

Who's Come a Long Way, Baby? Thoughts on The Dinner Party and the Global Feminisms Exhibit

BY CHRISTINA STRONG

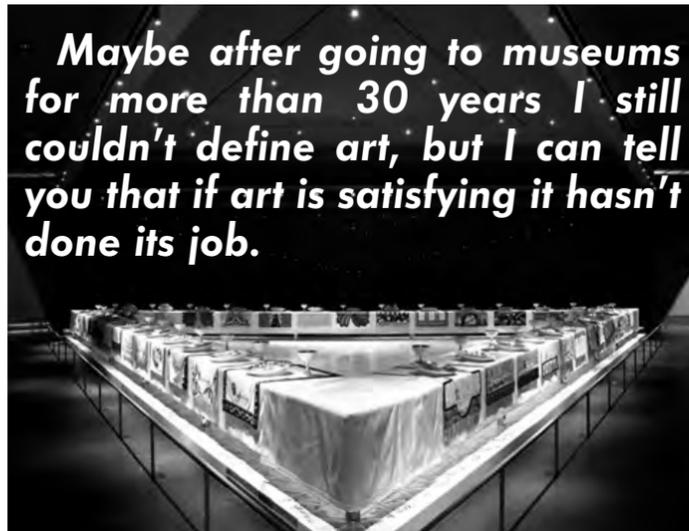
"Such misery demands more than tears—I pause to recollect myself—one must always also analyze any situation rationally."
—Mary Wollstonecraft

Judy Chicago's installation piece *The Dinner Party*, permanently housed at The Brooklyn Museum of Art, is reflective of "second wave feminism"—the women's movement during the 1960s and '70s; a time of manifestos, marches, rallies, post-Griswold v. Connecticut but pre-Roe v. Wade.

But Chicago's piece, created between 1974 and 1979, was particular to a certain theory that is celebratory and inclusive. Imagine all these neglected women throughout history and imagine who you'd want at your party. Include them. Then imagine their vulvas, all 39 of them. It makes you wonder who would be cooking and what would they serve, because I can guarantee that not all would be vegetarian. I'm sure Natalie Barney could drink up a storm. I would have liked to pick Hildegard de Bingen's brain about her compositions because I find contemporary versions of her music pretty much unlistenable. Yet I try.

Chicago's piece is, by contemporary feminist theory standards, essentialist; a celebration of not just women's thoughts but also their bodies. And not just those two factors but also a celebration of traditional "women's" crafts, such as embroidery and beadwork. These are exhibited via the table runners under each plate. Lace, color, beadwork, and intricate embroidery work exemplify what Chicago saw as their personalities, their trait, their work habits. Each woman's name is in script, and there are the names of 99 other notable women on white tile on the floor. It is very femme, or almost all very femme until we, my mother and I, arrived at Ethel Smyth's plate. Her table runner was decorated like men's trousers and I said, "Oh, that looks pretty butch," and my mother didn't get it until we arrived at the "Identities" portion of the Global Feminisms show. (I had to remind her of something she already knew—identity is fluid). After looking at all the showcase plates we went into the "her story room" with a time line of women from antiquity to a more or less contemporary age. (I would

There were a fair amount of artists represented in the overall exhibit from South Africa, other parts of Africa, Korea, Vietnam, Iran, Eastern Europe, and Palestine, and the subjects of race, post-colonialization, -genocide, -occupation, became equal and valid issues to think about along with the intersection of art and feminism. As much as Roberta Smith of *The New York Times* made the exhibit out to be chaotic, I seemed immune to that criticism because it was thematically based—Life Cycles: Identities, Politics, and Emotions.



Maybe after going to museums for more than 30 years I still couldn't define art, but I can tell you that if art is satisfying it hasn't done its job.

Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party*, 1974-1979. Aislinn Weidale Photo

But what was feminist about the show? I asked my mother when we were walking down the street after leaving the museum. She initially answered, "Well, women did it." I replied that that was reductive reasoning and a simplistic answer. Does feminism mean that our main focus is on the body and "women's crafts," which are traditionally marginalized, but are also essentialist and perhaps constraining? There were a lot of pieces, mostly photographic and video ones portraying the body, ranging from staged photos of dead women (the topic of murdered prostitutes in the Vancouver area) to women lacerating themselves in one form or another (barbed wire, bloody string, nailing their dresses to walls and tearing themselves away), or less violent images of women breastfeeding. A particular picture of a woman breastfeeding what looked like a child who was perhaps too old to breastfeed seemed benign enough until you got closer to the photo. On her upper chest and shoulders was a body technique called scarification, with text that spelled *pervert*.

Another piece, including photography and video, was a mock documentary of a (self-described) lonely man who had a uterine implant because he wanted a baby. My mother asked if this was real. I said that these were the kinds of questions the exhibit was supposed to raise. That transgendered people, for example, take hormones and get surgery to change their "sex," but no, I didn't think it was real, meaning that if a man had a uterine implant because he wanted to get pregnant that this was actually possible then we would have heard about it by now. We'd be hearing about it a lot.

"Taught from their infancy that beauty is woman's scepter, the mind shapes itself to the body, and, roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adorn its prison."
—Mary Wollstonecraft

My mother remarked that she thought a lot of the pieces were violent, and they were, though I argued that much of it was political. Murdered prostitutes in Vancouver and, for that matter, along the Mexican border are political. An Eastern European woman wanting citizenship to the European Union was political. A video performance piece of a woman binding her breasts with duct tape for an entire hour to highlight violence against the LGBT community was political. The latter was, after a while, also voyeuristic and disturbing. Ripping duct tape off your skin, if you didn't know this already, causes welts.

All this, a change from the gyno-centric, goddess worshipping, labia loving plates from *The Dinner Party* and Smith can't help but make a reference to bras combusting, perpetuating the myth that feminists burned their bras during a 1968 protest at the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City. But what was different about the uses of the body between the two exhibits was life-affirming on the one hand (*The Dinner Party*) and geo-political questioning of roles

and identity on the other (Global Feminisms). The Global Feminisms exhibit uses photos and video, "with a documentary slant to many of its better works, it is more about information, politics and the struggle for equality than it is about art in any very concentrated or satisfying sense," wrote Smith in *The Times*.

Maybe after going to art museums for more than 30 years I still couldn't define art, but I can tell you that if art is satisfying it hasn't done its job. I don't want to feel satisfied. If I wanted that I'd stare at Flemish paintings or the Hudson River School.

When I was much younger my mother would take me to the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art in Hartford. I had a morbid curiosity with the paintings depicting Jesus Christ because he was usually bleeding from his palms and his feet. I wouldn't have called the exhibit essentialist; it went a step further. We as an audience, my generation and younger, are used to seeing videos. Some of us are transfixed and tied to our computers. We carry gadgets around with us. I would argue that in some sense we are not attached to our bodies but to machines (some works in the show addressed the cyborg factor, a la Donna Harroway). If paint is a medium, so is a digital video camera. What better way to capture a performance piece highlighting violence or a daily crossing at an Israeli checkpoint? And computers are by far the most rational—and I am thinking about various assertions Wollstonecraft makes in her treatise *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* that women are reasonable—because computers only do what they are programmed to do. Computers are not emotional at all, or hysterical, as women are purported to be and Pat Robertson's quote actually is. Just tell me who bakes the best chocolate chip cookies here?

My mother asked if feminism was relevant now. I said it wasn't monolithic, there are many feminisms. What is relevant in Western culture is not quite the same in others, where women are stoned to death for "committing adultery," sold as chattel and sex slaves, and don't have access to clean drinking water, never mind *Our Bodies, Ourselves* and *Sisterhood is Global*.

I told her I don't have an answer. The world has changed. The idea that art is just painting and sculpture has morphed into video montages. Most Americans have the attention span of gnats. We walk by paintings, sculptures, advertisements, videos, news reports, and LCD screens, averting our eyes and go on to the next hyper-scenario.

I told her feminism is still relevant but it's not the sole issue, that the exhibit addressed many topics. Not all art is political nor does it have to be, but it showcases our ongoing struggle. I can't say that the Global Feminisms exhibit answers any questions. But an active viewer is one who continues to ask. If you're satisfied then you're not seeking enough.

Christina Strong believes feminism is not dead, but she couldn't tell you where it's been hiding as of late. She can be found at www.xtina.org and www.openmouth.org



Judy Chicago.

Donald Woodman photo

argue that it stopped at about the second wave of feminist theory and praxis.)

It is hard to see a work that is just 30 years old as historical, or herstorical. It's harder to see this work and its importance when so much has changed and still nothing has. On the one hand it seems myopic in the context of the end of the Vietnam War. So I had to broach questions like this to my mother—what is "feminist art" and "given what has been going on in the past 26 years, from the Reagan era on, how do you think art has changed?" and "what do you think of various 'art movements' or change in the past 100 years?" Finally, "What is feminism and does it even exist?"

"Feminism is a socialist, anti-family, political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."
—Pat Robertson

Tonya Foster
Harlem
from *Work-a-Day*

Bodies of young men—
spent smoke, spent casings graph one
among many points

Bodies of young men—
sight-specific installations—
stoops, corners.

*

On the stoop, Kim oils
his scalp, parts his hair into
tender paragraphs.

"On the stoop, Kim oils
and parts," a writer writes,
"her legs slash vulva."

PRINTED MATTER



Our Thieftood

Evangeline Downs

Micah Ballard
Ugly Duckling Presse

By Michael Carr

At the outset of Micah Ballard's chapbook, *Evangeline Downs*, the poem "Vieux Carré" examines the vaulted ceiling of a restaurant in New Orleans' French Quarter, measuring the light inside of it against the fullness of experience. Knowing that "darker love/ is demanded," he finds there a specter of anticipation and mortality, one that will fill the chambers and catacombs of these poems, as "there is only fear/ of empty years."

Evangeline Downs has a cover patterned in fleurs-de-lys, a French heraldic symbol also used centuries ago to brand a criminal's shoulder. It's a fitting device: this chapbook is as often marked with the high middle ages ("these walls of ivy/ with single trumpets/ of blood") as it is with recurring motifs of prison and the tattoo, a brand that memorializes. Other forms of memorial come to bear strongly as the chapbook progresses—most noticeably through a preoccupation with death and the rituals in which it is housed. In the poem "Ode to Will Yackulic" we see how these elements begin to amass:

almost all his pyramids contain the remains of our two largest legacies. Undergoing many transformations he stands over



our tattoos & cares not for ridicule. Crushed over bones let there be no headstones

for only these preliminaries serve to prepare our consecration. Despite other tries this one

died just once & later twice. "The light that loses, the night that wins."

Ballard employs an overt decadence through such gothic tendencies—he's willing to risk a late romantic mode, but these overtones are frequently checked by a street-smart edge. For instance in "9/13/96," a catalog of tattoos:

Nefertiti over
right pec & serpent
with jaws open
on left shoulder.
German cross

with Exodus 18:11
across back, Playaz
on nape of neck.

Ballard's use of the line tends to stay sharply cut to his subject, as in the poem "Continuum": "Ring of St. Elizabeth/ Ring of St. Valentine/ open to the chant/ days have gone by yet/ the hour is no longer/ alive." This sharpness is also apparent in the handful of poems written in collaboration with Cedar Sigo. A vertiginous underworld history is evoked in "Mind & Heart of China":

They were both
my best friends
& assumed my interest
in the Russian
criminal tattoo

... We said that
after serving time

& were convicted
of murdering mistresses
December ninth, 1897
was erected greatest
of all casinos on high
I had to have them

in my poems if I had

died.

In the poetic tapestry of this chapbook, where darkness has victory, the poem "All Saints Day" tells us that "the theme of death is our thieftood." So loss bequeaths an inevitable crime, yet Ballard finds this mutability abated in monuments—pyramids or tombstones, or in poems themselves: "Dashed off first as rough drafts/ these are the only scripts that survive/ our cemetery years."

Michael Carr lives in Cambridge, Mass. and co-edits Katalanché Press with Dorothea Lasky.

Twisted Gems

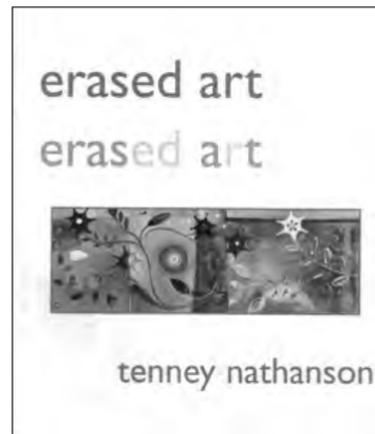
Erased Art

Tenney Nathanson
Chax Press

By Adam Fieled

What would happen if you threw Ted Berrigan's *The Sonnets* into a blender with Nathaniel Mackey's *Splay Anthem*, added a healthy dose of Charles Bernstein's ultra-jagged po-mo hi-jinx, a few drops of "go on your nerve" Frank O'Hara, then set to "mix"? The answer might be Tenney Nathanson's *Erased Art*, a meditatively anti-meditative, discursively non-discursive ramble through Pop, post-Pop, and post-avant-Pop obsessions and territories.

Paratactic leaps are as fundamental to this text as water to a fish; disjuncture as common as line breaks. Nathanson seems to want a poetics of extreme droll fragmentation, like hearing T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" read by Benny Hill. The subtext is, or seems to be, that of no subtext, the object simple—pure fun, unmediated enjoyment.



Not that craft is avoided, or ignored altogether—it isn't. Nathanson makes frequent and loving use of melopoeic devices, rhyme and off-rhyme particularly, throughout *Erased Art*. He breaks the action in "Meditation in a Steel Hat" to say, "you and me/ and the bourgeoisie/ makes three." This poem is typical and illustrative of the tone of this collection, blurring as it does distinctions between prose and poetry (some sections being verse, others being prose or "prosy"), not making linear sense but imparting a strong feeling (in this case, a sort of Empire-malaise vibe, leading to a Neo-Marxian frisson). Other notable poems

include "Old-Fashioned Romance On CBS," which is probably the most strictly Pop construct in the book; "Georgia O'Keeffe Talks with Karl Marx over Cappuccino At a Point Equidistant from Santa Fe and Manchester (New Hampshire)," which wins points in the most-turgid-title-contest and also scores big as a balls-out large-canvas poetic collage; "Critic's Notebook: Piano Artistry a Rubinstein Legacy," which seems to be a parody of high-culture

The poems are so funny, and resistant to interpretation, that it is tempting to take them at face value, like an Andy Warhol Campbell's Soup can, a Jeff Koons puppy, or a Marcel Duchamp urinal.

cognoscenti; and "Madame Bovary, The National Enquirer, Capital, and The Hardy Boys, Published For The First Time Together In A Single Volume," which proves that an arbitrary title can be an asset rather than a liability.

Nathanson uses allusion to root his absurdities in a historical tradition: Sir Thomas Wyatt, Eliot, William Butler Yeats, John Keats, Joseph Conrad, Walt Whitman, William Carlos Williams, Marcel Duchamp even Ogden Nash are all directly referenced. This gives us a clue that what is going on here may be multi-tiered and more than pure fun.

Looking for deeper resonances is, nonetheless, problematic. The poems are so funny, and resistant to interpretation, that it is tempting to take them at face value, like a Warhol Campbell's Soup can, a Jeff Koons puppy, or a Duchamp urinal. Enjoyment of the text depends on one's willingness to humor the notion of pure po-mo anti-substantiality. Those seeking portentous reflections on a decadent age might want to look elsewhere. The concept here, as with Warhol's paintings, is surface that is pure surface, with nothing beneath. Of course, the contradiction is that something multi-tiered could be all surface. It seems impossible. Nathanson's point seems to be that the surface can be constructed "widely" and hold many things, even if there is nothing beneath it. If this is accepted, his poems can be appreciated as the twisted gems they are.

Adam Fieled is a poet, musician, playwright, and actor. He has released three albums: *Darkyr Sooner and Ardent* (all music, mp3.com and Webster Street Gang productions respectively), and *Raw Rainy Fog* (spoken word, Radio Eris Records). His writings have appeared in *Jacket*, *American Writing*, *The Philadelphia Independent*, *Cake Train*, *Siren's Silence*, *Night Rally*, *Hidden Oak*, *Mind Gorilla*, and *Hinge*. The "Outlaw Playwrights" in State College, Pa. produced four of his one-act plays. He has also acted as a member of New York City's 13th Street Repertory Theater Company. He edits the online journal *PFS Post* (www.artrecess.blogspot.com).

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Alliterative Albums Acoustic Songwriters Get Their Due

BY CASEY HOLFORD

Dina Dean
4 Songs

Listen to Dina Dean performing on her own in a darkened club, and you might catch yourself looking around to see whose 45 is on the record player. Don't feel too silly. Her dusty, sweet singing and rambling, and spidery guitar-playing speak to the listener like a voice from the past, fresh from a place full of long dirt roads and telegrams and freight trains crying. Pick up her four-song demo and listen to her recordings for the first time, and you will realize with a jolt that Dean's songwriting isn't tied down by history.

Opener "The Radio Song" is given a distinct Bill Withers feel by the tight backing drums, but the Hammond organ wailing in the background brings to mind Bob Dylan's more thoughtful ballads. Dean's voice is the unification of her influences; somewhere between a croon and a growl, she tells the story of a sleepless character's love affair with the radio: "she stays up all night/singing songs, never gettin' the words right."

"Same Grace" has Dean singing to a "city minstrel," with a backdrop of country-tinged guitar and cowboy-bluesy percussion, giving the tune a traveling feel. When she sings, "Hallelujah! How I love to watch when you sing to me," she seems to be giving her jubilant answer to "Killing Me Softly."

"Some Of Them Days" is an R&B ballad (with the slightly odd addition of lap steel) where Dean sings with an implied sigh about a day that can't help going wrong. "I might go take a walk/ I might go downtown/ If I could just find my keys."

The closing "Down In The Dust" seems to most closely reflect the live Dina Dean persona, an epic story-song detailing an entertainer's life spent traveling from St. Louis to Mexico, a period

piece full of characters like "Silent Cal" and "Stove-Pipe," and a simple but grand refrain where her rich and rattly voice gets a chance to soar.

If the listener is expecting middle-of-the-night four-track demos, this polished and produced disc will certainly be a surprise, but the central personality of the music is maintained. It is wildness fighting wisdom, sadness tempered with a dry chuckle.

Visit www.myspace.com/dinadean for more information.



Dina Dean 4 songs

Dean's voice is the unification of her influences; somewhere between a croon and a growl, in 'The Radio Song' she tells the story of a sleepless character's love affair with the radio.

Randi Russo
Shout Like a Lady

Olive Juice Music

Randi Russo's songwriting is full of subtle paradoxes that conspire to engage the unsuspecting listener. The album *Shout Like a Lady* can rightly be viewed as nine painstakingly produced and unique rock songs; on closer inspection, though, an interlocking, gentle but persistent series of musical riddles begins to emerge.

One example: Is it possible to rock and hypnotize at the same time? Her chosen song structures are often centered on a few angular, repeating guitar riffs that carry the song from beginning to end, such as the opening track, "Release Me".

Russo knows how to rock. That seems clear from her raunchy guitar and her vocal nuances, which range from terse brittle tones to a punk rock snarl worthy of—let's get this out of the way now—her musical ancestors Patti Smith and PJ Harvey.

Russo's band can rock, too. Randy Jamrok spits out tense, heavy grooves, while longtime collaborator Lenny Molotov confronts her sharp guitar angles with swooping, dirty Dobro phrases and shimmering lead guitar. How, then, do these songs entrance me in a way that I associate with staring into the middle of a bonfire, or watching clouds move?

The next related, paradoxical riddle: What sort of music is sparse but complex? Russo's guitar comes into play here again. She expresses her music with extreme economy of gesture, whether playing loud or quietly (a good reference point would be the middle of the album, the playful yet creepy-crawly "Dead Horse, Live Ground," with its droning, rhythmic drive). This style could be a

scholarly rejection of testosterone-driven rock or a naturally developed idiosyncratic method that comes from being a self-taught, and left-handed, musician. Either way, it has an interesting effect. Every added note, every new change in a simple pattern has a magnified importance, giving the songs wave after wave of subtle dramatic leaps.

Her music is also an appropriate backdrop for her unique lyrical voice. In this she also follows a simple structure, but gives it deceptively complicated twists. On the title track's chorus the last line on every repetition is a simile about a character's nerves, but the comparison subtly and dramatically shifts—nerves are "like a corset," then a "coffin," and finally a "corporation."

Here's the kicker, though—when is a piece of art outsider as well as pop? Randi Russo is not a fan of the standard radio song structure. She doesn't go in for hit-you-over-the-head chorus refrains, she's not into lush harmonies, or layers of guitars. In short, she's not a slick pop star. But once you've figured that out, go listen to "Ceiling Fire." This song is over the five-minute mark, which in a world of Clear Channel radio is practically an opera. It's got stately, grand, and, again, subtle changes. It's a song that takes its time. It's also a track with clear universal appeal—a magical travel song with a beautiful washy chorus that is faintly reminiscent of Tom Petty, ear candy production, and a beautifully simple melody that moves the song effortlessly.

Shout Like a Lady is full of mysteries. The listener may not figure out all the musical riddles, but puzzling over a great riddle is better than answering an easy one, any day.

For more information visit www.randirusso.com

Casey Holford plays music with Urban Barnyard, the Dream Bitches, the Daouets, and occasionally, alone. He records musical acts, and every once in a blue moon, writes about them. For more information visit www.caseyholford.com



Every added note, every new change in a simple pattern has a magnified importance, giving Russo's songs wave after wave of subtle dramatic leaps.

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Brenda Zlamany

Greenpoint, Brooklyn



Portrait #60 (Oona #1), 2001.
Oil on panel, 11" x 11".



Portrait #97 (Oona and Sallie), 2006-07.
Oil on panel, 30" x 60".

About the Artist Born in New York City in 1960, Brenda Zlamany left home in 1974 to attend an art high school in New Haven, Conn. and to study art at Yale University. She also studied art at the San Francisco Art Institute; Atelier 17, in Paris; the Tyler School of Art, in Rome; and the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. She received a B.A. from Wesleyan University in 1981. Her work has been exhibited in many one-person and group shows in the United States, the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Poland. Recently her portrait of Alex Katz was shown at the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, where it was a finalist in the Outwin Boochever Portrait Competition, and several of her paintings were included in *New Old Masters*, curated by Donald Kuspit, at the National Museum in Gdansk, Poland. She received a Pollock-Krasner Foundation grant in 2006-07. Her most recent one-person show, *Facing Family*, is at the Jonathan O'Hara Gallery (41 E.57th St., NYC) through May 5. Visit www.brendazlamany.com for more information.

COMICS

Jerel Elbows the Comics Envelope

Machine Vision #1: "Becoming.Machine, Becoming.Organic, Becoming.Abstract"

Jerel
www.machine-v.com

BY GARY SULLIVAN

When I first started paying attention to independent comics in the mid-1990s there was a lot of great work being done by artists experimenting with narrative (Daniel Clowes, Dame Darcy, Julie Doucet, Los Bros. Hernandez, Chris Ware, Jim Woodring). But there was nothing consistently pushing comics art away from storytelling and into more poetic, theory-based, or philosophical areas of inquiry.

With the turn of the century things began to change, and, roughly beginning in 2001, experimental non-narrative comics showed up on the collective radar screen with increasing frequency. Some of my personal favorites are Peter Blegvad's *Book of Leviathan* (2001), Kramer's *Ergo Four* (2003), Leah Hayes' *Holy Moly* (2004), and

numerous self-published titles by Warren Craghead (2000-present).

Jerel's self-described "object-oriented" series *Machine Vision* doesn't so much push the comics envelope as it elbows it. In 32 pages of fairly heavily inked panels, many of which more closely resemble organs or Rorschach tests than traditional comics boxes, Jerel plays with—according to an index in the back—"Syntax destruction, Golem-totemicide, Affinity formations ... OOC Architectures ... Abstraction in theory and practice ... true-false Modeling ... Decomposing attributes to Data," and "the accidental Diagram."

That may strike the reader as heady,

playful, pretentious, and/or a bunch of b.s., but the good news is that it's a mix of all of that and more, intentionally so. I've reread this first issue maybe a dozen times since Jerel debuted it at the MoCCA Art Festival last summer, and it's a different experience nearly every reading, as startling and flabbergasting as it is rewarding, not unlike returning to a computer that has been

overtaken by a benign but active—and actively mischievous—virus.

The very sparse text—typeset in a computer-y, mono-space font—informs us on page one that "This is after the fall of 1954. These codes do not run." Anyone who knows a bit too much about comics will recognize 1954 as the year Frederick Wertham published *Seduction of the Innocent* and the industry adopted the Comics Code under increasing public pressure, resulting in the demise of whole lines of fabulously racy horror, sci-fi, and crime comics, and effectively wiping EC—the most lurid publisher of them all—off the map. (After the mid-fifties, publisher William Gaines limped along with a single comics title—*Mad*.)

I had never thought of the Comics Code as being similar to software, but Jerel insists on the connection between adoption and installation—"Wertham and Kefauver," he writes in *Machine Vision's* second section, *Becoming.Organic*, "the results are in. The comics code is computer code"—and ultimately he's right. As the late experimental poet Daniel Davidson once wrote, "Reading and writing are, after all, only theories."

By and large, comics' readers still prize obvious virtuosity above any and all other qualities, with the possible exception of "a

I've reread this first issue maybe a dozen times, and it's a different experience nearly every reading, as startling and flabbergasting as it is rewarding



good, solid story." That many of Jerel's panels resemble Rorschach tests heightens the sense I have of his project abandoning the virtuoso/narrative model and proposing for comics what at least some people were proposing for poetry 30 years ago—a more "reader-centered" art, where the author, if not dead, writes in such a way so as to best allow each reader enough leeway to meaningfully participate in the creative process.

It is an attitude long overdue in comics, and one that—should it ever reach critical mass on the collective radar—is going to piss an awful lot of people off. Here's to that day coming sooner than later.

Poet and comics artist Gary Sullivan will publish the third issue of his series *Elsewhere* in June. Visit www.garysullivan.blogspot.com for more information.



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 if the skillset
 that facilitates
 crawling has to
 be relearned
 *

Envy the leaping kid
 goat a prayer
 for
 its escape from slaughter

*
 Sheet is fastened above the body bracketed
 by trees

*
 The
 boy

in
 the
 bed
 is

the
 man
 in
 the
 bed

*
 A sentence streak on
 the sheet
 begins w/

"breathe"

to
 be

in nature

*
 The marking's the problem of play
 I win at love no matter

Down-limb strata of the new
 model sincere in provocation
 adds up to +++

*
 projected childhood identity onto the sheet

*
 A radiated eye cast through branches projects a belly up
 nude Not uncommon for the pale to be eaten here

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About the Poets

Tonya Foster (cover) is the author of *A Swarm of Bees in High Court* (Belladonna Books) and co-editor of *Third Mind: Creative Writing Through Visual Art*. She is currently completing a cross-genre piece on New Orleans, and *Monkey Talk*, an inter-genre piece about race, paranoia, and surveillance. She teaches at Cooper Union and Bard College. **Frank Sherlock** is the author of *13* (Ixnay Press), *ISO* (Furniture Press), and the forthcoming collection *Ace of Diamond Satellite*. He curates the Night Flag reading series and is the co-founder of the Poet Activist Community Extension, PACE.

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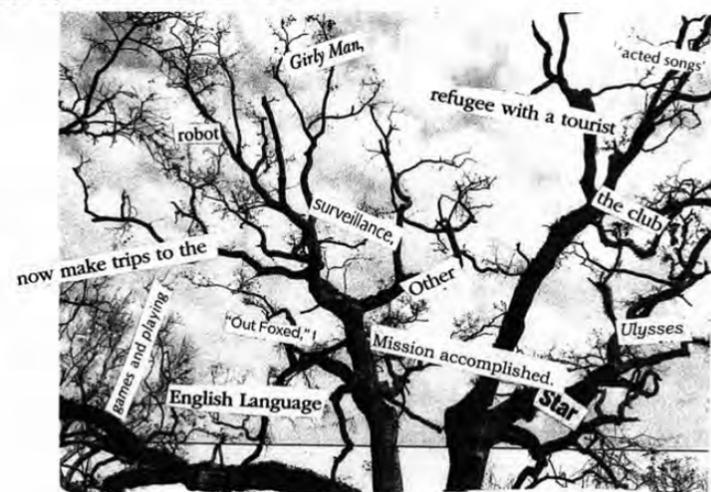
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Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery (Bleecker-Houston)

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Poetry Party!

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such as Bacchus and Pan.

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