

BOOG CITY

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

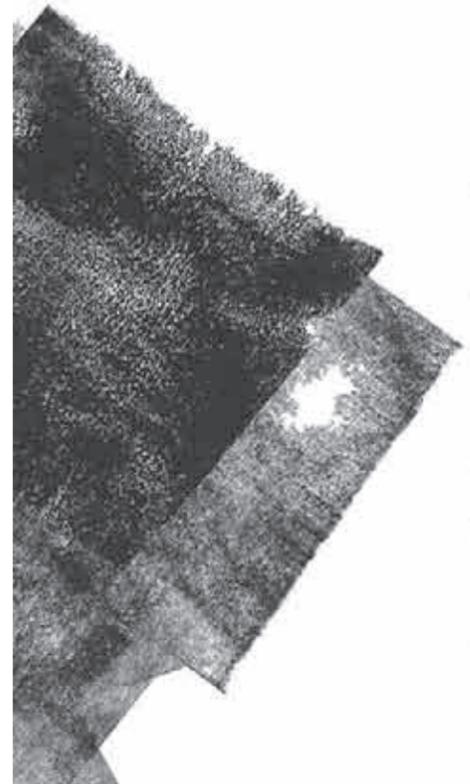
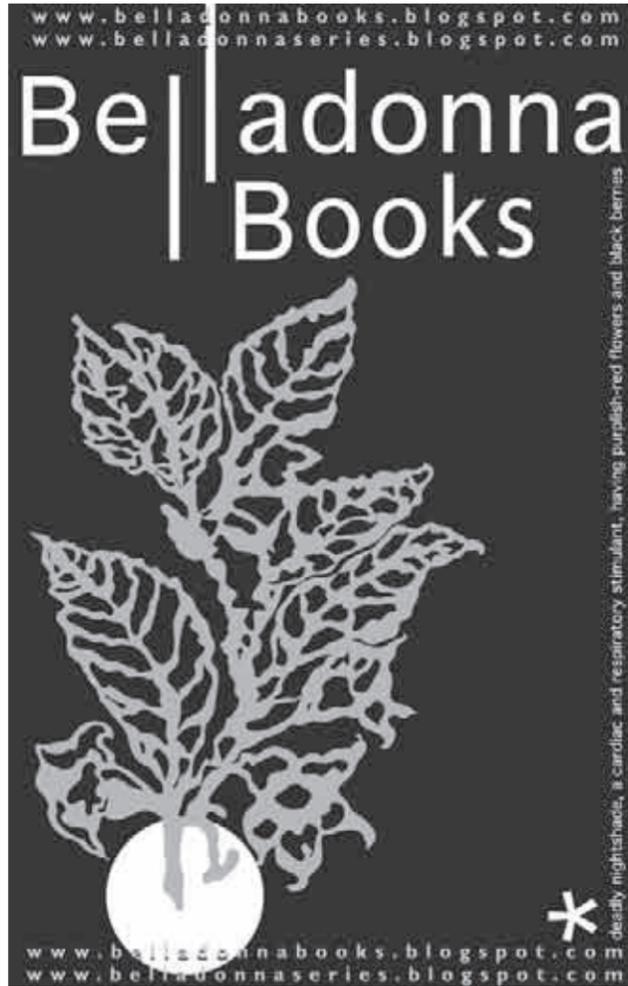
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Celebrate Six of the City's Best Small Presses Inside in Their Own Words and Live



CY GIST PRESS



CUNEIFORM
FINE PRESS | ARTISTS' BOOKS | TRADE EDITIONS | EPHEMERA



Kitchen Press

Portable

Press @

Yo-Yo

Labs



d.a. levy lives

each month celebrating a renegade press

Tues. Dec. 18, 6:00 p.m., free

New York City

Small Presses Night

Readings from Belladonna Books, Cuneiform Press, Cy Gist Press, Futurepoem Books, Kitchen Press, and Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs authors. Plus cheese and crackers, and wine and other beverages.

ACA Galleries 529 W.20th St., 5th Flr. (10th/11th aves)

For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) • editor@boogcity.com
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CY GIST PRESS

Cy Gist Press was founded in 2006 by Mark Lamoureux. One of the press's focusses is ekphrastic poetry (poems based on or inspired by visual art), although the press does publish other kinds of work. Another focus is underrepresented or underpublished poets (but who isn't, really?). Since its foundation, Cy Gist Press has published 10 chapbooks in runs of 100-150, with more on the way. Please visit www.cygistpress.com for more information, more sample poems, or to order chapbooks. All chapbooks are \$6 USD/ppd.

Cy Gist Press has published two anthologies, *My Spaceship* and *Face Time* and works by Scott Glassman, Guillermo Parra, Sandra Simonds, Ben Mazer, Carrie Hunter and Frank Sherlock. Chapbooks are forthcoming from John Sakkis, Kevin Gallagher and others.

III. Space #54

Death turns to sleeping
to breathing to the beating
of the drum. Pallet of what was
and what will come to be. Meeting place
between the hand and the drum.

The sound moves out into,
becomes architecture.

Some sort of forgotten past
we can touch upon,
frame,
one can only try to understand

moments.

—Carrie Hunter
from *Vorticells*

Things to do on Bouvet Island once you get there...

For Mark Lamoureux

Light is what drives life: From unicellular organisms to velvety mammoths. They move toward the purple curtain, raise it a little with their long tusks and then return to the mute audience as if they never left. Sadly, there is no sailing. No surf. There are no ice-cream stands or barbecues or any other things that you would normally associate with vacation spots. When Kininininininininski Sheridanne set eyes on it (1643) she threw herself overboard in a mock-heroic rage. Thank god Lars was smart enough to give her the little emergency raft. The sensing of light is universal. I'm sick of you and would rather you not come back to the ship! he shouted - but I could not handle the guilt if you died. Goodbye, my love. Be brave. She built a cabin from polar bear teeth, made do, as they say, on Bouvet. I met her once and she cooked me otter and tried to sell me her cookbook called Specialties from the only Citizen of Bouvet. There is a price to pay for this specialization. What begins as meteorology ends in shareholders of a remote field of vision. Four days into my stay at the lighthouse and I saw Sheridanne's raft. Miss, those are territorial waters, however peripheral. Something had to be done. It wasn't going to be tolerated.

—Sandra Simonds
from *The Humble Travelogues of Mr. Ian Worthington*,
Written from Land & Sea

Who is Eddy?

Are you a friend of Eddy Martin's?
Though I never knew him
if you are you are my friend.
Between the two of us
and Eddy, there is a loss
like screeching brakes and smashing glass
and a ghost lets us pass
knowing one of us must end.
His distance opens up the garden,
What never happened lets the hard light in,
because of Eddy. Who he was
doesn't matter in the cemetery
but here where it matters most
we are saved by his ghost.

—Ben Mazer
from *Johanna Poems*

VI.

on avenues w/ trees older than
skyscrapers stretch toward my feet

of the eventual loss / degeneration
of the body, my back aches after

walking Sabana Grande Boulevard
from Parque Los Caobos
sampleos, loops, edición

twenty years since speaking
a child's caraqueño Spanish

on the radio love multiplies
its fountains w/ varied melody

no static in our city vision

—Guillermo Parra
from *Caracas Notebook*

Returning from You

i am nervous and the nervousness prevents thoughts from slipping absently through mouse-covered womblots. i am anxious so that the cloud-whose-caravan-abandoned-it kneels to investigate. i am the tracks availed by station-welcome, i am not welcome. i am asking for my identification. this is the gait of personality type. i am coloring a cactus plant shaped like a lesion. i have buried its air-roots in painted migraines of sand. i am anxious to fall down to no good. some good. i am up to the challenge. i'm not. within crept-forward skin. i am nervous, i have said that. i take pills whose pictures alternate between adolescence and shatter. i am aggravated by the state you keep pasted to your eyelid, rock formation, autofocus. i cannot sharpen on the windowsill that advances over the muffled heads of pedestrian speech-garments. i am the failing crosswalk lines that have been lifted by ibuprofen raindrops. *if you don't mind*. i've been stringing out my button-sized pulse to make a less devastating bouquet of unnamed solar flares. i am heaving my mail toward the focal point of emphysemic cliffs. i groom a growth of kneecaps under one heel and a fetish for white almonds under the other. *if you don't mind*. i'll take command of the jenny wheel, regurgitating gin inside bats' astonished expressions. i will read the preface backward. stoplight of wands. stroke the stars away as though they were immaculate fires blessed with semi-lucent mosquito wings. *if you don't mind*. i will collapse outside of words and wait for them to rise up and slay me

—Scott Glassman
from *Exertions*

There's money, same as money
Then there's money, the money
Then there's money, then there's money

There's money, there's money
Then there's money, the money
Same as money, there's money



TED GREENWALD

WHAT

CHAPBOOKS
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FINE PRESS EDITIONS
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BUMPER STICKERS coming soon!

WHY

Cuneiform does not ascribe to any particular school or canon and remains committed to publishing enduring (and ephemeral) works that negotiate the critical imagination while cultivating poetic research. We aspire to maintain a zeal for experimentation and fascination with the intersection of meaning and form and content with each publication. We believe that the independent press is the only way the face of literature has, or will ever, change.
www.cuneiformpress.com

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ANDREW LEVY
DEREK BEAULIEU
DAVID PAVELICH
PATRICK F. DURGIN
ULF STOLTERFOHT
MIMEO MIMEO coming soon!



To beat the odds of simultaneous death by bombing or arrest they slept
In different root cellars. But not feeling this, presently—

the position of the single body versus a whole family.

Feel a map as the phenomenon of a ghost limb: then there is no loss.

Tell me again the story of everything depends on this I would be nothing
Therefore houses inside out as bodies also: “I once saw a smear of blood
On the inside wall of a bombed-out house” stated as cool fact.

Dear Dad, we live in all topological dimensions at once—

—from *Threads* by Jill Magi (Futurepoem books 2007)
ISBN 978-0-97-168007-4 | Poetry/Art | Paper | \$15.00

Futurepoem books
Available at St. Mark's Bookshop, 31 Third Avenue, NY, NY
Online @ www.spdbooks.org | Amazon.com

Futurepoem is a New York City-based publishing collaborative dedicated to presenting innovative contemporary poetry, prose and multi-genre work by both emerging and important underrepresented authors. Futurepoem is supported in part by the literature program of the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency, and by individual donations and book purchases.

For more information visit: www.futurepoem.com

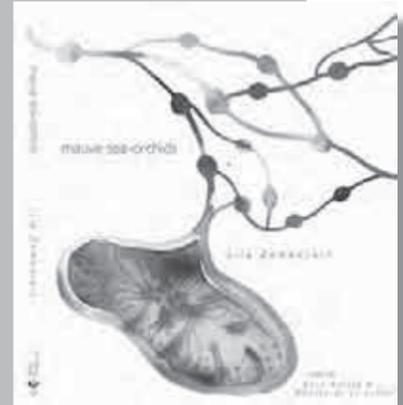
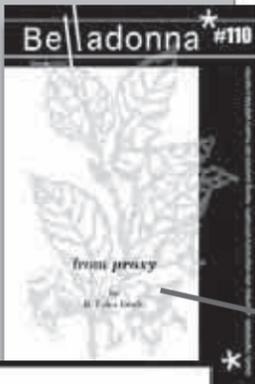
“Futurepoem books is exemplary in structure and selection, a new home for poetry that renews the art by finding its beating center” — Charles Bernstein

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www.belladonnabooks.blogspot.com
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Belladonna Books publishes innovative work by women of diverse background who are actively and consciously breaking rules, blurring boundaries, embodying multiple forms and genres, and contributing to the existence of an experimental feminist avant-garde.



UPCOMING EVENTS: VENTS:

- Dec. 11: "The Medead" by Fiona Templeton
- Feb. 12: Barbara Cole & Elizabeth Robinson
- Mar. 11: Jean Day & Kathy Lou Schultz
- Apr. 8: Dodie Bellamy & Kevin Killian
- May 13: Book Party for Marcella Durand, Carla Harryman & Lila Zemborain



all events are at 7:30PM at Dixon Place (258 Bowery, 2nd Floor 2nd Floor



deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

When the boredom hits,
I hit the boredom

like a glass door. Oh my god,
what am I for? I would throw

a game of solitaire;
I would throw myself

off the trail.
But for the railing,

I'm this close
to deforestation porn:

the trees aground,
all around my hole self,

the blasted air. I'd jump in
if I could let go.

I can defenestrate anything
except for the window.

—Elisa Gabbert

After Life

After you die you are required
to read the newspaper every day.

The newspaper in The Place After Life
consists entirely of obituaries

with headlines such as: Important Intellectual
Dies While Writing Her Magnum Opus,

& Important Meat Packer Dies During
Exciting Car Crash & Important Child

Dies While Thinking of Snow.

In The Place After Life everyone waits
for the next people to show up.

Once you get there you will read the papers
& wait as well. No one has faces there,

they all wear their names around their necks
on thin gold chains, but no one reads

anything but the newspapers.

—Mathias Svalina

A circle is a transcendental path, always its own evidence. Gravitron
renounces minuter discriminations, as to evoke the original—an element ridding every rider of
themselves. On the walls of the bottomless cave he becomes, an extinction
event is drawn, then undrawn—each rider the same ancient relic of weight, gone. For the annals:

Gravitron, empty for an era. He offers nothing in return, retaining what they
no longer signify. Watching their depictions walk away, Gravitron is cleansed of any guilt for

what his walls have absorbed; the history recorded in him is a hoax. He is
just a hollow metal box.

—Chris Tonelli

Sitting in the Car

Swallows fall from
wire, silver tributes

to the sun—who comes
here? Deer-faced cows

in the open range.
The black bird tucks

her wings. Swallows
all from wire. We

pass. Sideways, we are
bodies; one dimension,

being moved.

—Lily Brown



Kitchen Press

Among the Sleeping Animals Your Face

Creak me awake like I was The wooden airports
Of Kansas City A empty month. Shot full of linen
Something/ like a payphone in ice. I believed again and again
In the truth of the people & books of this country, even my book
In a wrong language, the informant I can't arrest It's not
Your fault. *Soldier* in my math's no different than *roses*. But with what
Appetite I wrote when I thought I was you! I have another best
Friend now I Try not to eat Too much. Abandoned by roses.
No, in a rose now: the city & its radiators. Enormous brick buildings of Queens/ Goodbye,
Dusk travel'd from A to B, the blonde was smoking (I would be too, if my
Lungs were any good) So, in the asthma of train I give away all my
Nitrogen: The Terrible Thing That Was Going to Happen
Has happened, nothing happened— ProFlower: as soon
As you exit your life Begins to bloom

—Ana Bozicevic-Bowling

Ana Bozicevic-Bowling's first chapbook, *Morning News* is available on Kitchen Press. Her second chapbook, *Document* was recently published by Octopus Books.

Lily Brown's first chapbook, *The Renaissance Sheet* was published by Octopus Books in 2007. Her second chapbook, *Old with You* is forthcoming from Kitchen Press in 2008. She holds an MFA from Saint Mary's College of California.

Elisa Gabbert's first chapbook, *Thanks for Sending the Engine* is available on Kitchen Press. *Something Really Wonderful* (with Kathleen Rooney) will be published by dancing girl press in 2007 and *That Tiny Insane Voluptuousness* (with Kathleen Rooney) will be available from Otoliths Books in 2008.

Mathias Svalina's first chapbook, *Why I Am White* is available on Kitchen Press. His second chapbook, *Creation Myths* was recently published by New Michigan Press. *The Viral Lease* is forthcoming from Small Anchor Press, and *When We Broke the Microscope*, a collaboration with Julia Cohen, is forthcoming on Small Fires Press.

Chris Tonelli's first chapbook, *WIDE TREE: Short poems* is available on Kitchen Press, and his second, a collaboration with Sarah Bartlett called *A Mule-Shaped Cloud*, will be available from horse less press in January.

Kitchen Press was founded by Justin Marks in 2005 and seeks to publish innovative poetry by emerging poets. In the coming months Kitchen Press will publish *Tentative List A*, by Thomas David Lisk; *Out of Light*, by Joseph Massey and *Hit Wave*, by Jon Leon. Go to www.kitchen-press-book-store.blogspot.com/ for a complete list of our catalog.

PORTABLE PRESS @ YO – YO LABS



Excerpt from *TONY*
Nathaniel Siegel

i can't remember
POOF

Nancy lifting up her dress
a man in a shower

the photo of Walt Whitman
your fountain pen
sunflower sutra
song

holding a snake

Pierre and Gilles
the boy in the rain

the boy on the rock
Von Gloeden

friends who draw on Wednesdays Thursdays

friends who write everyday

Thom Gunn who set off fireworks

looking at shelves

sun reflecting off research lab

Dr's still asking Larry what to do

years since the epidemic began

people still asking Larry what to do

PORTABLE PRESS AT YO-YO LABS

Chapbooks are generated out of accretion: a long progression of humanism. Words arise out of everything when body brains make connections: sky, leaves, skin, brain, bones, stones, planets, books. Words create the slightest of distances (of the between) that actually doesn't exist. With this idea of distance comes myriad surging relationships. Dissonant distance is perceived—felt and responses are lodged in chapbooks. We have the bio-social in our hands.

In the introduction to *The Selected Poems of Edmond Jabès*, Paul Auster tells how for Jabès the book is sustainability. "In the long interval between exile and the coming of the Messiah, the people of God had become the people of the Book. For Jabès, this meant that the Book had taken on all the weight and importance of a homeland." God is illusive. We the poets are the people of the book (lower case). We do partake: in spirit, rather terrestrially, with our paper, computers, ink—and share, words. It is a rather humble hands-on ethic here at Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. As an editor I cherish the importance that various meanings have for every poet. Each book adds color and dimension to what seemed almost impossible to articulate.

Mental Commitment Robots by Sueyeun Juliette Lee was just released. Forthcoming are works by Christopher Stackhouse, Nathaniel Siegel, Kim Lyons (co-published with Michael Carr of Katalanché Press) and a collection of essays concerning the environment ethics and poetry co-edited with Evelyn Reilly. In the past year works by Julie Patton (*Notes for Some (Nominally Awake)*) and Jennifer Firestone (*Waves*) were also manifested. Please visit www.yoyolabs.com for more information about Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs.

excerpt from "I am a hammerheadshark. I make no sound."
-*Mental Commitment Robots*
Sueyeun Juliette Lee

Underwater sharks make stop motion resemble perfect symmetry, forecast summer into the lumps behind the gauzy pale between. I don't acknowledge "sky" or "destiny." The underwater shark is blue from the inside and has a blue tongue, a sharp wedged thing that rasps against the floor we tread so carefully across with bare toes. The shark that reaps our hazards for us, the one that points to each individual cataclysm on the way out, a meandering river of aloe buried under sand. Drink this. Eat that. Follow that. Blue burn, burn. Sharkness is destiny, is a perfect repetition, the imitation that broke through. The very shape of this perfect fit, this strident room and arched tunnel--oh forget that you were ever alive and feared death, that there was an outside to your skin and the form you took.

(Tremor of never seeking outs, of following the horizon's nadir

Sueyeun Juliette Lee currently lives in Philadelphia where she edits Corollary Press, a small chapbook series dedicated to new work by writers of color. *Mental Commitment Robots* was published in November, 2007.

Nathaniel Siegel's first chapbook *Tony* is forthcoming from Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs in 2008.

Christopher Stackhouse is the author of a collection of poems, *Slip* (Corollary Press, 2005); and co-author of *Seismosis* (1913 Press, 2006) which features a collaboration of Stackhouse's drawings with text by writer/author/professor John Keene.

CAUCUS

Christopher Stackhouse

Engine kin, 'you mean that brown crusty stuff', meaning paint, told in forming hole...

Miraculous apparition, a bear in a pink bunny suit, man o man, lost in application synonym

Crisp in the venue, this auditorium, where listening happens, it's the doggerel kitty-cat

A crystal flute, a magnum filled with Krug, ever have it, a firing tank in a field of flowers

Azalea in milk jar, wet pickles, flip-flops, some platonic kiss in hand, by the by, roars

Ordinary, I guess, I miss your penmanship. Recall Caligula, or the softer, Thomas Jefferson

Once in a coon's age a tower falls where a sage sleeps covered to the neck in rubble, punk

The 'the' madame, *the* article, a type of scarf, perhaps one parasol in a sun of parataxis

NEW FROM PORTABLE PRESS AT YO-YO LABS

Sueyeun Juliette Lee Jennifer Firestone Julie Patton Akiyah Oliver Evelyn Reilly Marcha Oatis Diane Ward John Coletti Christina Strong Peter Lamborn Wilson Jill Magi Marianne Shaneen E. Tracy Grinnell/Rick Snyder Jack Kimball Roberto Harrison: Africa Wayne: Allison Cobb: Jonas Mekas: Brenda Iijima: Brian Kim Stefans: Tim Peterson: Eliza McGrand: David Cameron: Pat Reed: Chris Mattison: Michael Gottlieb: Alan Davies: Brenda Iijima:	MENTAL COMMITMENT ROBOTS, \$6 WAVES, \$6 NOTES FOR SOME (NOMINALLY) AWAKE, \$13 a(August), \$6 FERVENT REMNANTS OF REFLECTIVE SURFACES, \$6 from TWO PERCEPT, \$6 WHEN YOU AWAKE, \$6 PHYSICAL KIND, \$6. (co-published Erica Kaufman) [ANTI-ERATO], \$6 CROSS-DRESSING IN THE ANTI-RENT WAR, \$7 CADASTRAL MAP, \$6 LUCENT AMNESIS \$6 OF THE FRAME/FLOWN SEASON \$6 ART IN AMERICA, \$6 MOLA, \$6 (sold out) TINY PONY, \$6 CELL, \$6 DAYBOOKS 1970-1972, 80 pages, \$13 IF NOT METAMORPHIC?, \$6 (sold out) JAI-LAI FOR AUTOCRATS, \$6 CUMULUS, \$6 (sold out) SHADOW DRAGGING LIKE A PHOTOGRAPHER'S CLOTH, 90 pages, \$10 SEVERAL GHOULS HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING, \$6 (sold out) Lost Coast, \$6 (co-published with Alan Davies) Statisticians, \$6 pdd. (co-published with Alan Davies) Careering Obloquy, \$6 (co-published with Alan Davies) Book II, \$6 (sold out) (co-published with Alan Davies) Spacious, \$6 (sold out) (co-published with Alan Davies)
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Forthcoming:
the *ECOPOETRY READER*, also work by Kim Lyons, Tonya Foster, Nathaniel Siegel & Chris Stackhouse
new website: yoyolabs.com/
to order send to:
Brenda Iijima • checks made out to Brenda Iijima (\$1.00 postage per book)
596 Bergen Street
Brooklyn, NY 11238
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Flying Words Project

Peter Cook and Kenny Lerner

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**Saturday, December 15 8-10pm
Bowery Poetry Club**

**308 Bowery (Corner of Houston and Bowery)
\$5 admission; students FREE**



Flying Words

**Flying
Words**

Flying Words

**“ It is remarkable to think that they are
currently influencing the entire course of ASL
Poetry through their work.”**

**-H-Dirksen L. Bauman,
PHD Deaf Studies, Gallaudet University**

Flying Words