

Celebrate Six of the City’s Best Small Presses Inside in Their Own Words and Live

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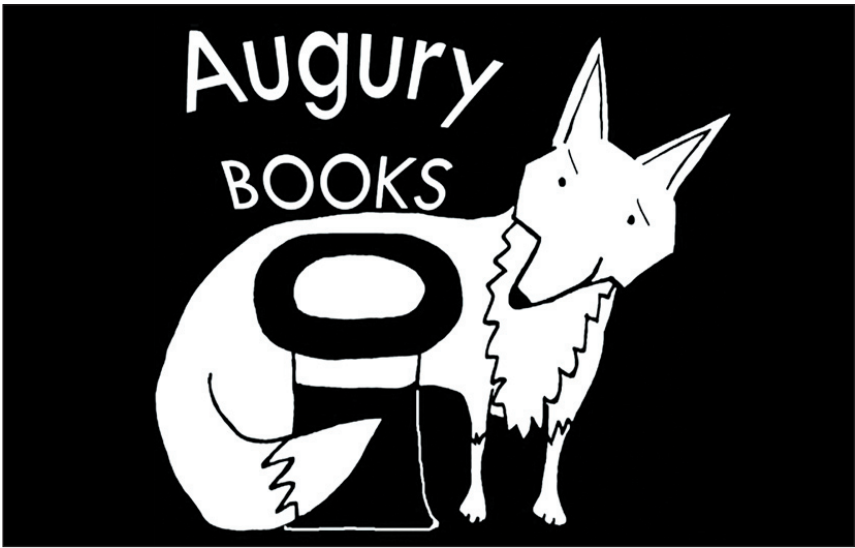
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O'Clock Press

Northampton, Massachusetts | Brooklyn, New York | Leipzig, Germany



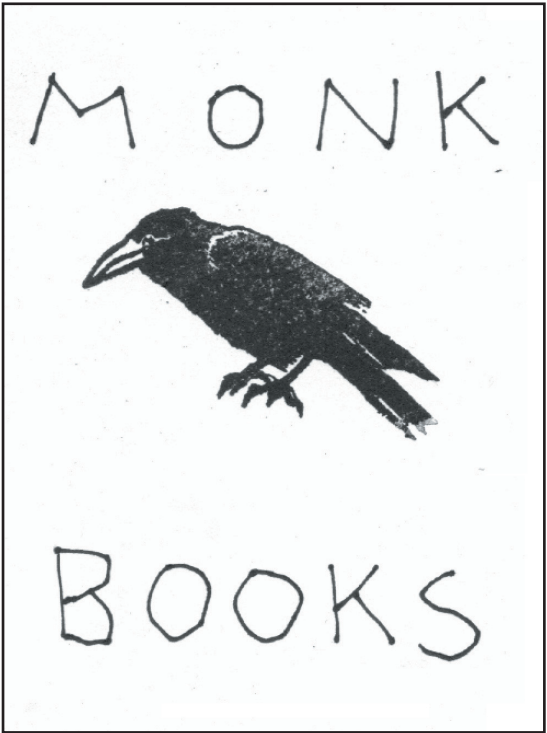
AMERICAN BOOKS

B

A

P

Brooklyn Arts Press



d.a. levy lives

each month celebrating renegade presses

Tues. Nov. 27, 6:00 p.m., free

New York City

Small Presses Night

Readings from American Books; Augury Books; Birds, LLC; Brooklyn Arts Press; Monk Books; and O’Clock Press authors (see below). Curated by No, Dear magazine co-editors Emily Brandt and Alex Cuff.

Sidewalk Cafe
94 Avenue A (@ E. 6th St.)
The East Village

For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664)
editor@boogcity.com • www.boogcity.com

American Books —Jeremy Hoevenaar	Augury Books —B.C. Edwards	Birds, LLC —Ana Božičević —Dan Magers	Brooklyn Arts Press —Martin Rock —Jackie Clark	Monk Books —Tom Healy	O’Clock Press —Readers TBD
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American Books is a press started by Natalie Häusler, Brett Price, and Ed Steck in 2011. American Books will make visible and legible the work of a wide range of contemporary artists and writers and will take a variety of forms, from books and other physical objects of critical and creative work, to interviews, reviews, and more.

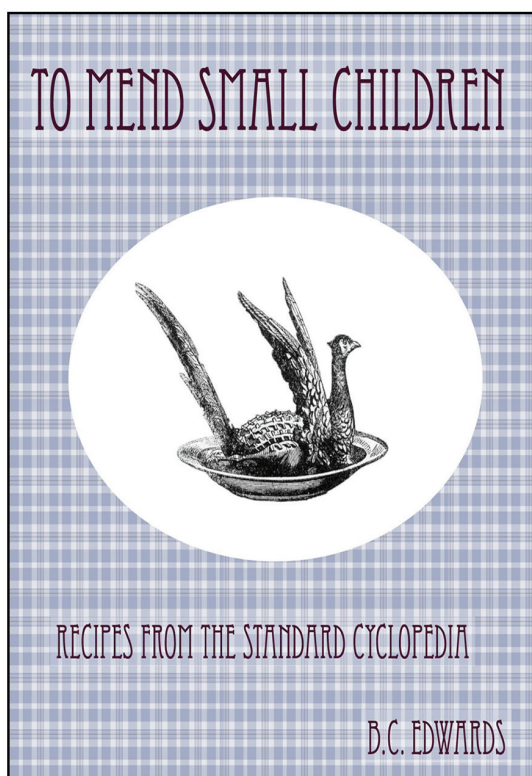
americanbooksusa.wordpress.com

From Cold Mountain Mirror Displacement
by Jeremy Hoevenaar

My profile adapts easily to new advertising.
I don't want that leaf pressed into the palm of my hand.
Historical fiction or hysterical diction?
This typing is a mountaintop from which I withhold
my pronouncements while the next nuance of selfhood
finishes downloading. Which means I believe
in completion as an inherent quality of being.
If I'm not a student any more then I must be a thief.

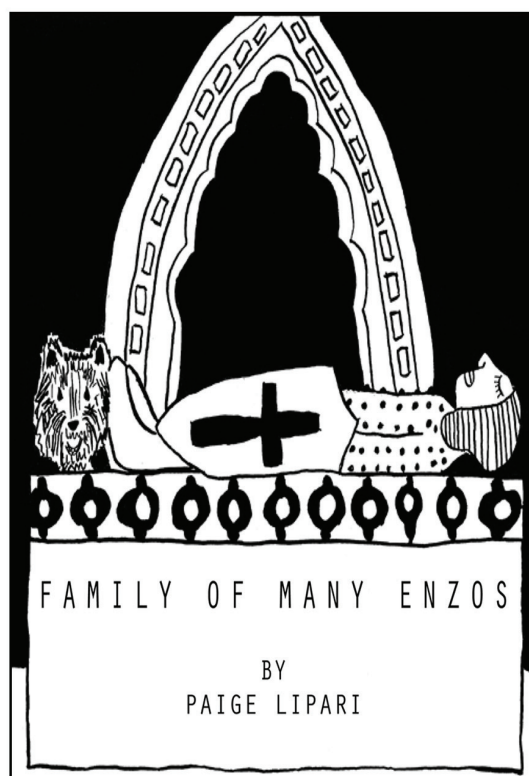


Augury Books is an independent press based in New York City. Committed to publishing innovative work from emerging and established writers, Augury Books seeks to reaffirm the diversity of the reading public. The editorial board is dedicated to fairness and quality of work.



**No. 31
A cure for Giddiness**

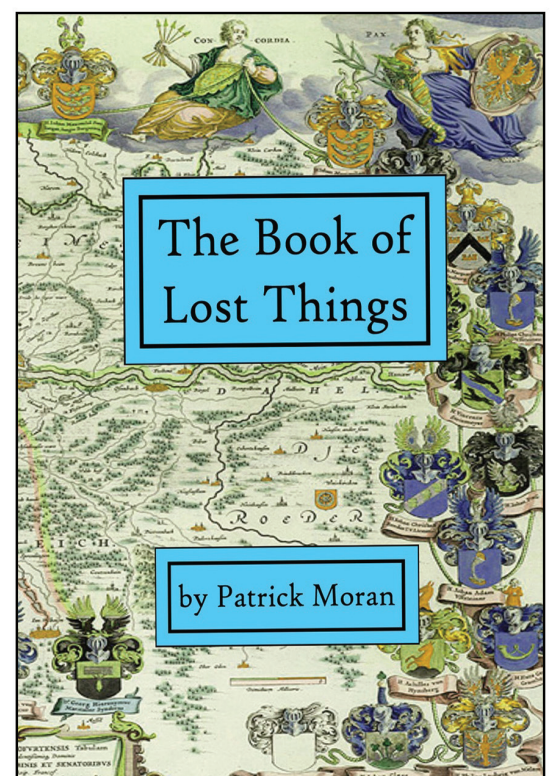
As much as will stand
falling
as much as you are
know that we are
so very disappointed in you



**HE-MAN and the MASTERS
of the UNIVERSE**

Or, let the mechanical Mother
Goose tell the story:

Where are the candles kept?
I am alone on this ceiling,
and wasn't even born timely to.
How do I want to be buried?
A whiff of me was not enough.



The Retired Pickpocket

He's become his favorite target. When
he sees himself coming, he feels for his
wallet with his left hand while the right
grabs his left by the wrist and calls for
the cop he's been trying to avoid for so
long.

www.AuguryBooks.com

RISE IN THE FALL ANA BOŽIČEVIĆ

WINTER 2013

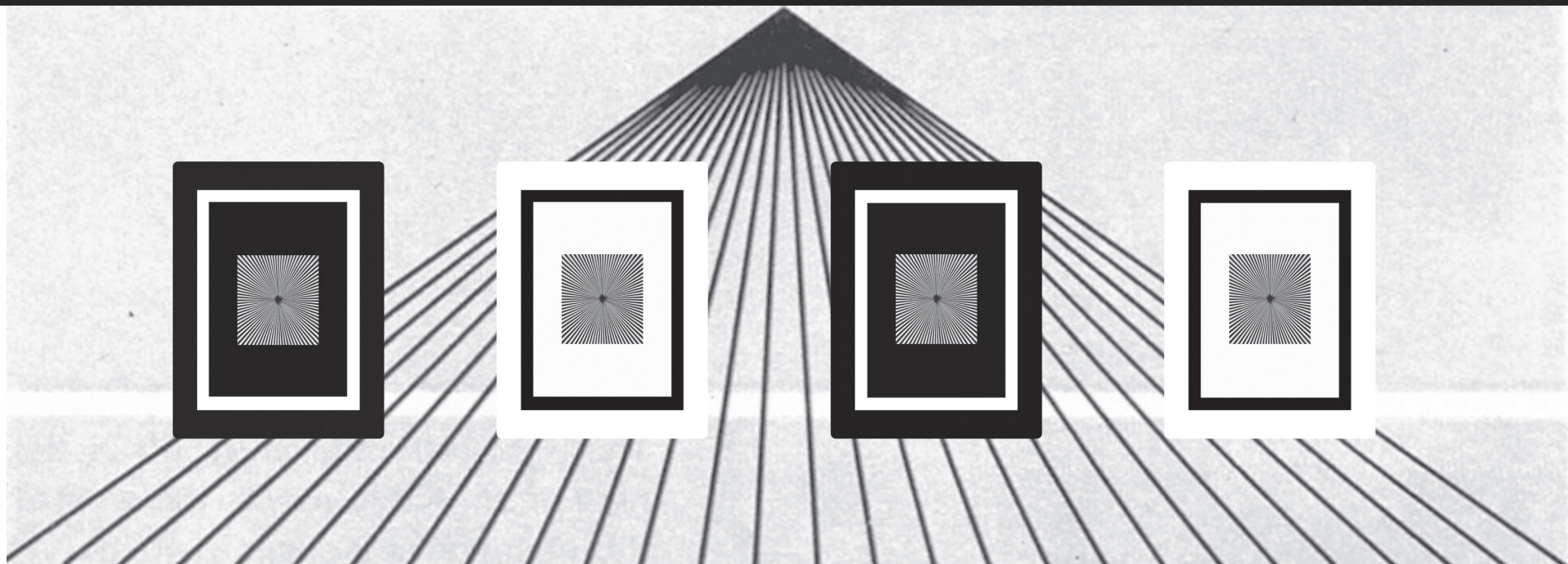
A CRITIQUE OF OUR TIME AND PLACE THAT IS AT ONCE
EMPATHETIC AND CRUDE, TENDER AND GROTESQUE



TWO NEW BOOKS FROM

BIRDS
L L C

WWW.BIRDSLLC.COM



THE FIRST FOUR BOOKS OF SAMPSON STARKWEATHER
SAMPSON STARKWEATHER

SPRING 2013

A COMPLETE REINTERPRETATION OF WHAT A FIRST BOOK
- OR ANY BOOK - OF POEMS CAN BE



Brooklyn Arts Press

WWW.BROOKLYNARTSPRESS.COM

We are BAP. We publish what excites us. We love our press. We love the books we publish, the people we publish, & the process.

The writers & artists we publish love our press, too, & have banded together to each write a few sentences on why they chose to publish with us, describing their experiences & including an extra special Fun Fact about themselves.

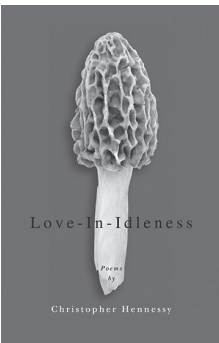
Read. Enjoy. Visit our website. Buy a book. Send us a note.

Fun Fact about publisher/managing editor Joe Pan: At age one he was in line to become the new Gerber baby, but his father quit the popcorn factory in Pennsylvania & moved his family to Florida. The next time Joe visited PA was as a five-year-old Baptist singer on an East Coast tour that stretched from NASA to Niagara Falls.

Christopher Hennessy, *Love-In-Idleness*, poetry
Finalist for the Thom Gunn Award

BAP: Working with Joe Pan and BAP, to be honest, made me a better poet. Joe has a kind of sixth sense (about endings, about that missing piece, especially). He is a masterful editor, wise and kind but unsparing—all essential qualities.

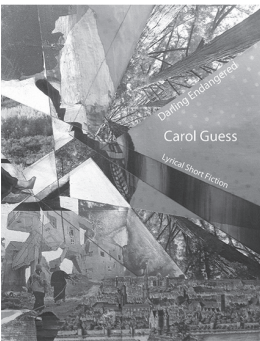
Fun Fact: I pass out at the drop of the hat. It's called vasovagal syncope and it's actually pretty common. When, as a kid, the doctor was explaining why I was passing out, all about a nerve in the stomach and blood rushing away from the brain...well, you guessed it, I passed out.



Matt Shears, *10,000 Wallpapers*, poetry chapbook

BAP: Brooklyn Arts Press is what a good small press should be: it is uncontaminated by market forces, its books are wide-ranging and well edited (produced with care and attention), and, most importantly, the press is always committed to broadening our definition of art.

Fun Fact: I make my daughter a children's book each year for the holidays. This year's offering, "Squawky the Blue Jay," is about a blue jay who doesn't want to leave the western hemlock where his parents' nest is located.



Carol Guess, *Darling Endangered*, lyrical short fiction

BAP: The talented folks at Brooklyn Arts Press turned my manuscript into a work of art. The finished product—my book!—is as delightful to look at as it is to read.

Fun Fact: My name was supposed to be Alexandria or Harriet, but my parents decided a bland name would never offend anyone, so I became Carol.



Greg Slick, *Between Scylla and Charybdis*, art monograph

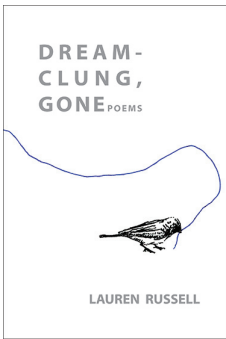
BAP: The experience of getting a monograph of my art published by BAP reminded me of accounts I've read of old-time editors and their tight relationships with their writers and artists. There was something deep and familial about the process—in my case an afternoon-long interview conducted by Joe Pan that constituted much of the book's text, and a months-long curatorial process that sifted through several bodies of my work. Real quality time.

Fun Fact: I can order wine in Estonian with a convincing accent.

Lauren Russell, *Dream-Clung, Gone*, poetry chapbook

BAP: Joe Pan is a careful and conscientious editor and book designer. Between his sharp eye and Aaron Sing Fox's exquisite cover art, the outer appearance of my chapbook reflects a degree of craftedness and consideration that I tried to bring to the poems inside.

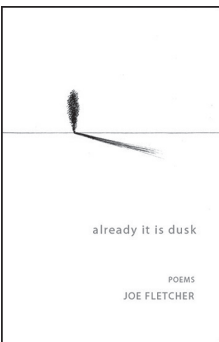
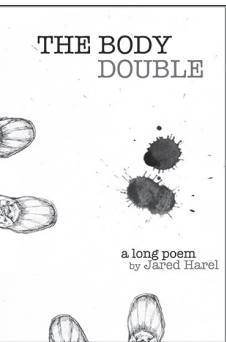
Fun Fact: In 1988, I appeared in a Nativity pageant featured on *Pee-wee's Playhouse Christmas Special* as an uncredited angel, but when I watched the show, I found that my hair was the only part of me to be seen onscreen.



Jared Harel, *The Body Double*, poetry chapbook

BAP: Three reasons to submit to BAP: 1.) Their books are gorgeous. BAP's Joe Pan once gave me a mini-lecture on how the texture of each book cover needs to match the feel and texture of the work inside. 2.) As a young writer, one of the greatest things you can find is a true advocate for your work. At BAP, I found just that. 3.) BAP is run and operated by badass, dedicated perfectionists. You want this! See points #1 & 2.

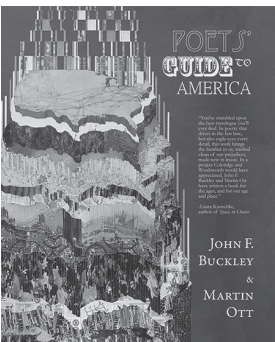
Fun Fact: I was the Knicks pre-season ballboy between the years '93-'95. Those were the Ewing, Oakly, Starks days, which means I spent the vast majority of those games wiping up Patrick Ewing's free-throw sweat.



Joe Fletcher, *Already It Is Dusk*, poetry chapbook

BAP: I've had an excellent experience working with Brooklyn Arts Press. The editors with whom I worked to prepare the manuscript for publication were generous, friendly, prompt, and provided insight and guidance on the poems. And I was delighted with the design of the book. It's clear that Joe Pan and his team put a lot of hard work and creative energy into making quality books.

Fun Fact: I missed a slam-dunk during a crucial high school basketball game.



John F. Buckley & Martin Ott, *Poets' Guide to America*, poetry

BAP: Publishing with Brooklyn Arts Press was an excellent decision. Joe Pan edited our manuscript both deftly and assiduously, helping us create a final version that transcended our hopes for it. And the effort he has expended in promoting it has been invaluable.

Fun Fact: We were friends for almost twenty years before discovering that we both wrote poetry.

ARTISTS & WRITERS WITH FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Jen Besemer, poetry

BAP: I sent my book to BAP because I liked their approach to publishing, especially the choice not to run contests. They publish great work and take care to do it well, with obvious love.

Fun Fact: I collect analog cameras and usually name each one after either an actor or a fictional character. Oh yeah, and I can juggle, though I usually don't juggle cameras.

Matt Runkle, lyrical short fiction

BAP: I'm invested in the physical book and its design, and BAP's titles all look and feel beautiful, so I knew I'd be working with a press that cares about how my work is presented.

Fun Fact: As a child I experienced a mild form of synesthesia, where days of the week and Catholic prayers were both associated with colors. The Glory Be and Sundays were reddish-orange; the Our Father and Thursday forest green; the Hail Mary shared Saturday's mix of pale blue, tan, and lavender laced with white.

Jackie Clark, poetry

BAP: I sent my manuscript to BAP because I was hoping to find a warm and welcoming home for my poems that was run by folks who do it mostly for the love of it and a little bit for the glory.

Fun Fact: I live in New Jersey. No, really.

Michael Sweet, photography

BAP: Try and find another reputable independent press that embraces emerging artists while remaining committed to varying aesthetics, experimentation, innovation, and diversity. I dare you.

Fun Fact: I'm a goat whisperer. Seriously, I am. At age ten I could tame goats two at a time and I have photos to prove it.

BAP MISSION STATEMENT

Brooklyn Arts Press (BAP) is an independent literary press devoted to publishing poetry books & chapbooks, art monographs, & lyrical fiction & nonfiction by emerging artists. We hope to serve our community best by publishing great works of varying aesthetics side by side. We believe experimentation & innovation, arriving by way of given forms or new ones, make our culture better through diversity of perspective, opinion, & spirit. Our staff is comprised of unpaid loyalists whose editorial resolve, time, effort, & expertise allows us to publish the best of the submissions we receive.

MONK



BOOKS

TOM HEALY'S CHAPBOOK,
ANIMAL SPIRITS, IS
FORTHCOMING FROM MONK
BOOKS BY THE END OF
2012.

TORN IS NOT BROKEN
TOM HEALY

You might blade
the heart.
Short black thrusts.

You might cross-cut,
dissect, rip,
sever and set it out

on a paper plate
to watch
the peck and flee,

peck and flee of
yellow warblers
buttering the porch.

Feed the dogs.
Boot-heel or acid burn
the muscle.

Starve it.
Freeze it.
Wrap it in wire.

Rot, waste, weaken.
But torn
is not broken.

MONK BOOKS IS A SMALL PRESS
THAT CREATES LIMITED EDITION
CHAPBOOKS OF POETRY AND ART,
OFTEN WITH THE TWO IN CONCERT
WITH EACH OTHER. MONK HAS
PUBLISHED WORK FROM
BERNADETTE MAYER, BEN PEASE,
AND MARK STRAND, WITH WORK
FORTHCOMING FROM TOM HEALY
AND M. A. VIZSOLYI.

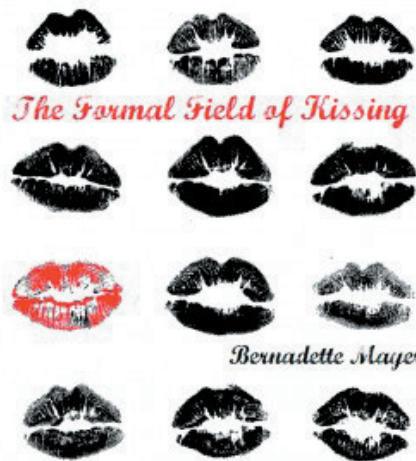


MYSTERY AND SOLITUDE IN TOPEKA MARK STRAND

Wichman
Cometh



BEN PEASE



M. A. VIZSOLYI'S CHAPBOOK, NOTES ON
MELANCHOLIA, IS FORTHCOMING FROM
MONK BOOKS IN THE SPRING OF 2013.

[TROUBLE]
M. A. VIZSOLYI

the mermaids making promises again
the night when her body on the ship named nightingale
honey-milk
the world surrounding the infant hidden in the infant's song
the polygamy of eurymone's daughters
the air in love with the lute of the evangelist
canal girls their pale smile
heliodorus the inbred one
madeleine who loves barbary horses
dolores vagrant her hand reaching out for the cock of the young expat
one wing what spiders love
the backyard wall moist with shadow
the breast of winter loosening the tongue of the poet
the three friends in the video game trench
molotov cocktails flying like ripe strawberries
blue helmets where the blue wall should be
the ear the erotic appendage
the tax upon the study of light
the maestro confessing with a silent mandolin
so lovely the tutor teaching about affection
fur
the chestnut droppings of the interpreter
the artist mustachioed giving kisses
according to chrysostom the canopy of the mind on fire
the old man who nods his head is cool with that

|| at family
 affect office
 where you work
 it's a question
 man that
 was it
 distributing checks had a ritual
 at a privatize
 by subcontracting that
 affect my
 office is tender
 man that
 when
 was it
 i handed him a check
 the check handed
 him he
 pulled back
 he pulled it back
 he
 pulled that check back
 to him
 my check hand
 repulsed
 then pushed it back like
 he pushed it back then
 pushed that check
 away from him
 as if one was i
 and pulling it away
 if one was i was then
 taking it away and
 he giving
 it
 willingly
 offering it up
 he offers it up
 to you do you
 relent
 wanly
 so smugly then he
 pulls the check away again
 and
 giving the check
 back to himself
 quite demurely now

he pulls it away
 and pulls it
 pulling the hand that
 fed him back to him
 pushing it back now
 again
 push it back now
 to be angry now he
 mutter
 chant
 glance
 up and
 glancing up
 THE SKY THAT IS THE CHECK
 (grandly)
 held up to the
 light the check then held up
 to the light
 the check examined
 the check examined
 it is examined this
 check sky lighted office
 for its taint it is
 the check
 is tainted
 the check tainted
 him pulling
 and
 pushing it
 away
 til it's back
 the check is back
 to him
 finally
 back to
 him his
 check his
 ability your
 act your
 ability just
 pulling at the job fam
 affect sub office con
 tract
 or p
 ay
 me

you don't pay me ok don't really play that

from *Propigation*
 Laura Elrick

CLOCK 3 *available now*

Cecilia Corrigan / Jennifer K. Dick /
 Laura Elrick / Bethany Ides / Josef
 Kaplan / Trisha Low / Daniel Owen /
 Mario Santiago Papasquiaro / Judah
 Rubin / Jacqueline Waters / Lynn Xu /
 Jenny Zhang

CHAPBOOKS *forthcoming*

Polly Duff Bresnick / *Mirror P oems* /
 Dylan Fetting / *Adoration of the Towering*
Weed / Sampson Starkweather / *Like*
Clouds Never Render

WWW.OCLOCKPRESS.COM

POETRY



Dan Gutstein Washington, D.C. *The Realm of Alternative—Is a Construct*

You stop at a traffic signal. There is police activity in a strip-mall, on the westbound side of the boulevard. An officer presides over the intersection even as the traffic signal seems to be cycling fine. You notice an ambulance, where the various police are foraging among a taco takeout, a waterbed emporium, and boarded-up CPA offices redolent of crookedness. You roll down your window. “What’s going on?” you ask. The officer replies, “Shooting.” You say, “Anybody hurt?” He says, “Not yet.” Just then, two pickup trucks, both making turns, mash into one another—hard—like an accordion wheezing shut. No glass breaks but parts fall to the pavement. The officer is stunned by this, thinking, perhaps, the area exempt from further crisis. He draws his service weapon inches from the left side of your face. You could’ve arrived sooner and you could’ve arrived later. The day’s machinery might’ve threaded itself together very differently. The shooting might have produced a report. The officer, himself, might’ve squeezed the trigger on his drawn pistol. You might’ve collided with one of the trucks. The realm of alternative—is a construct. Both truck drivers open their doors, and step out, winded. They remove their ball-caps and rub their bearded faces. The officer holsters his service weapon. Nothing in the strip-mall resembles urgency, the policemen, there, foraging, and the ambulance, there, in the beat of its engine. The light at the intersection turns green.



Vincent Katz Chelsea *Anahuacalli*

odd stone hewn
deft fitted walk
sultry court
imagine game’s
imagined fervor
step through slit
to mind ancient
exemplar floored
mosaic ceilings
stoned chamber
display netted
6,000 moments
whole lives given
to each look
at you and grin



Alyse Knorr Vienna, Va. *Alice Considers Arson*

For to conflag this ship would mean
a kind of tender part after all
and a set of words in my own mouth
to chew on and maybe a Jenny too.
Just to light this etc. now and feed
this blah etc. She set me up and didn’t
do love any better. Now for methods,
just number each part of the sentence.
You get a nice list and some heat
and now yes! Jenny can come too,
Jenny the one I’m said to have loved
if there is such a girl

Submission Guidelines Email subs to poetry@boogcity.com, with no more than five poems, all in one attached file with “My Name Submission” in the subject line and as the name of the file, ie: Walt Whitman Submission.

About the Poets

Dan Gutstein’s most recent book is *Bloodcoal & Honey* (Washington Writers Publishing House). He teaches at Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore. **Vincent Katz** is the author of 11 books of poetry, an art critic, a translator, and the editor and publisher of the journal *Vanitas* and Libellum Books. **Alyse Knorr** is production manager for Fall for the Book, an annual literary festival held at George Mason University in Virginia. Her first book, *Annotated Glass*, is forthcoming from Furniture Press.

New from LITMUS PRESS

THEN GO ON

Mary Burger

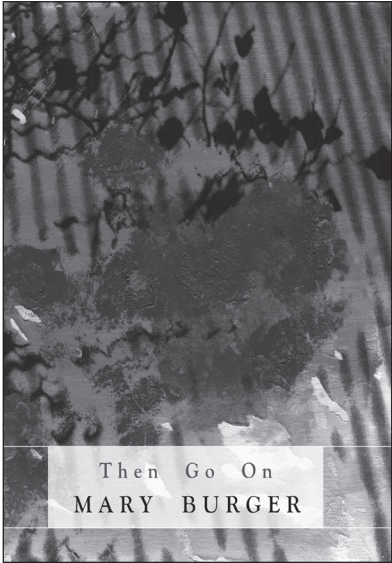
The formal inventiveness of Mary Burger’s writing in part derives from her questioning of received ideas but also from the sheer pleasure she seems to take in following what the sentence can do within the “as-yet as-ever still-undetermined space between *send* and *receive*.” — Carla Harryman

No other writing I know right now has such unadorned focus. Reading *Then Go On* has me reconsidering my notions of what certain surfaces—that of a person, a social identity, a piece of writing—can be.

— Anselm Berrigan

Then Go On is a brilliant intervention into the aftereffects of teleological thinking. This work summons the complexities and conundrums that are lodged like holograms in our philosophical archives.

— Brenda Iijima



2012 | \$15.00 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-14-6 | Cover art: Mary Burger

AUFGABE 11

Featuring Salvadoran poetry in translation guest edited by Christian Nagler

With work from Emily Abendroth, Ammiel Alcalay, Luis Alvarenga, Teresa Andrade, Mathieu Bergeron, Ana Božičević, Sommer Browning, Laynie Browne, Mary Burger, Garrett Caples, Amy Catanzano, Travis Cebula, Marcus Civin, Roque Dalton, Dot Devota, Dolores Dorantes, Kristin Dykstra, Carla Faesler, Juan Carlos Flores, calum gardner, Ariel Goldberg, Noah Eli Gordon, Otoniel Guevara, j/j hastain, Claudia Hérodier, Jen Hofer, Miguel Huevo-Mixco, Catherine Imbriglio, Crow Jane, Adam Katz, Vincent Katz, Natalie Knight, Nathanaël, Rodney Koenke, Wayne Koestenbaum, Paula Koneazy, Karen Lepri, Steve Light, Magus Magnus, Krisma Mancia, Hugo García Manríques, Sean Labrador y Manzano, Filip Marinovich, Carley Moore, Rachel Moritz, Debrah Morkun, Rafael Menjivar Ochoa, Eugene Ostashevsky, Omar Pimienta, John Pluecker, Ray Ragosta, Sarah Riggs, Jocelyn Saidenberg, Timothy Shea, Frank Sherlock, Hung Q. Tu, Jasmine Dreame Wagner, Simone White, and Brian Whitener



2012 | \$15.00 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-16-0 | Cover and interior art: Yasmina Kahn

AMNESIA OF THE MOVEMENT OF CLOUDS / OF RED & BLACK VERSE by Maria Attanasio; Translated by Carla Billitteri

These two books collected in one volume comprise the first full-length translation of Maria Attanasio’s poetry to be published in English. Blending realistic and oneiric landscapes, Attanasio’s poetry is a form of vertical writing that shows the historical and political strata of everyday life. In a landscape darkened by poverty, death, inequality, and illegal immigration, selfhood becomes an embodied but only partially understood node of historical events. Attanasio sets reflections on the cyborg dimension of contemporary selfhood against a desolate and existential void of a new century, one she describes as “the god of indifference,” “the great amnesia.” (Carla Billitteri)

Carla Billitteri has been a translator of contemporary Italian poetry since 1995. An edition of her translations from Alda Merini’s aphorisms, *I Am A Furious Little Bee*, was published by Hooke Press in 2008. She is also the author of a critical study, *Language and the Renewal of Society in Walt Whitman, Laura (Riding) Jackson and Charles Olson* (Palgrave, 2009), and of numerous essays on English- and Italian-language poetry.

FORTHCOMING 2013 | \$18.00 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-42-9



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Dedicated to supporting innovative, cross-genre writing, LITMUS PRESS publishes translators, poets, and other writers.

Farewell to The Ks

A Short Band Name, a Long, Long Life

BY JONATHAN BERGER

It had to happen, but why did it have to be now? On October 20, the Ks called it quits. After a decade, three albums, and performances in dozens upon dozens of back rooms, Dan Kilian's expressive rock band is

Skunk came out in 2003, so we must have been at it for a year before that. Let's say 10 years. Might really be 11. Of course, that was a much different line-up than today. We had a purge and joined up with Dave Benjoya's *Pleasure Mechanics*, a supergroup of obscurity (I call it an obscurpergroup) with a horn section and

a pep-talk about how great we sound and what we could be, I ask "so, are you leaving the band?"

What's been consistent in the band? How is this band different from the National Anthem or Connecticut?

Connecticut was The Ks. I loved that name, but it turns out no one knows how to spell The Constitution State's name. It's 11 letters long and hard to fit in posters, so we decided to go the other way, length-wise, while still keeping that "kuh-kuh" sound. *National Anthem* was a different set of guys with the sonic attempt to be my *Crazy Horse*, but it didn't stay together, and I guess back then I liked coming up with new band names more.

I think the presence of Ray Beyda on guitar is the main constant in the Ks, though there was another guy he replaced early on. I wouldn't ever call anything The Ks if he weren't in it. As it distilled to the five-piece, each remaining member became more key to the identity of the band.

Did you write all the material?

Yes, though Ray Beyda gets a co-write on "Fashion Plan" and "You Don't Have To Know" and he and Jon Mossberg get one for "I'm All Over The Place." Matt Dolingo gets a co-write on "A Couple Nights a Week." All the members put much creative juice into the arrangement of the songs. Dave Benjoya arranged all the horn parts on *The Ks Can't Get It Together*, except "Last Trip To The Well" which was arranged by Jon Mossberg, who arranged all the horn parts for *Red Numbers Rising Faster*.

What's next for Dan Kilian?

I'm going to put together a new act, something more pop-vocal oriented, with a number of theatrical and promotional angles, called The Consumers*. Here's our website: www.theconsumersband.com. People looking for me to warble my own tunes can look for a rare appearance of Dan Kilian and the Million Man Band, but The Consumers* is my main focus right now.

What else do you do creatively?

I dabble in the arts, and write some. You

can find some of that stuff on Klog, the blog I write along with my brother Steve and a few other guests: www.klogtheblog.wordpress.com. I'm also about to start an online interview show, called *A Couple Nights A Week*.

Your best song ("4 Fingers of Fun") is about digital stimulation. You've never recorded it on any of your albums. Is this because you're afraid the public is not ready for such an incredible song? Do you worry the world will explode if it experiences this alternate reality hit?

We might have been going as early as 2002, 2001, 2000? Please tell me we're a band of the 2Ks, not the turn of the century!

I've got a couple of "Lost" albums, which is ridiculous, since even the "official" albums are lost on almost the entirety of humanity. Still I've got the long lost "Rain Rain Hail" and "Rain" I made with Billy Burke at loveless motel in LA, and "Girls Around The Clock" I made with Burnley Vest at tiny e studios in Brooklyn. "4 Fingers" made "Girls Around The Clock." I'll burn you a copy sometime. I even made a video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=DHv4iY1O1hQ&feature=share&list=UUACrwdSVuYlXTKklFo1LFv).

There's also some footage from the making of the video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=UFxgUSHkFcg&feature=share&list=UUACrwdSVuYlXTKklFo1LFvQ), which you may find amusing. So let the world be engulfed. See what I care.

You can follow The Consumers* at twitter.com/theconsumersnyc and www.theconsumersband.com

Jonathan Berger has edited Boog City's music section for what seems a thousand years. Other writings can be found at www.jonberger.com



Jeff Gordon, Ray Beyda, Dan Kilian, Jon Mossberg, and Ian Thomas.

Tanya Navas photo

done. Kilian—singer, songwriter, abominable showman—led the group with Ray Beyda on guitar and an increasingly stable assortment of players adding further instruments and backing vocals. Now, it's all done. Kilian gave it his all, and it wasn't enough. Few may mourn this tiny band of brothers, for few ever really knew them, but the energetic performances, mighty hooks, evocative lyrics, and incredible effort put into every show—Kilian gave every night its own title, theme, and program—prove the Ks should have been heralded in New York City, rather than forgotten.

The Ks started as Connecticut in the very early aughts. "I get pretty hazy on the dates," Kilian admits, basing his group's history on its recordings. "Connecticut did make a four-song EP which I don't have at the ready, so we might have been going as early as 2002, 2001, 2000? Please tell me we're a band of the 2Ks, not the turn of the century!"

Member changes were frequent, but Kilian's drive and contagious effervescence kept the group on course. "You could say we've been three or maybe four different bands with the same name, though you could say that about a lot of bands." Kilian had been bouncing around the East Village for some years before, having been named King of AntiFolk at the Sidewalk Cafe in the late '90s. He'd previously been in some earlier projects. "I was in something called Superload, where I met Ray Beyda, which became Splurge, and then a brief stint with National Anthem, at the turn of the century, which produced some fuzzy sounding live recordings and then sputtered out." All the time, through any project he's been involved in, he's made an indelible impression. Between his humor, dedication and pure force of rock, Dan Kilian is worth experiencing. In this interview, he explains why his longest-running project failed.

How long have the Ks been in business?

barkers, which quickly shed its skin with many replacements and additions and such. That finally stabilized and we made *The Ks Can't Get It Together*, which, if we were widely considered, might be our "classic" album, though I like *Red Numbers* more.

As it distilled to the five-piece, each remaining member became more key to the identity of the band.

Gradually we stripped down to the five guys who played on *Red Numbers Rising Faster*. Soon after that, our drummer, Soup Dave Campbell, died, and we almost split up then, but decided to go on, so Ian Thomas came along and that was the last change. Soup had Cancer in the lining of his lung. Inoperable, static for a number of years, until it stopped being static. Maybe someone said "Soup would have wanted us to go on," but it wasn't anything dramatic as that. I did want to close up shop then, but the boys (Beyda, Thomas, bass player Jeff Gordon and alto sax/keyboardist Jon Mossberg) convinced me to give it another go.

What's put the Ks out of business now?

Lack of interest, inside and out. The usual things which make trying to "make it" as a band such a high-wire haywire act. Crowds dwindle. Rehearsals get to be a drag. The guys don't like the new songs, and the songwriter resents it. No one seems all that invested, and suddenly imaginary bands start to seem more appealing than imagining how this band could be. Arguments escalate, and instead of giving

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Rooney Holds the ‘Kees’ to a Disappearing Act A Dystopian Debut from Lindsay Stern

BY SHEREEN ADEL

Robinson Alone

By Kathleen Rooney
Gold Wake Press



One of the joys of reading Kathleen Rooney's collection of poetry, *Robinson Alone* is its insistence that one become more familiar with the poet

Weldon Kees's life and works.

We find out right at the start of Rooney's collection, in "Robinson's Hometown" that Robinson was born where Kees was born, his parents share the same names, and so on. His life follows the same trajectory; his talents and his struggles are all essentially Kees's. Robinson is asked to play piano in the poem, "At a Thursday Night Party on a Boat in Provincetown" "Robinson / desires—& tires of—the semi- / constant public performance / required," and we can assume that Kees had that same experience. There is one thing that Rooney makes abundantly clear: she has certainly done her research. One of the surprising gems of Rooney's work is when we come to the centos—Robinson's letters in the collection are written in Kees's voice, taken from actual letters he wrote, and restructured in a new format to create an original poem.

Rooney has chosen to refer to Kees only as Robinson, even though she provides accurate names of the people and places in his life. She may want to retain the obscurity that surrounds Kees's legacy and to continually remind us that this is, in part, an imagined version of the poet. Kees remains within the frame of his own fictional character that Rooney has described as his "quasi-alter ego." Other critics have called Kees's Robinson "an urban Everyman" (Brendan

In these poems, as Robinson, Kees was the man he detested as well as who he thought he should be.

but holding steady within the middle rank. He is everything that Weldon Kees dreaded, as well as everything that he suspected he ought to be" (Anthony Lane, "The Disappearing Poet: What Ever Happened to Weldon Kees?" *The New Yorker*, July 4, 2005) In these poems, as Robinson, Kees was the man he detested as well as who he thought he should be.

The exploration of this artist's identity and self-hatred is one that Rooney is able to use to make these poems relatable to the modern



Kathleen Rooney

reader. In "The Waterfront Near Vinegar Hill & Fulton Ferry Landing" Robinson looks at the bridges connecting Brooklyn and Manhattan and "would like to point out / that a jump from either structure / would scramble your organs / like eggs in a diner. But no one / likes a whiner. He took the F / train to get here. F, he wonders, / for fuck it? Or F for it's fine?" Whether or not readers are familiar with the former 1940s era Robinson, Rooney's Robinson is of both Kees's world and ours, with all the same old problems that remind us of that unwavering poet's angst.

To ask whether her work could stand alone would be pointless, for its very existence depends on the author's insightful interpretation of the poet who inspired her. The fact that a number of the poems in the collection are relevant when isolated has been proven: those that have been previously published in literary journals attest to the strength of her writing in both content and style. Rooney comes at us with sometimes slam-like rhythm and rhyme, for example, in "Robinson Walks Museum Mile" "He craves a sense / of belonging, not to always be longing. To be / standing in a doorway,

incredibly kissable, / not waiting at the four-way, eminently missable. / Is this mile magnanimous? He wants it / unanimous"

How Rooney's poetry compares to that of the poet she pays homage to is a matter of personal opinion, but her unique command over language is apparent. Her poetry maintains a clear, straightforward tone with simple and sophisticated form. Rooney's character-driven narrative builds gracefully toward its climax and leads the reader to the unsettling end readers can see coming. Whether or not you are familiar with Kees's life when you begin, you are bound to have learned of his unsolved disappearance before you reach the last poem in the collection.

But Rooney's final poem might satiate the reader in a way that few, if any, biographies could. The very title of the poem, "Robinson's Telephone Rings," makes reference to the poem critics have referred to as Kees's masterpiece, "Aspects of Robinson." Kees describes Robinson's apartment in his absence, after he's left for work, and his telephone that rings incessantly only when he isn't there. Rooney, on the other hand, takes us into Robinson's apartment "the Tuesday after he was last seen." The finality of Robinson's vanishing act gives him the dignity that Kees's character never had.

Shereen Adel lives in the Bay Area. She likes to move from place to place, rarely staying for more than a couple of years anywhere. But, she likes the West coast. She is the production editor of *Gigantic Sequins*.

BY CRAIG CHISHOLM

Town of Shadows

By Lindsay Stern
Scrambler Books



In the poem "Changes of Names," Nicanor Parra writes: "Every fool who respects himself//Has to have his own dictionary." More than mere esoteric lexicon, this statement acknowledges that each of us—readers, writers, and everyone else—have a personal means of communication with our world. The characters in Lindsay Stern's debut *Town of Shadows* are losing their voices. That is, language is under attack. The way each character responds is Stern's own love song to language.

In Stern's dystopia, the mayor, bureaucrats, and educators terrorize the population. From mandating the inhabitants wear cages to "trap their thoughts before they wafted behind another's eyes," to stripping the contents of the local library, to outlawing vowels, and, finally, "deleting" artists or scientists or anyone with

an original thought, Stern draws a sharp line between those who silence and those who are to be silenced. How each character deals with these attempts of silence and how they are able to forge their own language is Stern's challenge.

Though I hesitate to call him the protagonist, "Pierre has felt his brain expanding ... Words will trickle through his ears, scamper back into the world. So as to not forget them, he has



Lindsay Stern

built a lexicon." In this dictionary that is scattered throughout the text we get some of the best, but also most predictable, moments of *Town of Shadows*. "Loneliness, n. Wordlessness." "Icicle, n. A brief spear." Stern is a young writer, making it easier for readers to forgive her for occasionally falling into sentimentality: "Lita knew the things worth learning lived in pens and typewriters." Or even more syrupy, "To love, v. To live twice."

The impossibility of silence is the inevitable conclusion of these sketches. Even in the darkest totalitarian regimes in history, the expression of thought is never completely extinguished. I'm reminded of a conversation I had with Chinese poet and revolutionary Xi Chaun who said there will always be a table around which men are drinking and speaking of freedom. And perhaps it was the lack of resistance that bothered me about Stern's *Town*. In only one instance was violence used as a means of defiance and this by a nameless psychopath with the habit of "switching off" people.

Billed as a novella, for what I have to believe is for promotional and distributive

The way that each character responds is Stern's own love song to language.

purposes, *Town of Shadows* amalgamates the conventional genres of poetry and prose into a unique style of narrative that includes recipes, definitions, and vignettes. The effect creates a phantasmagoria that is menacing and melancholic. Characters misplace themselves

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in mirrors, lose their shadows, a woman falls in love with her cello and plays endlessly so that her music becomes “another form of silence.”

In what is a promising debut and a foundation for future work, this: “If my house exists in thought,” he said, “I can fashion it as I please ... If I can fashion it as I please, I can fashion it as real.”

Je prends mes désires pour des réalités, car je crois en la réalité de mes désires

Craig Chisholm writes fiction, raises chickens, and resides

Characters misplace themselves in mirrors, lose their shadows, a woman falls in love with her cello and plays endlessly.

with his first wife in Red Hook. He is the fiction reviewer for Gigantic Sequins and can be found shooting craps with Svejk and Otto Dix on Boulevard de Absurd.

The Small Press Question

We asked **Wendy Xu, co-editor and publisher of iO: A Journal of New American Poetry / iO Books**: “What are you currently promoting that you love? And what have you been reading lately that you love?”

Currently, we’re excited about a lot! Issue 6 of the journal has been out for just over two months now, featuring poems and faces and more poems by poets we love, like Lily Ladewig, Wayne Miller, Laurie Saurborn Young, Glenn Shaheen, Jeff Downey, and others! And Nick Sturm’s chapbook *What a Tremendous Time We’re Having!*, in its second printing, is dangerously close to selling out again. We couldn’t be happier to say that. We’re working on our forthcoming chapbook, a collaborative work by Ben Kopel and Matthew Suss, *Shut Up & Bloom*, which is due out early next year. This involves a lot of coffee and sewing and stamping, our favorite.

As for what I’m reading lately, besides being inside a strange and wonderful 19th century fiction adventure (I’m reading *Moby Dick*, Emerson, and Hawthorne’s short stories together in a weird jumble?), I recently read and loved these poetry things: *Science* by Emily Toder, *You Never Know* by Ron Padgett, *We Are All Good If They Try Hard Enough* by Mike Young, and *No Not Today* by Jordan Stempleman. There is too much to think and read, which makes me happy and sleepy.



BRUCE ANDREWS A SYMPOSIUM & READING

Occupying the Present

BY BOB PERELMAN

Everything Bruce Andrews writes sounds the same: really good. For decades Bruce has been doing this.

I keep needing to remind myself, reading “knockoffs in serial form syntactically frayed pride manipulates” or “in your gosh period, turkey dust or anthrax” or any of the 20-or-so lines in the 220-or-so pages of *You Can’t Have Everything . . . Where Would You Put It!* how condensed an arena Andrews works in.

Politically, the arena is global: “unjizzable terror: cluster-funk a rasta of the goretexing.” But syntactically, Andrews works at the phrase

level. In this, he’s closer to Rae Armantrout than to Ron Silliman.

The one, unvarying constraint Andrews has written under in the last decades is this: that world, as best he can determine, be present in unavoidable language, at every point. His words (knockoff, anthrax, rasta, goretex) are never literary; they’re global, present-tense, exteriorized. This, plus the size of Andrews’s books in the last decades, can make a sense of epic scale hard to miss.

It’s been a large-scale bravura performance: rigorous formal insistence backed up by endless invention.

By “formal” I mean what Andrews insists on for his own practice: the phrase, the

disrupted phrase, the normative phrase twisted linguistically toward present, unallievated hot spots.

But it’s the compression of his work that is easy to take for granted, and what I want to emphasize here. I’ll detourne Andrews’s typography bring it forward for a moment:

unjizzable terror:
cluster-funk a rasta
of the goretexing

Andrews is not a writer of haiku. But his writing demonstrates, continually, a comparable level of poetic concentration. He is making the present political, historical state of things

Everything Bruce Andrews writes sounds the same: really good. For decades Bruce has been doing this.

perceptible, repeatedly, sound by sound. And all of these sounds remind us we’re in the present: that’s why they sound the same and sound so good. Bob Perelman is a poet who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania.



BRUCE ANDREWS A SYMPOSIUM & READING

FRI., DEC. 7, 6:00–9:00 P.M.
Fordham University
South Lounge, Lincoln Center Campus
113 W. 60th Street, New York, N.Y.

A panel and reading in honor of poet and Fordham faculty member Bruce Andrews, a leading figure in avant-garde writing and performance since the 1970s. The author of over 30 volumes of poetry, Andrews has taught political science at Fordham since 1975. As co-founder of the ground-breaking journal *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*, Andrews was among a small group of writers who instigated what is arguably the biggest shift in American poetry in the last generation. First, a panel of prominent scholars will present papers on Andrews’s work, moderated by poet-critic Charles Bernstein. After a brief break and reception, Andrews will read from his work.

With participants Bernstein, Michael Golston, Laura Hinton, Peter Nicholls, Bob Perelman, and Paul Stephens.