

Amy King Contains Multitudes

BY MARK LAMOUREUX

I'm the Man Who Loves You

By Amy King
BlazeVOX Books

Waiting in line for tickets for Shakespeare in the Park's newest rendition of *Romeo and Juliet* proved to be an ideal setting to read Amy King's new collection *I'm the Man Who Loves You*, recently published by BlazeVOX Books. King's book exemplifies what is profoundly wonderful about living in the metro New York area as well as what is profoundly annoying. The two offer unromanticized perspectives on life here in Gotham City.

When Walt Whitman famously wrote "I contain multitudes," it's unlikely that he could have predicted the stratified reality that these multitudes would come to occupy a century-and-a-half later. Whether it is the socioeconomic caste system of the city's social and literal infrastructure, or the similarly fractured continuum of its literature, we can imagine that he would have had a different plan for his beloved city and his beloved borough of Brooklyn. Even his genial unschooled Brooklyn yob has mutated into a sinister version of its former self. It's unlikely he would have predicted the bitter infighting that occurs between practitioners of the various models of New York poetry—the New York School, L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Poetry, and the slam aesthetic, among others. The differences would most likely have been indistinguishable to our jocular white-bearded forefather. After all, he spent a considerable amount of time nursing both sides of the schism of his own nation—the Civil War. For this we can see the man as a great unifier, a notion so lamentably absent among the aesthetic turf wars of our contemporary reality. But not for Amy King.

King and Whitman, both Brooklynites, have much in common, and perhaps King's work could be seen as the true heir of Whitman's own project. In King one finds a synthesis of the competing tendencies of the New York School and language poetry, the Montagues and Capulets of our own literary scene. She occupies a similar state of omnisexual in-between as Whitman himself, simultaneously in love with and alienated from those teeming multitudes who so readily engaged his heart.



I'm the Man Who Loves You is a collection of contradictions. King seems most at home balancing on the taut wire between parse-able old New York School surrealism and the expressive of opacity of language Poetry: "The yellow pearls hugging her loose skin are/ a smorgasbord of shows that apologize/

Much like Whitman, her work aspires to a kind of expansiveness that, by its very nature, cannot be contained within a single gender or sexuality.

for each forgot-ten glance incited." The influence of these schools, as well as that of a more literal expressive tradition focused on the lyric I, is clearly evident in King's work. Just as the narrator of the text appears uncomfortable settling into any number of conceptions of emotional intimacy, she seems uncomfortable with settling into any one aesthetic school.

At one moment, she may be refreshingly lifting her leg on Andy Warhol, coyly refusing even to mention the man's name (a

clear rejection of the old New York School proper-name shotgun approach):



Take, for example, a self proclaimed charlatan who built a studio and turned out slyly stupid paintings made by his staff and tons of money. His popularity for a few years in the eighties made me think of poetry in the larger art world, which is why some of these strategies date the way that makes them not only irrelevant, but a little dangerously written in their terrible irrelevance. Sorry if that sounds harsh.

At other moments, she is an enthusiastic acolyte in the cult of her own personality—"the landscape of Amy King's face fused/ with artificial intelligence on which hers lies"—gleefully tossing around proper and neighborhood names in a manner that harkens straight back to Frank O'Hara's tendency to compose from his Rolodex. For example, "From this Union Square Park,/ I peek between fingers at Tuscany," and "My freckled shell now sings etudes of memories in Chopin."

The text's few stumbles occur when King seems to retreat back to the evidently familiar territory of New York School flippant surrealism, while her most profound moments occur during flight from expectations. But for every familiar-feeling "upon a city bent on pneumatic control, then knock/ the Chelsea Hotel down," there exists a less-expected, more satisfying 180:

I did not become
a figment of
New York City,
a latent family
through which I am your sister,
so that it will take more than
your bluish frayed body
in an open boat

The most satisfying moments happen during such narrative, almost-confessional, occasions ("So much happened the night/ the sky was sober beneath/ the hidden words of poet men") but also when the narrator's voice is at its most opaque:

where did your feverish glow go
with blood in hair, a blonde-shaped DNA
that your poison sticks
to the song of malted alcohol running over and out—

King's liminality is mirrored by an analogously liminal identity of gender. Much like Whitman, her work aspires to a kind of expansiveness that, by its very nature, cannot be contained within a single gender or sexuality. "She becomes a girl born

without her mother,/ an insect apology on the hip of humanity/ curably the most marked with womb envy for all," and:

Men who celebrate action
with their cocks, women with
their cocks, hope in the impregnable
advances on loneliness,
filters through our walking husks—

King's work bodes well for the future of New York poetry, carving out a space discrete from the unending partisan conflicts of her precedents.

Her level of sexual candor is far greater than that of Whitman, and, in this respect, she brings his ghost home and gives solace to his eternal internal conflict:

... This is a caramelized
treatment of syntax that maps the wetness
spatially spread
between the mucus that harbors our bodies. Scientists
like to say parameciums and fleshy membranes,
forgoing all the orgasms before and because of
poetry.

King's work bodes well for the future of New York poetry, carving out a space discrete from the unending partisan conflicts of her precedents. *I'm the Man Who Loves You* dispenses with the petty squabbles of the previous generation and elegantly employs tools from a diverse array of aesthetic models to vaunt a classical cosmopolitan multiplicity that surely brings a smile to the lusty lips of Whitman's lonely ghost.

Mark Lamoureux is printed matter editor for Boog City and editor of Cy Gist Press (www.cygistpress.com).

Joanna Fuhrman
Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn
Inflation

When the rent went up, we shifted
all motion west, lifted the bottoms
of our pant legs as if crossing a creek.

No one cared that our poems were made
of torqued magnetic force or that our
hands could translate the language of light

into a million fractured dialects. We still
had to climb. Like every other army of bald
Rapunzels scaling the leaning tower of Babel.

When the rent doubled, we drew smiles
around our real smiles, curtsied our way
into the arms of identical semiotics experts

who changed our names to fit the texture
of the times, tucked in our billowing tunics,
whipped our hair into vertical configurations,

—blond aqua-netted beehives— tall enough
to pass through the school's cracked skylight,
to reach the blimps inching through the noise.

My Seth Tobocman

A Personal Meditation on the Radical Comics Artist

BY GARY SULLIVAN

When the call for work for this Welcome to Boog City festival issue came, where the paper would feature work on or by people taking part in the event, Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum suggested that since there were no comic artists giving talks that I should instead try to write an East Village/Williamsburg-focused comics piece. My first thought was to write about Seth Tobocman, who has lived in the East Village for more than 30 years, and is one of the few visual artists to really and fully explore the neighborhood in any medium, save perhaps film.

Plus, I sort of knew him.

In 2002, I took an adult ed. class he taught at the School of Visual Arts (SVA): "Comics As Personal Expression." Sounds awfully touchy-feely, no? I signed up for the class because I had just started working on a comics' biography of the Cleveland poet, publisher, and agit-prop artist d.a. levy and was stymied as to how to proceed. Fortunately the class wound up being less about personal expression (not something most amateurs have difficulty with) and more about doing tons of legwork, research, and preliminary sketching in the pursuit of politically, socially relevant, and accurate comics; basically a crash course in the artist's own methods and work habits.

It was a great if often grueling experience. Tobocman, it

turned out, grew up and spent his early adulthood in Cleveland. When I brought in my first pages, he took one look at the establishing shots I had drawn using my own Midwood, Brooklyn neighborhood as a model, and practically tossed them back at me. "You've never been to Cleveland, have you," he said. It wasn't a question. Nor was he being snide. He was simply adamant that the only way to make the comic work was to visit the city that levy had actually lived in; to see, photograph, and sketch the notorious Cuyahoga River and the industrial riverfront "Flats" area where artists like levy and Tobocman took up residence; to try to talk to people there who might have known, or known of, levy.

Despite my reluctance to take time off work or miss one of my weekly comics' classes (adult ed at SVA is reasonable, but not dirt cheap), I knew deep down that my teacher was right. He had even heard of levy, and he knew something of his historical and cultural significance. He stressed the importance,

generally, of focusing on a key radical figure like levy in comics. Ultimately, I broke down and made the trip.

As a teacher Tobocman was an unremitting taskmaster. I don't recall a single week when we were allowed to turn in anything less than three pages. During the last weeks of the class, our assignments escalated to between five and 10 pages. A really good professional, or someone without a day-job, might be able to crank out more than five pages a week. But most of us in Tobocman's class were working full-time as editors, graphic designers, wait staff in restaurants. We often fell short of our assignments.

He wasn't terribly sympathetic. As he liked to remind us, when he had his own deadlines to meet, he'd do everything he could to make them, even if it meant employing friends to help with inking and/or lettering. More than a dozen of Tobocman's neighbors and fellow artists are credited with contributing photo references, as well as their inking and lettering skills, to *War in the Neighborhood* (Autonomedia)—it is, on at least this level, a real product of the East Village community itself.

It was a great feeling then when I returned from my Cleveland trip with dozens of photographs, notes, and sketches to show the class. Seeing all of this, Tobocman was the closest he'd ever come to being ecstatic. That I had no new pages to show for the last two weeks was moot—I'd done the legwork.

Each week, Tobocman brought in dozens of comics by artists working in the U.S., Canada, the U.K., and beyond, with an emphasis on heavily politicized work from various Eastern European countries, some of which he'd published in *World War 3 Illustrated*, the radical comics magazine he'd started in 1980 with artist Peter Kuper. (Almost 30 years and 36 issues later, they're still going strong; visit www.worldwar3illustrated.org.) He also brought in his own work—finished comics pages, yes, but also the many sketch- and notebooks he'd filled prior to laying out panels for his graphic novel, *War in the Neighborhood*, which had just been published the year before.

As it turns out this was the most important part of the class, at least for me. It wasn't just preliminary drawings and thumbnails he was showing. He also played us cassette tapes he'd made of interviews with former East Village squatters. He brought in friends from the neighborhood, other comics artists, one of whom still seemed to be living if not technically

as a squatter, than very much like one. I seem to recall that artist telling us that he was most comfortable drawing when sitting on a big, empty plastic drum. Or something like that.

Oddly Tobocman never brought in the book itself, though he did show us a few of the finished pages. I found a copy at Jim Hanley's during the period when I was taking the class. It took a while for me to accept that the finished artwork, very much inspired by the woodcut silent novels of Frans Masereel and Lynd Ward, looked much simpler. It was less elegant than his stunningly beautiful preliminary sketch work, which was at the time far more to my liking as a fan of brush-heavy artists like Jessica Abel, David Mazzucchelli, and Raymond Pettibon. "Comics," he liked to remind us, "are iconic."

I was ultimately able to make the leap and appreciate what he was doing in comics, even if I responded more viscerally to his sketchbook style. A more iconic image, though it may sacrifice emotional complexity, is finally better suited to the kind of work he is doing. *War in the Neighborhood* is not simply a memoir of his time squatting in East Village apartment buildings in the late '80s and early '90s. It is a history of the neighborhood with nods to the history of immigrant, artistic, and other nonmainstream life in New York. I didn't know, before reading his book, that in order to create Central Park, the city first had to kick dozens, perhaps hundreds, of Irish immigrants squatting in tents and other make-shift dwellings, off the land. Nor that the East Village's proximity to the downtown financial district made it the perfect spot for Yuppies! in the 1960s, who used the Village and Lower East Side as a base from which to drop dollar bills on to the floor of the stock exchange, as the workers on the floor scurried after them.

Now, five years after taking the class and first reading *War in the Neighborhood*, I've picked it up for a second look. It's even better than I remembered, and, distanced from the cassette interviews, notebook entries, and

sketchbook drawings, I have a fuller appreciation of the project as a singular work of art rather than an ongoing process.

Tobocman allows us sympathetic but clear-eyed glimpses of numerous East Village characters, from working- and middle-class renters and owners, to social workers, police officers, local politicians, street poets, the homeless, and, of course, the many squatters and "urban settlers" he knew and, in some cases, lived with.

But just as importantly, *War in the Neighborhood* gives anyone living in the East Village a very clear, detailed account of how the neighborhood has changed over the years, especially the last two decades, when the neighborhood went from being one of the most neglected areas in the five boroughs (a history the East Village shares with parts of the South Bronx) to one of the most fashionable, and, considering its tenement history, expensive neighborhoods in the country.

It's a history that has largely been ignored or forgotten by the mainstream media and by many of the people who now live there. As fascinating and compelling as it is instructive, *War in the Neighborhood's* a must-read for anyone who wants a better sense of how the neighborhood has changed, and the toll those changes took on the many and diverse people who once called the Village home.

Currently out of print, used copies of *War in the Neighborhood* can be found on amazon.com and abebooks.com. The time seems ripe for a second edition ... publishers?

Seth Tobocman's most recent books are *Portraits of Israelis and Palestinians: For My Parents (Soft Skull)* and, with Terry Berkowitz, *Three Cities Against the Wall (Vox Pop)*.

Gary Sullivan is the author of *How to Proceed in the Arts (Faux Press)* and, with Nada Gordon, *Swoon (Granary Books)*. He has just published the third issue of his comic book series, *Elsewhere*, which can be purchased directly from the artist at www.garysullivan.blogspot.com.



War in the Neighborhood gives anyone living in the East Village a very clear, detailed account of how the neighborhood has changed over the years, especially the last two decades.

BOOG CITY

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Espinola Excites!

AntiFolk stalwart writes and fights, plays and stays in Brooklyn

BY JONATHAN BERGER

The Sidewalk Café's Monday night AntiHoot is the event for songwriters on the East Village music scene, featuring some of the best and the brightest solo musicians. There are a variety of memorable events for anyone who frequents the AntiHoots, but one of the highlights for me was Tom Nishioka approaching the stage, announcing that he was going to cover one of his favorite artists. He strums his guitar, playing a beautiful, moving version of "Love Song While Running Away" by Steve Espinola. "I look out on this city on a lonely night," Nishioka sings, "and it seems so big and meaningless, I think that I might ..."

It's good. The audience claps, and soon after, Dan Emery's on stage, a little flustered. Apparently, he was going to cover Espinola, but Tom beat him to the punch.

"Oh, hell," Emery says, and goes into his version of "Love Song While Running Away," more rocking, more merry, more aggressive. "Fuck you, void, I've known love. So there!" he shouts near the end.

The audience applauds, and Emery takes his guitar and exits.

It isn't long before Steve Espinola's number is called, and, at the piano, he is regaled with requests to play the hit of the evening, the most popular song at the most extensive songwriter clique in New York. He does "Love Song While Running Away."

He plays it slowly; he plays it movingly. "I've been loving you since God knows when, if I had it to do over, I'd do it all again. But something in my gut kept pulling on me, saying 'run away, Steven. Get free free free.'"

When he sings the end of each verse, a vaguely doo-woppy, "Oooh, ooh ooh ooh," it pulls at the heartstrings. The piano develops melody and resonance neither of the prior guitarists could muster. There may be dry eyes at the end of the final rendition of the song, but they aren't mine. The evening was sublime.

Steve Espinola, a stalwart of the notorious AntiFolk scene for more than 10 years, is really more of an AntiPop act. His entry on antifolk.net reads "He is antifolk because he is both traditional and futuristic, in a sort of Post-Neo-Now way, plus he is a bit passive-aggressive, and probably doesn't fit anywhere else."

Despite this claim of antisocial behavior, what occupies much of Espinola's time is the fight to protect his neighborhood. A Prospect Heights resident for over a decade, Espinola is part of Develop Don't Destroy Brooklyn (www.dddb.net), the grassroots resistance to Forest City Ratner's Atlantic Yards ("The project is inept and corrupt on so many levels I can't get into all of it," says Espinola). He has raised money for the organization for years, and has served on the Council of Brooklyn Neighborhoods, all the while trying to maintain his home.

"It abuses all known legal definitions of eminent domain, would be funded with millions in taxpayer money, would tax the existing infrastructure beyond all points, and would snarl traffic throughout the entire borough," says Espinola.

His piano-driven songs are catchy, funny, strange, and deeply troubling. His self-taught keyboard chops are extremely competent, so much so that other musicians exploit his talents all the time. The aforementioned Dan Emery, now the manager of the New York City Guitar School, formed The Mystery Band around Espinola's piano and other instruments.

"Dan Emery was recording 'Space Renegade' with someone tuning and detuning an AM radio," says Espinola. "I think he asked me if I could play that live, and I told him that not only could I play it live, I could make it sound really dramatic, and I pulled out my shortwave radio, and I showed him this thing that I haven't done since I was 12 years old. It was just this magic, serendipitous thing, that I was already working with the one guy who, it turned out, wanted a shortwave radio player."

He's also recently worked with The Teenage Prayers and just helped produce and play on the Sprinkle Genies' latest release, *The Class is on Fire*.

Clearly he likes to collaborate, since so many of his projects involve partnerships. When first arriving on the AntiFolk scene in the mid-nineties, Espinola was just finishing up his *Life-O-Phobia* album with Alex Wolf. It starts with the practically perfect "Love Song" that everyone tries to cover. It's also got the hilariously dark "You've Lost Everything," about a terminal patient's last day on earth, and the experimental "U Can't Touch This," with no apologies to MC Hammer.

Espinola is also self-taught on a variety of instruments. He plays a slide guitar on "The Subway Song" like nobody has before; nobody else uses such rudimentary techniques.

While his expertise is certainly with the piano, he is undoubtedly the world's foremost electric tennis racket player. "I invented it," he says.

Placing a pickup and a tuning apparatus on the instrument's 19 strings, Espinola can cause quite a racket. His playing "Rejection" on the unpredictable and earsplitting instrument has been an integral closing number at many an Espinola show.

Of course it's not the only instrument the man has created. There's the Log-a-Rhythm and the two-string longneck dotar, both of which are played to strange effect on *Life-O-Phobia's* Authority Trilogy, a series of experimental songs on what was once Side Two.

The latest solo Steve release is *The Multinamed 2000 Demo Album*, some tracks he recorded, just voice and piano, back at the turn of the millennium. "The demo CD that I made ... that was supposed to be a demo for this guy Andy Morris," Espinola explains. "That thing was recorded in one day, except for two songs."

Morris' heroin overdose was just the first thing to stall the process. "Since I am taking forever to budget, arrange, and record my new songs the way I really want them to sound, I have temporarily taken to selling this hour-long studio demo."



His live performances are something to experience. Erratic and exciting, Espinola has taken to making no preparation for his shows. 'There are times when I get up there I feel I know what I am doing,' he says, 'and there are other times I can go up there and make the nervousness a positive part of the act.'

Espinola's got a perfectionist streak that does not sit well with his psychoses, his DIY ideology, and the changing arrangements he often inflicts on his material. The album does all right, each of which has its own hand-written name. "That's the wonderful thing about the internet, it certainly makes it easier to find something that you know exists. I finally put my last two CDs on my homepage, and I have been getting orders. I think I have the Moldy Peaches to thank for that," says Espinola of how playing with the nationally known group exposed him to a wider audience.

The 2000 demos collection is filled with strong material. From the hauntingly beautiful "Moonlight Song" to the starkly selfish "Famous Famous," Espinola delivers the alternate reality hits. "Lovesick Puppydog," from the late eighties' *Shards of Love*, is a bark-infested track that can still be heard in Steve's sets.

So can "My Thesaurus," a timeless education ode dedicated to the text that helps many a songwriter come up with rhymes and lines. It's a song he generated back in his high school days and is featured on the *Angelfish* album. "This album seems to have a staying power for some that I never could have predicted," says Espinola, "I continue to get orders for it, years later." Also featured is "You are a Slime," which still gets taken out for an occasional performance.

His live performances are something to experience. Erratic and exciting, Espinola has taken to making no preparation for his shows. "There are times when I get up there I feel I know what I am doing, and there are other times I can go up there and make the nervousness a positive part of the act."

What holds his songwriting together is a core of strangeness, and melancholy, and humor. "I figured out at some point that the best way to write a funny song was to make it as horrible and tragic as possible. More tragic than sadness can hold." His songs—and his performances—are beautiful, fragile things, and should be experienced early and often.

For more information visit www.steveespinola.com.

Jonathan Berger is the music editor of Boog City and publisher of Urban Folk (www.myspace.com/urbanfolkzine).

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David Baratier has given featured readings at the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church, University of Pittsburgh, DC Arts Center, and Small Press Traffic, among others. He is the editor of Pavement Saw Press. His poems are anthologized in *American Poetry: The Next Generation* (Carnegie Mellon University Press), *Clockpunchers: Poetry of the American Workplace* (Partisan Press), *Green Meanies* (University of California Press), and *Red, White & Blues* (University of Iowa Press). His poetry collections include *A Run of Letters* (Poetry New York Press), *The Fall Of Because* (Pudding House), *Estrella's Prophecies I: Spinning the Wheel of Fortune* (Runaway Spoon Press), *Estrella's Prophecies II: An American Fortune in Paris* (Anabasis/Extant), *Estrella's Prophecies III: Return of the Magi* (Luna Bisonte Productions), and the epistolary and prose novel *In It What's in It* (Spuyten Duyvil). His forthcoming collections include *after Celan* (Slack Buddha Press) and *Ugly American*.

Dr. Benstock

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Dr. Benstock is a turntable duo, in the tradition of Christian Marclay and Philip Jeck. Using Califone and PAC turntables and records found in Salvation Army bins, turntablists John McDonough and Paul Spencer have created structured pieces and

improvisations referencing the entire universe of recorded music. At any given Benstock performance one may hear the Clash, Berlioz, Sid Vicious, Frank Sinatra, Art Blakey, Charles Mingus, Charles Nelson Reilly, self-hypnosis instructions, Bach, Portuguese poetry, Penderecki, and Van Halen. These records are mixed as a collage but never haphazardly. They are combined to make unique compositions in their own right.



Tony Gloeggler

Tony Gloeggler was born, lived, lives, and expects to die in some part of NYC. He manages a group home for developmentally disabled men in one of the suddenly too cool parts of Brooklyn. His first chapbook, *One On One*, won the Pearl Poetry Prize, and Jane Street Press put out *My Other Life. One Wish Left* (Pavement Saw Press) recently went into its second edition.



Simon Perchik

www.geocities.com/simonthepoet

Simon Perchik is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and *Pavement Saw*, among others. *Family of Man* (Pavement Saw Press) and *Rafts* (Parsifal Editions) are forthcoming in 2007. For more information, including his essay "Magic, Illusion, and Other Realities" and a complete bibliography, please visit his website.



Rachel M. Simon

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Rachel M. Simon lives in Yonkers, N.Y., where she teaches writing to high school and college students, senior citizens, and maximum-security prison inmates. Her book *Theory of Orange* won the Transcontinental Prize from Pavement Saw Press.



Daniel Zimmerman

Daniel Zimmerman teaches at Middlesex County College in Edison, N.J., where he chairs the English department. He served as associate editor of the issue of *Anonym* that first published Ezra Pound's last canto and edited the single-issue magazines *The Western Gate* and *Britannia*. The Institute of Further Studies included his fascicle, *Perspective*, in its series, a curriculum of the soul. He collaborated with American-Canadian artist Richard Sturm on a livre deluxe, *See All The People*, lithographs, serigraphs and embossings (Open Studio/Scarborough College). In 1997 he invented an anagrammatical poetic form, *Isotopes*. His works include the trans-temporal collaboration *blue horitals* (Oasii), with John Clarke; *ISOTOPES* (Frame Publications); *Post-Avant* (Pavement Saw Press), with an introduction by Robert Creeley; and, forthcoming, *ISOTOPES2* (Beard of Bees).

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Lauren Russell

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Lauren Russell is now at the mercy of an idiopathic need to enter language and manipulate it. Her poetry has appeared in *Boog City*, *The Recluse*, and *Van Gogh's Ear*, among others. She is writing an experimental novella.



Mark Lamoureux

7:45 p.m.

www.marklamoureux.com

Mark Lamoureux lives in Astoria, Queens. Spuyten Duyvil/Meeting Eyes Bindery published his first full-length collection, *Astrometry Organon*, earlier this year. He is the author of four chapbooks: *Traceland*, *29 Cheeseburgers*, *Film Poems*, and *City/Temple*. His work has appeared in print and online in *Carve*, *Coconut*, *Conduit*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Fence*, *GutCult*, *Jubilat*, *Lungfull*, *Melancholia's Tremulous Dreadlocks*, *miPoesias*, and *Mustachioed*, among others.

He started Cy Gist Press, a micropress focusing on ekphrastic poetry, in 2006. He is an associate editor for *Fulcrum Annual*, printed matter editor for *Boog City*, and teaches English at Kingsborough Community College.



Rachel Lipson

8:00 p.m.

www.rachellipson.org

www.myspace.com/rachellipson

Rachel Lipson is a Brooklyn-based songwriter who performs her simple, honest songs on guitar, ukulele and banjo. Born near Detroit, she spent her childhood building forts with her brother and sister in the living room, contemplating the dangers of the dark and pizza deliverers, riding horses, and playing with friends. Rachel first picked up a guitar at 16 and after moving to New York a few years later she began crafting the songs that would make up her first album, *This Way*, which she self-released the next year.

In 2003 Rachel released a 7" with Rough Trade recording artist Jeffrey Lewis, on Holland's Nowhere Fast record label and self-released her second album *Some More Songs*. She toured Europe for seven weeks with Lewis and Herman Düne in the summer, including the Mofo festival in Paris in July. In the fall, Rachel recorded a new album at Olive Juice Studios in New York for the forthcoming release *Pastures* on Meccico Records, a U.K. label founded and run by members of Cornershop. Rachel is returning to the studio to record the first album of her side project, *The Scruffles*, with bandmate Jeffrey Lewis.

In the last few years, Rachel has collaborated and performed extensively with Leah Hayes (of La Laque and Scary Mansion), Herman Düne, and others. She has also played alongside Eugene Chadbourne, Kimya Dawson, Daniel Johnston, The Mountain Goats, and Refrigerator, as well as twice performing live on WFMU in New Jersey and on WNYC, a division of NPR.



Joanna Fuhrman

8:30 p.m.

www.hangingloosepress.com/recent.html

www.poetryfoundation.org/archive/poem.html?id=179254

Joanna Fuhrman is the author of three books of poetry, *Freud in Brooklyn*, *Ugh Ugh Ocean*, and *Moraine*, all from Hanging Loose Press.



Gillian McCain

8:45 p.m.

www.twc.org/forums/poetschat/poetschat_gmccain.html

Gillian McCain is the author of two books of poetry, *Tilt* and *Religion*, and the co-author (with Legs McNeil) of *Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk*. She serves on the board of directors of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church.



I Feel Tractor

9:00 p.m.

www.myspace.com/ifeeltractor

www.goodbyebetter.com

I Feel Tractor is available to you with musings of space folk and cut ups.

I Feel Tractor has a self-titled 7" from the Loudmouth Collective, and a CD, *Once I Had an Earthquake*, from Goodbye Better.



Thomas Devaney

9:30 p.m.

www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/devaney.html

www.thomasdevaney.blogspot.com

Thomas Devaney is the author of *A Series of Small Boxes* (Fish Drum Press). He presented "No Silence Here, Enjoy the Silence" this spring at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia for the "Locally Localized Gravity" show. Devaney writes about poetry for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Recent work has appeared in *Jubilat*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, and *The Sienese Shredder*. He is a Penn Senior Writing Fellow in the English department at the University of Pennsylvania.



The Passenger Pigeons

9:50 p.m.

www.myspace.com/rachelandrew

Andrew Phillip Tipton met Rachel Talentino in Savannah while working at The Gap. A common love for catchy melodies, Carole King, and boys led them to Brooklyn. As The Passenger Pigeons (né The Sparrows), Andrew and Rachel make up the cutest anti-folk duo around! Simple and lovely.



Wanda Phipps

10:20 p.m.

www.mindhoney.com

Wanda Phipps is a writer/performer living in Brooklyn. She is the author of *Wake-Up Calls: 66 Morning Poems* (Soft Skull Press), *Your Last Illusion or Break Up Sonnets* (Situations), *Lunch Poems* (Boog Literature), and the Faux Press issued e-chapbook *After the Mishap* and CD-Rom *Zither Mood*. Her poetry has appeared in over 100 publications. She has received awards from the New York Foundation for the Arts, the Meet the Composer/International Creative Collaborations Program, *Agni Journal*, the National Theater Translation Fund, and the New York State Council on the Arts. She's also curated reading and performance series at the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church and is a founding member of the Yara Arts Group, a resident theater company of La Mama, E.T.C.

David Baratier

10:35 p.m.

(see Thursday)



The Leader

11:00 p.m.

www.olivejuicemusic.com/theleader.html

The Leader rock out with the dynamic grace of two sonic gymnasts (in formal attire). Careening through a thousand time signatures and pop genres, bassist Julie DeLano and drummer Sam Lazzara reign supreme over the low end, with suspenseful rhythmic patterns beneath wickedly clever melodies and lyrics. It would be math rock if it weren't so soulful ... yeah.



Nan and the Charley Horses

12:00 a.m.

www.olivejuicemusic.com/nan.html

www.myspace.com/nanturner

Vocally, she's the missing link between Kathleen Hanna and Juliana Hatfield, with a wail matched only by her whisper. The Lucy Ricardo of indie rock, her zany, goof-ball spirit is cut only by the fierce sexuality of her drumming style (see Schwervon!). Raised on the outskirts of Olympia, Wash., Nan was studying theater when the riot grrrl movement seduced her into a life of rock 'n' roll. After several years with the power-pop girl band Bionic Finger, Nan went solo with her jangly, eclectic EP *Leg Out*, but her one-woman act soon morphed into the all-girl Pantsuit. After touring the U.K. with their French-released *The Path From the House to the Lawn*, Pantsuit has established itself as a virtual gland of playful melodies, moody sounds, and old-school feminist ferocity.

Presently, Nan is writing songs on keys and guitar and experimenting live with a rotating cast of musicians she has coined the One Night Stands, among other monikers. Her new EP, *For Champs and Losers, Version I*, is out now on Olive Juice Music.

**SATURDAY AUGUST 4,
11:00 A.M. Free,
5:00 P.M. \$5**

**Cakeshop
152 Ludlow St.**

(Venue is bet. Stanton and Rivington sts.)
NYC
Directions: F/V to 2nd Ave.

11:00 a.m.

**4th Annual
Small, Small Press Fair**

**With 15 on the 15's
a 15-minute musical
performance at the fair
each hour on the 15's**

**Robert Kerr 11:15 a.m., 12:15 p.m.,
and 1:15 p.m.**



Robert Kerr is a playwright and songwriter living in Brooklyn. He wrote the book and lyrics for the short musical *The Sticky-Fingered Fiancée*, and the songs for his plays *Kingdom Gone* and *Meet Uncle Casper*, as well as his Brothers Grimm adaptations *Bearskin* and *The Juniper Tree*. He was a founding member of the Minneapolis band *Alien Detector*.

**Sean T. Hanratty 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m.,
and 4:15 p.m.**



www.myspace.com/seanthanratty
Sean T. Hanratty is straight outta Brooklyn and on his way into your shower, by way of you singing his memorably melodic and incredibly enchanting songs while

you bathe... of course.

**5:15 p.m.
Readings and
The Fugs, Village Fugs**

Amy King 5:15 p.m.



www.amyking.org
www.mipoesias.com
Amy King is the author of *I'm the Man Who Loves You* (BlazeVOX Books), *Antidotes for an Alibi* (BlazeVOX Books), and *The People Instruments* (Pavement Saw Press). She teaches creative writing and English at Nassau Community College, is the editor-in-chief for the literary arts journal *MiPOesias*, and is also a member of the Poetics List Editorial Board.

Nathaniel Siegel 5:30 p.m.



Nathaniel Siegel is a poet, artist, and activist. He is an advisor to Study Abroad on the Bowery at The Bowery Poetry Club. His work has been included in *Art Around the Park* at The Howl Festival, and group shows at the Leslie Lohman Gallery in SoHo. He is a member of ACT UP NYC and the Queer Justice League. His first chapbook is forthcoming from Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs.

Christina Strong 5:45 p.m.

www.xtina.org
www.openmouth.org
www.bookwhore.com

Christina Strong is a poet and designer who lives in Red Hook, Brooklyn. Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs published her chapbook, *[Anti-Erato]* and Faux Press her e-book *Utopian Politics*. Her poems have appeared in *Boog City*, *Jacket*, *Magazine CyPress*, *POM2*, and *Shampoo*, among others. She is the editor of Openmouth Press and the politics editor of *Boog City*, as well as manager of the above websites.

Ian Wilder 6:00 p.m.



www.onthewilderside.net
Ian Wilder's life has always veered between art and politics. On the cultural side, he has published chapbooks, given dozens of poetry readings, wrote newspaper articles, and hosted events. At a master class, Yevgeny Yevtushenko proclaimed that Ian's snowflake poem is perfect. He has performed spoken word as a part of the near-mythic folk groovin' band Nylon & Steel, and was co-founding lyricist for the duo Spiritwalkers. His work with Nylon & Steel can be found on the album *Slip Behind the Molecule*.

Politically, he co-founded the Babylon Greens and was co-chair of the Green Party of New York State. He currently represents Long Island to the GPUS Presidential Campaign Support Committee.

John Coletti 6:15 p.m.



John Coletti grew up in Santa Rosa, Calif. and Portland, Ore. before moving to New York City 12 years ago. He is the author of *Physical Kind* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs/Boku Books), *The New Normalcy* (Boog Literature), and *Street Debris* (Fell Swoop), a collaboration with poet Greg Fuchs with whom he co-edits Open 24 Hours Press.

CAConrad 6:30 p.m.



www.CAConrad.blogspot.com
www.myspace.com/CAConrad
CAConrad's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poet (www.phillysound.blogspot.com). Soft Skull Press published his book *Deviant Propulsions* last year.

Greg Fuchs 6:50 p.m.



www.gregfuchs.com
Greg Fuchs is a multi-disciplinary artist living in The Bronx. He works in a variety of media including audio, digital, photography, poetry, and prose often placed in alternative art spaces including independent media organizations, non-profit galleries, and small press magazines. His latest work is *Metropolitan Transit* published by Brooklyn-based publisher Isabel Lettres.

**back issues,
upcoming
events,
and more**

Kristin Prevallet 7:05 p.m.



www.kayvallet.com
Kristin Prevallet's most recent book is *I, Afterlife: Essay in Mourning Time* (Essay Press). She is a 2007 NYFA poetry fellow and lives in Brooklyn.

Eliot Katz 7:20 p.m.



Eliot Katz is the author of five books of poetry, including, most recently, *When the Skyline Crumbles: Poems for the Bush Years* (Cosmological Knot Press) and *View from the Big Woods: Poems from North America's Skull* (Cosmological Knot Press). A cofounder, with Danny Shot, of *Long Shot* literary journal, Katz guest-edited the journal's 2004 "Beat Bush issue." He is also a coeditor, with Allen Ginsberg and Andy Clausen, of *Poems for the Nation* (Seven Stories Press). Called "another classic New Jersey bard" by Ginsberg, Katz worked for many years as a housing advocate for Central Jersey homeless families. He lives in New York City, and works as a freelance writer and editor.

**Rodrigo Toscano and his
Collapsible Poetics Theater 7:35 p.m.**



www.woodlandpattern.org/poems/rodrigo_toscano01.shtml
Rodrigo Toscano is the author of *To Leveling Swerve*, *Platform*, *The Disparities*, and *Partisans*. Toscano is also the artistic coordinator of the Collapsible Poetics Theater. His experimental poetics plays, polyvocalic pieces, masques, anti-masques, and radio plays have recently been performed at Los Angeles' Disney Redcat Theater; the Ontological Theater Poets Plays Festival; New Langton Arts Space in San Francisco; Vancouver, Canada; Teubingen, Germany; the Poet's Theater Jamboree 2007 at the California College of the Arts Auditorium, and, most recently, at the Yockadot Poetics Theater Festival in Alexandria, Va. Toscano is originally from the Borderlands of California. He lives in Greenpoint township of Brooklyn, and works in Manhattan at the Labor Institute.

**The Fugs, Village Fugs
7:55 p.m.**

I Feel Tractor

(see Friday)
1. Slum Goddess
2. Ah, Sunflower Weary of Time

Scott M.X. Turner



3. Supergirl
4. Swinburne Stomp
Scott M.X. Turner's quarter-century of musical output has involved punk rock bands (The Spunk Lads, The Service), Irish punk (The Devil's Advocates), ska (one tumultuous tour with Bad Manners), soundtrack music for films (a bunch of documentaries), and his one-man/one-guitar assemblage, RebelMart, is recording its new album *Brooklyn Is Dying*. His writings have appeared in *Boog City*, *Elysian Fields Quarterly*, and *Lurch*, among others. As a coordinator of Fans For Fair Play and a steering committee member of Develop Don't Destroy Brooklyn, Turner's joined thousands to fight overdevelopment in NYC, starting with Bruce Ratner's disastrous Atlantic Yards project. He lives with archeologist Diane George and the dogs Sirius and Tikkanen near Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

Paul Cama



www.youtube.com/user/TheCenter
5. I Couldn't Get High
6. How Sweet I Roamed From Field to Field
Paul Cama started to play drums at 14, performing all kinds of music from jazz to blues to pop. He plays jazz in a big band in St. James. He was in the folk rock Americana band Nylon & Steel from 1989-1997. They released the album *Slip Behind the Molecule* in 1995. Cama also is a singer-songwriter guitarist and occasionally play solo gigs. He is playing drums in the improv band The Center For Hearing & Dizziness, which improvises new sounds to vintage films in the tradition of silent movies. They will be releasing their first full-length DVD/CD later this year.

The Actual Feelings

7. Carpe Diem
8. My Baby Done Left Me
The Actual Feelings are an assemblage of egos, chopped separately and thrown together to make a tasty gazpacho. Their ingredient list is elastic. For this Fugs tribute they will most likely consist of Steve Espinola, Debby Schwartz, Heather Hoover, Andy Gilchrist, Erica Simonian, Andrew Rohn, and Catherine Capellero, with some cilantro, tomatoes, and peppers. The Actual Feelings manifesto calls for the immediate release of the complete 1965 Fugs sessions, including, but not limited to, the out-of-print recordings once found on *Virgin Fugs*, *Fugs Four Rounders Score*, and the alternate, primitive, Broadside LP release of *The Village Fugs*. The Actual Feelings have yet to hear the song "Bull Tongue Clit," and need to at once.

Juanburguesa



www.myspace.com/jonathanberger
9. Boobs a Lot
Jonathan Berger writes about music, reads poetry, and eats Twinkies. In between these, he sometimes performs with his band, Juanburguesa.

Huggabroomstik



www.huggabroomstik.com
www.myspace.com/lehuggacoustique

10. Nothing
Neil and Dashan started Huggabroomstik on January 7, 2001. The original name they went by was "Toenail Fungus Clippings Up Your A\$\$hole Bi+ch." The first song they came up with was "You Ask For Peanuts, You Get Popcorn, Bi+ch," which featured Benny Hadley singing through the telephone. Huggabroomstik has gone through a lot of changes through the past couple of years, but one thing that will never change is their love for the rock. Not Rock & Roll, but crack rock. So far, Huggabroomstik has been content playing shows in and around NYC, but they dream of making it all the way to Nashville.

**www.
welcome
to
boogcity
.com**

SUNDAY AUGUST 5
1:30 P.M., 3:45 P.M.
\$5 for the festival day

Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery Venue is at E.1st St.
NYC

Directions: F/V to 2nd Ave., 6 to Bleecker

1:30 p.m. The Future of Small Press Publishing

curated and moderated by Mitch Highfill

David Baratier

(see Thursday)

Bob Hershon

Bob Hershon is a poet whose collections include *Into a Punchline*, *The German Lunatic*, and *Calls from the Outside World*. He is co-editor of *Hanging Loose Press* and executive director of *The Print Center*, a non-profit gallery in Philadelphia.



Mitch Highfill

www.fauxpress.com/e/highfill.pdf

Mitch Highfill is the author of *Koenig's Sphere*, and the forthcoming *Rebis* (Open Mouth Press).

Brenda Iijima

www.yoyolabs.com

Brenda Iijima is the author of *Around Sea* (0 Books). Her book of drawings, collages, and poems,



If Not Metamorphic, to be published by Ahsahta. She is the editor of *Portable Press* at Yo-Yo Labs.

Jill Stengel



www.durationpress.com/abend

Poet and publisher Jill Stengel lives in Davis, Calif. with her husband and three young children. She has two new chaps due out later this year: *maybe* (dusie) and *wreath* (Textfiles). She's the editor of *a+bend press*, former prolific publisher of chapbooks in conjunction with a reading series in San Francisco. *a+bend* is now publishing *mem*, a journal of writing by poets who are currently mothering young children, and *page mothers*.

3:45 p.m. Readings and musical performances

Drew Gardner's Poetics Orchestra 3:45 p.m.



Animate, Inanimate Aims, is just out from Litmus Press. She was also the runner-up for Ahsahta Press's Sawtooth Prize, selected by Peter Gizzi, with her book,

The Poetics Orchestra plays improvisational music with poetry, conducted by Drew Gardner. It features Gene Cawley, Ty Cumbie, Ken Kubo, and Michael Scharf on guitar, François Grillot on bass, and poetry from Nada Gordon and Kim Lyons.

Kimberly Lyons

4:15 p.m.



Kimberly Lyons is the author of *Saline* (Instance Press). A chapbook from *Portable Press* at Yo-Yo Labs/Katalanché Press is forthcoming.

Gary Sullivan

4:30 p.m.



www.garysullivan.blogspot.com

Gary Sullivan is the author of *How to Proceed in the Arts* (Faux Press) and, with Nada Gordon, *Swoon* (Granary Books). He has published three issues of his comic book series *Elsewhere* and lives in Brooklyn with Nada and their two cats, Dante and Nemo.

Brenda Iijima

4:45 p.m.

(see 1:30 p.m. panel)

Drew Gardner's Poetics Orchestra 5:15 p.m.

Jill Stengel

5:35 p.m.

(see 1:30 p.m. panel)

Mitch Highfill

(see 1:30 p.m. panel)

5:55 p.m.

Nada Gordon

6:10 p.m.



cartoonist and poet Gary Sullivan.

www.ululate.blogspot.com

Nada Gordon is the author of five books, including the recently released *Folly* from Roof Books. She lives happily on Ocean Parkway with the

Sean Cole

6:25 p.m.



www.shampooetery.com/ShampooTwentyfour/coles.html

Sean Cole is the author of the chapbooks *By the Author* (Boog Literature) and *Itty City* (Pressed Wafer),

and Boog's first full-length, single-author collection *The December Project*. His work has appeared in *Black Clock*, *Carve*, *Magazine Cypress*, *Pavement Saw*, *Pom2*, and *Torch*. Cole also writes stories for public radio and bios like this one.

Concordance

Poetry, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge
 Drawings, Kiki Smith

PAPERBACK, \$29

Limited signed edition with pochoir print
 on hand made paper, \$350

A new collaborative work by two acclaimed contemporary artists inspired by Smith's image of a dandelion, whose floating silks Smith compares to reading.

Berssenbrugge's poem traces embeddings of human and animal bodies, ideas, dreams and emotion in a concordance of parallel and contingent contexts.

"I try to expand a field by dissolving polarities. All my poems are written with an intimate voice that's also an instrument for dissolving borders."

—Mei-mei Berssenbrugge
 BOMB, Summer 2006



KELSEY STREET PRESS

Newcomer Can't Swim

Prose, Renee Gladman

PAPERBACK, \$16.95

In a tour de force of living language, Renee Gladman recreates the condition of life for the 21st century flaneur lost in urban America amid a confusion of aims, identities, and communication devices whose music is loss.

Celebrating Barbara Guest

and her distinguished history of collaborations with artists

Symbiosis with artist Laurie Reid, \$19.

Limited signed edition with artist's original drawing, \$100.

Stripped Tales with artist Anne Dunn, \$14.

Limited signed edition with artist's original color drawing, \$50.

Please visit our website for podcasts, discounts and other titles:

www.kelseyst.com 510-845-2260

Miki Katagiri

Williamsburg

Statement

Each one of my creations has an opinion.....(and you can wear them!)

My process begins as an idea or picture in my mind.

When I manifest the idea into a physical form, I sometimes have strong feelings I know are not a coincidence. These feelings I experience have the power to change my creation.

To me art is more than a sculpture, it's your life, it's how you live, it's noticing the atmosphere in which you exist.

At all times you should be aware of what you see, what you hear, and what you feel! Even though you can't see or hear certain changes, you can still feel them in your cells. The universe is all around you and you should notice what is going on.

You could be an ant.
You could be a bird.
You could be any creature.
Be the wind.
Be the earth.

If you let yourself be the earth, you would see she is crying from what human beings have done to her.

We should appreciate what she has given us and return heart-fullness.

With my art I want to connect people together and unite ourselves again with the earth.

We must wake up and change.
We can change the world if we want.
Use the universal language.

Life is art



White poppy seeds, 2005; Felt, fake flowers, beads, dried poppy, veil, 20" x 8" x 13" I read an article that said the Afghan government sprayed pesticides to destroy the poppy fields. Instead, cows were killed and kids got sick.



Wander bear, 2004; Felt, beads, wood curved bear, branch, 13"x 11"x 11" When Japanese invaded Ainu in Hokkaido, a lot of Ainu people got killed. Now they make wood curve bear to sell to tourists. I hope we care more about people and woods too.

About the Artist Miki Katagiri has been living in Williamsburg, Brooklyn and exhibiting her work in the New York City area and internationally for 17 years. Through her sculptural hats she challenges people to think about making a better world. The above pieces are from her Political Hats series.

Nathaniel Siegel

Upper East Side

excerpt from no!

stench
offering
raise a corpse
his or her
feet jump
his or her
needs rise
needs rising
invigorate Latin Quarter

approach a day
two and two
do they include
him or her
angry
dearly departing
in an
instant
why else
come here
the two men
and a ghost

ours passed away
dust
crypt
the body remains
blue state link
read all about it
the news
verb direct
object adjective
bludgeoned
one severed
with a T
may day
day glo
past , tense
hollow laughter
ever after
dead or alive
had by all

mourning
high
another son
beat down
bludgeoned
beads of
sweat
on Crescent

that girl
that boy
that man
that woman
hammock
not getting up again
dead (understood)
What is remarkable ?
from major
to minor
the core can rot
forays
carry-on
who says
who does the sayin

this is no cabaret
no license
licentious
like an apple
crazy
annoying lake
of course

he or she
is quiet
now (understood)

EMERGENCY !
alliteration
illiterate nation
are you telling
stories
out of turn
gone to pot
got to put in
the machine
cars in capitals
"911 is working"*
[now that the city
is empty]
*9/9/05 news report

Babylon burning
Babylon burning
there is no water
savage
look to the sky
Les Hommes
a skeleton bone hand
writes this
you're coming with

a praying mantis
routed
lullaby friends
bloody
sample
sever
solder
was he great
he built
Monticello
he kept
slaves
in the full
sense
one way to make dead
on your knees
before a white
cross (understood)
minds wasted
by designed devices
electronic voting

the tents
get on the bus
grateful dead
skeleton
says the road
is open
a head
a state
of right mind
among us
essence
spirit
in possession
i want to puke
bring Rwanda up
Roots now this
is fucked up
the swamp trees
where they dug down
reaching for soil
oil
i am sick, again
do the math
angels
obvious owner
ships LaJolla
like you could put him or her
on a scale
sort it out
the union
nation numb
numb nation
nation dumb

dumb nation
nation thumb
thumb nation
hitching a ride
going out
of town
ATOMIC

the ghosts are there
they keep guard
turnaway turnip
put the needle
on the record
where is his tomb
you dropped
the bomb
on me , baby
you dropped
the bomb.
a story with
scrooge in it
and a medium
model t shirts
are white
that sheet is soaked
in shit and blood
you fucking asshole
marriage ?
you dance with
you come with
the one you go
how can the word
home find a place
in this
death
sentence

at last
community we
weeeeeeeeeee
him or her says
a wishing
you well
battle unions
and bullshit
and one day
at a time
on wood
hope floats
corrugated tin
shacks
this government
is corrupt
the furniture
makeover pie
bones dem bones
all together
now
different
N.O.

About the Poets

Joanna Fuhrman (cover and facing page) is the author of three books of poetry, *Freud in Brooklyn*, *Ugh Ugh Ocean*, and *Moraine*, all published by Hanging Loose Press. **Nada Gordon** is the author of five books, including the recently released *Folly* from Roof Books. She is in love with the peoples of the world. Explore her blog at www.ululate.blogspot.com. **Nathaniel Siegel** is a poet, artist, and activist. Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs will be publishing his first chapbook later this year. **Gary Sullivan** lives in Brooklyn with Nada Gordon and has just finished the third issue of his comic book series *Elsewhere*.

Nada Gordon

Kensington, Brooklyn

Alpaca Lips (6/6/06)

Today is the first day
of the end of the world.

I feel that in a weaving
fever. Oxen breathe out stars –
men, spiny digits.

Shelly Winters bloats
into murky paralysis.
This is the first face of
crumbling.

It's right to see the trees
as feathery convolutions
drooping fallaciously, and
spraying into toxic puffs.

Enforcers circle a merkin
with nosebleeds and determination.

The sighing? Transparent frogs.
Black ships? Alpaca lips.
Querulous guzheng.

In one corner, asters
of disaster. In another,
blooms of doom.
Reverse-phase eluction:
duniya destruction.

Red ants on a lemon
or a dopey lotus –
itching feeling of why.

Planes and lines break up
into harsher melodies.

Thick white noodles

fall from the sky
and stick to faces bloody
from banging on desks
in internet rage.

Hey you with your couscous
and maraschinos, here's
some gut bombs for the war
on aether.

I'm onto something –
a great black beast.

I like to have a little lute
to tickle while the world's ending.

Gary Sullivan

Kensington, Brooklyn

Poetry

I first met Dylan Thomas's poems when I was 14
a stormy, angry, poetry-writing age
That's a good moment to encounter a poet
especially if they're at a stormy, angry, poetry-writing age

Angry / Poetrymudslide (3/22) stumpy teeth love (8/01)
Those poems that can be called rants–
or just angry poetry. Time period: Times.
Poems I wrote in Korea (8/01)

Fighting another onslaught of self-esteem inferiority
Poetry by a angry poet ... darkwaters I
Angry poetry for the masses: Marissa Juárez
Chitcyn strictlyme • CrouchingPolly Annes Pony

I talked to Mia's Mom yesterday
and Mia's doing all right
she's tracking media representations
of mixed peoples & writing

Angry Poetry←—BACK TO NLBNF
My Pathetic (Stupid, really) Need to be Loved
"but that was angry poetry," she says
"This isn't angry poetry Wootton says slam poetry"

Take My Identity Please, Hang-ups
he confesses to being hit in the head with a rock
by an angry poetry student
Now I want music only and the sounds of people

Depressed or Angry - View as HTML
loose symbols and images by Elmar Driver
Crimson Krystal V 2.0 Poetry » Love - Rated: M
Angst/Poetry - Being Angry (Poetry)

Splendid Thing (poem) by Nordette Adams
Czury ,Perihelion, Bill Dutson, Poems
Edmund and Ruth Frow, peopleprogress/
Angel_Tears/350731 - 14k - Cached - Similar pages

POETRY

Joanna Fuhrman

Carroll Gardens

Why are all the Elephants Crying?

I am wrinkle-free.
which isn't a problem
except for the clock bird
trapped in my curls.
It's been on fire
for awhile now
which makes
my step-parents
ramp up
my insurance policies
and enroll me
in a clone school
where no one looks
the same
though
everyone is.

Garden Party

with Olive Juice Music
and **BOOG CITY**

*a summer series,
in the Suffolk Street Community Garden
(Suffolk St., bet. Houston & Stanton sts.)*

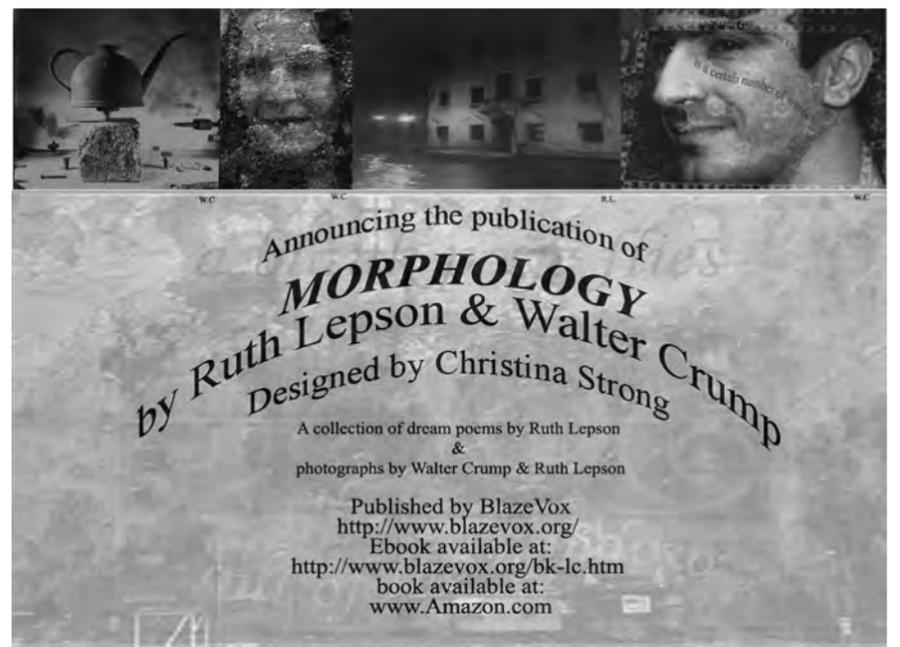
Sat. July 28, 4:00 p.m.

poems from David Kirschenbaum

Estelle and Irwin Kirschenbaum interviewed

on growing up in the Lower East Side

music from Casey Holford and Preston Spurlock



TWO WRONGS

TED GREENWALD & HAL SAULSON



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WELCOME TO

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FOUR DAYS OF POETRY AND MUSIC THURS. AUG. 2-SUN. AUG. 5, 2007

for COMPLETE SCHEDULE of Events, please turn to Page 5.