

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



d.a. levy lives

celebrating renegade presses

Thurs. Nov. 21, 6:00 p.m., free

**Local
Small Presses Night**

Readings from Epiphany Magazine, Marsh Hawk Press, Nor By Press, and Tea Party Republicans Press authors (see below).

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

For information call
212-842-BOOG (2664)
editor@boogcity.com
www.boogcity.com/
boogpdfs.bc84.pdf

Epiphany Magazine —Andrew Durbin	Marsh Hawk Press —Claudia Carlson —Thomas Fink	Nor By Press —Uljana Wolf	Tea Party Republicans Press —Lucy Ives
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ep;phany

a literary journal

SIMONE WHITE

WAS A FLAT BREAST PLATE

When everyone was moving to Prague
When everyone was moving to Fort Greene
Was colored and that was complete
Reversal of the circumstance of circumference

Encircled The circle was of being dispersed
Of trying to live
Was Beckett universe a place
Wasn't no one moving there

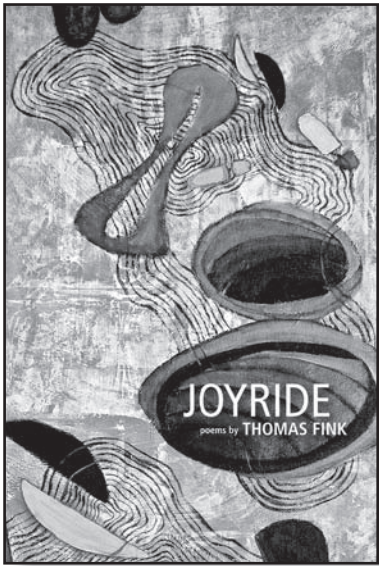
Was the bresaola to come with from (not Italy)
The colonial last armored location
Was sliding vertically along the hard
Front of economic history

Ep;phany would like to give a shout out to Perfect Lovers Press' shoutout to Boog City:

Perfect Lovers Press lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

We put out art & writing by people from around
our hometown, & by people all over the world. So
the stuff we do is like David Kirschenbaum's
Boog City has been doing, in this neighborhood,
for a long time now. We're also inspired by people
from back home like Floyd Johnson, an artist from
Northside, who we asked to create something for
the interior of this program in honor of our
evening here at St. Mark's Church. Thanks to the
Poetry Project for everything, always, & thanks to
Matt Longabucco for hosting us tonight.

Thanks for coming cheers.



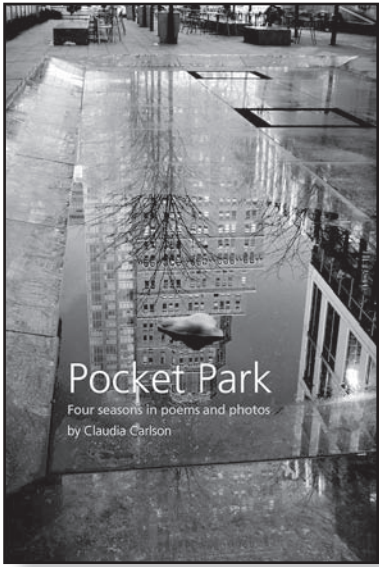
Thomas Fink, is the author of seven previous books of poetry, including *Peace Conference* (Marsh Hawk Press) and *Autopsy Turvy* (Meritage Press), as well as three chapbooks. He is also the author of two books of criticism, including *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press). Fink’s work has appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Chicago Review*, *Contemporary Literature*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Diode*, *Jacket, Lit*, *Milk*, *Minnesota Review*, *Otoliths*, *Second Avenue Poetry*, *Sentence*, *Shampoo*, *Slope*, *Talisman*, *Verse*, and numerous other journals. His paintings hang in various collections. Fink is Professor of English at City University of New York—LaGuardia. www.marshhawkpress.org/Fink5.html

I can see certain
faces for a while,
& then they erase
themselves. That’s how
friends are. Is there
clean water? Strapped
to void. You don’t have
to live for your child
ren. Or later, theirs.
During this long
down drift, we were
asked to nibble back
on some prunes, so
complied & then some.
Big bou tiques are short on
research today, but slow
steady growers still
sport a bit of a floor
to them. (Durable)
growth is trying to
speak in hiccups. Granted
that the digestion process is
strenuous on orphans & widows. So,
my intimate chum: stren gthen your stomach
with growth drivers & run them in parallel.

HOME COOKED DIAMOND 1

The sound
stays off. Plot
rides on gesture.
Fade to limbs
busy with common
interest. Dad was
Mom. Almost.
Righteous tazer.
Stealth charmer.
Vulnerable sledge
hammer. Can they bend
the room? 100 ashtrays
in a house where no
one smokes. How much
trivia can a union bear?
The technology is not the
smoothest, but for the
mileage you have on
there, it’s
not a sad
choice.

Fink’s *Joyride* features shaped poems which reflect motifs seen in his paintings, one of which is on the cover. Details from his artwork were used throughout the book to emphasize the totality of his vision.



Claudia Carlson’s first book of poetry, *The Elephant House*, was published by Marsh Hawk Press. She co-edited *The Poet’s Grimm*, an anthology of fairy tale poems, with Jeanne Marie Beaumont. Her poems have appeared in *Court Green*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *The Cream City Review*, *Gargoyle*, and *nycbigcitylit.com*, among others. She has been included in the anthologies *Love Rise Up* (Benu Press), *A Circle of Friends: Remembering Madeleine L’Engle*, and *The Breath of Parted Lips II* (CavanKerry Press). She is an award-winning designer specializing in art directing for small presses. She currently works as the Senior Graphic Designer at AFMDA. www.claudiagraphics.com

October’s Heat

Two Yorkies tied to a lamppost
copulate rapidly

lunchers laugh and point
at their staccato shadows.

The gigantic TV, above dogs and men,
is touring Basque, red dirt, red tiles.

A quivering goldfish shadow
of a helicopter...

everywhere I look, things fold
away from summer,
except the dogs.

From the Twelfth Floor

“Park...what park?”
asks the receptionist
at Compass, Inc.

I frame my shot
from the window over their copier.

“You know that was a tar topped
parking lot just a few years ago?”
I nod and move my third eye
to the next window.
“Doesn’t look like a park from here.”

From here, drab slab
trees spaced diligently as hair plugs

people punctuation marks
dreams tattooed
onto gray parchment

it’s the yawn between steel jaws
the diving board of lunch hours
a snap of time
a mall, a pall,
an alley, a call,
a retreat, my beat.

“A friend of mine takes photos too,”
he lowers the shade
on their unremarkable view.

Question: How do you fit 277 lunch hours into one tiny Manhattan city park? **Answer:** With a pocket camera, notepad, and 277 salads...



Carlson explores a year of lunchours in a small urban park, as a poet/photographer. *Pocket Park* is in full-color, on every page photos and poems form a dialogue.

Marsh Hawk Press, founded in 2001, publishes an eclectic list of poets and poetic styles, with 73 titles currently in print. The press highlights a wide range of affinities between poetry and the visual arts. Each volume is produced with particular care for visual style, often including artwork alongside the poems. Notable recent titles include: *Sugar Zone* by Mary Mackey, winner of the PEN Oakland-Josephine Miles Award for Excellence in Literature; *Blind Date With Cavafy* by Steve Fellner, winner of the Thom Gunn Award for Gay Male Poetry; *I Take Thee English, for My Beloved* by Eileen R. Tabios, winner of the Calatagan Award from the Philippine American Writers and Arts, Inc.

Please see Web site for submitting information: www.marshhawkpress.org



NOR BY PRESS

a tiny homespun letterpress operation
dedicated to the printing, binding
& warmhearted distribution of limited edition
chapbooks and broadsides, made with only
the finest papers, inks & literatures

✧ available titles ✧

from **TIGER GOES TO THE DOGS** by **Selah Saterstrom**

I wrote a poem about dogs and when my lover read it he was beside himself though he didn't know why. Really there was a bad dog in the poem but it was about this other guy. A guy I had sex with a week before meeting my then-current lover, an experience I failed to mention as I was so caught up being in love. Much later when I told my lover about the other guy, he became furious and ended our affair. There were other reasons of course but I look back at when my lover read that dog poem and think *goddamn*.



✧ Letterpress edition of 150, signed by the author.

from **MY CADASTRE** by **Uljana Wolf** translated by **Nat Otting**

I
my fathers
are simple men

they have daughters
as i am one

we query nimbly
we carry thimbly

our father's word
even into the deepest woods



✧ Letterpress edition of 200.

from **ICE CREAM AMNESIA** by **Manny Karkowsky**

REMEMBER when that guy came up to you and was like let's have sex and you were like I'm not gay and the guy was like I'm a girl and then you were like I don't have sex with strangers from the street and then the person was like you know me I'm your wife we've been married for fifteen years and we have three kids and a house over there near the ice cream store and you were like I really like that ice cream store, the ice cream there is real creamy and she was like yeah that's why we bought the house....



✧ Letterpress edition of 104.

SAY IT IS SUMMER

by **Emily Hunt**

he is minding his business
grilling a white gull
in its blue yard



✧ Letterpress edition of 65, signed by the poet.

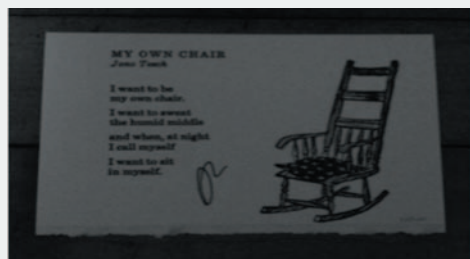
MY OWN CHAIR by **Jono Tosch**

I want to be
my own chair.

I want to sweat
the humid middle

and when, at night
I call myself

I want to sit
in myself.



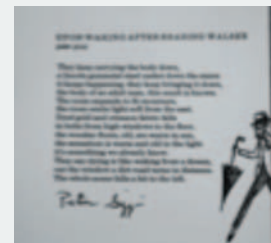
✧ Letterpress edition of 100, signed by the poet.

from **UPON WAKING AFTER READING WALSER**

by **Peter Gizzi**

They keep carrying the body down,
a lincoln gunmetal steel casket down
the stairs
it keeps happening, they keep bringing
it down,
the body of an adult man, this much
is known.

The room expands to fit mourners,
the room emits light soft from the east.
Dyed gold and crimson fabril falls
in bolts from high windows to the floor
the wood floors, old, are warm in sun...



✧ Letterpress edition of 60, signed by the poet.



for more information, or to order, visit
www.norbypress.wix.com/norbypress

from NINETIES

I whisper, "It's in my underwear."

**Gwen laughs and feels my crotch.
"Show me," she insists.**

**I jog up the block and fit the front
of my body between a building and a
potted evergreen. I force the card up
out of my tights' control top and
rejoin them. I hand it over to Gwen.**

**Gwen cradles it in one hand. "There's
no signature," she pronounces. "This
is really good."**

Tea Party Republicans Press
press *republicans* *press* *tea*

from Δ

**en aire los mundos
en muchedumbre
en motores, teorías
para distancia el opresor
como una ciudad significa "responsabilidad"**

**la dificultad de planificar
empieza con más
mi de allá**

**un especie de privilegio por hacerse
compañero seguramente a estallar**

**si tal escojé o escojo
mi maldición con redondez
como un color yo sé habite**

**mi movimiento delicado es inmortal
no y no mensaje**

**como un charco de años revela
no hay nueva teoría**

NINETIES by Lucy Ives and Δ by Douglas Piccinnini, Cynthia Gray
and Camilo Roldán, as well as other *Tea Party Republicans Press* titles,
now available at Small Press Distribution.

www.teapartyrepublicanspress.com

Links

Arterian

<http://www.dianaarterian.com>

Bentley

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

Pafunda

<http://www.montevidayo.com>

Bio

Diana Arterian is a Ph.D. candidate in literature and creative writing at the University of Southern California, and is the managing editor of Ricochet. Her chapbook *Death Centos* was published by Ugly Duckling Presse in 2013.

Amelia Bentley's chapbook *&parts* was published by Damask Press earlier last year. She works as e-book coordinator for Copper Canyon Press.

Danielle Pafunda's most recent book is *Natural History Rape Museum* (Bloof Books). She teaches at the University of Wyoming and writes about poetry and related matters at *Montevidayo* (see above url).

POETRY



Danielle Pafunda

Laramie, Wyoming

Beshrew that Beast

As a horse would. A wild horse, would.
Mane whipping, saddle and buck until you

dragged as from the lake's bottom
in the dead of winter come gasping back to life.

How does it feel to know
you will walk this world

forever in the same stupid body
that forbids you pleasure, now?

In the dark, my bit flashing, whites rolling
I have a seizure of misgivings. Give me

your rope to thread into my connective tissue.
Dump all this foul wine down my flank

and flush the snow from my cheeks.
I have never felt so alone as when

your book sunk down deep in the river I tossed it.

Diana Arterian

Los Angeles

Two Men Yelling

Broad daylight, the shouts
pushed to a point

A flash of fear
goes through me

*Should we call
the cops?*

He looks surprised

*Why? They
are only fighting*

Our childhoods were
so different –
his, the conflict known

while mine...

you see a battle
but cannot hear it
The smoke plumes –

silence



Amelia Bentley

Philadelphia

From Tweet Text Reply to Sender

what i'm hearing is (similar to derivatives) we can make a movement
not to read the bill again a list of dead poets is a cannon i tweet
for terry gross from the third floor garret studio of greater fiscal
responsibility or: a tongue in the mouth in the grand piano part one
of facebook thinks i should buy a samsung phone party harder
and come out like the upside of illness is learning to appreciate
body functions to lease increased energy leak circuit short copy
threshold quality control revised contract budget meeting do you
know the person or the tumor of the gre literature in english subject
test like a horrible cocktail party yet all experience is an arch
wherethrough / gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
and shrugging our shoulders in the dark surrounded by mothers of
shooting victims the emergent properties of the swerve are a series
of accidents you know is going to happen multiply the swerves
and you get a neighborhood error is the architecture philosophy
can be fiction can be poetry can be comedy appearing to come
clean will be the best thing for everyone i don't know who you are
either or why you matter but i'm a dude she's a dude we're a dude
we're all dudes dude singing on the el edit wars i never know how
paranoid i should be i don't believe in labels i think sexuality is an
autism spectrum a person was stabbed but would not cooperate
with police they sometimes have children called eva and pierrot
lets stop hurting each other / you go first device fragmentation
haunts every waking moment of what is called euphemistically
finance of serious serious fun damage when my young body made
of the softest fleshiest vinyl you are currently at the farthest location
across all your devices 'make it new' is a quote music it yourself is
also a quote helicopters overhead stone-faced policeman remove
their names in protest after consolation exists if it exists in the act of
description in the dementia blog has been getting caught up in fact
checking following and going down when i can but the buildings
are numbered according to the actual grid you have to ignore the
street numbers that's the false grid oh queens where do i get this
self-avatarizing machine? she's appearing here as her own extinct
life form somehow there is no way to be good except not to be
sick bodies have different stakes but there is no emotional problem
that cannot be solved by candied meat sure maybe the earth is
round but seriousness vs seriousness or honesty vs honesty is a given
four film phonographs we can compose and perform a quartet for
explosive motor wind heartbeat and landslide broken rake against
red and white honda scooter with dust on the black duct tape
holding together the seat all writing is in fact cut-ups of games and
economic behavior overheard but you can do it when you're a ship
at sea im at sea all the time why don't you die about it the slick skin
of media is torn by jock derrida in the thick data haze of poetry
doesnt need you more than the people that are affected have a
right to expect a hot dangerous melted plastic lion is a zero sum
game the guys who make money on the superbowl don't say you
know if people play football in their backyard they're not going to
watch it this is a man falling apart for pleasure this sounds like the
beginning of an updated beauty and the beast beast a black bloc
anarchist with trust fund this is a standard disclaimer house may or
may not be in excellent condition for this roving pack of damaged
children so how much do you usually charge are you comfortable i
laugh at what you call dissolution all that tepid teapot stuff never feel
not like yourself next year in seattle if you've already been tortured
there is no reason not to do the forbidden dogmatic assumption
that a constant must be constant is way of being smarter with walter
benjamin pronounced in novel and startling ways no you've never
heard of it because it never sank into that little wobble is gorgeous
get personal with your users

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.



Mark Cugini

Washington, D.C

Tracy Dimond

Baltimore

Email: June 13, 2013:

Ready to die

I miss the days when we didn't
have names for specific types
of terrifying weather patterns.
"Derecho" means "straight,"
which might be man's way
to make the whole thing
sound less terrifying.
The last time the power went out,
I sat in front of my door with my
dog in my lap and a baseball
bat at my feet.
I told myself I was doing this for
my dog—so he felt comfortable.
I don't know if I ever
really believed myself.
What were we doing when
the power went out? Would it have
been better if we were together?
For the dog's sake. Of course.

**Re: Email - June 13,
2013: Ready to Die**

Every rainstorm I think
about beautiful people
struck by lightning.
Then I remember the man
that told me to buy him cigarettes
because it was cold.
I'm putting off responding
because of a vague disappointment,
missing deadlines and skipping parties.
I want to say something positive
about staring at a bottle of pills.
I only ask
for hot coffee, health,
and mail.



Hailey Higdon

Snohomish, Wash.

'Is it dis-a-ppoint-ing?'

Other things have halved, it's not unusual. People snack on the edge of the Grand Canyon, they undo zippers there, they pick up women, check out bodies, butts. "Those rocks have clearly been TOUCHED UP," a woman says, while so many other things may be happening. Jagged rocks transition from one to another. It's been quite a show, the holding up of cameras. That gracious, gracious hole. That creek cut the earth a new asshole, embarrassing. Can I see the picture? I thought it'd loosen me up. Colors in colorland. The great trace, which you can move your finger along, which you can bust your chops to see for the number that it is.

**Re: Re: Email - June 13,
2013: Ready to Die**

I know some troll-sized roid bags
that have interesting theories
on the relation of cigarette smoke
to body temperature, but the fact
of the matter is they're still out
there somewhere with disproportionate
body masses and a whole lot of
icicles on their shriveled-up nutsacks.
That's one sort of solidarity—another
is when I go all silver iodide, just
to get all the ugly people
together under one tiny
umbrella. Scientists call that "cloud
seeding;" I call it "How To Crash
A Middle School Foam Party (In
Seven Simple Steps)!!!!!" I am
planning the manuscript now: it
consists of nothing but text messages
and nude selfies from the
twenty-something drunken prom
dates that you still wouldn't want
to vomit beside. It might seem
easy to neglect those shmoees,
but it's 2013, ga'damnit, and
homeless people need
hangover cures, too.

Links

Cugino

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

Dimond

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

Higdon

<http://www.palinodeproject.blogspot.com/>

Mark Cugini's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Barrelhouse*, *Hobart*, *Matchbook*, *Melville House*, *NOÖ*, and *Sink Review*. He's a founding editor of *Big Lucks*, a contributor to *HTMLGiant*, and the curator of the Three Tents Reading Series in Washington, DC. His chapbook *I'm Just Happy To Be Here* will be released in March from Ink Press.

Tracy Dimond co-curates Ink Press Productions. Her chapbook *Sorry I Wrote So Many Sad Poems Today* (Ink Press), was named Best Chapbook by *Baltimore City Paper*. Her work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Big Lucks*, *Hobart*, *Ilk Journal*, and *Shabby Doll House*. You can read her tweets about cheese at @snarkysyntax.

Hailey Higdon is the author of several books and chapbooks, including *The State in Which* (above/ground press) *Packing* (Bloof Books), and the ongoing *Palinode Project*.

The specificity of Burt Kimmelman's poems has, for more than thirty years, been a singularly locating force. It situates us in space, in relation to the luminosity of objects, art, and one another. That every shadow of wonder can stand forth in the most familiar words is the gift this poet offers his readers time and again. —Susan Howe

"A rare evocation . . . the wonder of this world in itself." —Robert Creeley

"[In Kimmelman's poems] the arts restate the questions we have been asking and the ways they clean and stretch our questions reward us more than answers would." —William Bronk

"As quiet an experience as anyone could wish for." —Cid Corman



Gradually the World:
New and Selected Poems, 1982 - 2013
by Burt Kimmelman
with Artwork by Basil King

Book Information:

· Paperback: 252 pages · Binding: Perfect-Bound · Publisher: BlazeVOX [books]
· ISBN: 978-1-60964-134-4 · Black and White Artwork by Basil King | \$18



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Brook Pridemore leads a band, a band called Brook Pridemore. He writes on his blog, where an original draft of this piece appeared.

N.Y. Artists Recall a N.Y. Artist

Tony Tone

If today you are playing or listening to any form of DIY, indy, drone, punk, glam, or noise rock. If you believe that what a song says is always the heart of what a song is. If you believe people can be transported by confronting what is deemed ugly and showing the delicate beauty of it. If you believe we are in this together and maybe rock 'n' roll can change the world after all, Lou Reed was your father.

Tony Tone, is a long time participant and observer of the Lower East Side music scene.

Rebecca Satellite

To me, Lou Reed and New York are synonymous. He personified that grit, that beauty, that wild side. Art, gossip, fashion, being low, getting high, Lou could sing about it all. A huge influence,

Williamsburg 2011, billboard under many layers of other posters.

Ben Searcy, photo



Magic & Loss: My Lou Reed

BY BROOK PRIDEMORE

I heard The Velvet Underground for the first time in September 1997, a week or so after I matriculated at Western Michigan University. A student-choreographed interpretive dance, set to "Heroin." Old music never seemed so new. The guitars and violas squall over a rhythm that never, ever wavered. And Lou: that matter-of-fact sing-rapping, describing the feeling, the scene, the loss of tumbling further and further into addiction, without providing

commentary passing judgement. Just the facts, ma'am.

I was from ska and metal. The best compliment you could pay a guitarist was, "Hey, man, you're a really technical player." These people weren't gifted, in a technical sense. The Velvets went for pure emotion, psychotic noise that burrowed into your chest, and shook the plaque off your bones, with its' ferocity. I had already realized I'd have a lot more fun banging on an E chord than diving into scales and charts. What I only realized upon hearing "Heroin," though, was

that I could make a powerful statement with a modicum of skill.

This was a huge flash point, for me. I was hooked on this Velvet Underground, and my healthy interest in this new/old music opened the door for me to explore the record library at WIDR-FM, my beloved college radio station. At WIDR, I learned that the music on the commercial radio station is never the best music. I'd been living on a steady diet of radio rock and pop my whole conscious life, to this point. I'd been writing songs since I'd owned a guitar, but none of them were worth a damn,

New & Forthcoming from LITMUS PRESS

AUFGABE 12

Featuring poetry in translation from Quebec guest edited by Oana Avasilichioaei

With work from Abendroth, Albertini, Armendinger, Audet, Avasilichioaei, Belflower, Besemer, Bierkegärt, Borzutzky, Bradshaw, Brossard, Canty, Carlson, Casas, Charron, Clevidence, Cole, DeBoer, Desgent, Desrosiers, Dick, Dickey, Dickinson, Dickison, Donato, Doré, Drescher, DuPlessis, Eaton, Gagnon, Garthe, Gevirtz, Goldman, Grubisic, Haslam, Hegnauer, Hutton, Joris, Jutras, Kronovet, Lara, Leblanc, Lederhendler, Lee, Lopez, Longabucco, luong, Majzels, Mavrikakis, Mesmer, Morrison, Moure, Nathanaël, Neveu, Peyrafitte, Pluecker, Queen, Robinson, Rosenzweig, Rounds, Rubin, Savage, Schürch, Swensen, Torre, Tremblay-McGaw, Turcot, Vischer, and Zurita

2013 | \$15 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-18-4

Poetry, Art, Essays & Reviews | Artwork by Mie Olise



MURDER

Danielle Collobert

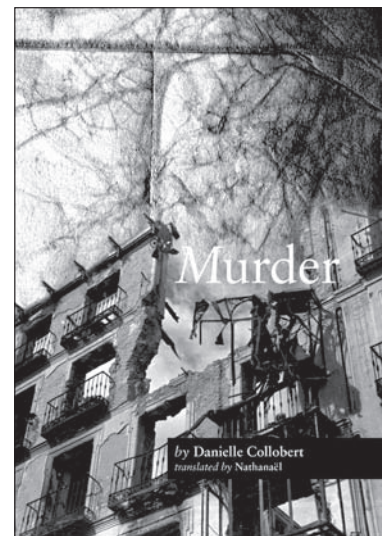
Translated by Nathanaël

"One does not die alone, one is killed, by routine, by impossibility, following their inspiration. If all this time, I have spoken of murder, sometimes half camouflaged, it's because of that, that way of killing."

Murder is Danielle Collobert's first novel. Originally published in 1964 by Éditions Gallimard while Collobert was living as a political exile in Italy, this prose work was written against the backdrop of the Algerian War. Uncompromising in its exposure of the calculated cruelty of the quotidian, *Murder's* accusations have photographic precision, inculcating instants of habitual violence.

2013 | \$18 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-17-7

Poetry, translated from French | Cover photograph by Robert Capa

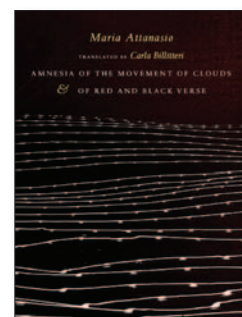


AMNESIA OF THE MOVEMENT OF THE CLOUDS / OF RED AND BLACK VERSE

Maria Attanasio; Translated by Carla Billitteri

These two books collected in one volume comprise the first full-length translation of Maria Attanasio's poetry into 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)

2014 | \$18.00 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-42-9 | Poetry, translated from Italian | Cover art by Thomas Flechtner



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Distributed by Small Press Distribution: www.SPDBOOKS.org

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

The Velvets
went for pure
emotion,
psychotic noise
that burrowed
into your chest.

because I hadn't yet constructed the music reference catalog in my head. Without the Rolodex of songs I collected over my five years in Kalamazoo, I didn't have influences to pay homage to. I learned, over time, how to write songs that sounded like the artists I listened to, without resorting to wholesale imitation.

It has been a long, tough road. My early shows were plagued with flubbed chords and missed notes. What I really lacked, though, was confidence. That inner strength with which to say, "This is what I'm singing about, whether you're listening or not." I had to learn that the nervousness I experience before taking the stage isn't nervousness, at all. It's excitement, adrenaline. With that inner strength, a hostile crowd is one that you'll joke about for years to come. An indifferent crowd is one you'll joke about, onstage, as it's busy ignoring you. I have learned to turn almost any terrible situation around, by throwing my hands up and shrugging it off. And, you know what? I learned that strength from the Velvets, too. Their motto, during the time of The Exploding Plastic Inevitable shows, was "Always leave them wanting less."

Turn the volume up and fucking go. Where's the bass player? No bass. How do we know when to stop rolling tape? We'll stop when we're done. Get out of the way. We're going over this way, and if you want to ride with us, fine. Sit down, shut up. You're not allowed to drive, you're just along for the ride. Lou Reed drove that bus, Moe and Sterling were the rhythm that propelled it. John was the horn that never stopped blaring. (I cannot come up with a good car metaphor for Doug Yule.)

The Velvets made it possible for the rest of us to follow our muse. Whenever I'm listening to edgy music of any kind from the last 47 years, the Velvets' influence is palpable. Their squall predates the amps-to-11 ethos of punk rock. The ostrich guitar fathered the

alien chord structures of Jandek. John Cale's viola is the prototype from which Merzbow sprung. Kurt Cobain, Black Francis, John McCrea, none can sing in a conventional sense, and neither could Lou. Lou never let that stop him, and neither have any of those other men.

I had another flash point moment, in respect to Lou's body of work. Early 2002, I got an invitation to submit a song for a Lou Reed tribute album. I chose to sing "After Hours," one of two Velvets songs that Moe Tucker sang. Ultimately, it came down to "After Hours" or "Foggy Notion," which I wanted to submit since it's the only VU song that Lou isn't credited as writing.

My performance was accepted by the bigwigs at Wampus Multimedia. The compilation, *After Hours: A Tribute To The Music of Lou Reed*, was released in late 2002. Wampus had been the only group that responded to the feverish round of CD-Rs I sent out to labels that year. They'd told me, basically, "Thanks. This isn't for us, but keep at it, because there's some moments of genius here and there." That email was the first moment of encouragement I ever got from a stranger. That was the moment when I realized that I could affect people I'd never met with the power of my songs.

I'd like to pretend that I took that encouragement to heart right then, and never wrote another pointless song. I've written my share, since then. But I take every new song I write out to live audiences, before I record it, and I can usually tell pretty quickly whether a song is complete or if it needs to be thrown back in the soup for a while, to cook some more.

That dedication to purpose traces back to the Velvets, too. Listen to the demo "It's Alright (The Way That You Live)," and tell me that it isn't the perfect version of that song, in all its raw, simple glory. The VU knew exactly when a song had maximized its potential.

I got the chance to meet Lou, once. Summer 2003. I was in New York less than a year, new enough to the city that I was wearing a "New York City" shirt, like the one John Lennon wears in that classic photo. I waited on a signing line, with fanatical Reed fans of a type I had never imagined. Guys (it was all guys)

had vinyl copies of *The Blue Mask* and vintage show fliers from the '70s.

As I approached the top of the stairs, one of Tower Records' employees looked at me, and said, "Oh, you got the memo, huh?" I shook my head, "Huh?" The employee pointed at my shirt, then stepped aside, and pointed at Lou. Lou was wearing a New York City shirt, just like mine!

I approached the table and said, "Hey, man. Nice shirt." He looked up at me and said, "Oh, yeah. Nice shirt." As he reached to sign my copy of *After Hours: A Tribute to the Music of Lou Reed*, he stooped a little lower to look at it, with a quizzical look on his face.

I said, "That's a tribute to you, that I'm on." I knew he'd heard it. We'd all been told. He asked me which one I was. I told him, and he said, "This is a really good CD. Thank you, for this." I thanked him, shook his hand, said it was nice to meet him. He responded in kind.

This is not a kindness Lou had to extend to a stranger. It's entirely probable that Lou was just in a good mood that day, and he just felt like being as friendly a deaf old punk rocker as he could be. Or, it's possible that Lou understood the profound effect he'd had on kids like me. I like to believe that

Lou understood the weight of his work, and could appreciate how seriously an awful lot of people take some words he tossed off when he was a young man.

I don't like any of Lou's solo albums after *Transformer*, but *Metal Machine Music* predates electronic dance music and *The Blue Mask* and post-punk clearly fed each other. He may not have always been relevant throughout his career, but Lou was always true to Lou. I hope, in all seriousness, that he is making incredible and cacophonous noise, somewhere beyond the periphery of human knowledge.

He may not have
always been relevant
throughout his career,
but Lou was always
true to Lou.

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a great loss. The city just got a little dimmer, rock 'n' roll a little softer. Thank you, Lou. Rest up on Mars.

Rebecca Satellite is the lead singer and guitar player for A Deer A Horse

Steve Espinola
I'm finding I keep posting lyrics from the third Velvet Underground album, the one just called *The Velvet Underground* (not to be confused with the banana-covered and Nico. Instead, B&W "couch" cover, post Cale, and Doug Yule on bass). The one that is so quiet and intimate and sparse, it remains a special kind of shocking (especially after *White Light/White Heat*). I love a lot of other Lou, too. I think that's the one that's helped me out the most with my own music, the biggest protective shadow/shade, biggest "there's a place for you here." The songs and one weird experiment on it are all great, even as some seem tossed off.

Steve Espinola, is the proprietor/owner/janitor at The Secret Society of Lathe Trolls

Joe Yoga
RIP. your music changed my life, you were #1 on all my lists. Thank you.

Joe Yoga is a singer-songwriter. His bands include Downward Dogs and Coach.

Magali Charron
I discovered the Velvets late one night, in my first year in college, in the photo dark room through room #1 airy walls, where Neil Rough was printing a Halloween picture of Wonder Woman and Superman. Then I went through all of Lou's history in every detail once I started dating Vincent Cacchione. Thanks, guys, for helping me discover one of my favorite artists, and of course, thank you, Lou, for all your work.

Magali Charron is a member of Caged Animals.

Deenah Vollmer
Lou, remember that time Angela took a picture of us at the New York Public Library and you said, "Make it quick."

Deenah Vollmer is a freelance writer at The New Yorker and a member of L.A. Boobs.

Larkin Grimm
Lou Reed, I haven't been this sad about a musician's death since Kurt Cobain died when I was 13. *Berlin* was my favorite album—ever. You got me through some of the darkest times of my life, and influenced me more than I like to admit.

On a quiet Tuesday evening in 2009, I walked to the Sunshine Cinemas on Houston Street to see the indie film *Cold Souls*, about a depressed artist who sells his tortured soul to the Russians in order to find some peace. Sitting in the darkened room before the movie began, a shriveled up old man in the seat in front of me was complaining that New York City would never compare to Tokyo, mainly because Tokyo has big, friendly koi in beautiful ponds where you can sit and feel peaceful in the city. "That's not true!" I said to him. "There is a garden on 9th and C where you can sit by a lovely little koi pond and the fish will swim right up to you."

The old man smiled at me and said, "Won't you come sit next to me?" I moved up one row and had a very pleasant conversation with him. He was cultured and gracious, and I really liked him. Halfway through the movie I started to notice there was something special about this little old man, and when the lights came up I realized that he was my hero.

Larkin Grimm among many accomplishments is co-curator of Talking Stick at the Rubin.

Jason Trachtenburg
I will never forget my 20-second encounter with Lou Reed a few years back. It was at the old Knitting Factory for Rufus Wainwright, a Christmas thing. I told Lou that it was so nice to meet him and he wrapped his arm around me and mumbled something that I interpreted as "All right, my man." His genuine internal warmth is still with me from that brief encounter. Rufus, on the other proverbial hand ...

Jason Trachtenburg, a New York City bandleader, currently leads The Pendulum Swings

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.

So You Missed the Summer Antifolk Festival

BY J. J. HAYES



You may have missed some or all of the Summer 2013 Antifolk Festival. Or you may want to go back and relive it all. You are in luck. Kathleen King did us all a favor by videoing and posting on YouTube probably 99% of the Summer 2013 Antifolk Fest (see url at left).

Seeing the entire festival, even on video, could be beneficial, although having been at the actual fest, I would suggest taking it in small bites. If you missed the festival here are some of the highlights you may want to check out first.

Land War in Winter



It was only the second day of the festival when Land War in Winter appeared. Land War In Winter is a Nordic black metal band appearing in the guise of Mike Shoykhet. Sometimes a great title will occur to a songwriter and they will write the song that fits the title. In Shoykhet's case, Ben Krieger suggested that his name be Land War in Winter. Shoykhet, rather than simply use a name which referenced the roots of his music, moved the whole scene a few hundred kilometers to the West. So rather than French or German armies dying before the defending Russians, we meet the Viking hordes and their worship of sea and tree and ancestry.

Land War in Winter, however, is not singing some stories out of your high school mythology books. Land War in Winter is an attempt to reach into the pagan religious soul in the Odin

If I could pick one person who left it all on the stage this fest it would be Somer Bingham. It really was unconscionable.

worshipping groves of pre-Christian Northern Europe. These are portraits of persons for whom Norse mythology is not some panoramic sweep of Lord of the Rings cinematic grandeur but rather

as real and personal as sacraments to a Catholic. Shoykhet says he is retiring this project, but it clearly deserves to be recorded in proper fashion.

Viking



That Viking (or is it Hi, I'm Viking) was the standout in a Saturday Night of prime performances by Brook Pridemore, Jagged Leaves, and Crazy and the Brains among others gives you some idea of what we were confronted with. Viking. This man is beyond my powers of description. I have witnessed him (one Monday night at the open stage at Sidewalk) perform the single most intense version of "House of the Rising Sun" I ever experienced or could imagine. He positively restored the pain to that song.

I have heard him later (at Cool Pony in Crown Heights) basically channel Hank Williams via Mink DeVille. His "Gentle Moon" has been described as sounding like Morrissey's sexy older brother. Then he shows up in the middle of the Antifolk festival and, well, watch the video.

Clinical Trials



August 15 served as some sort of double pinnacle for the fest: Clinical Trials and then the Hip Hop Extravaganza. Clinical Trials is Somer Bingham's band. Somer Bingham who in this story is a mild mannered sound person named Clark Kent. I last saw Somer Bingham years ago doing really neat antifolk in a hard rock vein as opposed to that Clash-inspired punk tradition many of us follow. I associate her in my mind with Joie Blaney. I may now have a better understanding of those stories where the kind of all right blues singer going away for a year and then returning as a preternatural talent.

Somer must have gone to some crossroads

You go look at the videos.

I have my memory. It was a dream. Timothy Dark. On the Mike with Kid Lucky.

equivalent, because what she brought to the stage with Clinical Trials was unmitigated rock and roll. If I could pick one person who left it all on the stage this fest it would be her. It really was unconscionable. This was rock 'n' roll at the level that gets police forces sued for the unjustified use of deadly force. It didn't stop. Unmitigated. Unfuckingmitigated.

The Hip Hop Extravaganza



After the carnage the magic. The Hip Hop Extravaganza with A Band Called Fuse, Timothy Dark, Kid Lucky, and others. The place was somewhat empty. Fools, say I, did they not know? It was my first time listening to Fuse which is a straight up tight soul funk band and then the rappers start and then at some point, in my memory which is like a dream, Kid Lucky comes up. Kid Lucky, a beat boxer extraordinaire who has you doubting linear time when you try to figure out how he appears to rap over himself.

Well this is just happening, but then somewhere, in my memory it is like a dream, Timothy Dark is up there and you realize why Timothy Dark is somewhat legendary on this scene, but then Kid Lucky is sitting at the edge of stage, and he glances up as Timothy Dark is addressing him and Timothy Dark is like kind of challenging him but also he's like celebrating Kid Lucky and he starts to flow into "On the Mike with Kid Lucky" and then everybody is coming up and Soce, who at some point was weaving some of his own magic, is there (was he there, in my memory it was a dream) this flow of absolutely happy tight rhyme in the groove with Fuse just creates one of the top 10 moments I ever remember at the Sidewalk in my eight years or so coming hear. You go look at the videos. I have my memory. It was a dream. Timothy Dark. On the Mike with Kid Lucky.

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editor/publisher
David A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com

art editor
Jonathan Allen
art@boogcity.com
music editor
J.J. Hayes
music@boogcity.com
poetry editor
Buck Downs
poetry@boogcity.com
printed matter editor
Amy King
printedmatter@boogcity.com

small press editor
Chris and Jenn McCreary
smallpress@boogcity.com
counsel
Ian S. Wilder
counsel@boogcity.com

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editor@boogcity.com or applicable editor and put Boog City sub in subject line.) Letters to the editor should go to editor@boogcity.com.

BOOG CITY
330 W. 28th St., Suite 6H,
N.Y., N.Y. 10001-4754
(212) 842-BOOG (2664)
www.boogcity.com
editor@boogcity.com



Sam McKinniss photo

ART

Paul Mpagi Sepuya
Williamsburg, Brooklyn

Link

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

Bio

Paul Mpagi Sepuya (1982, San Bernardino, Calif.). He studied photography and imaging at New York University’s Tisch School of the Arts. His work has been exhibited nationally and internationally in New York, Los Angeles, Basel, Sydney, Toronto, Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg. His work has been featured and reviewed in *BUTT*, *Capricious*, *HUNTER*, *Interview*, *Paper*, *SLEEK*, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and *V*, among other publications. Awards include the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council’s Workspace Residency (2009-2010) and Artist-in-Residence at the Center for Photography at Woodstock (2010), and Artist-in-Residence at the Studio Museum in Harlem (2010-2011). His most recent artist publication, *STUDIO WORK*, was published in 2012 and the related body of work has been exhibited at The Studio Museum in Harlem, New York City; The Center for Photography at Woodstock, N.Y.; Franklin Art Works, Minneapolis; and Artspeak, Vancouver.

Artist Statement

I am a visual artist working with photography and photo-based material, making prints and installations. The nature of my work is an ongoing exploration through portraiture and related images—snapshots, interiors, and still-lives—of the role of the artist and subject in relation to one another. I focus on the intimate sites of exchange, at queer sexuality and personal histories that inform my practice. My (often recurring) subjects are friends, family, and acquaintances. I am interested in the effect that portraiture has on the relationships that it attempts to define.



Self-portrait after, 2010. Archival inkjet print diptych, dimensions variable.



Displacement, 2010. Archival inkjet print, 24” x 36”.

Displacement (Pula), 2010. Archival inkjet print, 24” x 36”.

Links

<http://personalwebs.coloradocollege.edu/~jrandall/>

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

<http://mononoawarefilm.com/>

Bio

Jessy Randall's poetry comics and other things have appeared in *McSweeney's*, *Rattle*, *Red Lightbulbs*, and *West Wind*. She is a librarian at Colorado College.

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.

FILM

Ephemeral Cinema: Mono No Aware



Director/Curator Steve Cossman, and assistant director Sean Hanley introducing the program at the 2012 film event.

Joel Schlemowitz photo

experienced completely differently.

The film performance—never the same from one screening to another—heightens the ephemerality of the projected film, creating something perhaps unrepeatable. It may be dual projection, live music, performers as the living movie screen, shadowplay, combination of still and

'We believe,' the organizers say, 'there is a magic in seeing the film projected as a print. There is a presence a poet has reading his/her own writing.'

BY JOEL
SCHLEMOWITZ



Mono No Aware, a group screening of works on analog film, each with live element in its presentation, returns to Bushwick, Brooklyn's LightSpace Studios (1115 Flushing Ave.) on December 6th and 7th.

Experimental film screenings are often fleeting and transitory, a one-night event, rather than a two-week run. And so there is often a heightened sense of the ephemerality of experience in their occurrence and passing. You tell a friend about the amazing films you saw the night before, and then, when asked if the screening will be showing again, you disappoint the expectant listener by saying, "No, that was it. Sorry. It was a one-time screening."

The notion of 'film performance' sounds paradoxical. For it's common to think of a film as a fixed medium, indelible, and unchangeable from one screening to the next.

Maybe some of these films will show again in the near future, or then again, maybe not.

This is part of why the experience of a screening in the public realm is so different than clicking on a link to a YouTube video; being out in the world, with a cohort of others in the room, who also feel this expectancy of sharing in the viewing of the films. The assembled energy from everyone in the audience isn't something you experience alone with the work.

The Japanese phrase "mono no aware," a wistfulness, a bittersweet longing for things as they pass from the moment of experience, sums this up nicely, and it is therefore an apt name for the annual screenings of performative cinema, now in its seventh year.

This is articulated in the organizers' statement of purpose: "We believe there is a magic in seeing the film projected as a print. There is a presence a poet has reading his/her own writing.

There is a feeling that resonates in your chest when seeing a band live. For these reasons we are encouraging live music, performance, and audio to expand the cinematic experience beyond the screen."

The notion of "film performance" sounds paradoxical. For it's common to think of a film as a fixed medium, indelible, and unchangeable from one screening to the next. Not so the experience of the screening. Can you get the feeling that the audience is on the side of the filmmaker, or are they bored by the film, laughing with or at it, distracted from it, lost in it, snickering at it, or in silent rapt attention by it? The same film may be

moving images, hand-held projectors, magic lantern slides, spontaneous speed adjustments of the film, colors from gels the projectionist places over the lens, kaleidoscopes and prisms spraying images across the screen, cycling film loops, live narration, or filmic gesamtkunstwerk: an all-out spectacle of everything.

The multimedia works of the 1960s, as documented in Gene Youngblood's 1970 book, *Expanded Cinema*, are the progenitors of the performed work of film. But earlier still were World's Fair presentations, with projections, sounds, still images in the form of hundreds of slides. Another, somewhat droll, precursor are the cinematic gimmicks of William Castle, with beguiling promises of such feats of wonder as "Emergo" and "Percepto." The phenomenon can also be traced back to pre-cinematic magic lantern shows, with moving images produced by layered glass "slip-slides," and comb-dissolving devices to fade between the images from a twin set of lanterns. Or perhaps it's right to conclude that Javanese shadowplay got there first? Or could the shadows on the wall of Plato's Cave have been the genesis of expanded cinema.

While its very nature as an evening of unique film performances makes it difficult to anticipate what will screen at Mono No Aware, its past incarnations have included double-projection pieces, the diptych-like pairing of two projections possessing a subtle tension (difficult to say exactly why it is, something about the frames being imperceptibly out of sync?) between the images. It's a tension that isn't present when watching a copy in which the two images have been joined together onto the same piece of media. Live music and film, where an interplay seems to exist between the visual rhythms and cadences of the projected image and the performer, an illusion of the film reacting to the performer as much as the performer reacting to the music. Or even something as simple as the black-and-white super-8 projection, with the filmmaker adjusting the speed of the projector as the film unfurls, scroll-like, from the reel.

And so a few days later, when you tell a friend about the amazing screening you attended, and they ask you if it's showing again, you can relish that bittersweet emotion of mono no aware, as you say, "No, that was it. Sorry."

Doors open at 7:00 p.m., performances at 8:00 p.m., both nights.

POETRY COMIC FOR THE FARSIGHTED

by Jessy Randall



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