

Following The Leader: The Greatest Band You've Never Heard

BY NICOLE CHIN

The lights are dim and illusive as a steady, deep beat begins. Bum. B-bum. Bum. A drum flirts with the beat and together, the melody speeds up and dances. Bum. B-bum. Bum. Next comes a belly-deep voice, one that booms from inside the singer and emerges a strong serenade. "I called my friends up on the phone. Will you please tell me I'm not alone? I looked to my parents and I plead. Can you please tell me you've seen this all before?"

The musicians are formally dressed. The lead singer is in a vintage short summer dress with a red flower on her left side, her auburn hair falls only to the end of her ears. Her bass is clear, adding unusualness to what is already unique. The drummer is in a black suit; his dark brown hair short and neatly cropped. He sits straight up, playing a three-piece set, with a bass, wooden snare, and high hat. The venue is small and no more than 15 people are in attendance, but the duo continues to play like it's Madison Square Garden.

The Leader, Julie Delano and Sam Lazzara, met in high school up in Buffalo. He was one of her brother's friends, playing together in a number of classic rockesque bands. She, the younger sibling, would eventually play in a band singing punk covers. Delano halted her amateur music career and went to Parsons School of Design. Lazzara would attend Peabody Conservatory and The University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music for his bachelor's degrees, and to Brooklyn College for his master's in music performance.

When they started dating, Lazzara was finished with his adventures in different New York rock bands. It was then he discovered that Delano could write and more. "I don't even think I knew that she could sing," he said. "For years we were together. Imagine living with someone, for three or four years, and I didn't really know that she could sing."

'As far as The Leader goes, many of our lyrics are political or religious,' Delano said. 'It was just the idea of having a leader and following a leader—but most importantly being your own leader.'

A mutual friend had asked Delano to play bass for his performance. Lazzara said he was really surprised. "I'll never forget that line that she sang that really brought life to his recording," he said. "I don't remember the lyric, but she sang this counter note and I just remember, 'Wow, that really lifted that section.' That's when I first realized that she was really talented."

They recognized that Delano had several songs that fit with Lazzara's drums. It was 1998, the birth of their band.

"As far as The Leader goes, many of our lyrics are political or religious," Delano said. "It was just the idea of having a leader and following a leader—but most importantly being your own leader."

Now almost a decade later, both in their late thirties, most of their performances come only when requested by friends or fans. While Delano writes and sings, Lazzara mainly plays the drums. He writes two songs for every eight she perfects. He enjoys, though, when she can "embellish" upon what he's



written, and fix it up. It is clear the two of them are two ends of a path connected in the middle, never to separate.

"Her history of learning to play music was very organic and started at a young age," Lazzara said. "Mine was much more forced, going to school and getting my degrees. But we both have a love of music and we come at it with different perspectives."

They don't hesitate to admit where one lacks, the other completes. In the beginning, Lazzara was the technical genius while Delano, born into a family of musicians, had a natural ability to sing.

"My perception of it is where I lacked in technical ability, he is like a super drummer," Delano said. "But he had to learn how to sing; it was something he really wanted to learn how to do. In the beginning that tested my patience that he was trying to learn how to sing and it tested his patience that I couldn't play."

It's a dynamic that clearly exists outside of their musical relationship. Lazzara is talkative; Delano is observant. He is profound, while she is verbose. They have an off stage chemistry that is so strong it fuses directly into their music.

"I couldn't sing and she couldn't play," Lazzara said of their beginning.

They were the perfect combination.

What has taken people to The Leader over the last decade wasn't their music or their unusual sound. There is no guitar in their duo, or a full kit. The Leader creates heavy beats and simple melodies with a bass and a drum set, the complexity of their songs not known by an outside ear. Only a musician is able to realize how difficult it is to write songs with the simple strum of a bass.

They have the quintessential chemistry, very reminiscent of some of the infamous duos of the last century. They argue, they support each other, and when it comes down to the end of everything—their day or their gig or a quiet afternoon in a coffee shop—they complete each other.

The Leader has been around long enough to understand the music business of New York City. They know venues are

hard to come by. They see music more as a passion than a career, which is why they fit in so nicely into the Olive Juice Music camp. The Leader is just one of 21 acts that are part of the D.I.Y. label collective, under the benevolent dictatorship of one Matt Roth. Olive Juice promotes shows and interconnectivity, allowing each act's fan base to cross-pollinate and grow.

"They organize playing in Europe and in a lot of different countries so Olive Juice is an important force to tap into," Lazzara said. "We get myspace hits from Europe. We sell records occasionally. They are able to get our product out on some level and for a band like us that doesn't have a record label, it's like the way of a record label—it's perfect."

It's a dynamic that clearly exists outside of their musical relationship. Lazzara is talkative; Delano is observant. He is profound, while she is verbose. They have an off stage chemistry that is so strong it fuses directly into their music.

Of course, The Leader is just one musical outlet that Lazzara and Delano share. Sam now teaches and plays for a regional orchestra, though his most satisfying music production comes from those occasional Friday night gigs with Julie, under orange light in front of a small audience of mostly friends. The reward isn't money, he said, but creating something that's never been heard before.

And then there's the duo's alter ego, The Lounge Leader, a jazz band that expands the lineup, playing old jazz standards in an entirely different set of clubs. Lazzara admits to finding pleasure in hearing the music come alive from his instrument. He plays the vibraphone in the band, Delano sings and they hire an upright bass player, a drummer and a trumpet player. They rarely perform because of the cost of hiring band mates.

"It's an amazing thing and it's very rewarding for me," Lazzara said. "What makes The Leader rewarding is creating a song, and what makes The Lounge Leader rewarding is kind of different—just studying a song and bringing back to life a song that's already been written."

Nicole Chin is a rising senior and journalism major at Azusa Pacific University and a native of Pasadena, Calif.



The Leader at the Welcome to Boog City festival.
Nathaniel Siegel photo

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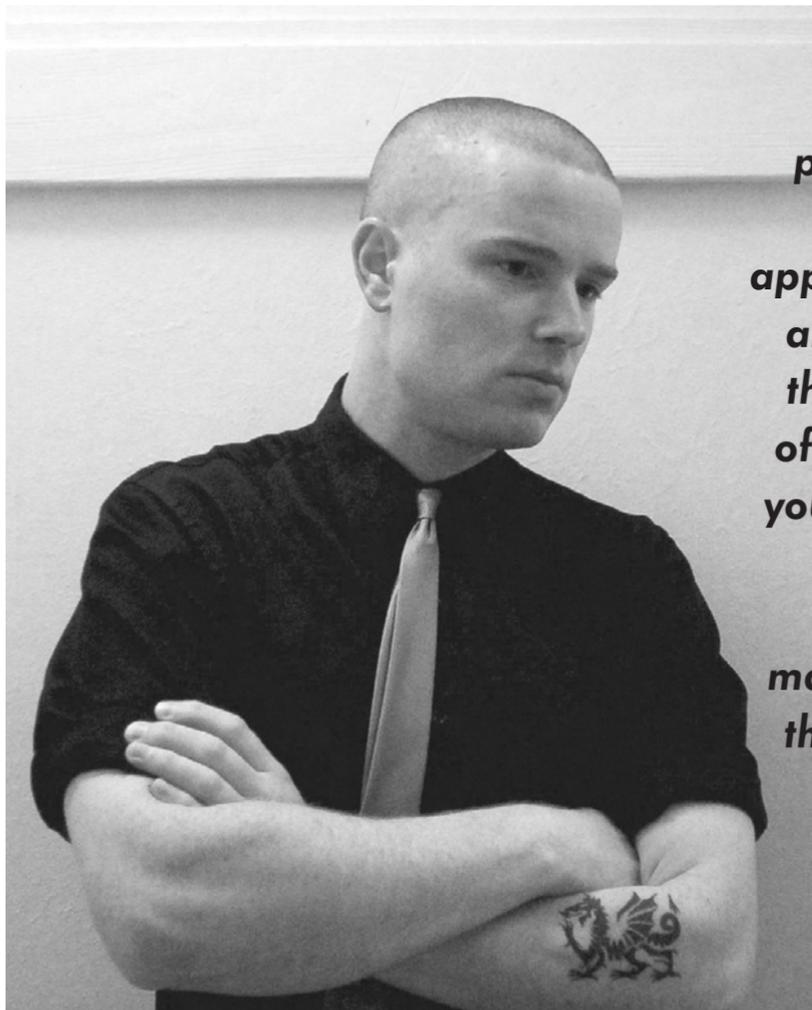
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PRINTED MATTER



Smith's book is peppered with apparitions, ardor and the image of the lone young man against the bad machine of the world.

the reader to put such easy classification aside.

The Singers is simply far too nuanced and

abstract to bear comparison to an aesthetic movement that valued brevity and simplicity above all else. What *The Singers* and punk rock have in common, however, is a debt to the Romantic Movement. Smith's book is peppered with apparitions, ardor, and the image of the lone young man against the bad machine of the world:

Launch. Get off. Get around and land safely. It's all about travel and How heroes were often in the mix of different landscapes. Mountains and castles. Prairies and fairies, damsels and towers. Handsome loot and hair to pull. Lots of sex for the making, if the making is to be caught.

Smith's beloved Giants also make frequent appearances as Romantic heroes (Smith turns their name literal and casts them as actual giants amid the likes of Sir Gawain, Golems, and other characters borrowed from the pages of fantastic narratives:

Dominating the West. The west controlled by Giants' hands
Making waves. The game a little bit closer.
Snow in the air, at the plate, and melting on the lake. Time to meet the Lady. With the lead cut in half. To take the sword shone.
Shining in moonlight and snow on the water. A walk. Lead off on second and first. At home, the Hero thinks he knows what's

coming. In a blink.
A swing. Bad pitch. A ball. Game over.
The snow melts
In the air and the clear sky.

Smith's use of song lyrics is subtle and unselfconscious, the eponymous singers take their places beside the other ghosts and heroes in the text. What sings through these words are traces and echoes like the traces and echoes of the past and the future that are to be found in the pages of *The Singers*. What can also be heard is the roar of the crowd as Smith steps to the plate, swings, and sends one into the stratosphere.

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

Progress Report sight progress

By Zhang Er

Translation from Chinese

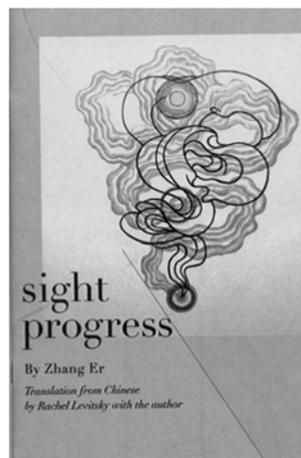
by Rachel Levitsky with the author

Pleasure Boat Studio

By Scott Glassman

Zhang Er's *sight progress* positions the feminine power from which all life springs beside the cool neurological operations of the five senses. That power and physiological receptivity occur within a displaced traveler whose locations are often overwhelming, yet strangely transient.

In these geocentric, historically aware prose poems, Er takes up position "on the border between bright and dark," tourist-like, though never pressed for time. She keeps herself transparent for the most part, and,



in doing so, she allows the reader to more directly experience the living objects that enter her field.

Without any need for verbal acrobatics or emotional embellishment, Er paints the milling beauty of a Nanjing market, the indigo backdrop of a sky blazing with stars, a detritus-littered sea that might be found in any country, and the stark gray marble monuments of a Roman courtyard. The cross-sectional world enters into Er's narrative structure with a factual and unfiltered demeanor. One floating among many is a common theme, tinged with a subtle longing for rootedness, as in the poem "Enjoying Odysseus":

Regardless of its destiny, whether or not it's one day going to be an actual tree, the seed that drifted here has no route for return.

In the startling little poem "NuShu: The Secret Language of Women," Er's self-restraint takes on culturally charged significance, eliciting in a mere two lines ("Hey you guys,/ shut up!") the repression that women have endured for thousands of years in China. Written language,

The cross-sectional world enters into Er's narrative structure with a factual and unfiltered demeanor.

we learn through her footnote, was coded and passed down secretly from mother to daughter so as not to incur the wrath of a male-dominated educational hegemony.

The frontal boundary where antiquated passivity (muteness) meets the willful seizing of one's life (speech) triggers a low thunder throughout her work. Er approaches the world with a curious openness and Zen-like observational candor that echoes Polish filmmaker Krzysztof Kieslowski's recommendation to "live attentively." She quotes his advice in the poem "Storm," adding that "there's no deeper moral to the story." The next statement, darkly funny, turns us back on the inexorable, unimpassioned progress of life: "That said, he [Kieslowski] later dies in a routine cardiac operation."

The question of an involved versus detached self runs through *sight progress* with no satisfying resolution, showing how Eastern vision channeled through poetic consciousness can either absorb, exist apart from, or gently transform a Westernized world. "What do you dream? What do [you?] write?" Er asks. Her answer: "On the balcony, cool sea breeze. Uncolorful fish, in sea." Perennial aesthetic fertility confronts implacable objects, activity, anchors. So maybe the best answer is that there is nothing you can do and nothing you cannot do. One can be sure, however, as Er writes in "Memorandum for the Not Yet Born," that her poems are not "mere decoration on the enterprise of others" but rather "points of splendor caught by mortal hands."

Scott Glassman is the author of five chapbooks *Exertions* (Cy Gist Press), *Surface Tension* (Dusie) with Mackenzie Carignan, *Identity Crisis* (Dusie), *G* (self-published) with Leonard Gontarek, and *A Field of White Violets* (self-published). His poems have appeared in many print and online journals, including *The Cortland Review*, *CutBank*, *eratio*, *580 Split*, *Iowa Review*, *Marginalia*, *Sentence*, and *Shampoo*. He lives in South Jersey with his wife and works in the medical education field. For more information visit www.scottglassman.com.

Standing on the Shoulders of The Giants

The Singers

By Logan Ryan Smith

Dusie Press Books

By Mark Lamoureux

Being a contemporary poet is enough to put one off the idea of Karma. Too often, poetry's tireless toilers and most steadfast heroes are given short shrift by the gods of publishing; there are too many runners-of-presses to whom the favor of publishing and accolades in general are never returned. Which is why it is great that Dusie Press Books has published Logan Ryan Smith's first book, the formidable *The Singers*, and doubly great that his hometown's leading alternative newspaper *The San Francisco Bay Guardian* has honored him as "Best Heir to Ferlinghetti."

Smith has been a tireless supporter of poetry in the Bay area and beyond for years, first as the editor of the long-running journal *Small Town* and then as editor of Transmission Press. You can also partake of his singular personality at his blog *Do Gummi Bears Dream of Rubber Passion Fruit?* (www.theredgummibear.blogspot.com), where he usually ruminates about his passions—music, the San Francisco Giants, expletives, and, occasionally, poetry. These passions also shine through in *The Singers*, though not necessarily in that order.

The title of the book, Smith's sampling of punk and pop lyrics and his prodigious thanking of singers and bands in the acknowledgements of the book seem to beg for that jackalope of an analogy: "punk rock poetry." Out of respect for punk rock and Smith's poetry, I will ask

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editor/publisher

David A. Kirschenbaum

editor@boogcity.com

copy editor

Joe Bates

art editor

Brenda Iijima

music editor

Jonathan Berger

juanburguesa@gmail.com

poetry editors

Laura Elrick, Rodrigo Toscano

boogcity_poetry@yahoo.com

politics editor

Christina Strong

xtinastrong@gmail.com

printed matter editor

Mark Lamoureux

mark_lamoureux@yahoo.com

counsel

Ian S. Wilder

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330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

www.welcometoboogcity.com

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: (212) 842-2429

letters to the editor

editor@boogcity.com

Ask an Aging Hipster

BY CHRISTINA STRONG

Dear Aging Hipster,

My neighborhood is being taken over by high-rise condominiums. The funkiness of my neighborhood I fear will change to yuppie gluttony and \$400-baby carriages. I might not be able to afford the neighborhood in a few years (I can't afford it now). Please help!

Signed,
Smith and 9th

Dear Smith and 9th,

I'm sorry, my Superwoman cape is at the bottom of my laundry bag and, you know, it's been a bad week and I just haven't had time to take it to the laundromat, or else I'd definitely save your neighborhood. I do empathize with your situation.

I think you already know what to do: you must put aside your nostalgia for '90s bands like Superchunk and Pavement, give up the bong hits for a few weeks, and put your fancy Mac laptop to good use by creating flyers (using pirated software, of course) to garner support from your neighbors. Then meet at your local bar, write letters to officials, and get involved in your neighborhood, even though I suspect most aging hipsters (when not pushing baby carriages around themselves) are busy moving every six months. Check out what the people are doing at Develop Don't Destroy Brooklyn (www.developdontdestroy.org), and notice the flyers at the Carroll Street F train stop.

But if you're inclined to do nothing but sit in your favorite bar 'til three a.m. with your other drunken comrades and complain about the changes in the neighborhood while crying into your beer glass, you certainly don't want me serving you that beer.

Dear Aging Hipster:

NYC doesn't seem as much fun as it did years ago. I remember more parties, more bands, more drugs, more hideaway enclaves. Now it's turning into "Anycity, U.S.A." What can we aging hipsters do to combat this?

Signed,
I was a punk before
you were a punk

Dear Punk,

Yeah, I too miss those days of ... what exactly? Snorting an eight-ball and drinking Budweiser with a bunch of absolute strangers 'til dawn? Throwing up in the bathroom at CBGB's? What fun. What is less fun is the game: name that song.

Listen, Punk, you're getting old and so am I. You don't see our faces on billboards or on phone kiosks and buses hawking makeup or the next hip line of T-shirts. Those days of "not selling out" have to be turned into "cashing in." If you've managed to come this far without having a regular day job, I'd have to ask if

your trust fund is getting thin; or, alternatively, if you've managed to get by working at a co-op or a bike shop, I'd have to ask if you're happy. Since you're complaining about not having as much fun I'd guess you're not.

I've observed that NYC is a place where no one has to grow up, especially some of us in a certain age bracket, and in some industries we end up working for people 10 years younger. The party hasn't ended, it's just dwindled.

You're right, it isn't as much fun here anymore. But to counter that you gotta be creative, and I don't mean by getting another tattoo. Why don't you try writing some punk-ass skit for the Howl Festival (www.howlfestival.com) or revive the Theatre of Cruelty. Co-opt the co-optation.

You can still bust shit up. Hedonistic pleasure and righteous anger are still prevalent. I'm not telling you to give up the party, but I dare you to do something different. Some punks still like a challenge.

Dear Aging Hipster:

There's a war going on, but you'd never know it if you spent any time here. All I see are people cluelessly shopping.

Signed,
Tipping the 4,000 Mark

Dear Tipping the 4,000 Mark,

I know. I read the news every day and I work in a heavily-trafficked, too-many-chain-stores area. During WWII people planted Victory gardens, recycled as much as possible, and did without certain luxuries. Now you have people lining up and waiting for a certain phone to go on the market. It's capitalism and we live in the center of it. Not only that, this is a "volunteer army," and can you think of any one person you know who has wanted to volunteer?

There are a few issues going on—the war, the effect the war has on us, and the need to buy something. While I think addiction theory is mostly bunk, there are probably some or a lot of people who use it to escape. Ever bought something and brought it home and wonder why the hell you bought it? But yes, the juxtaposition of rampant consumerism and the "need" to own the biggest TV screen possible vs. the nightly and daily news feeds of bombings and torture are disturbing.

It's been suggested to me more than once to put myself on a news hiatus. My reaction's always been "Fuck You." I didn't start this war. Government officials I didn't elect started it. But I can tell you know this already and you sound like a young/old cranky activist burned out on protest marches and rallies and MoveOn petitions.

I think you need some inspiration and a little bit more thought. If you're so bothered by shopping and consumerism, don't buy anything more than you need. If you made a pot of coffee at home before work, do you need that fifth cup when you're walking from the subway to the office?

If you want a dose of cynicism and fun, I'd check out Reverend Billy and the Church of Stop Shopping (www.revilly.com). The days of Quaker candlelight vigils and sign-carrying



I think it's sad really, because when I am out and about on my bike all I see is people delivering cheap Chinese food, pizza, or whatever hasn't grown mould from the local deli. Or rather, I do see other bicyclists, but they seem more 'hardcore' than me, as if they're training for, well, the Tour de France.

are pretty much over. Don't worry about what other people are doing. Get off the computer once in a while and think of more creative, spontaneous actions.

While your attempt to end the war realistically might not help, send poems, cartoons, anti-war rants, and also valid arguments to your reps in the House and Senate. And lighten up; take a vacation to Glover, Vt. to watch the Bread and Puppet Theater group or take a trip to watch the San Francisco Mime Troupe present their skits—for free—in many local parks.

But don't just drop a dollar or two in the bucket and walk away satisfied that you got free political theater and some sun at the same time. Remember, you can't quit the "Movement." You may want to take a hiatus, and that's normal, but if you're really sick of it all I'd recommend this old Buddhist koan—Fuck you if you can't take a joke.

Rev up your abdominal muscles; you're going to need them in the years to come.

Dear Aging Hipster:

What do you think about a toll or a fee for car drivers entering Manhattan? I bike to work every morning and I have almost been killed, sideswiped, and doored just getting groceries or biking to the train. Help!

Signed,
Calves of Steel

Dear Calves of Steel,

I admire your persistence for biking in Manhattan. I am a wimp and I only ride in Brooklyn, sans helmet and sans bike lights (though I do not recommend this). I think it's sad really, because when I am out and about on my bike all I see is people delivering cheap Chinese food, pizza, or whatever hasn't grown mould from the local deli. Or rather, I do see other bicyclists, but they seem more "hardcore" than me, as if they're training for, well, the Tour de France.

It is not a bike friendly city but you must know in advance, there's little friendly here, unless you have drank someone else's kool aid and scrubbed their toilet. There's something individualistic, communalistic, and combative about bike riding in NYC that makes it punk rock. Whose streets?

My recommendation to you is to be more aggressive. I think a tax or toll for drivers in Manhattan is a great idea in theory but not in practice.

I'll use a double negative here by saying it can't can't be done, but after the initial reaction from the Neanderthal contingent, it might be possible. Finally, I'll admit bicycle calves are sexy. More meat. Toned.



Christina Strong photos

Lamar Peterson

Williamsburg



Blind Girl, 2005. Acrylic on Canvas: 35-1/2" x 34".
Courtesy Fredericks & Freiser, New York



Untitled, 2005. Acrylic on Paper: 29" x 31-1/2".
Courtesy Fredericks & Freiser, New York



Untitled, 2005. Acrylic on Canvas: 22-1/2" x 26".
Courtesy Fredericks & Freiser, New York

About the Artist Lamar Peterson was born in 1974 in St. Petersburg, Fla. He lives and works in New York. Peterson has had solo exhibitions at The Studio Museum of Harlem, N.Y.; Richard Heller Gallery, Calif.; and Deitch Projects, N.Y. He has exhibited in numerous group shows including the Fifth International SITE Santa Fe Biennial 2004, N.M.; The Drawing Center, N.Y.; Boston Center for the Arts, Mass.; and the Weatherspoon Art Museum, Greensboro, N.C.

Lamar Peterson's paintings tend to depict the suburban everyman (specifically the black suburban everyman and his nuclear family) in a tableaux of pastoral leisure. His characters sport enormous smiles that beam out from their utopian settings, conveying at once a sense of child-like wonder and vacant plasticity. Yet this is a dream world, casual horror abounds—faces melt, water rises up, unearthly creatures play with the children. Martha Schwendener in her essay "Lamar Peterson's Smile" states the following:

"Peterson has described his figures as snapshot subjects, caught at the moment when the photographer calls cheese! Or, emblems of the American Dream, the middle class family or couple living inside a fantasy, drawn with the lush perfection of a picture calendar. But their smiles make us uneasy. They're so bright and uniform they can't possibly be natural. And the insidious, physiological nature of a smile is that we can wear one when we're not even happy. Peterson's smiles invoke the artificial aspects of our culture: Sears portraits of dysfunctional families; the airless '50s television world of *Father Knows Best*; political cover ups. Moreover, they dovetail with our obsessions over body image and the 'perfect smile,' the industries of plastic surgery and teeth whitening. They are, in the end, analogies for something greater and perhaps more sinister: the pursuit of mental health and happiness achieved by artificial means, in pharmaceutical form."

Blutch: France's Edgiest Comics Artist

BY GARY SULLIVAN

Mitchum

Blutch
Editions Cornélius

It is an unhappy fact that two of the most influential living comics artists, Tsuge Yoshiharu and Blutch, have yet to see their work translated and published in the United States. Given the recent manga craze in this country, Yoshiharu's absence here is as baffling as it is criminal. But Blutch?

Granted, there's not quite enough general interest in European comics to warrant Francophile versions of *VIZ*, *Tokyopop*, or *Dark Horse's* manga line. But even so, Blutch's absence is baffling given his

influence on everyone from Jessica Abel (*La Perdida*) to Craig Thompson (*Blankets*). I'm not sure why Fantagraphics, Pantheon, or the Canadian *Drawn & Quarterly* hasn't already rushed his masterpiece, *Mitchum*,

into print. With the exception of issue number two, there's hardly even anything to translate. The *Mitchum* series was almost completely silent; you could do the work yourself in an afternoon using *Babelfish* and a French-English dictionary.

Collecting the full run of issues one through five, along with three stories that didn't make the original cut, *Mitchum* gives us Strasbourg-born artist Christian Hincker (aka Blutch) at his intuitive, gestural best. Except for most of

this work being silent, I'm tempted to call it "poetry comics." That's not quite right, although it's reported that in this collection Blutch "just goes on his nerve."

But how do you describe work like *Mitchum* #4, where he takes pages that vaguely tell a Western-slash-Blaxploitation road-movie tale, and after apparently deciding that these pages didn't quite work he whites-out the original dialog (culture-critics, start your engines!

and superimposes onto them frenetically brushed images of ballet dancers, ultimately abandoning the road movie altogether as the comic descends into pandemonium. The last page features half-a-dozen views of a spider monkey who begins to draw his own comic after having pushed the artist off the previous page.

The collected *Mitchum* publishes this version and the original (in the appendix), and I'll be damned if the version with dancers, artist, and monkey, as loopy as it is, isn't head and shoulders above the original, although it would take a more articulate reader than me to lay down any convincing, credible reason.

I was lucky to be in Paris this summer, where I snapped up the only copy of this book I managed to find. Jim Hanley's used to carry the individual issues, but if the collected *Mitchum* ever made it there, it's long gone by now. Beg them to reorder. Or try amazon.fr.

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



From *Mitchum* 3.

comic book series, *Elsewhere*, which can be purchased directly from the artist at www.garysullivan.blogspot.com.

Except for most of this work being silent, I'm tempted to call it 'poetry comics.' That's not quite right, although it's reported that in this collection Blutch 'just goes on his nerve.'

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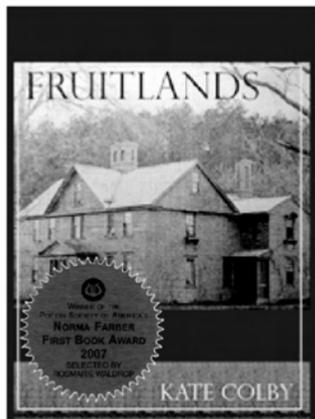
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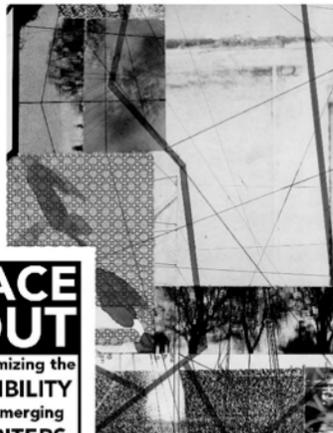
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POETRY

Cara Benson East Greenbush, N.Y.

for Joe Brainard

- I predict hailstorms, maelstroms, and Santa Claus temper tantrums.
- I predict candy corn shortages.
- I predict naysayers will fill lobbies and shabby hotels with their rebuttals.
- I predict emergency rooms will empty themselves into the sarcophagus of the alley cans.
- I predict Napoleon will be considered overrated.
- I predict the same for Trump.
- I predict all offspring will refuse jello and gelatin, and instead prefer puddings like vanilla and lemon.
- I predict the pen will run out of ink before it has dried on the mortgage papers on a civilized country's pride.
- I predict exhaling and inhaling will follow each other, like dolphins in concordant arcs over the blue.
- I predict hope will outlast aspiration.
- I predict islands in the Aegean Sea will buoy and bob in an effort to arouse the locals.
- I predict no thing.
- I predict some things.
- I predict concoctions.
- I predict taxes, death, and a few laughs.
- I predict love letters bundled in shoe boxes.
- I predict palm readings and tarot cards will continue. Psychics will flourish.
- I predict hallucinogens and carcinogens will be usurped by the pharmaceutical industry.
- I predict the advertising for these products to be incendiary, and lulling.
- I predict I will go on predicting.
- I predict replacement strategies will uncover vast archives of previous schemes. This will please bankers and astronauts. Not ants.
- I predict an end is imminent, if not in sight. Or verbalized.

Roberto Harrison Milwaukee

in memory of lama jinpa

i keep seeing you
in everyone
that's why i hate
and love the world

without you here,
the endless crumbled pyramids
like rain
a ghost that feeds without

your open mouth
revealing all
the haunted places
in the veins that close

the roads, an enemy
a wind
magnetic and in touch
within the carcass

that a love
holds still, the end
i make you give me
one more time, today

About the Poets

Cara Benson currently believes in the accessibility of inaccessible poems. She teaches poetry at Mt. McGregor Correctional Facility and Skidmore College. Her work has or will appear in *88*, *pom2*, and *Sentence*. **Alan Davies** (cover) is the author of *Rave*, *Candor*, *Name*, *Signage*, *Book 5*, and other books. His poem in this issue is from *Odes & Fragments*, a current manuscript. **Roberto Harrison's** most recent books include *Counter Daemons* (Litmus Press), *Os* (subpress), and *Elemental Song* (Answer Tag Home Press). He works as a systems librarian.



Russell Salamon and Kent Taylor watching d.a. levy set type for his renegade press books, c. 1963-1964.

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Gwendolyn Brooks

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PRAISE POEM ELIZABETH MURRAY

Elizabeth Murray she deserves more of these degrees she needs
One for every color on her palette which she spins like a plate-
Spinner a palettespinner! Colors spill all over her canvases yeah
Sure and hey hey hey the canvases are created by the colors splashing
Spilling they collect into the shapes follow these words like her paintings
Follow those shapes and give Elizabeth Murray a big round of more
Honorary degrees and high honors her paintings are music too opera
She listens to opera a lot of opera I have to drown it out to write you can
See Donizetti Gluck Mozart Charpentier Bellini opera all over her
Paintings to escape let's dive into an Elizabeth Murray painting c'mon
C'mon! Dive in a cup! You dive first. Ok. I'll jump first dive head
First into swirl whirlpool I dive you paddle with one of those spoons
She does and we'll not escape (Chorus: no we'll not escape) we'll not escape
(Chorus: no We'll never escape) till Elizabeth Murray gets more of these
Award-things or we drown first, in art, in an Elizabeth Murray painting,
Whichever comes first or maybe the oral tradition will make a comeback
Thanks to poems like this and also the poetry club I'm trying to start on
The Bowery and looking for investors to Buy Real Estate for Art New Model
If interested see me after poem meanwhile we're all dippin in the cup kickin in
The cups (meanwhile meanwhile kickin in the cups) (call and response) we give
Praise! Oh yes praise hey ho I do love this griot job composing praise poems
Is as easy as saying Elizabeth Murray totally great artist Dr. Elizabeth Rose
Murray we are drowning in your Art and handing over prizes doctorates
Fellowships awards for what you give us is Incalculable and all we do
In return is praise praise praise which humbly means thank you to you

Elizabeth Murray

-Bob Holman

