



d.a. levy-palooza 5: celebrating two renegade presses

**We check in with Bottlecap Press and
Lunar Chandelier Collective before the first
Sunday in June event.**

ANTIMike!

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Every Saturday

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hosted by

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Tremont & University Avenues, Bronx, 2019

Inside Boog City

ART

Jonathan Allen

MUSIC

**The Norman S. Invasion
Norman Salant's Threatening Output of 2018**

POETRY

Whit Griffin, Ben Carson, Gilmore Tamny, Cheryl Clark Vermeulen

Becoming Illuminated with Lunar Chandelier

Lunar Chandelier Collective is a living entity that represents to some extent a work in common, a work brought about by individual labors that reports something 'outside' of us, that we praise together, steal from, return to.



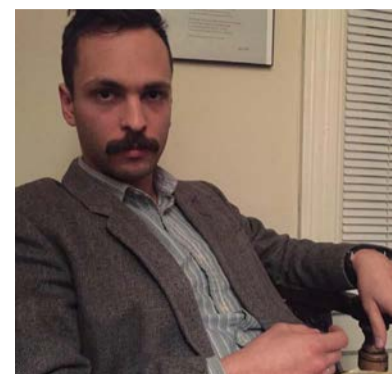
INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL WENDT

Tamas Panitz is a poet and member of the Lunar Chandelier Collective. Panitz was generous enough to shed some light on LCC, its operation, and relationship to Lunar Chandelier Press, among other things.

How, when, and where did the Lunar Chandelier Collective get its start? Where does the name come from?

The Collective began when we realized the easiest way to start a press was to form a symbiotic relationship. Kimberly Lyons, a dear and admired friend and poet, very kindly allowed and encouraged us to form a branch off of Lunar Chandelier Press—a Faber and Faber to her Farrar Straus & Giroux.

Previous to the formation of the Collective, Billie Chernicoff and I had been putting out a magazine called The Doris, now in its fourth year. The life this magazine took on brought to a crisis the necessity of publishing full-length books. The work insisted, we felt, on being published, and as its servants we've since done our best to oblige it.



have published their first book with LCC.

The insistence of the emergent spirit of the community left us no choice but to overcome the fear (felt by myself anyway) that we'd appear to be publishing ourselves; however, poetry does not care ultimately for public opinion, and modesty is often a gross hindrance. A poet, poor thing, cannot be silent and survive.

I say us, because the Collective is the property of all its members. I am a poet and not a publisher—I believe there are real publishers out there, whose work is their calling, and for which they develop a genius—however my work in publishing is an extension of the commitment I feel to the poetry I care most deeply for, and of my life in poetry. In all the books the Collective publishes I feel that "I" am to some extent publishing myself, and hope the other authors feel similarly.

Can you talk a bit about the relationship between Lunar Chandelier Press and Lunar Chandelier Collective?

The relationship between LCP and LCC is strong but undefined. The most obvious point of intersection is our impatience: that work we need to see isn't being published elsewhere. Many of us also happen to be students of Robert Kelly and uphold an enduring interest in his work, and in the work of other poets with like roots. So the press sketches what you might call a lineage, or a branching out. Some of our authors have been publishing for 50 or 60 years; others

Can you offer insight into how LCC operates: how are manuscripts chosen? How does editing, design, and production work?

I'm not dodging the question when I say that the manuscripts we publish choose themselves.

Only two books that we've published were not solicited. Now let me contradict myself by saying absolutely do not send us unsolicited manuscripts, unless they're for our personal enrichment. We're lovers, not ladders.

The collective operates exclusively on donations, and whatever we get back from sales, though that isn't much because we price our books as low as possible. The goal is to get the words into the hands of the reader.

Our operation is to the greatest possible extent in-house. The only employees have been book designers, some of whom are our authors and friends, working as volunteers.

How did you first become interested in writing? How did you find your way to publishing?

Agh, god. Historically, through contact with Pierre Joris, and the discovery that poetry was still being written. He too is a student of Robert Kelly's, as it happens.

I found my way to publishing via my first publisher, Inpatient Press, started by Michael Anzuoni, with whom I went to Bard College. I've always admired his nerve, he has something of the Comte de Saint Germain about him.

Pierre and Michael have played similar roles in showing me those possibilities. I'm often derivative, in my work and my life: but I also believe that you choose your ancestors, and can change them.

How does your work with LCC inform your writing?

LCC is a living entity that represents to some extent a work in common, a work brought about by individual labors that reports something "outside" of us, that we praise together, steal from, return to. My work with LCC is a matter of working with what I consider to be viable paths of inquiry. I suppose I have not been able to shake a certain Renaissance penchant for truth. I'm always after it, though my vision of it is totally and purposefully subjective, and I don't find it necessary to believe myself.

What are your thoughts & hopes for the future of LCC? What's on the horizon, and what works are forthcoming?

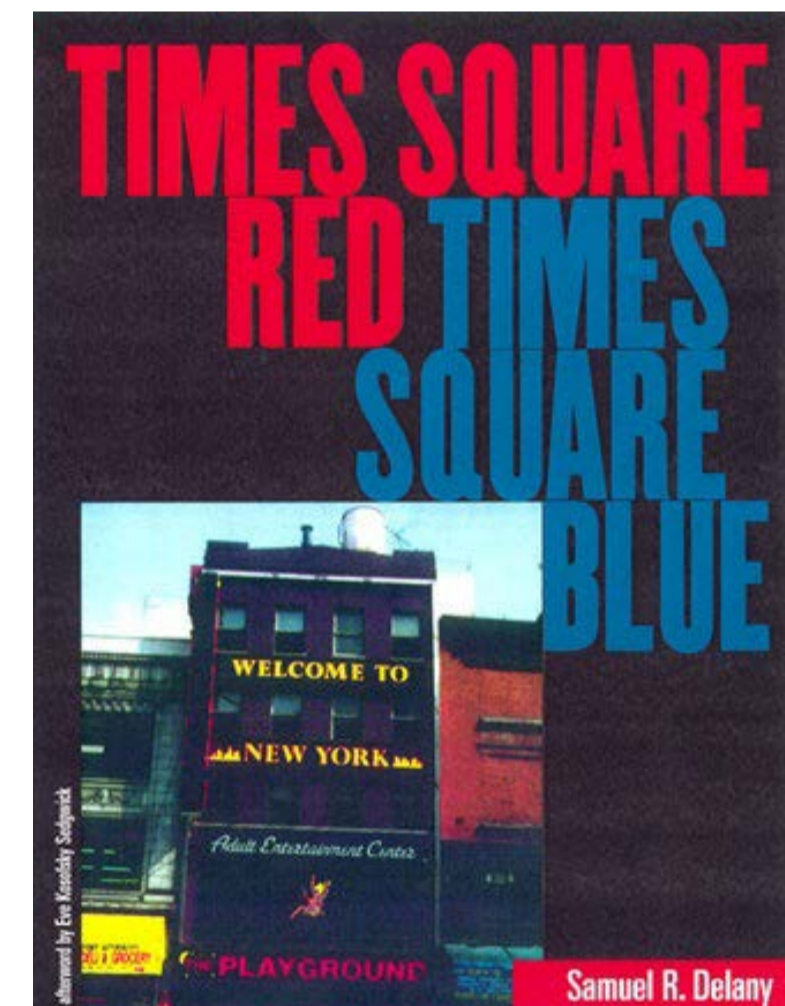
There are new books forthcoming this year: more poetry by Peter Lamborn Wilson (for which we're currently soliciting funds); a series of pocket-books, I guess you'd call them; works by Joel Newberger and Lila Dunlap, and Billie Chernicoff and Robert Kelly, and myself, and hopefully every-one else we've printed so far, we're committed to printing them again, if it suits them to do so. George Quasha's working on a book of essays. The translator Charlotte Mandell is preparing an en face volume of translations, including Apollinaire's Zone. We're also looking forward to publishing a Kimberly Lyons collected works. The plan is to print and print until it falls apart.

LCC titles: *Heart Thread*, Robert Kelly; *Views from Tornado Island*, Charles Stein; *Uncreated Mirror*, Tamas Panitz; *Waters Of*, Billie Chernicoff; *Porcelain Pillow*, Thomas Meyer; *Extramission*, Whit Griffin; *The Sea Comes Back*, Lila Dunlap; *Calls*, Robert Kelly; *Vanished Signs*, Peter Lamborn Wilson; *Invisible Marches*, Tamas Panitz; *Bronze*, Billie Chernicoff; *Hexateuch*, Joel Newberger; *The Caprices*, Robert Kelly; *Black Light Casts*

White Shadows, Charles Stein; *Five*, Mitch Highfill; *Seaspel*, Robert Kelly; and *Trysts*, Lila Dunlap.

Tamas Panitz is a graduate of Bard College, currently living in Catskill, N.Y. He is the author of *Blue Sun* (Inpatient Press); *Uncreated Mirror* (LCC); *Upper Earth* (Oread Press); *Invisible Marches* (LCC); and several chapbooks at <http://www.metambesen.org/>, including *Numbers*, a recent collaboration with the artist Louise Smith. He is a co-editor of *The Doris* magazine.

Michael Wendt is Literary Program Director at Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee (<https://woodlandpattern.org/>). With WPBC co-founder, Karl Gartung, he co-edited and published Woodland Pattern's occasional *tinder* | *tender* chapbook series.



Times Square Red, Times Square Blue 20th Anniversary

Wednesday, June 12, 2019, 8:00 pm

The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church
131 E. 10th St. (at 2nd Ave.)
The East Village

With readings by: Samuel Delany,
Andrew Durbin, Karen Finley, Precious
Okoyomon, and El Roy Red

Join us to celebrate the 20th anniversary republication of Samuel Delany's *Times Square Red*, *Times Square Blue* with an evening of readings from and poetic responses to this crucial text. A critique on the neo-liberal pursuit of 'morality' and 'safety' for the sake of so-called urban renewal, Delany's work is equally an examination of the radical potential created by moments of interclass urban contact and intimacy.

In the twenty years since its first publication, the social theory and personal stories contained in *Times Square Red*, *Times Square Blue* have become even more urgent, necessary, and galvanizing as we imagine other ways to be in relation to each other in a changing urban environment.

Presented in partnership with New York University Press and Times Square Arts

For advance tickets: <https://www.brownpapertickets.com/event/4249315>

Opening Up With Bottlecap Press



INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL WENDT

C.A. Mullins is founder and editor-in-chief of Bottlecap Press. Mullins was kind enough to offer insight into the founding and operation of the press, as well as its future and relationship to the small press bookstore, Bunky's Books.

How, when, and where did Bottlecap Press get its start? Where does the name come from?

As an idea, it started in Skagway, Alaska, in the summer of 2014, during a rough patch in my life. It was a period where I was writing a lot of poetry, which is actually a bit rare for me (I enjoy publishing poetry, but as a writer, I prefer fiction), and the name came from one of my recent poems at the time, a short one, entitled Litter, which goes like this:

Three days later
a sarcastic Bottle Cap
reminds you you are a criminal

It's a bit self-explanatory in that I wrote it after finding a bottle cap on the ground from a previous night of drinking. I actually have a hard time relating to it these days, as I don't really even drink anymore, but the name stuck. I guess I prefer just to think of it as an abstract thing now—a name that doesn't really mean anything, like my own name, or my dog's name. A thing that I call a thing that I do, rather than a thing-in-itself in a Kantian sense.

How does Bottlecap Press sustain itself? What are some ways in which you all find an audience for Bottlecap authors?

Financially, I mostly invest my own money to keep the gears turning—I do a pretty good job of keeping Bottlecap technically profitable, but I'd be lying if I said that more of it wasn't just paid for out of my own bank account rather than out of book sales. I write closed captions for TV and I'm very lucky to be able to use the money from that to keep Bottlecap a few steps ahead in terms of always having backstock and lots of printing materials on hand.

When it comes to sustaining an audience for our books and chapbooks, the internet has played a pretty crucial role, especially Twitter, and I consider building an audience as much a part of my job with Bottlecap as printing books. Our audience has changed a lot over the years though. It seems like with each new book, some new folks come in and some old folks fade out, like a ship of Theseus. It keeps things fresh, but also is sometimes unpredictable, something I hope to improve on. I've noticed a pattern where when a book manages to hit with a bigger audience, there's usually a period of a few months where interest in all of our books spikes, and I'm hoping to use that to Bottlecap's advantage in the future by actively seeking out some "bigger" authors to help sustain the full catalog. I'm less averse than I used to be to soliciting submissions

here and there, though we rely on a pretty large pool of unsolicited submissions for the bulk of our publications. It's important for our strategy to at least occasionally bring in an author with their own built-in audience, because the boost it gives to Bottlecap as a whole helps everyone.

I really appreciate the emphasis on "authors' rights and fair pay," as you say in the press description. Can you say a bit about that? How does that work in practice?

We do a 50/50 split on profits after printing costs and it's important to me that the author always gets the final say in how their work is used/how it's presented. Since we do our own printing, I'm usually able to make accommodations that a lot of presses might not be able to as far as what a book looks and feels like (though it would be fair to say that Bottlecap does have a "style"). Our editing process is almost always more about formatting than it is about words, and that's

because an author's words, to me, especially a poet's, are something precious, and it's too easy to ruin someone's work if you change it, or ask them to change it. I can only recall one time that I've asked for a poem to be removed from a manuscript before I'd consider it for publication, and that was a hard decision to make. In general, I like to assure authors that their work belongs to them, and that we're just here to help.

Can you say a bit about Bunky's Books? Where is the bookstore? And is the focus largely on small press publishers (looks like you're highlighting some pretty amazing presses!)? What's the nature of Bottlecap's role as in-house publisher?

Bunky's Books is a small press and poetry bookstore I founded late last year. I had a lease for a space in St. Louis, but I'm in the process of getting out of it, partially due to outside obligations and partially due to a spike in violent crime nearby that's honestly scared the hell out of me. Right now, Bunky's Books lives online and will soon also exist as a frequent west coast pop-up. It's important to me that the store has some form of physical presence, especially in the early stages, but the heart of the business is more like the heart of a tech startup based around the concept of discovery, like a Netflix or Spotify for poetry recommendations. The goal of the project is to help small presses, especially micropresses without commercial distribution, to find an audience for their books by creating an obsessively well-organized database of authors and their publications, including their featured work in lit mags and zines. A single place where you can type in a poet's name and find everything they've ever done, neatly listed out. The goal is to make connections between authors (especially poets) and presses in a way that helps people discover new work, all in one place, so even someone who isn't well-versed in poetry can find a starting point and build out a knowledge base via the magic of spreadsheets. Once I've got more books uploaded into the system, I hope for people to be able to explore the database in a way that works a bit like Bacon numbers, i.e. Poet A was published in Anthology B alongside Poet C, who was also published by Press D, creating a link between Poet A and Press D that may not have already been apparent, and thus, a reader interested in Poet A might also be interested in books from Press D. The more books and publishers I bring into the fold, the more obvious that system of discovery will become. As for Bottlecap's role as in-house publisher, it's mostly cosmetic and for the sake of efficiency. It makes my

work easier if everything's in the same place, rather than having to run two separate stores, and as a side effect, having the Bottlecap books live exclusively in the Bunky's catalog is an easy way to get people to look at the Bunky's catalog and start to explore.

What are your thoughts & hopes for the future of Bottlecap Press? What's on the horizon, and what works are forthcoming?

Bottlecap has a couple big surprises in the works and new work will continue to come out pretty frequently, but I'm allowing certain aspects of it to slow down compared to previous years so I can focus on building up Bunky's and working on personal projects like filming a movie and recording an album. Today's Bottlecap is more mature and less experimental than the Bottlecap of the past and the focus is shifting toward publishing a smaller number of books with a narrower focus—it's becoming more of a personal project, with less care given to the business side of poetry and more attention to fun and humor.

C.A. Mullins would prefer to go by Craig, but it makes him harder to Google because there's already a well-known Craig Mullins. He lives with his Pomeranian-Chihuahua mix, Bunky, and is the founder of Bottlecap Press and Bunky's Books.

Michael Wendt is literary program director at Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee (<https://woodlandpattern.org/>). With WPBC co-founder, Karl Gar-tung, he co-edited and published Woodland Pattern's occasional tinder | tender chapbook series.



I write closed captions for TV and I'm very lucky to be able to use the money from that to keep Bottlecap a few steps ahead in terms of always having backstock and lots of printing materials on hand.



The goal of [Bunky's Books] is to help small presses, especially micropresses without commercial distribution, to find an audience for their books by creating an obsessively well-organized database of authors and their publications, including their featured work in lit mags and zines.



Gilmore Tamny
Somerville, Mass.

Stockholm

Södermalm Café
guy across from me is dead
I should do something

that airport croissant
better if it were ironed?
I speculate yes

the vital question
where are the pigtails Stockholm
it's really just me

ubiquitous H
omnipresent ampersand
countless Ms follow

trotting by Palace
I knew I had been young once
why there I don't know

seems fascist to me
ABBA Bjorn's fixed "fun!" smile
maybe culture gap

too dang small they are
supersale pink Hasben boots
so close so far FUCK

where are "true blond" Swedes
dyed blonde hair technology'
so good now can't tell

Bjorn Borg boxers
Stockholm's Bjorn Borg store buy
triple-down Swedish

last day/chance flurry
I must try lingonberries
small red so friendly

dodged piled prawn sandwich
gave pickled herring a miss
tried reindeer meatballs

monarchy-mad Swedes
chirpy tabloids abounding
there must be plenty

nine days travel
alone not talking so much
I'm getting so weird

my urge to flip off
earnest folk street musicians
unabated here

my murderous thoughts
tour group gaggles clog egress
overreaction

kronas to dollars
recalculation arrests
skull-crotched shorts purchase

the Konserthuse stairs
Romany gather laugh talk
ignoring the stares

ye olde Galma Stan
not a sci-fi brand new world
a medieval 'hood

ubiquitous H
omnipresent ampersand
Ms everywhere

tired mom buys fries
holy golden Swede goddess
get Bergman on horn

guard looks through my bag
"no food in the library"
banana coat-checked

>>>



Ben Carson
Bridgewater, Mass.

The Last E Train to Far Rockaway

I just made the last E Train to Far Rockaway.
My head splitting, my stomach a cauldron, my breath
a sinister mix of cheeseburger and kerosene. One of
three bodies in the car, I slumped into a seat as it
rolled out of the station. A grey-haired old man
in a long grey coat, read a newspaper. Looked like
he wasn't wearing any pants. Black socks sunk into
loafers. Hairy skin sagged on bone. His lips moved,
as though he were reading aloud, or chanting to the
clash and clank of the swaying train.

And there she was,
sleeping fitfully, curled up into a ball, her oil stained
jeans tucked into her socks, her Keds untied, the laces
draped over the seat like icicles, her hair dripping
down like dirty tears. When she yawned, I could see
her shirt said, YOUR LOGO HERE, and I moved
closer, pulled inexorably by the need to name her, and
then to name him. To name this moment, a triptych of
blank canvases—him, her, me.

Nothing. Not gold.
Not frankincense. No star heralding our arrival. Just
myrrh, I thought, as the man coughed in his sleep, the
newspaper now blanketing his legs. And then, from
some deep reservoir, the girl hissed, "Thiss is sweeeter
than wine." And, from her mouth, the faintest whiff of
alcohol seemed to propel the train, this roaring snake,
deeper and deeper into the tunnel, and farther and
farther into the hard and awful night.

yellow cross on blue
one of my favorite flags
hoped to see more here

my Stringberg selfie
thumbs up manical smile
private joke with self

Drujgarden wander
hours of tourist paradise
legs tell me fuck off

ferries criss cross close
these low slow dutiful mules
plough wave refractions

surprised and annoyed
orderly Swedes DO jump queue
you're better than that

hikey and bikey
Swede's exact right outdoor gear
annoying somehow

the Vasa capsized
a bad ship situation
makes for good museet

Vasa ship exhumed
boat pathologists cheerful
sodden wood knowledge

hotel breakfast chat
sole conversation in trip
funny Turkish shrink

astroturf surrounds
Charles VII in noble bronze
whatta buzzkill Chuck

7-11 does
whatever Vikings did
Sandy invasion

solo travelers
have you tried it yet
mixed bag but has charms

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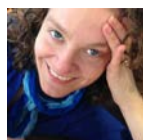
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Cheryl Clark Vermeulen

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Supplies for the Otherworldly

I'll trade you a snail
with its slick trudge
for a tiny clover mite

that makes a smashing
red stain. Loss is a given.
Death a one-hitter.

But finding the dead is not
sloths of smoke I lap up
as in a trance at dusk.

I pickpocket being
on the lookout for the dead,
emergent and wild, the rushes

wavering, careful not to cough
and alarm, just when I reach
into the marvel.

Writing with Pina Bausch

The company comes to dance
over, around, and through the congeries.
One prop is damaged, the other fraying,
And she, stumbling, with char in her hair
will not speak and we do not expect it.

A blank page isometric.
My will, still naïve.
My proxies here.

I heard a doctor say immortal cells
are cancerous cells—they don't stop dividing.

Boulders. Soil. Silk. Pools. Café chairs and tables.
The grey skin on my nipple will soon slough off.

We can see you now.

Familiar experts move in a maze of cooperation
As I play tricks of relief. For me, earnestness
meets my foolishness and it is a mixed form

so text me if there's dancing. It is a gift too to know

what the body drums up
and to have someone wait for you
outside awake.



Whit Griffin

Boulder, Colo.

from The Great Practice

It's been said the soul is a
palimpsest, a prophet's hologram.
The Fire-Soul, the eternal self.
Three days after being burned to ashes
in Egypt, the phoenix salutes the
priest of Heliopolis and flies away.
The Greek Nous - the divine
consciousness or mind - the
Egyptian Nout. Some said Plato
was Moses speaking Attic Greek.

Pallas Athene was born in Libya, on
the shores of Lake Tritonis. Libyan
refugees brought Pallas to Crete, and
from Crete she passed on to Thrace
and Greece.

Buddhist missionaries, sent by King
Ashoka, were welcomed by the Pythagoreans
and Essenes. The Buddhist influence
of Jesus's Sermon on the Mount. Manes,
the Babylonian Messiah, the Christ,
the Comforter. The Manichaean message,
a message of Gnostic and Buddhist ethics.
In a contest with Poseidon for the
rulership of Athens, Pallas Athene won,
but was punished for her victory. Poseidon
could not abide losing to a woman, and
as a result the women of Athens lost
the rights to vote, to remain citizens and
give their name to their children.

*

Coronis, the mother of Asclepius,
gave her name to the crow. Some
say she was turned into a crow. The
soul of Aristeas flew out of his
mouth as a raven. As Crow Mother
is the maternal ancestor of all the
kachinas.

Each crow has a special call by
which it is recognized by its companions.
Voice itself is a manifestation of
our inner being.

Raven lugos, raven logos. As
the Saracens equated black with
wisdom. The raven's head, the
primal material out of which the
cosmos were created.
The reality of the universe is love.

Surrender to the cosmogonic love.
The rainbow energy that holds spirit
and matter together.

As the mandala is a birth
place. Three ladies in white
stand at the cradle of each child,
and take back the soul when
life has run its course. Lullaby -
Lilith Abye.

*

Death is a mirror in which the
entire meaning of life is reflected.
The free spirit and the body
spirit. The yang soul, the breath
soul which after death becomes a
bright spirit. The yin soul, the soul
that operates the living body and after
death returns to Earth. All things have
these two souls. Some say the soul
cannot understand the messages stemming
from the sense organs without the help
of images. Purple is the jealous soul.
Some say it was once easy for the soul
to reach heaven, but things have changed
because the secret of ascent has been
lost. Greek philosophy was an outcome
of earlier shamanic speculations on the soul.
Some say the Scythians disseminated
shamanism through Europe.

At the creation of the universe, Ishtar
planted a tree in her garden in Uruk.
The wood wide web - the fungal
network of the forest that links all
the trees. Unless we can come to
recognize the living spirit in nature and
matter we may perish.

The maize of five colors, the deer,
the peyote. As it is said the first
peyote appeared in the tracks left by
the first deer. Using entheogens to
map afterlife geography. As the
coffin is a universe for the dead
aristocrat. Some say the universe arose
in the context of a preexisting metaverse

*

Poetry Bios

Whit Griffin is an entheogenically-minded queer poet interested in the merger of the poetic and the spiritual. Recent books include *We Who Saw Everything* (Cultural Society) and *Extramission* (Lunar Chandelier Collective). A collaboration with the book artist Timothy C. Ely is forthcoming from Granary Books. He can be reached at P.O. Box 989, Boulder, CO 80306. **Ben Carson**'s work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Red Fez*, *The Ampersand Review*, *Cactus Heart*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *The Boston Small Press* and *Poetry Scene* blog, *The Somerville Times*, *Poetry24*, *Free Inquiry*, *Oddball Magazine*, *Poetry Leaves*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *I am not a silent poet*, *Not Your Mother's Breast Milk*, *Gyroscope*, *The Poetry Porch*, and *The Charles River Journal*. **Gilmore Tamny** is a writer, musician, and artist. Her poems, stories, essays, interviews, and artwork have appeared online and in print and she regularly produces zines. She plays with the band *Weather Weapon* as well as spokesmodel for *The Mystery*, which by way of loop pedal, poetry, and cheap theatrics, provides both entertainment and an invocation to eternity simultaneously. She is a committed artiste, feminist, rawk fan, old master painting fangirl, mystery story fiend, audio book junkie as well as enthusiastic *Girls Rock Camp Boston* volunteer. **Cheryl Clark Vermeulen**, author of the chapbooks *Dead-Eye Spring* and *This Paper Lantern*, received an M.F.A. from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Her poems, translations, and poetry reviews have appeared in *Caketrain*, *The Drunken Boat*, *Jubilat*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Third Coast*, *Two Lines*, *Interim*, *DIAGRAM*, *EOAGH*, among others, and the anthology *Connecting Lines: New Poetry from Mexico*. Beyond teaching at *MassArt*, where she founded the creative writing minor, she is the poetry editor at *Pangyrus*.

Jonathan Allen

Crown Heights, Brooklyn

@jonathanallenstudio
<http://www.jonathanallen.org/>



Bio

Jonathan Allen works in painting, collage, video, and performance. He holds a B.A. in Visual Arts and Art History from Columbia University, and in New York has exhibited at BRIC, Lu Magnus, PS122, Exit Art, Socrates Sculpture Park, Artists Space, and FiveMyles, among others. He has participated in LMCC's Workspace, Process Space, and Swing Space residency programs, The Bronx Museum of Art's Artist in the Marketplace program, and been awarded residencies at the Bogliasco Foundation in Italy, Cill Riolaig in Ireland, Milvus Artistic Research Center in Sweden, and Blue Mountain Center. He is a recipient of grants from the Pollock-Krasner, Chenven, Puffin, and George Sugarman Foundations, and the Brooklyn Arts Council.

Allen frequently collaborates with poets and performers. He is currently performing in choreographer Joanna Kotze's *What will we be like when we get there*, which tours to Martha's Vineyard, Bates College, and Stonington Opera House in Summer 2019. Allen is also at work on *Interruptions*, a series of ad interventions in New York City subway stations, which seeks to interrupt the language of advertising with imagery from our current political predicament. Allen is on the Programming Committee of VoCA (Voices in Contemporary Art).

Interruptions is a series of interventions in New York City subway stations, which seeks to interrupt the language of advertising with imagery and text critiquing and commenting on the United States' current political predicament. Though installed live, the project is cultivated and promoted via social media and word of mouth.

Interruptions recontextualizes political figures, messaging, and commentary within the frame of the commuter experience, and simultaneously through advertising. My process includes scouting and photographing advertisements in the NYC subway system, designing the interruption of the ad, printing it, and returning to the targeted ad to install it. The installation is then photographed and posted on social media, before it is removed by the MTA or defaced by commuters. In this way Instagram/Twitter function as galleries, and the NYC subway system as studio, and advertisements as canvas.



Interruption 16 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Fulton Street subway station, 2017.



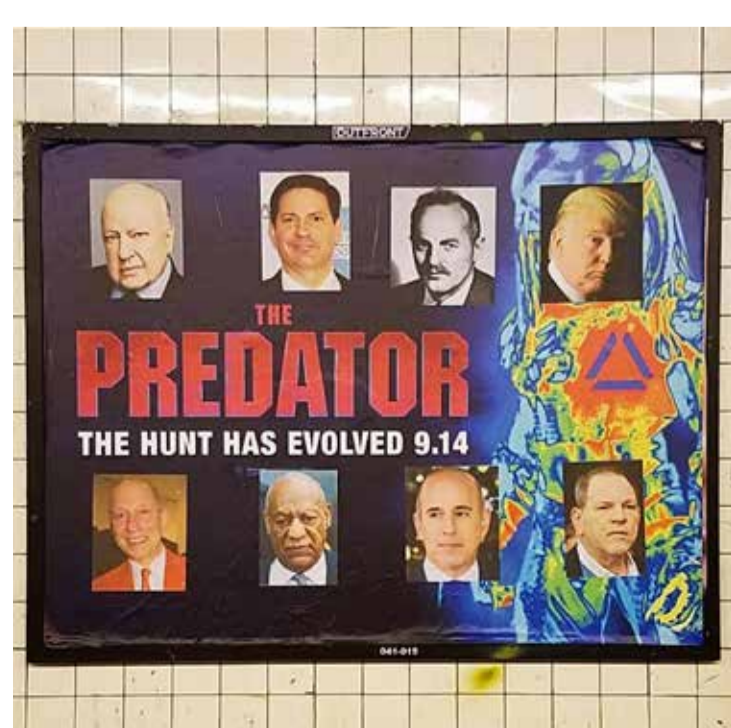
Interruption 36 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Atlantic Avenue subway station, 2017.



Interruption 66 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", 7th Avenue subway station, 2017.



Interruption 90 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Eastern Parkway subway station, 2017.



Interruption 92 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", 7th Avenue subway station, 2018.



Interruption 129 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", 7th Avenue subway station, 2018.



Interruption 107 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Bergen Street subway station, 2018.



Interruption 110 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", 3rd Avenue subway station, 2018.



Interruption 118 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Grand Street subway station, 2018.



Interruption 143 paper on subway advertisement, 44" x 60", Atlantic Avenue subway station, 2019.

The Norman S. Invasion

Norman Salant's Threatening Output of 2018



BY JONATHAN BERGER

Four frickin' albums last year? What the hell? What could he possibly do for an encore?

"Only two," Norman Salant chuckles, anticipating what might come from 2019. He probably has exhausted the archives of his historical saxophone output (such as December's twin releases *Sax/On* and *Late Night in the Loft*), so he predicts only singer/songwriter stuff for the foreseeable future. So far, though, halfway through another turn around the sun, and we're stuck with last year's extraordinary series of releases.

Our hero Salant has always been a particular songwriter, but what has come out in last year's onslaught of output is his skill as arranger. If you check out Wikipedia, you'll read an extensive description of a west coast avant-jazz saxophonic bandleader back in the eighties and nighties, but nary a mention of the creator he's become in the last decade. Salant's collaborations with Romeo Void and The Residents, his *Make Music Day*'s 40 saxophone composition's review in *The New York Times* and *Trouser Press* naming his 1981 debut *Saxophone Demonstrations* one of their Top Ten best are all referenced, but nothing about his current excellent singer/songwriter status.

So, for a moment or two, let's give the previous Norman Salant his due, and talk about those two backwards-facing albums.

Late Night in the Loft is a live trio performance of two tracks: the first, the imposing 28 minute "Signature & Postscript," its mournful entirety is based on an existing studio recording from a previous album, *Sax Talk*. It represents the last time Salant played with longtime compatriot, keyboardist Gregory Jones. The 1983 San Francisco show is dark, and hints at the world music influence that Salant will present in the next paragraph (and next album).

Sax/On, following seven years after the odds and sods sax collection *Sax/Off*, provides live tracks from Salant's early '90s New York City years. The album combines two separate projects from that East Coast era: his *Moving Planet Orchestra* and *Saxophone Stories*, a solo soprano saxophone series, entirely improvised and entertainingly immersive. Speaking of immersive, I just love that a man named Norman has an album called *Sax/On* (if his backing group had been called the Picts, Jutes, or Danes, I might've been in some Brexit heaven). Like all of Salant's early pre-millennial product, there are no lyrics to be found, but there's an intriguing emotional intensity in some of those band pieces. His mouth does different things with different instruments, that's for sure.

Of course, it's the modern day Norman, not the historic figure, that matters more today. What's he been up to in this century?

Songs with lyrics. Folk songs. Pop songs. Norman Salant left the experimental jazz world to slum with acoustic guitar slingers. Finally.

Salant's transition into songwriting started, perhaps, when he found his lips had more to offer than wind blown through reeds. The lyrics began to flow, tackling the big stuff. As he puts it, trying "to put a face on the most moving elements of life." Upon completing songs, Salant would play them in their skeletal forms, as so many others would, at open mics, but also at sporadic salons he would host in his Chelsea apartment.

In the aughts, he recorded some EPs, played some shows, but kind of figured that the album was dead. "I'd really thought that albums were over and that music was being experienced mainly as individual disconnected songs," Salant says, "but happily, I was very wrong."

A year ago, *Yodeling Goodbye* was unleashed upon the world. The songs had actually been prepped and ready to go practically a year before, but the CD manufacturer found profanity on "Last Dance at the Parade" (apparently a problem for them), thus delaying the production into 2018, and possibly causing the exciting logjam that gives this article its *raison d'être*. The songs had existed in earlier incarnations on Salant's previous EPs, but are all new variations, sometimes rewritten for the occasion.

"Home" starts things off on a melancholy note, despite the line claiming, "it's not that sad at all." It speaks of farewells, talking about the end of the line, despite being the first song on the first album of this artist's new beginning. "Where I go," he culminates, "I'll take you, take you with me." If that's not a mission statement, I don't know what is.

The militant "Rabbit Hole" follows, and drives down another path. It ain't sad, and it's nothing like the minimal style that Salant presented previously. With harmonies and full arrangement, Salant does far more than he could in a live environment, even as he does, in fact, come back around to similar thematic material: "But it's a long way from home, and it's a long way from looking behind to where the rivers were singing; where love was a matter of kind."

"The album concept is alive and well," Salant is happy to admit, "it's great to be able to work with larger thematic ideas."

"Ana The One-Eyed Girl" is another propulsive song that features a chorus of Normans joining the main one by the coda. I've always liked the sound of "Ana," but felt that Chekhov's gun is never quite used. Probably, the protagonist is some king and I'm just too blind to see it. Oh well. "The One-Eyed Girl" still rocks.

"It's All Real (Love Song 2)" is one of the many identified (Love Songs) within the collection - and one of the poppiest. There's no clear sense to the numbering paradigm: are all the (Love Songs) to the same lover, over the period of a relationship? Does the (Love Song) series present a strata of styles or emotions or something else? The numbers exist out of order between the two lyrical albums, and will probably continue through Salant's future releases. I assume they will continue, too, to be real.

"Last Dance at the Parade," previously mentioned, is also a (Love Song (# 52, if you must know)), and features the line, "with her Fuck Me shoes and her Fuck You face, I'd never seen a girl so sad." It's a twilight note to end the album on, just as at the start. I'm sighing as I enter into the final album of Salant's 2018 quartet.

Always All Around You finished out the year in December, although the songs were recorded in the same marathon sessions that produced *Yodeling Goodbye* (Salant and producer JP Bowersock worked 32 songs in total. Is everything in excess with this guy?). It begins with "On a gray day at the end of the world, a cow wanders into the yard. What then can be done? Nothing can be done ..."

The apocalyptic vision of "At The End Of The World" gets more placid, providing the album's title, but turns the metaphor around a little, before the end of "The End."

"Daddy takes the hand of his little girl and gives her away... and hopes one day she comes back to him," because, after all, "it's a long way to the end of the world."

There's joy on the album, and complexity in the arrangements. This is where the song selection and sequencing continues to be a strength, because even in these wisful songs, Salant finds ways to bring out buoyancy and make the most out of his material.

"Grace (Love Song 25)" is simply beautiful. The setting is subtler than many of the others here, the story more complicated: Junie's leaving soon, but tethered to a town for just a few days more, by everything always all around her. The violin and clarinet are just lovely on this one.

"Mr War (Love Song 49)," another keeper, follows, suggesting that conflict yields growth, and crisis yields great gains: "I miss you like I miss the war." All over the place, the album versions of Salant's songs are revelatory reversions of his material, adding energy and clarity that a hundred reinterpretations in a live environment would fail to provide. Is it decades of improvisational experience, or the prior recordings of the material, or great collaborators, or is he just that good? Who knows? Who cares?

"Which brings us to the Civil War," begins "The Civil War," though it's never at all clear which civil war it is, which unions have been severed, and what "accidents that define precedent" will dominate the narrator and Malinda after the choir of Civil Warriors fade out into obscurity forever. More sad and powerful moments, not soon to be forgotten.

Memory tinges Always All Around You more than *Yodeling Goodbye*, it seems. Were these songs divided en masse into individual albums at once, I wonder, or was first *Yodeling Goodbye* selected, and only then the next album created? It doesn't feel like one collection is leftovers from the other; each feels tastefully selected.

Norman Salant covered a lot of ground in 2018, but it took him 30 odd years to get to it. It's kind of a shame he's slacked off so hard in 2019. So far: no encore. But what're you gonna do? Some people just aren't able to keep it up.

Eh. He's still got a few months left. Maybe something's coming. Learn the whole story at <http://www.normansalant.com/> Hear the whole story at <https://normansalant.bandcamp.com/> Jonathan Berger has been writing for Boog City back since it was Boog Village. He writes more at <https://jonberger.com/>.



Norman Salant left the experimental jazz world to slum with acoustic guitar slingers. Finally.

Sax/On

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Moving Planet Orchestra Saxophone Stories

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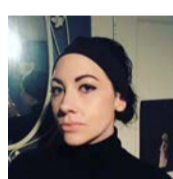
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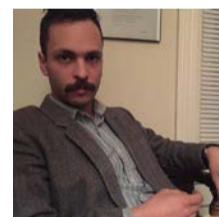
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