

BOOG CITY

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

ISSUE 112 FREE

FEATURING POEMS FROM CALIFORNIANS DAVID BUUCK, ELANA CHAVEZ, IVY JOHNSON, KATE ROBINSON, AND JAMIE TOWNSEND

Be It NYC or Oakland, Yoko's A-OK

INTERVIEW BY DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM

When Yoko Kikuchi was in New York City I used to see her play in many configurations, especially her band Dream Bitches. She played a bunch of Boog shows including our Classic Album nights, and was even kind enough to organize one of our Classic Albums shows, for Hole's Live Through This album. I'm real excited she's able to play for us again, as Yoko OK, and give us a few words here.

Boog City: What do you miss most about NYC? about the antifolk community there?

Yoko OK: I MISS BOOG CITY! I really do. Doing your album tribute shows were so much fun and I always admired your ability to put things together. I was maybe too young to fully appreciate them, attend and be present (like really present, I was often drinking heavily). I miss my music friends there. It was so easy to end up in so many different bands with friends and I think I took it for granted at the time. I loved living there and being asked to collaborate on so many live and recorded musical projects! I'm less social now, but I am setting up a music room and I do plan to play music with new people as soon as I get it set up.

How does the Bay area compare musically?

The music here is so good. People in the scene

I'm involved with here are less likely to perform solo and more likely to be using synths and loops and if they play guitars it's usually electric and in bands. There are exceptions of course. There are similar scenes to Antifolk out here but I haven't seen many people who I find as lyrically compelling as I found the artists at the Sidewalk in the early 2000s. Then again, I was young and fresh then! I look back at pictures of me with my friends from NY and I can't believe how straight and white the majority is. I'm really lucky to be among other queer artists of color who are talking about and making work around identity politics in order to initiate radical change in the world. Sonically, the work here blows my mind. I know so many talented, genius people. My bandmate Jack is one of them. His songs are so dark - mostly horror songs about being queer and feeling alienated and powerless - but they're so heavy, dynamic, full of this frenetic energy. I love playing them and screaming. I think bonding over feeling alienated or depressed or horrified can be one of the most powerful bonding experiences. That's pretty much the story of the last two months around here - this year end has not been a good time for the Oakland music scene. We lost so many of the aforementioned geniuses this month. I can't believe that it's still December as I answer these questions.

How is the new solo album coming along? How does it compare to your previous ones?

The songs are written, and new ones keep on surfacing, so I'm not sure what will be on it yet exactly. My friend JonJon who owns the Grease



Diner (a local screenprinting facility with a storefront shop and a music studio in back) has expressed interest in recording it. I will be playing the songs for the most part on bass. I have a few people in mind to collaborate with for drums, guitar and cello. One is Dibson Hoffweiler, whom you know. Dibs moved out here a couple years before me, and we've become really close friends.

Where are you planning on touring in Europe? what are you looking forward to?

My friend Mya Byrne (who coincidentally was also a regular at Sidewalk back in the day, but we only met this year) and I were talking about doing a little UK/Ireland thing in June or July. I haven't been to the UK since 1994, and I was 12 then. We also want to stop over in Berlin to say hi to old friends. I'm looking forward to the whole thing.

<https://yoko-ok.bandcamp.com/>

Boog City Goes West

**Fri. Jan. 6, 7:00 p.m., sharp free
Alley Cat Gallery 3036 24th St., San Francisco**

For info 212-842-BOOG (2664), 415-824-1761, editor@boogcity.com

by the 24th St. Mission BART

Venue is bet. Treat Ave. and Harrison St.

**Featuring readings from
Elana Chavez,
Ivy Johnson,
David Kirschenbaum,
Kate Robinson, and
Jamie Townsend,
with music from Yoko OK**



Elana Chavez

West Oakland

[from] Saturday

Notes from the gardener: tell what you want to the dew, here at the billionaires mausoleum, where scarcity is luxury's hinge, rarity is a symbol, everything was running out. Where a limitis approached. Where the last of everything was consumed by a mouth in a face beneath a sheet for salvation of shame of the self. Here, where they pressure wash imported stone with drinking water in a place where poverty means always breathing some poison. The cold makes buds set and it doesn't get cold enough here, can't seem to buy both weather, the lines of latitude and longitude singular and chosen, this climate is too mild and comfortable, the suns movement so stubbornly not for sale and the earth here never freezing solid two feet down and staying that way for flowers and fruits that cling to stones, a tender poison seed within a rigid shell, waiting. We laughed that the sunshine was imported, why not? The water was. It used to be a old glacier. The bees were kept a golden New Zealand variety, bred away from their color's inherent black origin. How had that color imparted something sinister? The white cream pale yellow eggshell making tending to purity a facet of aesthetic. Same as ever, a trick of mind and chasing beauty as a defined thing imparting goodness, the Quasimodos of the world know this, that they will remain untouched by a touch of particular passions no matter the goodness, drawing us away to a line, the bound of reach allowed, by whom? Wewho work whatever will, and when it was spoken of the garden was called "mine" only because I had placed things there and kept care and this imparted my ownership, my name kept getting snagged in brambles and briar and they were "mine" as well, stung by vespids and mellisae, cut by thorns of synovitis swelling. I put the salt sweat of my face deep into the fornication of grasses, rhizomes running and their masses when crushed or split open made a good smell and I put it into myself, into the roots of my hair of webs and sand saved, in turn, then the minerals of muscle that string my arms and legs together, and meat is made out of metal, and that was the Earth. Still, the fight was for mastering perfection, as in, what the surface said because we cant always look as closely as we can. The eyes get tired. Where I am, here, peeling thorned leaves with a sickness, the rusted petals rot of oxygen, breathing, the reverse, our opposite, making a shadow vapor and mist scorched out and drawn away, as easy as anything, makes itself out of the you that is wasted, that is no longer of any use to you. All of that. It made it out of that. Same as tended cuttings, where roots are coaxed outwards with heat and moisture. Plants, ideally, live all their lives in their own grave, and the grave so happens to be made of the substances needed to turn itself into itself, to make itself the seeds of itself, the divisions of itself, of proliferation. forever. And maybe, that was as a small power could be, some glowing morning, some unfolding, from the unseen, inside then outwards. Delicate fronds of my dreaming. in a sense, in a message sent, the minds and the memories of silhouettes. When would that being be anything? Who told you who is a person? What is that? Degree being our distance? Between stones and an entire world breathing a breath. One at a time. Can we make that our unit of measure? Where in the desert of finding have I gone? Only of imaginations. Lets go there in a straight line through vast space, seeking a perpendicularity. And if you were here if not just for me to ask you something very important. How I had put words to things, especially things I knew nothing about. Seeing that there were colors so vibrant, so varying, imperceptible even. To turn leaves variegated white a virus is used. Here, where we grow blackberries with weakened roots stalks, stunting their power to over take you, as they are prone to do. Bred to be thorn-less even, the pain of fruit bought, price paid to rid them of their savagery. Wrapped up in this, walking away from this and towards a subterranean forest that we forget, the hairs of roots that hold the hills together, their bodies bursting through the concrete, reclamation as a slow invasion of ivy, bringing buildings down, running through the street, breaking an infrastructure, tender and breathing to show us we couldn't open the blooms but we also can't stop them, no one can.



Ivy Johnson

West Oakland

Corpse Pose

He teaches me to splay, the master

Like any living creature

Clinging to the edges of the earth

He says

It will hold you

What he means is

You will live forever

This supple prayer

This protean chain of beings

Salvaging their blood in new hosts

The planet earth is going to be recycled

The master taught me

The ancients rendered a natural form

And it is inside him

No it is not him

I tell you, it is not

My ethics are to keep things natural

I paint myself for no one

Seduction is no disguise

There is no theatre in love

I am pure and the master is pure

The truth is easy

What choice do we have in simple fate

I am preparing my body like a child bride

I'll take no pity

The pleasure is all mine

Truly, the pleasure is all mine

About the Poets

David Buuck (<http://davidbuuck.com/>) is the founder of BARGE, the Bay Area Research Group in Enviro-aesthetics, and co-founder and editor of Tripwire, a journal of poetics. A Swarming, A Wolving is forthcoming from Roof Books in 2016. **Elana Chavez** is a brown bodied, queer writer. Chavez co-curates the POC exclusive poetry reading series Cantil in Oakland. She has a chapbook, "Of a Substance". She is also a guerilla gardener concerned with healing the Earth. **Ivy Johnson's** (<https://ivyjohnsonblog.wordpress.com/>) book, As They Fall, is a pack of 110 notecards for aelatoric ritual, and was published by Timeless, Infinite Light. She is co-founder of The Third Thing, a feminist performance art duo. She is working on a book of poetry about the ecstatic entitled Born Again. **Kate Robinson** (<http://archives.sfweekly.com/exhibitionist/2015/12/17/the-write-stuff-kate-robinson-on-what-happens-if-we-dont-make-art-with-our-excess-energy>) is a poet and intermedia book artist who co-founded the Manifest Reading and Workshop Series, a founding series of the East Bay Poetry Summit, and The Third Thing. Along with Caleb Beckwith she hosts Bay Area Poet?, a periodic podcast that explores the poetics of the S.F. Bay Area. **Jamie Townsend** (<http://elderlymag.tumblr.com/issues>) is half-responsible for Elderly, a persistent hub of ebullience and disgust. His full-length collection SHADE was released by Elis Press. Townsend serves as the creative director for Apollo, a new media space dedicated to personal curation and communal discovery.

POETRY



Jamie Townsend West Oakland

Water

formerly known as one
among a list of euphemisms
for completion, northeastern Saturday am
an off-brand Rocky & Bullwinkle short
little green things, the particular
quality of light
in the courtyard of the Scorpion King
complaints about 'a lack of action'
we were walking slowly, yes
the gardener scale in perfect meter
big bubble
boring angel
adjacent lake by Nate Boyce
Virgil's silk pajama music, lovely
little voice on Socrate
breathless behind the pergola
we want twigs to come in

Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum will also be reading. To see some of his recent writings, visit *The November Project 2016* (<http://thenovemberproject2016.blogspot.com/>), a writing project with Ian Wilder based upon the U.S. Bill of Rights and the subsequent amendments to the U.S. Constitution..

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Kate Robinson

West Oakland

This Woman's Work

It's so amazing how a single piece of music can become so powerful in so many different versions.

That's the case with "This Woman's Work" by the great Kate Bush, which was released over 20 years ago and still going strong!

She had success with it in 1988 when John Hughes used it in a critical scene in his

She's Having a Baby

and again when it was released as a single in 1989.

Then Maxwell released his amazing male version of the song, which led to its use in

the incredible dance tribute to Breast Cancer awareness on

So You Think You Can Dance.¹

I consider myself a man's man and don't consider myself a 'wimp,' but whenever I hear this song or see the video, I feel like I'm going to cry.

I can't even watch the whole video without getting that lump in my throat.

I like how the crescendo of choirs breaks in at the climax of the song.

Very poignant²

There was a film called *She's Having A Baby*. And John Hughes, the director, rung up and said that he had a sequence in the film that he really wanted a song written to be for.

And the film's very light: it's a lovely comedy. His films are very human, and it's just about this young guy - falls in love with a girl, marries her.

He's still very much a kid. She gets pregnant, and it's all still very light and child-like until

she's just about to have the baby and the nurse comes up to him and says it's a in a breech

position and they don't know what the situation will be. So, while she's in the operating room,

he has to sit and wait in the waiting room and it's a very powerful piece of film where he's just sitting, thinking, and this is actually the moment in the film where he has to grow up.

He has no choice. There he is; he's not a kid any more; you can see he's in a very grown-up situation. And he starts, in his head, going back to the times they were together.

There are clips of film of them laughing together and doing up their flat and all this kind of thing.

That's the sequence I had to write the song about, and it's really very moving,

him in the waiting room, having flashbacks of his wife and him going for walks,

decorating...

He'd been such a Wally up to this point.

>>>

POETRY

And in a way, there was a sense that the whole film built up to this moment. And it was a very easy song to write. It was very quick. And just kind of came, like a lot of songs do. Even if you struggle for months, in the end, they just kind of go BLAH! You know?³

Q: What is this song on *7th Heaven*?

What is the song,
that is played on *7th Heaven*,
where Sandy has her baby boy,
and everyone takes turns coming in to see them?
This is Season 10.

Best Answer: why don't u try using Google to find it...

Other Answer: "This Woman's Work" by Kate Bush⁴

(Footnotes)

¹ <http://dorianocarta.com/this-womans-work/>

² <http://www.songfacts.com/detail.php?id=3852>

³ <http://www.katebushencyclopedia.com/this-womans-work>

⁴ <https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20090313082608AAiYFGv>

POETRY: BONUS



David Buuck

North Oakland

You may click through in 15 seconds

Ads are at work 24/7 – are you?
are poems? Let poems rest, let me
rest, I cede the war to advertising

until the billboards are torn down,
upcycled into pamphlets, raining

a thousand ready-to- read individual
meals – if poems could
nourish (can they? do they?) –

Free is not a noun or a moral
position, I get free ads with each

click, most of which are better
than poems and I die a little
each day for what's in them.



Boog City's annual Presidents' Day weekend festival, taking place Fri. Feb. 17-Sun. Feb. 19, 2017, at Prospect Heights, Brooklyn's Unnameable Books, concluding on Feb. 19 at The East Village's Sidewalk Cafe.

Readings from Joel Allegretti, Amber Atiya, Vyt Bakatis, Jessica Baran, Sarah Bartlett, Cara Benson, Sarah Bernstein, Jay Besemer, Laura Cronk, Tom Devaney, Megan DiBello, Claire Donato, Timothy Donnelly, Buck Downs, Brooke Ellsworth, Mariana Ruiz Firmat, Sylvia Gorelick, JP Howard, Sam Jablon, Jeff T. Johnson, erica kaufman, Davy Knittle, Ron Kolm, Denize Lauture, Gracie Leavitt, Katy Lederer, Robert Lopez, Aubrie Marrin, Lynn Melnick, Eli Nadeau, Maryam Parhizkar, Alyson Pomerantz, Ali Power, Chris Salerno, Alan Semerdjian, Justin Sherwood, Larissa Shmailo, Sparrow, Nomi Stone, Brent Terry, Emily Toder, Rachel Valinsky, Wendy Walters, Andrew James Weatherhead, Bruce Webber, Joanne Pagano Webber, Dan Wilcox, Jeffrey Cyphers Wright, Anton Yakovlev. **Poetry Talk Talk** with Laynie Browne and Patricio Ferrari reading and in conversation. **Poets Theater Plays from** Buck Downs, Pierre Joris, and Nathaniel Siegel. **Music from** Bipolar Bradley—Off Meds, Brian Bonelli, Emmerson Pierson, Riley Pinkerton & Henry Black, David Segovia, Katie Skare, Diana Smith, and TOSKA. **Classic Albums Live** presents for its 25th anniversary, **Pavement's Slanted and Enchanted** Giovanni Colantonio, Dots Will Echo, Freeze Frame, Peter Ingles, Ben Pagano, Point/Forty-Five, and Robot Princess. editor@boogcity.com @boogcity

For full sked, and performer bios, and urls:
<https://www.facebook.com/events/245145929247603/>