, Gilmore Boys, Huggabroomstik, Old Hat, Ladies of Old Hat, Elastic No-No Band, Mango Glaze, Pie Face, Tunetown Philharmonic, The Sewing Circle, The Johns.

Casey Holford: Urban Barnyard, Gilmore Boys, Outlines. Loves Bananas.

Matt Colbourn: Pizza Underground, married to Phoebe Kreutz

Phoebe Kreutz: Writer/Director of: *YOLO!* *Gilgamesh*, *Thanks*, *The Dirty Hippie Jam Band Project*. Urban Barnyard, Pizza Underground, bought Matt Colbourn at a yard sale.

Julie Delano: *GOLD*, *The Leader*

Susan Hwang: Founder of the *Bushwick Bookclub*, *Murderizer*, *GOLD*, *The Relastics*, *Debutante Hour*.

Leslie Graves: *GOLD*, *They Would Be Happy People*

Hallie Kelly: Too cool for the internet.

Julie La Mendola: Ching Ching, Nature Theater of Oklahoma

Rebecca Satellite: *A Deer A Horse*

We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming: every episode of *The Twilight Zone* playing simultaneously.

**MONDAY,
FEBRUARY 17
12:00 P.M., Free
Unnameable Books
600 Vanderbilt Ave.**

(bet. Prospect Place/St. Marks Avenue)

**Prospect Heights,
Brooklyn**

Directions: 2, 3 to Grand Army Plaza,

C to Clinton-Washington avenues, Q to 7th Avenue

Sketchy Mile

12:00 p.m.



Mike Shoykhet was born in the Moldavian Republic of the former Soviet Union. He has been playing music in and around New York City since

the late 1990s. He resides in New Jersey.

Peter Bogart Johnson

12:30 p.m.



Peter Bogart Johnson is the author of the chapbook *Humble* under a book of you (*Butterlamb*), and his work has appeared in *Anti-*, *Atlas Review*, *Coldfront*, *Realpoetik*, *Sink Review*, and *Sixth Finch*, among others. He curates the *Earshot* reading series, and lives and works in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Adam Tobin

12:40 p.m.



Adam Tobin owns and operates *Unnameable Books*. He occasionally writes poems, which are published in places like *EOAGH*, *Fence*, *6x6*, and *The Weekly Weakling*, among others. A chapbook, *Any Group Can Claim Responsibility*, is available from *Mondo Bummer Press*.

Magus Magnus

12:50 p.m.

(see Sun. 3:00 p.m.)

Gracie Leavitt

1:05 p.m.

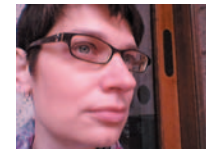


Gracie Leavitt is the author of the collection *Monkeys*, *Minor Planet*, *Average Star* (*Nightboat Books*) and the chapbook *Gap Gardening* (*These Signals Press*). Her poems have appeared in journals such as *Conjunctions*, *Lana Turner*, and *6x6*, and her interviews of contemporary artists can be found in *Flaunt Magazine*. She has also contributed to the multidisciplinary publication *Intercourse* and serves as a co-curator of the *Triptych Reading Series*. Previous collaborations include the original play *PITCH*, which debuted at *La Mama E.T.C.* Willis Ryder Arnold photo.

Gillian Devereux

1:15 p.m.

<http://www.gillianevereux.com/index.html>



Gillian Devereux received her M.F.A. in poetry from Old Dominion University and works as a professional writing consultant at Wheelock College

in Boston, where she also teaches academic writing and poetry. She is the author of *Focus on Grammar* (dancing girl press) and *They Used to Dance on Saturday Nights* (Aforementioned Productions). Her poems have appeared in numerous journals, most recently *N/A*, *Printer's Devil Review*, and *Sundog Lit*. She can be found online at the above url, streaming pop music from the cloud.

Letter from the Future

Re: Burial Practices

My dearest, you must not fear death in any of its forms. The present is finite and leaves without warning. Today you walk through your city in cold autumn air; the sun overhead shines on glossy leaves: orange, red, yellow. They, too, are nearly dead. It happens this way each year. Death will endure long into the future. You have little say in this matter. I encourage you to resist keeping relics. Memorials and monuments have always been vulnerable to attack. In ancient times, the dead were buried with ritual extravagance: enveloped in salt, linen, oil, and perfume, entombed in ice, encased in glass, hidden inside pyramids and catacombs, gifted with eternal forms of nourishment, currency, companionship, but even those buried together die alone. In the future, you will not need a body after death. You will need nothing at all.

Allyson Paty

1:30 p.m.



Allyson Paty's poems can be found in *Best New Poets 2012*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Gulf Coast*, the *PEN Poetry Series*, *Tin House*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook, *The Further Away*, was published by [sic] Press. A native New Yorker, she lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, where she is editor of *Singing Saw Press*.

Mimi "Rooster" Oz

1:40 p.m.

<http://www.mimioz.com>



Mimi Oz performing under the name "Rooster," is a Canadian singer-songwriter based out of Bushwick, Brooklyn.

Oz spent many years hidden writing poetry, as well as abstract painting. In 2009 she took a trip to Mexico City and returned turning her experiences into song ideas. Working alongside Canadian producer/songwriter/funnyman Bob Wiseman, she structured and altered her ideas and came up with the material for her first record, *Three Of Swords*.

Currently Oz is working on her second record, *Men Who Never Loved Me*, funded with the help of the Ontario Arts Council and set to work with Canadian Producer Don Kerr.

Simone White

2:10 p.m.

http://www.poetrysociety.org/psa/poetry/crossroads/new_american_poets/simone_white/



Simone White is the author of *Unrest* (*Ugly Duckling Presse*, *Dossier Series*), *House Envy of All of the World* (*Factory School*), and *Dolly* (*Q Ave Press*, with the paintings of Kim Thomas). Work has also appeared or is forthcoming in *Big Bell*, *The Baffler*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *Washington Square*. She lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. Ted Roeder photo.

Deborah Poe

2:20 p.m.

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



Deborah Poe is the author of the poetry collections the last will be stone, too and *Elements* (both *Stockport Flats*), and *Our Parenthetical Ontology* (*CustomWords*), as well as a novella in verse, *Helene* (*Furniture Press*). She has published several chapbooks, most recently *Keep* (above/ground press), and also co-edited *Between Worlds: An Anthology of Contemporary Fiction and Criticism* (*Peter Lang*). Poe is an assistant professor of English at Pace University, Pleasantville, where she teaches writing and literature and directs the *Handmade/Homemade Exhibit* and *Vox Creative Arts Series*. Karl Bode photo.

J.J. Hayes comes from Staten Island. Sometimes he is a poet, sometimes he's a singer, and sometimes he writes about music and the world.

Zoe Z is a singer-songwriter from Santa Monica, Calif. She just moved to New York City's Stuyvesant Town, where she has been playing and writing. She likes rhinos and recently built a psychedelic scorpion made of melted crayons.

Zoe Z: Singing the Landscape That Time Forgets

BY J.J. HAYES



It seems to me that the life of man on earth is like the swift flight of a single sparrow through the banqueting hall where you are sitting at dinner on a winter's day with your captains and counselors. In the midst there is a comforting fire to warm the hall. Outside, the storms of winter rain and snow are raging. This sparrow flies swiftly in through one window of the hall and out through another. While he is inside, the bird is safe from the winter storms, but, after a few moments of comfort, he vanishes from sight into the wintry world from which he came. So man appears on earth for a little while, but of what went before this life, or what follows, we know nothing. —Venerable Bede

Zoe Z, the Z is for Zelkind, hails from Santa Monica, Calif. She came to us just in time for

medium of exchange by writing and performing songs with vague words. These are words not meant to refer to any existing reality, but rather to a vague perception of reality we form by internalizing vague words and images. The Bubble, as you know, will be complete when every single word of every single Wikipedia article is hyperlinked to another Wikipedia article.

There is nothing inherently wrong in participating in a discussion about topics set by other people. It gets a little problematic when your whole life circles around only discussing the topics set by other people. Even rebelling against something means you have allowed someone else to set the agenda. And then, of course, you fall in with a group of people who are rebelling against the same something and you start to talk like them without actually investigating whether the words used in the rebellion are actually pointing to anything in the

real world. "One side's commitment will always arrest you," a line from Zoe Z's "Drowning Words," is true on a number of levels.

This is why good artists are important. The purveyors of the vague song allow the words to do the thinking and divert us into perceiving according to our received

vocabulary rather than describing what is really going on. They delude us into thinking the Bubble accurately accounts for our feelings rather than pointing us to a real world.

People like Zoe Z fuck that whole comfortable project up. How do I explain this? How do I explain my feeling that songs like Zoe Z's which are simple, which are delicate, which are pretty, which are well written with a constant recurrence of the interesting turn of phrase, actually threaten the established order?

Zoe Z's songs are written in the most dangerous of genres for a songwriter. You fall off to one side and you are going to come off like some self pitying narcissist, reading from your journals at an open mike and calling it poetry. You fall of the other side and you are

It is real and its description requires poetry and song and all the tools thereof. Neither is this landscape tamed, and neither do you know whether lead the paths that intersect your own. Much of what makes up mega popular music

Zoe Z's music and lyrics are pristine to the point of innocence.

is not interested in describing for us this interior reality in any objectively accurate detail, lest we and our wallets wander away on new paths.

Analogy: I have often posited that the problem with angry young man music, metal, punk, and the like is that it gives voice to the anger of people, who are angry about things that people should be angry about. We allowed in some twisted version of the Amish Rumspringa to burn ourselves out in the expression of our anger, so that we can calm down, rejoin the system we left and eventually participate in the very evils that angered us. We then "realize" that these perceptions of ours were "just" the simplistic views of youth, that the world is much more complicated, that the "truth isn't black and white, but rather shades of gray" or some other meme that comforts us is the bubble we have chosen.

But what if our initial perceptions were right? What if we actually engaged that at a point in our lives, when we were relatively unalbatrossed, we sensed and our parents sensed and their parents sensed something actually wrong with the whole set up we were being presented with. If the world seemed like an adult that seemed creepy and uncomfortable, and was asking us to do things that seemed creepy and uncomfortable, why have we so easily buried the memories of those feelings? Isn't the existence of that perception worth investigation? Of course what happens is that in the intervening time our memories of the perceptions are dulled, and, by the time we reflect on them, we are not reflecting on actual first-hand descriptions of what happened. We lack explorers who are both close enough to the particular interior landscape, talented enough to render it in its proper full spectrum colors, and not merely complaining about being stuck there.

Punk, rap, and metal are often merely the scream in reaction to a fearful landscape. Zoe Z therefore goes them one better. The protagonists of her songs are incapable of ing, whether for fear of losing the last few people who might like them, or some other reason. They, therefore, do



the Polar Vortex. I am hoping that she doesn't hold the choices of the early European settlers of this region against us, and stays with us a spell.

The weekend's occasional snow outside my window was a fine video track to the six or seven songs of Zoe Z, which I was able to locate on the internet, some might say were a fine soundtrack to the day. Maybe that's too anthropocentric a vision of the world. Maybe it's a symptom of some as yet undiagnosed sickness, that we think of reality using images of the mechanized creations of humans. But maybe something else brought these songs and this snow briefly together in my consciousness. I mean, the snowfall ended but I keep going back to the songs. I keep going back to the songs, but I felt I needed to mention the snowfall.

The 'scream' in 'Change' is not even a scream, it is a tightly controlled melodic wail, the tightness of which communicates a fear that it actually is as great as the pain, and the pain of that fear as well.

Large centralized concerns, led perhaps by captains and counselors, accumulate large amounts of a legislated and commonly accepted medium of exchange. I am not saying it is intentional, but there appears to be a way to accumulate units of this legislated and commonly accepted medium of exchange, by having many people discuss in vague words, people who themselves have received via these large centralized concerns many units of said

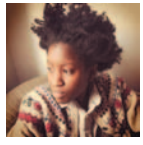
just swimming in the same waters with lame top-40 country singers who consider songwriting to be nothing but the next clever hook. Zoe Z walks the songwriting tightrope, the tension of which I think may actually reveal something of worth about the real world. Leonard Cohen said songwriting or poetry described an interior landscape. The landscape is not a purely subjective invention by virtue of being interior.

not lash out at the pain, they actually describe the pain. It is a pain born of the deep felt need for others, be it parent, boyfriend, girlfriend, or group. Yeah it's a schoolgirl crush, yeah I was just a shy geek in high school, yeah we all go through that. Yeah who would want to go through that again.

But what does it mean that we had to go through it in the first place? What is it pointing to?

Angel Nafis

<http://angelnafis.tumblr.com/>



Angel Nafis is an Ann Arbor, Michigan native and Cave Canem Fellow. Her work has appeared in Decibels, FOUND Magazine's Requiem for a Paper Bag, Mosaic Magazine, MUZZLE Magazine, The Bear River Review, The Rattling Wall, and Union Station Magazine. In 2011 she represented the LouderArts poetry project at the Women of the World Poetry Slam and the National Poetry Slam. She is an Urban Word NYC Mentor and the founder, curator, and host of the quarterly Greenlight Bookstore Poetry Salon reading series. She is the author of BlackGirl Mansion (Red Beard Press/New School Poetics) She lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. Shira Erlichman photo.

2:35 p.m.

his poems, fiction, and criticism have appeared or are forthcoming in Coldfront, Everyday Genius, Lyre Lyre, Paper Darts, Publishers Weekly, The Brooklyn Review, The Faster Times, The Rumpus, and elsewhere. In October of 2012, the New School published Pop :: Song, the 2011 winner of its Poetry Chapbook Competition. He co-curates the Mental Marginalia Poetry Reading Series, blogs about unimportant things at the above url, and lends bass guitar and "ugly" vocals to Americana-punk band Galapagos Now!

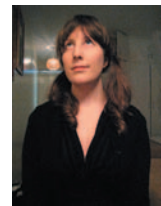
Resistant is Futile Wears an Ill-fitting Crown

As vegetarian against your plant species' Logic. As vegetarian
In the most tenuous of circumstances,
Insistent is Futile. Sub-Heading:
14 planets in the solar system
will boldly explain your tentaded desires.
"You cannot hesitant that crunch"
Was only vaguely acknowledged by parenting.

We will feed your brightest
in Valhalla. Your King shall lose happy
to make your antiquated.
Your pendulum is the Emperor.
We must bite back.
We must bite back.

Jasmine Dreame Wagner

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



Jasmine Dreame Wagner is the author of Rings (Kelsey Street Press), Rewilding (Ahsahta Press), and Listening for Earthquakes (Caketrain Journal and

Press). Her writing has appeared in American Letters & Commentary, Blackbird, Colorado Review, Indiana Review, NANO Fiction, New American Writing, Seattle Review, Verse, and in two anthologies: The Arcadia Project: North American Postmodern Pastoral (Ahsahta Press) and Lost and Found: Stories from New York (Mr. Beller's Neighborhood Books). She teaches creative writing at Western Connecticut State University.

Eric Conroe

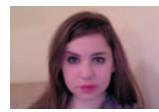
<http://www.culturebot.org/>



Eric Conroe is wrapping up an M.F.A. at Brooklyn College, where he received the Himan Brown award for poetry. He's the asst. curator for KGB Poetry, and co-founder and -curator of the COPULA Poetry Series. As a dancer, he's performed with Dean Moss and others, working in residence at The Kitchen, The Korean Arts Festival, and Yale. His recent choreography and/or poetry's been performed at Bennington College, CAGE Gallery, Danspace Project, Kunsthalle Galapagos, The Marfa Theater, The 92nd Street Y, and The Poetry Project. Poems have appeared recently in Bright Bright Shit, Coffee Area, and Your First Time. He writes about dance and performance for Culturebot. Dan Allegretto photo.

3:15 p.m.

Emily Toder



Emily Toder is the author of Science (Coconut Books) and the chapbooks Brushes With (Tarpaulin Sky), I Hear a Boat (Duets), and No Land (Brave Men

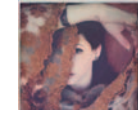
3:25 p.m.

3:05 p.m.

Press, forthcoming 2014). Her second collection, Backfire, is due out from Coconut Books later this year. A graduate of the M.F.A. Program at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, she also holds degrees in literary translation and library science. She lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn.

Alyssa Morhardt-Goldstein 3:35 p.m.

<http://soundlitmag.com/>



Poet and classically trained soprano, Alyssa Morhardt-Goldstein is the founding editor of Sound, a literary magazine on contemporary musico-poetics, and a staff writer for Luna Luna Magazine where she writes on contemporary dance, literature, and society. Her chapbook Quiet was selected by Matthea Harvey as The New School's 2012 Chapbook Contest winner for poetry. This October her libretto will be featured in the premier of composer Jonathan Dawe's fractal operatic retelling of Tamburlaine.

Niina Pollari

<http://heartbarf.tumblr.com/>



Niina Pollari is a poet and translator. She's the author of two chapbooks, Book Four (Hyacinth Girl Press) and Fabulous Essential (Birds of Lace). Last year Action Books put out her translation of Tytti Heikkinen's The Warmth of the Taxidermied Animal. She coordinates the yearly Popsickle Festival in Brooklyn. Zane Van Dusen photo.

3:45 p.m.

Daniel Schoonebeek

<http://theamericanreader.com/author/daniel-schoonebeek/>



Daniel Schoonebeek's first book of poems, American Barricade, will be published by YesYes Books this year. A chapbook, Family Album, is out now from Poor Claudia. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in BOMB, Boston Review, Denver Quarterly, Fence, Guernica, Gulf Coast, Indiana Review, jubilat, Poetry, Tin House, and elsewhere. He writes a column on poetry for The American Reader, hosts the Hatchet Job reading series in Brooklyn, and edits the PEN Poetry Series.

2:45 p.m.

Mark Gurarie

<http://bubblgumandpoppers.wordpress.com/>



Mark Gurarie, originally of Cleveland, has been a Brooklyn resident since 2005. A graduate of The New School's M.F.A. program,

2:55 p.m.

I have never thought about that particular question until hearing Zoe Z. Because I have been taught to dismiss the whole experience as a phase, which may be safely disregarded once having escaped it. That dismissal is made all the easier by the paucity of persons being able to use language and melody to capture a close-up of the experience, without putting one off by the ubiquitous self pity factor. Even Janis Ian's "At Seventeen" can't quite escape that. Not so Zoe Z.

I have yet to hear a maudlin word or phrase in Zoe Z's songs. Her music and lyrics are pristine to the point of innocence. It's that pristine quality that makes the result so achingly sharp. It does not let you off the hook, it does not allow you to round up the usual suspects on which pin the reasons for your baseless dismissal of what she is reporting.

One example: In "Change" the singer alleges that her scream is not so quiet, but the resulting scream (whose melody just stays with me) is not the easily ignored explosion of rage filled chaos that lets us all get it out so we can be better employees down the road. It goes deeper than even Munch's "Scream," which, after all, is just the depiction of someone confronted with [fill in your own description of the modern condition]. The "scream" in "Change" is not even a scream, it is a tightly controlled melodic wail, the tightness of which communicates a fear that it actually is as great as the pain, and the pain of that fear as well. It comes from nowhere, hints at being endless, fades out and starts again. It is like the single sparrow of the Venerable Bede. It's describing something I think. I may have to leave my interest in the conversations of the captains and counselors, go to the window and look. Maybe it is the night out there, but maybe there is a beautiful snow covered landscape, hinting at another beauty which may yet be revealed.

Thus I point you to Zoe Z.

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Allison Cobb is the author of *Born2* (Chax Press) about her hometown of Los Alamos, N.M., and *Green-Wood* (Factory School) about a famous 19th century cemetery in Brooklyn. *The New York Times* called *Green-Wood* "a gorgeous, subtle, idiosyncratic gem."

PRINTED MATTER

Against Silence: Pattie McCarthy's Nulls

BY ALLISON COBB



Nulls
Pattie McCarthy
Horse Less Press

Pattie McCarthy's *Nulls* is a book about passing codes—genetic codes, language codes, behavior codes—an undertaking laden with risk. In an instant, the transmission could falter—a skipped letter, an altered protein, a repetitive circling of hands in the air.

Such slippages open the chance for spontaneous generation, the creation of something new, something wondrous. In this book, though, that possibility slams up against the reality that the unusual is as often shunned as revered. Survival requires one to pass, to slide inside the straitjacket of the accepted, the customary, the normal. The work in this book stands as protest and rejection of this reality. The poems insist on the complex human lives that underlie fear-charged diagnoses—prodigy, freak, monster.

The book begins with origins, a mother and father. The short poems in this section elaborate an exchange of messages in repeated variations—a shaved head with a letter marked on the skull and the hair grown back over, a mysterious trip to a dentist, a speaking to air. Communication fails, or it succeeds and bears news that is painful—blanks and misses, disaster. Here also appears the need to account for oneself, one's history, in the language required by authority, and the impossibility of that, so many names unknown, a "here" that can never be recovered on a form: "here, fill in your father's date of death here."

The opening section, "scenes from the lives of my parents," introduces the tension that runs through this book—code is protector and threat. The lovers exchange coded messages to shield

thought. This work generates its own codes to shelter the world of the child, thrust under the gaze of medical authority. It is the parent who submits the child to this gaze—and to the gaze of the reader—but with a sense of profound ambiguity. The poems resist and protest this authority, which threatens to erase mother and child, reduced to subjects of study, a "mother-infant dyad." The situation gives rise to guilt and anxiety; the mother's trauma leaps forth as the language breaks apart:

weather

contained (for her) in the word
was: "we / eat / her"

the very private meanings

udder-mudder

nursing
mother

"mother" or "murder"

The title of the book, *Nulls*, transmits in a single word the tension between protection and threat (mother or murder) that drives the book. The word has two related meanings. The first is the one McCarthy provides in the notes to the book—a null is a meaningless character, used in cryptography to fool the decoder and make the text more difficult to decipher. The second

If 'a poem including a brief history of autism' is the book's emotional crescendo, the final section, 'Domestic Cryptography Survey II,' is its most fully realized work. The poems in this section are personal and lyrical. They combine McCarthy's daunting intelligence with a forthright accounting of her pain and confusion as a mother.

their private connection, but the exchanges are risky and fragile—formed of mixed languages and stolen or indecipherable texts. At the same time, codes imposed from outside—a telegram, rules for giving birth, bills that can't be paid—come in to disrupt and ultimately silence intimate speech.

"Domestic Cryptography Survey I" uses the form of repeated questions to uncover something wrong, to expose and diagnose. The poems torque and complicate the language of interrogation to reveal its essential violence. Every question is a trap, any response damns the speaker:

it's like asking: would you rather be shot wearing a kevlar vest, or not shot at all?
would you rather be a devouring den mother or a refrigerator mother?
would you rather be a refrigerator mother or a motherfucker?
who says that wolves are bad mothers?
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Interjected lines of text in all caps echo official forms and suggest the faceless presence of authority, the keepers of standards of speech and behavior.

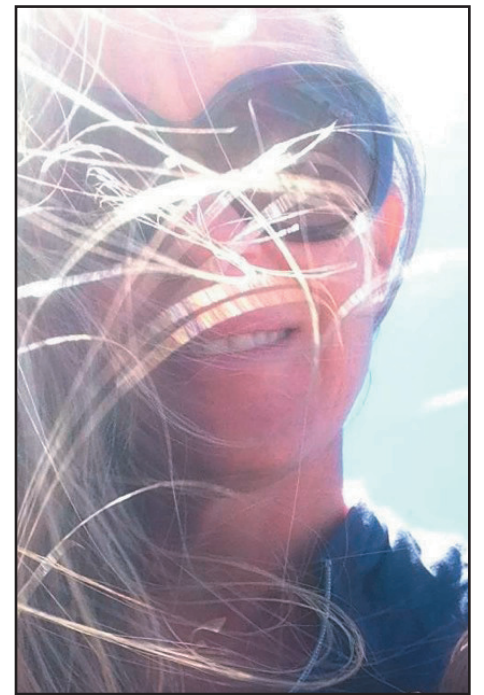
In this interrogation, the word poem stands in for the child as the subject of questioning, the poem, that oddity, strange knot of sound and

meaning of null, not cited by McCarthy but suggested throughout, is zero, a void, or blank.

Against this threat of erasure is "a poem including a brief history of autism." It is dedicated to "the man who asked, if it has always existed, where were all the autistic children in history?" McCarthy takes this as a challenge. The poem recovers instances of children described as "changelings" or displaying "deranged" behavior and the violence they suffered. The poem builds and builds as it lays out its case—children fettered, banished, vocal cords cut—from the 11th century to the present. McCarthy resists sensationalizing or sentimentalizing. She lets the acts speak for themselves, holding the mirror of barbarity up to us, and, like a lawyer, she rests her case, concluding "dear sir, there they were." It's devastating.

If "a poem including a brief history of autism" is the book's emotional crescendo, the final section, "Domestic Cryptography Survey II," is its most fully realized work. The poems in this section are personal and lyrical. They combine McCarthy's daunting intelligence with a forthright accounting of her pain and confusion as a mother.

Each poem is set in the occupational therapy (OT) waiting room, and each title includes the



book the mother reads as her child, along with others, undergoes OT. (The acronym itself, never spelled out in the book, is a kind of code for those in the know, a shibboleth.) Many of the texts concern autism, or they are literature and poetry. Language from the texts intertwines with the speaker's thoughts and her interactions with the other mothers and the therapists.

The word 'poem' stands in for the child ... the poem, that oddity, strange knot of sound and thought.

The sense of alienation is palpable, along with rage, and a bit of despair. But compassion is here too, for the children and the mothers in this plight, and it seems exactly right that the book ends not with autism nor with children, but with childbirth. The final poem is a gorgeous song of sympathy for women giving birth and the physical suffering they endure, so silenced in our culture. "Tell me, tell me, tell me" says the poem, and in the end it is compassion for the others, but also for the self, that breaks the code and overrides fear and guilt and trauma.

I heard McCarthy read these poems at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church and felt totally bowled over, tears in my eyes. I felt the same way reading them on paper. These poems are brave, and smart, and beautiful. But they are also more than that. They are a record of the struggle to find a way to live. In sharing that, they show us a way to live also.

In Occupy Wall Street: What Just Happened?, Kimberly and Ian Wilder cover the fun, the controversy, and the meaning of Occupy. The eBook is like a joyride through these last three years of Occupy, including original reporting, essays, photos, reviews, poetry, video links, and even a comic strip. Occupy Wall Street: What Just Happened? is available at your favorite eBook store, including in formats that can be read on anyone's computer or smartphone.

Welcome to the Jungle

Ed Steck's Garden's in Bloom

BY SARA WINTZ

The Garden: Synthetic Environment for Analysis and Simulation

Ed Steck
Ugly Duckling Presse



Have you read Ed Steck's debut full-length manuscript, *The Garden: Synthetic Environment for Analysis and Simulation*? If you haven't yet, pick it up! You won't regret it, though you may become haunted by it. *The Garden*, brought into this world by Ugly Duckling Presse, is part dream/part trance/part nightmare. To write *The Garden*, Steck dove into technical military intelligence texts, salvaged thousands of glorious verbal gems, then sculpted the treasure chest of textual material into a hypnotic, brilliant representation of a dreamy garden, a hologram, a "synthetic environment," an isolated spot where readers experience sensations of doom, love, fate, and horror.

Within *The Garden*, Steck invokes love and fate through his placement of organically rendered symbols, such as a strawberry. He invokes nostalgia, by repeating the line "Old

friend" so that it wanders in and out of the manuscript like memory. The environment of *The Garden* is so devoid of trustworthy organic substances (read: sympathetic human characters) that it becomes gradually recognizable as something distant from our everyday world. (I think ...)

One might assume that, in this kind of textual representation of an environment, readers may become bored. ("Nothing happens!") But Steck masterfully directs readers' attention from one item that appears in *The Garden*, a motorcycle, to two people sitting on the porch. Both nouns are loaded with a sense of emotional anticipation. As a result, Steck successfully steers the manuscript's structure away from the predictably constructed, discrete prose poem to, instead, an active landscape that is unpredictable and that, as a result, we distrust and follow, loyal to the narrative, fearful of what's already around the corner, that we do not know. Take, for example, these lines in the section titled "The Garden:"

To write *The Garden*, Steck dove into technical military intelligence texts, salvaged thousands of glorious verbal gems, then sculpted the treasure chest of textual material into a hypnotic, brilliant representation of a dreamy garden, a hologram, a 'synthetic environment,' an isolated spot where readers experience sensations of doom, love, fate, and horror.

A theater of warfare is outside of the garden; absent in actuality, factual in virtuality, and discursive in modality... A deformation of landscape objects: one plane exists exclusively as the objects populating this singularity stretch, duplicate, and mirror previous chronological incarnations; the objects exist as a perpetual memorial— a depiction of its past before its present is compromised. Two individuals operate biologically and technically in connectedness on a singular landscape.

Already marveling at Steck's well-selected vocabulary, culled from surveillance documents, we are then thrown into a state of hypervigilance wondering what will next take place in *The Garden* and when. The title of the book itself, *The Garden ...*, even plays with our expectations of a garden suitable for Adam and Eve. And yet, maybe this is a landscape for Adam and Eve, or,

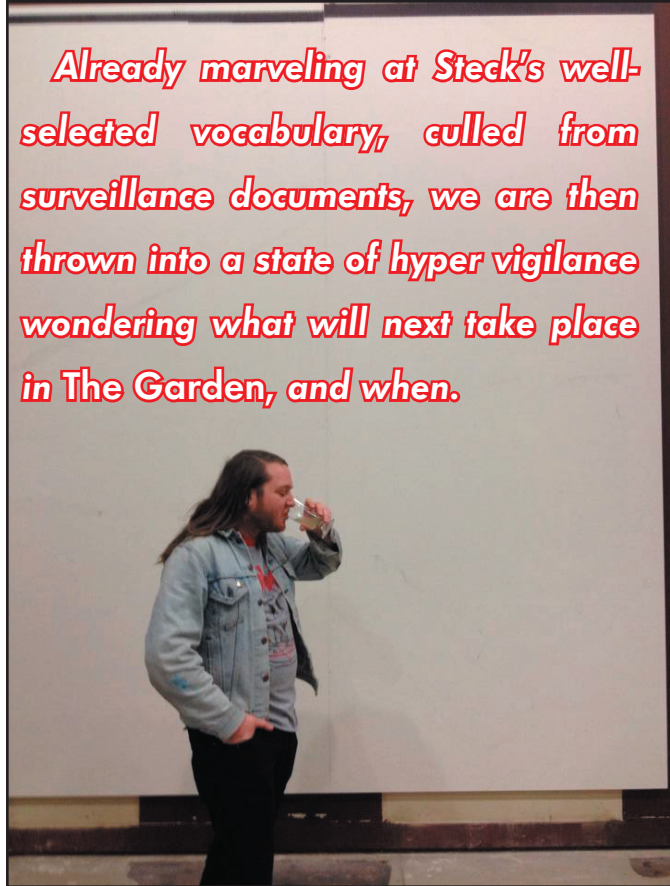
a particular species of Adam and Eve that we are unfamiliar with as of yet. Throughout, *The Garden* is told in Ed Steck's matter-of-fact, all-knowing tone.

Where does a book like this, a 104-page written representation of a

synthetic garden, even come from? Ed Steck was born and raised in the town of Irwin, Pa., a small factory and mining town with a population of around 5,000. The house where he grew up is situated on top of a mine. (Steck attributes his asthma and other difficulties breathing, to the air quality of the environment.) He spent a large portion of his time as a teenager going to punk shows and exploring computers. He also read a lot of Sci-Fi.

In 2011, during his last summer of graduate school, while completing this manuscript, Steck went for a walk late at night on campus at Bard College and the following morning found a tick bite. Where, in previous semesters, he had spent considerable amounts of time exhibiting behavior akin to many of New York state's wild animals—he was forced to after the appearance of a Lyme disease-induced "bullseye"—to stay inside. (In the back of *The Garden* Steck thanks, along with several people and instructors who were especially formative, the antibiotics that he was prescribed that summer for Lyme disease.)

Being outside is hard. In New York state there are ticks, in Pennsylvania there's the air, in California there are surveillance drones. Even in Berkeley's famed rose garden, there are nosey onlookers, who listen in and offer unsolicited advice. There is a kind of risk, being out of doors. As much as there is risk in being a loner, a biker, an outsider. For some, looking at the world from outside is scary, risky. *The Garden* is scary, but it's the kind of risk-taking I like to see.



Links

<http://www.sarawintz.com>

Bios

Sara Wintz was born in 1985 in Los Angeles. Her poems have appeared in print-magazines such as *Try!* and *6x6*, online at *Ceptuetics* (with Kareem Estefan), and on stage at Issue Project Room, The Bowery Poetry Club, and The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church. She is the author of *Walking Across a Field We Are Focused on at This Time Now* (forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse) and a contributing editor of *Emergency Index: UDP's new, annual, performance art sourcebook*. She lives in Oakland, Calif.

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Haunted Landscapes

Poetic and Experimental Cinema Screenings

BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ



Connectivity Through Cinema presents Stephanie Gray, and Another Experiment by Women Film Festival

The work of super-8 filmmaker and poet, Stephanie Gray inaugurates the new film series "Connectivity Through Cinema," joining the flock of alternative film venues in New York. "What You Thought You Knew / What You Knew You Thought" will take place at 7:00 p.m. on Feb. 17, at Center for Performance Research, (361 Manhattan Ave., in Greenpoint, Brooklyn).

Organized by the creators of the Mono No Aware film events, the series is described as presenting "the work of artists, filmmakers and curators who are traveling or presenting special interactive programs in-person. ... to engage the community by showing work with a focus on post-screening discussion."

The films will be projected super-8 film and paired with live reading of poetry by the filmmaker; making it, indeed, a screening that is very much intended to be experienced in person; the films physically unreeling in the projector, and the words of a live reading harmonizing and contrasting with the image on the screen. We witness, in the first film of the program *Seeing Thru Buffalo(s)*, the camera at street level looking up at the facades of decaying buildings, the patina of the weathered surfaces, the old signs, "Meats and Poultry," "Optometrist," "Furrier," in vintage typeface and flaking paint.

On the top of a building, a goddess-like statue of a woman and a glint of sunlight from some reflective surface, its intense brightness splaying across the surface of the film's emulsion. What is it, reflecting the sunlight with such intensity? A window? A metal rain gutter?

The light reflected from a cluster of deflated, mylar balloons tangled in the bare, thin, branches of a tree, carries this visual theme into another of Gray's films. The camera, in its upward tilt, moves, sometimes with great tentativeness, a movement of searching and seeking. The film *Balloons Tied (up) Your Sky*, coming in the center of the program of short works, is hand-processed black-and-white super-8 film, the texture of the hand-processed images, its splotches, watermarks, drips, and solarization merging with the texture of the world before the lens—the dark, haunted glow of solarized emulsion within the brightest parts of the image.

We hear precepts and suggestions, "Syllables emerge from disaster. The mirrors turned inside out. Some jobs are always in demand. Visually sonic thought. Secret collusion between what you meant and what you ended up saying."

"Suspension of disbelief to the sound of breaking waves. When you go to Manhattan, there is an air of selling out. I called that one in." A fleeting quotation from E.B. White's *Here is New York* is paired with detailed advice on how to get a dryer in a busy laundromat. Observations, reminiscences, guidance, all intermix, as does the form of address, sometimes directed to you, in the second person, but frequently pivoting between "I, you, he, she, they, us." "We knew what you were all about. Keep it alive by not messing it up too much. I don't believe you didn't see it coming. I don't see what you're saying. He was last seen wearing a smirk."

The old adage of the parts being greater

at an unexpected connectedness between disparate combinations. In fact, it's quite gratifying to not have the associations between word and image not be too literal, making it a thick stew of sights and sounds, the divided concentration bringing emphasis to the poetry of the films, and the filmic quality of the strings of unreeling words.

At 6:00 p.m. on March 5, at Anthology Film Archives (2nd Avenue and East 2nd Street, in the East Village), the ongoing Another Experiment by Women Film Festival, under the aegis of New Filmmakers, presents a group screening of short experimental films by women artists. The program includes a diversity of work—animation, filmic image-poetry, recounted dreams, a portrait of the Gowanus environs, a bricolage of forensic ephemera. But the coalescing of these divergent works has made for an unexpectedly coherent and satisfying program. It's part of the mystery of film programming. The works in

The simultaneity of spoken text and filmic image do something to the viewing and listening, a heightening of attentiveness, the process of adding the two experiences together and arriving at an unexpected connectedness between disparate combinations



'Melt in the Shade' by Kyoungjiu Kim.

than the sum of the whole, doesn't quite explain what is most compelling about the juxtaposition of film and poetry, for the text itself stands on its own, spilling out in fragmentary observations, like the experience of bits and pieces of overheard conversation. And many of the images, the hand-processed, solarized, black-and-white images of sunlight hitting the lens and silhouetted figures in a doorway, for instance, also require nothing more. But the simultaneity of spoken text and filmic image do something to the viewing and listening, a heightening of attentiveness, the process of adding the two experiences together and arriving

a group should support one another, not be too much of a random hodgepodge, and not be so similar as to be redundant. Is there is an ideal place on the continuum of divergency and thematic consistency? Perhaps this is the Goldilocks theory of film programming? Striking the right balance between the works in a program, neither too similar nor too disparate.

Too haphazard a program isn't hard to imagine, but what makes a short film program too thematically consistent? I recall a group screening a little while ago where all the films were linked by the use of images of water reflections, of the texture of waves and ripples on the surface of water, and even the films that didn't have such images directly contained some water-like "flow" to the unfurling of light on the screen.

The next film began, and water imagery reappeared, and, as this happened, there was the feeling of being a bit damp and soggy from all the wetness washing up on screen. The programmer was clearly well-intentioned, and all of the films were exceptionally good in themselves. But the thematic consistency of the curatorial approach took away from each individual film's impact. They all began to seem redundant of one another, whereas if each had been shown on its own, the effect would have been more satisfying.

And yet, there seems to be just enough linkage between the works in Another Experiment by Women to have them speak to one another without seeming to parrot from each other. In *Missing Green* by Joey Huertas aka Jane Public, we witness grainy footage of a young woman walking along the horizon of a hill, and hear messages left on an answering machine. The work is less a mystery story than it is an envelopment in the atmosphere

of exquisite dread encountered in the forensic miscellany of documents, recordings, and other fragments relating to a woman's disappearance.

Melt in the Shade by Kyoungjiu Kim also engages the viewer through an invocation of black-and-white images, in positive and negative film, of the bare branches of a the forest in wintertime. The film is described as "a visual metaphor of the filmmaker's journey to understand her roots after experience of cultural dislocation." Its use of external topology to evoke a psychological state feels akin to the landscapes of German Romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich. The bleak sounds of the cold, forest air, bring a sense of tension, with the signs of life in the form of a few cries of distant birds. The film's spare soundscape contributes greatly to its sense of beguiling unease.

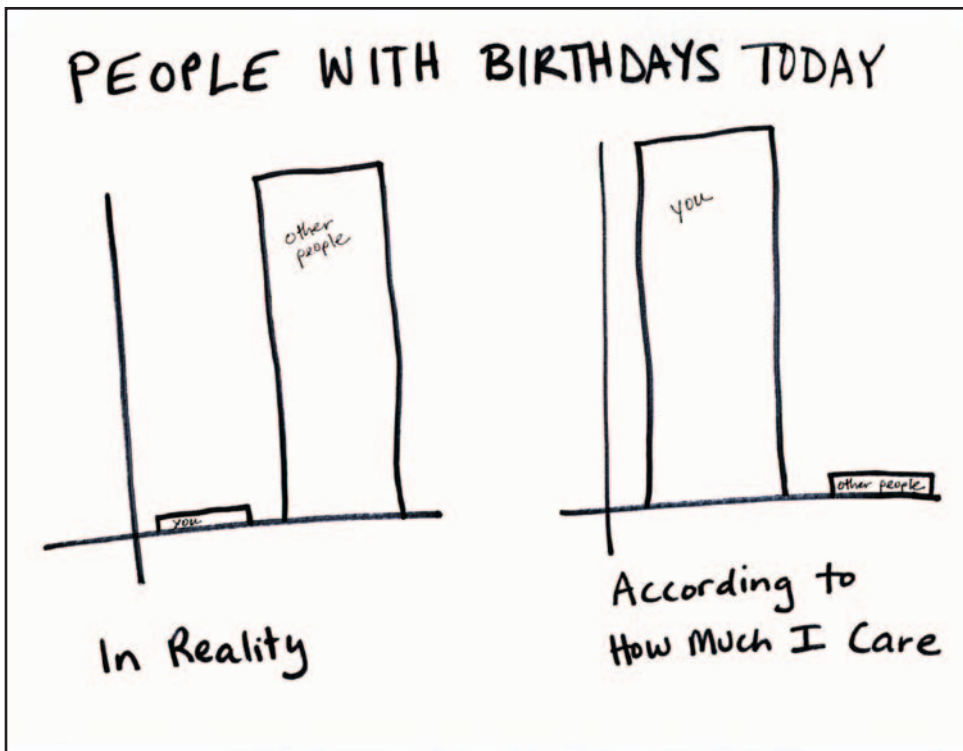
Laura Heit's animated piece, *The Deep Dark*, also makes use of the sounds of the forest as a traveler treks through the nocturnal woods. And yet the primary curatorial link between the works is the haunted and ghostly aspects of the films, the relation to the wooded landscape is secondary.

Lori Felker's *The Broken News Series - Part 1: Disaster* gives us a monologue, delivered in the guise of a newscaster addressing the camera. And yet the verbal picture painted within the spoken words is almost a film within a film, a private landscape viewed inside our mind as we watch the other film on screen, constructed from the verbal narrative. Margaret Rorison portrays the Gowanus Haze in the cinematic grayness of black-and-white emulsion, the images seemingly desaturated of color by the very atmosphere of cement dust and airy effusions from the polluted waters of the canal itself.

The festival director and programmer, Lili White, explains that the connective link between the works is a sense of "otherness," but the term is used in a completely different way from the academic usage of "the other," as the opposite end of a polarity of "us" and "them," the other tribe in a tribal view of the world. Otherness, in this case, is used to describe the intangible quality of possessing something extra, something more, something else occurring below the surface of the images, in the work she had selected.

White likens the aggregate effect of the screening of works by women artists to the difference in how a conversation within a group of women is different from a group of women and men. But this might also be said of the experience of attending a screening; to see work with others is to experience it differently, the energy of the audience is present, and both of these events are worth the experience of this energy.

Joel Schlemowitz is a Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, "78rpm," is scheduled to be completed in early 2014. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 15 years. (<http://www.joelschlemowitz.com/>)

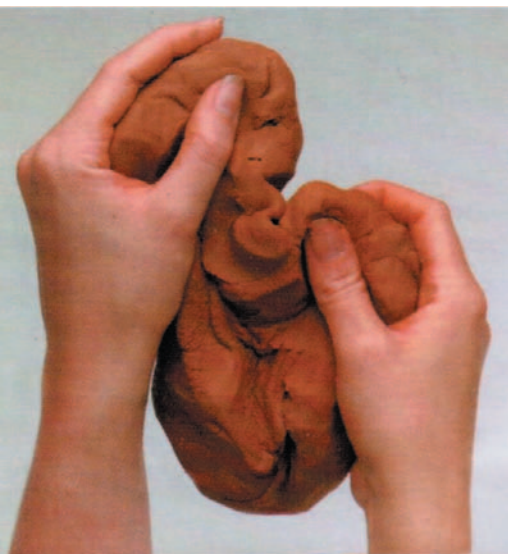


Jessy Randall



ART

Jiajia Zhang Lower East Side



Link

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

Bio

Jiajia Zhang is a New York-based artist born in China. Her solo exhibitions include *Six Sunsets, One Horizon*, Amalfi, Italy; and *Tour du Jour* (351 days of filth and wisdom), Fragmental Museum, New York City. Group exhibitions include *Catch of the Year*, Dienstgebäude Art Space, Zurich, Switzerland; *Strike Anywhere*, exhibition at International Center of Photography, New York City; and *Touche à Tout*, Bolag Space, Basel, Switzerland. Zhang received an M.F.A. in architecture from ETHZ in Zurich and a diploma from the International Center of Photography in New York City.

Artist Statement

My work includes photography, sculptures, drawings, notes, and room installations which depart from observations of daily life, the city, and its residue. Color schemes, textures, and shapes in photographs and objects form loose connections without building a closed narrative. Found ephemeral phenomena are presented next to constructed realities. As much as walking, looking, making associations, and taking notes are important for my experience of the world and become sources for my work, I am taking into consideration that viewers themselves move within and without.

(clockwise from top)
Distant Relatives #2, 2011;
Distant Relatives #1, 2011;
Distant Relatives #3, 2011.
All are C-Prints.

Bios

Ethan Fugate is a poet and was co-editor for the six-issue run of the poetry journal POM2. He currently lives in Charleston, SC.

PRINTED MATTER

Jen Coleman is Singing in a Strange Land

BY ETHAN FUGATE



Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers
Jen Coleman
Trembling Pillow Press

My copy of Jen Coleman's *Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers* (Trembling Pillow Press) is dog-eared and coffee-stained. I have bent the spine and filled the pages with annotative graffiti. Here. "1st appearance of bees." There. "attn turns from what is inhuman in humans to the human in all. Inhuman." And then. "it's a dirty pantomime of history boiled down to two crabs getting busy in the surf." Elsewhere. "Linnean? Darwinian? Newtonian? Colemanian?" As well as. "I have seen the anemone and it is us." And others. This collection is filled with poems that hijack your attention, demanding response.

Divided into eight sections, *Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers* announces, shofar-like, the

Juxtaposition and accretion of meaning dominate the poetic strategy in this book. It is a strategy meant to remind us that here in this sub-lunar world all is not what it seems. Language, like elements that make up multi-cellular organisms, is fragile and subject to breakdown, reorganization, or complete misunderstanding.

beginning of this third millennium, the theatrical backdrop of which is painted to look like this: Bee crisis, Iraq-war crisis, September 11, 2001 crisis, Inequality crisis, Environmental crisis. In the forefront, however, is the voice. Evolving from the personae ventriloquism in "Apostrophe & Soliloquy" to the prophetic certainty in the final section "Space and Ocean," Coleman's voice displays range recalling, at turns, other magi-scientists like Lisa Jarnot, Gertrude Stein, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Theodore Roethke. Behind the changes in tone and style of the book is the love of language, the necessary fuel for each spell that, despite any "crisis" in the background, is immutable and affirming.

Juxtaposition and accretion of meaning dominate the poetic strategy in this book. It is a strategy meant to remind us that here in this sub-lunar world all is not what it seems. Language, like elements that make up multi-cellular organisms, is fragile and subject to breakdown, reorganization, or complete misunderstanding.

Certain poems within the eponymously titled section of the book "Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers" employ a rhetorical enveloping architecture, elegantly ending where they began, but charged with new meaning (or sorcery) mimicking the structure of the Biblical psalm. Perhaps the best example is the playful "Via Not Non-Affirmativa." It begins

God is a god. God
is not a god. God is
not a non-god, a not-god,
not not a non-god god.
God is not non-one.

and continues for a number of stanzas in a perpetual loop of debate over existence. Not only the existence of a supreme being, but of existence itself. In a way, this poem asks the central question of this book, about existence, our place, and influence (for better or mostly worse) in it. The poem ends

God is not non-impossible

and god is not not a word and god is not
not a non-word
and not not a verb and god is
not not an utterance not not the answer.
God.

It ends where it began but charged with alchemical ambiguity. The idea of God is as fragile as the "doomed" balloon dog in "Theory of an Afterlife." It maintains its shape solely on the pressure of air pressing outward against the inner surface. Both the balloon dog and idea of God vulnerable to the least sharp object in the world.

Though humans act as the main agents in most of these poems, more often than not a mélange of animals appear as proxy and instruction. They occupy the world that exists parallel to our myopic one, unseen but for those with eyes and will to see. Sorcerers. The dog may hear the song of the East River "with its wharf rats/ laughing ultrasonic chirps/ full of hope" naturally, but the scientist uses equipment to capture the song and the poet pulls an image of the happy chorus out of thin air.

Ultimately, the best part of our species is the ability to attune ourselves to that which is not readily perceived, an ability that helps us create a space for problem solving. This attenuation is the heart of the two poems "Doctrine of the Rude Dream" and "Yellow Tower Crane." These two poems concern themselves with alternate perception and turning away from immediate concerns toward a holistic view of the whole canvas. Heavily coded, the whole canvas in "Doctrine" is the body as natural world. "Yellow Tower Crane" experiments with perception, telling the same story seven different ways, a poetic game of telephone.

But what happens when we don't attune, when we don't create a multi-perspective space by listening to the song of the world around us? What happens is hinted at in an earlier poem in the volume "Brother Island." The poem matter-of-factly states

It's normal when groups of people die.
It is usual, in a year, for many to die
and become an impressive number. It's
expected.

The poem references circus tent accidents, mass killings by armed boy scouts, cruise ship accidents—items one is likely to see in the newspaper on any given day. But the poem isn't about disaster tourism. It seems to hint at a likely scenario where such random events will pale in scale to a looming disaster. The poem doesn't tell us what this disaster might be, but one can guess: disease, starvation, war, or all of the above.

In "Collapse," the final poem of the book, Coleman is ready to give us a probable scenario. Again, the poem begins matter-of-factly, "Here's the way it is going to be."

The tiniest of collapses,
the collapse mostly dissolved
the collapse smaller than an eyeball,
smaller than a light, a speck of light on a
speck of life,
this is the collapse dispersed,
the dispersed that is the collapse
the collapse that comes from the dispersal



of particles so small they are a code
so small they are encoded in the cells
of the homunculi that are making
what we are becoming, the most insidious
collapse,
the cellular collapse,
the collapse at the
tiniest stub of being
smaller than an eye, smaller than a cell,
smaller than a hair on the cell,
this complicated combination lock,
this is where the collapse begins.

The collapse, as I am guessing, is the theoretical collapse of the oceanic food chain caused by hubris and greed—specifically due to the use of a chemical dispersant used after an oil spill. The idea is that the dispersant may adversely affect those creatures at the very bottom of the food chain, creating a chain reaction collapse up to and including us land lubbers depending on the seas for sustenance. It's a dire scenario and one that highlights a possible answer to the central question of the book about existence.

Then they do collapse there in the column
of water,
the water column so deep and unseen by
the creatures
up there on land that so depend on the little
fish
being little zombie apocalypse fish but no
bit of feed
for a bigger fish on which to feed, on which
the world
feeds, on which the people with the space
between
them see one another but not as a whole
but as parts and that is the problem
with the collapse.

In the end there are a multitude of collapses contributing and enabling the specific one in the poem. Apathy and entropy conspire to dim our vision of ourselves in the world and how we connect with one another. "Collapse" stands as the clearest warning against not being able to see.

The rest of *Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers* is lesson and guide for seeing and hearing. I find it one of the most important and beautiful books I've read in a long time.

The poem references circus tent accidents, mass killings by armed boy scouts, cruise ship accidents—items one is likely to see in the newspaper on any given day. But the poem isn't about disaster tourism. It seems to hint at a likely scenario where such random events will pale in scale to a looming disaster.

Transmissions from The Institute

C.E. Putnam Brings Home His Back Catalog

BY CHRIS MCCREARY

PI.S.O.R., the Putnam Institute for Space Opera Research, is the singular vision of C.E. Putnam. Through book publications, audio downloads, patents for astonishing inventions, and more, P.I.S.O.R. and its accompanying website allow Putnam to broadcast his work to the world, even from his remote outpost in Singapore.

Via email, Boog City discussed with Putnam his decision to release six volumes of his own work via P.I.S.O.R. in 2012 as well as his future plans for book publishing and a return to U.S. soil in 2014.

In addition, five of Putnam's collaborators and co-conspirators from his time immersed in the Washington, D.C. poetry community take on the task of reviewing or otherwise engaging the work in his back catalog.

Boog City: On its "About" page, the P.I.S.O.R. website offers an overview of the "visual and sonic stimulus" to which the institute is devoted, but I'd love for readers here to get a good sense of what the Putnam Institute is up to. Is the line on the website about the Institute being founded in 1968 a bit facetious, or is the idea that this has truly been a lifetime in the making?

CEP: Indeed, the Institute has been a lifetime in the making. P.I.S.O.R. is a kind of pen name / alter-ego (but it is not only that). The thing about the Institute is that the Institute is a private organization. You know who you are. Over the years P.I.S.O.R. has sponsored a number of public and private events, done some publishing. It has been on a sabbatical in Singapore for the past few years and is looking forward to returning its headquarters to the U.S. in the fall of 2014. A series of parent aides (videos, mind shapes, audio) and a series of children's books (robots will be featured) are in the works.

You mention that P.I.S.O.R. has been on hiatus—how did you come to release six of your own books simultaneously via P.I.S.O.R. in 2012?

When I landed in Singapore in in the fall of 2010, I was faced with a big stretch of time in a strange new country. I had six unpublished/ mostly finished manuscripts spanning 1994-2003 and I thought it would be a good use of my time to finish/publish these books before I resumed work on another project. After querying a number of publishers, it was clear it would take a long time to find a place for all of the books. So, I decided to put them out myself via P.I.S.O.R. Publications. Since the books came out, I've been back at work on "The Bunny Manuscript" along with some photo / digital image work.

If P.I.S.O.R. is an extension of you, then I reckon the P.I.S.O.R. Publications release of these titles falls under the heading of "self publishing." Do you feel like there is still any sort of stigma left when it comes to self publishing, and, if so ... do you care?

Yes, these titles would fall under that "heading." I've always made my own books: usually micro-edition pamphlets for giving away / trading / selling at readings and performances. So I felt that doing these books was an extension of that activity. I used createspace, amazon.com's Print On Demand publishing service (it is the same one that BlazeVox used/uses). I could do all of the layout work in Singapore and just upload pdfs / order printed proofs. I could ship books wherever. I'm really proud of all the books and like that people can get them in a more final, durable form. I'm returning to the U.S. in the fall, and one of the things I'm looking forward to is to do some readings to spread the books around.

Do you plan to publish "The Bunny Manuscript" via P.I.S.O.R. Publications as well? Are there any other titles that you're interested in publishing via P.I.S.O.R.?

"The Bunny Manuscript" is still very much a work in progress. It truly is a book project, as there are maps, diagrams, photos, and illustrations. I had a proof made of the working drafts of Books I-IV from createspace so I would have something nice to read from, and to get a physical sense of the project.

Visualizing the physical book is an important part of my writing/editing process. I guess the default plan would be to do it via P.I.S.O.R. Publications as once the illustrations are added the multi-volume set will probably be around 800+ pages (might be difficult but not impossible, I suppose, to find the right publisher). I am very much interested in doing other titles via P.I.S.O.R. once I get situated back the the states and have

a chance to participate in writing communities and culture in the U.S.

Papier-Mache Taj Mahal



review by Sue Landers

In his *Papier-Mache Taj Mahal*, C.E. Putnam sends us a message from the past, a present to foretell our future.

what you see in his picture
is your own eye,

as if looking through a keyhole

you might spot yourself changing clothes,

or a mirror in which

you could leave your face,

a message for another to find.

It is this desire to sing, to transmit, to make contact that resounds throughout his first book. He takes us

up to the STARLIGHT ROOM

to dance to George Liberace's wonderful music.

In fact, we danced until the desert was
purple again,
until the sky was almost to the lake's
edge

until we he had mastered the study of
clouds

and could give weight to each

**'Indeed, the Institute
has been a lifetime in the
making.'**

—C.E. Putnam

could recognize them as hidden causes

of trouble or inconvenience

He calls out, please

harken to my song

for what a lovely picture this is:
a poem that must describe something that
really happened.

Which is why

MILTON HAS BEEN TOTALLY BLIND
SINCE 1652

And

I LIVE IN A HOTEL AND FREQUENTLY
HAVE MY MEALS SENT UP

But, seriously,

you should
know by now that words are not proof,
but vision

voiced fragments tossed back

You need to start reading this book, his first, which you should have been doing from the very beginning.

XX Elegies



review by Ethan Fugate

The collaboration of the century—of four centuries really—*XX Elegies*, by poets John Donne and C.E.

Putnam is the second book in an astonishing set of six books published in 2012 by P.I.S.O.R. Publications. *XX Elegies* reprints the 1631 edition of Donne's *Elegies* and places it (as Book Two) next to Putnam's *Elegies* (Book One), written in 1997.

The front cover of the book is a kind of diptych that portrays Donne and Putnam in matching Elizabethan ruff and geometric beards. If the cover of *XX Elegies* is any indication (and it is), then readers should expect a cracked mirror marriage/mirage, sigodlin juxtapositions, and two trains merrily and lovingly rumbling towards and away from one another. It should be noted: the visual resemblance between the two is more than passing.

In a letter at the beginning of Book One,

Please see MCCREARY page 12

Links

<http://pisor-industries.org/>

<http://allisoncobb.net/>

<http://www.tremblingpillowpress.com/psalms-for-dogs-and-sorcerers/>

<http://susanlanders.tumblr.com/>

<http://collectivetask.com/>

Bios

Allison Cobb is the author of *Born Two* (Chax Press) and *Green-Wood* (Factory School), which the *New York Times* called a "gorgeous, subtle, idiosyncratic gem."

Jen Coleman lives in Portland, OR. She is author of *Psalms for Dogs and Sorcerers* (Trembling Pillow Press).

Ethan Fugate see p. 10.

Sue Landers is writing a mash-up of Ben Franklin, Gertrude Stein, and the history of one Philadelphia neighborhood called Frankenstein.

Chris McCreary see p. 3.

Carol Mirakove has served as poetry editor and politics co-editor of *Boog City*.

MCCREARY from page 11
Putnam writes across the centuries to Donne about a kind of spirit possession that soon after takes place upon reading his elegies.

But your book soon took hold, and I found that the deeper I went into the language, the reading, the more the language became me. It was as if your poems took on physical form, a Golem text brought to obscene life by the simple act of my reading it.

Putnam describes a frenzied period of productivity inspired by this Golem text and a process of "writing through" Donne's "fabulously strange and disturbed poem series of sex and death, longing and loss" to create his very own *Elegies*.

The language of Putnam's *Elegies* delivers on this promise. Part homophonic translation and part inverse experiment against meter, the elegies of Book One dervish down the page, an antiphon to Donne's chunky meter and rhyme.

A reader is tempted to read this book *en face*. When the two *Elegies* are side by side you begin to spot the similarities and tease out how the original work informs the latter. For example:

For this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds shall still be what my words
are now;
The Poles shall move to teach me ere I
start;
And when I change my Love, I'll change
my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the
world fire:
Much more I could, but many words have
made
that, oft, suspected which men would
perswade;
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

which appears at the end of Donne's "Elegy XII: His Parting From Her" becomes

The trees persuade the suspect
in us to listen to the fire
symphony a vulgar purgatory
chirping frogs mating
tree squirrels sensitive
to our subtle rocking
I change when the poles
move by slight degrees
to be comfortable
with my reflection
in hut-sized cabbages.

at the beginning of Putnam's "Elegy XII: His Parting From Her." This organizing principal appears to be consistent throughout Putnam's *Elegies*. Each one of his poems "begins" where Donne's poems end.

En face is, however, only one way to read this extraordinary book. Putnam's *Elegies* stand alone. Thematically similar to Donne's series, Putnam's *Elegies* are a surreal study of "sex and death, longing and loss" that bleed a language that is, ultimately, entirely Putnam's. His *Elegies* owes its existence to Donne's, and yet the alchemy is such that the transformation is complete.

the shadow I write
come with me environ the night
I must go to them and you
must see the darkness
in the trees these last
words for you
this morning
a final throat song
now all of my own
(Elegy VII, pt. IX)

The star at the center of our solar system

undergoes a magnetic polarity reversal every 11 years. The end of each of these 11-year cycles are marked by increased auroral activity (which is lovely) and increased interference with some earthly and orbital electronic systems (which is anxiety inducing). It seem fitting to have re-read *XX Elegies* this past December, during which time the magnetic polarity of the sun completely reversed. *XX Elegies* is constantly reversing expectations and notions. The two books speak to one another from

What I learned from this book, what I still learn from C.E.'s work: This is not it, the drone world and all its consequent violence. We can imagine something else; we can remake the logics of our so-called reality, no matter how total. –Allison Cobb

opposite poles; sometimes shouting, sometimes whispering. Sometimes the two even shake hands when they encounter one another when they migrate from pole to pole. Thanks to Chris Putnam, the "two texts can eternally exist together: tombstone and shadow."

Spaces Where Spaces Are



Review by Allison Cobb

C.E. Putnam wrote the poems in this book when living on Wayne Street in Arlington, Va. We moved in too, up the crooked stairs in the white house that might once have been fancy, a mansion. Not far from the White House, the Real One where—what—things happened, unreal things that people believed in, Monica Lewinsky, Kenneth Starr.

We fell out of stars into this, the fucked world, world of work, after three years of poetry school, where we read poetry and wrote poetry and talked about poetry, and no one breathed a word about actually how to live. We learned that, as C.E. Putnam notes in the preface, from the poets in D.C., from that community: how to live, and how to write, how to make (it, art, a life) while *work made the bodies go away in zip portions*.

The poems in this book are a record of that, full of windows, and bodies, and sex. Full of ghosts, and war, and work, *the sounds of glaciers crushed against our windows*. We learned to cut back, cut spaces. For poetry. For sex, calling in sick, cutting through the ghosts and violence and lie-wars of that world to reach through the windows of our bodies back to life. As *the war on war on wore on*.

The world at that time seemed full of spaces, blanks, a sense of disappearing into the depersonalized world of office drone work, a nothingness papered over by news stories, scandal, distant wars we felt both horrified by and numb to, the body itself erased by the rising logic of internet ones and zeroes, a kind of constant, empty reflection of emptiness reflected back.

THE 15,000 DAY FORECAST

Looking out the window
at a window. The window
is lighted. In the window
there is a lamp, there is
a telephone across the street ...
That is the first time I saw you
beneath me, work shoes
under your desk.

What I love about this book: the poems in it represent a massive refusal of all this, the logic of privileged life in late capital. They insist on the seductive specificity of the absurd. THE 15,000 DAY FORECAST continues

There is
also some dirt and a man
standing on top of another

man, loops move through
their uniforms, a floor above,
smoking a cigarette, and I can
see right into the man, the one
on top of the other man,
because he is a telephone
and the other man is a lamp.

What I learned from this book, what I still learn from C.E.'s work: This is not it, the drone world and all its consequent violence. We can imagine something else; we can remake the logics of our so-called reality, no matter how total. C.E. never stops doing that in his work, cutting spaces for a different kind of life, filled with *jouissance—painful and raw and pleasurable—right down to the last blob of living light*.

Transmissions from the Institute



Review by Jen Coleman

Here's what C.E. Putnam knows: we live in a crazy world of unending mechanized war, of sex and death, suffering and wonder, where all things commonplace are strange and terrifying, and all things terrifying and awe-inspiring are commonplace. This knowledge is manifest across his multimedia, multivalent work.

But what does existence itself have to say about it all? What if existence, as "unstuck from time" as the 90-year-old half-blind ex-photographer in the laundry room, were given a single nearly audible voice? What if a system were contrived to amplify that voice and encourage it? That's the what-if premise that frames the 99 *Transmissions from the Institute*.

In a prologue C.E. Putnam offers a very cogent, if fantastical, story of how he came across echoes of transmissions from a distant source; transmissions that cannot be heard so much as "listened through." There can be no transcript of the sounds of existence itself. The best we can do is respond: to insist that utterance begets utterance, and to generate response as a gesture toward communication affirming the very existence of existence.

And so C.E. Putnam generates the 99 response-transmissions that make up the book (actually, only 87: 12 were "lost in a flood"). The transmissions remind us how absolutely fantastic and unlikely it is that we communicate with words and depend upon it. Each transmission, neat rectangles of varying length, give us a series of phrases about the size of a single breath, punctuated by number markers. The delicious phrases are strangely familiar. From Transmission 13 (Listen...A Bird... Draw):

(13:83) wing bones indeed (13:5) she
knew each one
(13:29) and managed to finish the circles
around the
little clouds (13:81) two hundred rocks
side by side
(13:96) and it took even more acorns
(13:31) to tell
that Jeanne D'Arc was an opium-eater
(13:5) in that song...

I can't resist reading for an intact syntax. Does Jeanne D'Arc know something about wing bones, after finishing her circles around the little clouds? Are the 200 rocks actually clouds, or acorns? Was Jeanne D'Arc stoned in that song? Perhaps.

But more likely, each lyric breath is, finally, independent of the others. There is no meaning in sentences here. There is only a glimpse at the absurdity, pain, love, longing, incongruity and passion of the human endeavor of trying to communicate using language.

I love the final gesture of including an index. It is so desperately hopeful, as if providing a guide to the occurrence of words could give them the elusive meaning we crave. It's its own work of art.

C.E. Putnam dedicates *Transmissions from the Institute* to "anyone who wants to hear a

new world." But I say that all six books in C.E. Putnam's back catalog are written for anyone who wants to truly hear our world.

Maniac Box:



Twenty-Seven Film Treatments

Review by Carol Mirakove

I feel free

"go world go!"

in a Maniac Box of between

"you set the scene | a citizenry never
could"

& its intoxicating soundtrack

"Buon giorno, this is your Donovan"

everything happened & can

"I feel closest to you when no one can see
what I'm doing"

explode & collide,

"hello dummy | hi how are you?"

concatenate

"become the chair"

whether or not the backstory is true

"repopulate that heap o' heartache"

with frames of our still lives

"Too much public 'om"

& beyond the permitted,

"how to overcome your human skin"

real,

"spellbound by a Swedish psychologist /
and her Theremin"

all in concert

"NO WAR [then louder] NO WAR!"

in Maniac Box we hold in our hands

"the world wiped clean so as to shine"

by the strange genius of C.E. Putnam

"half man half / origami"

I am excited