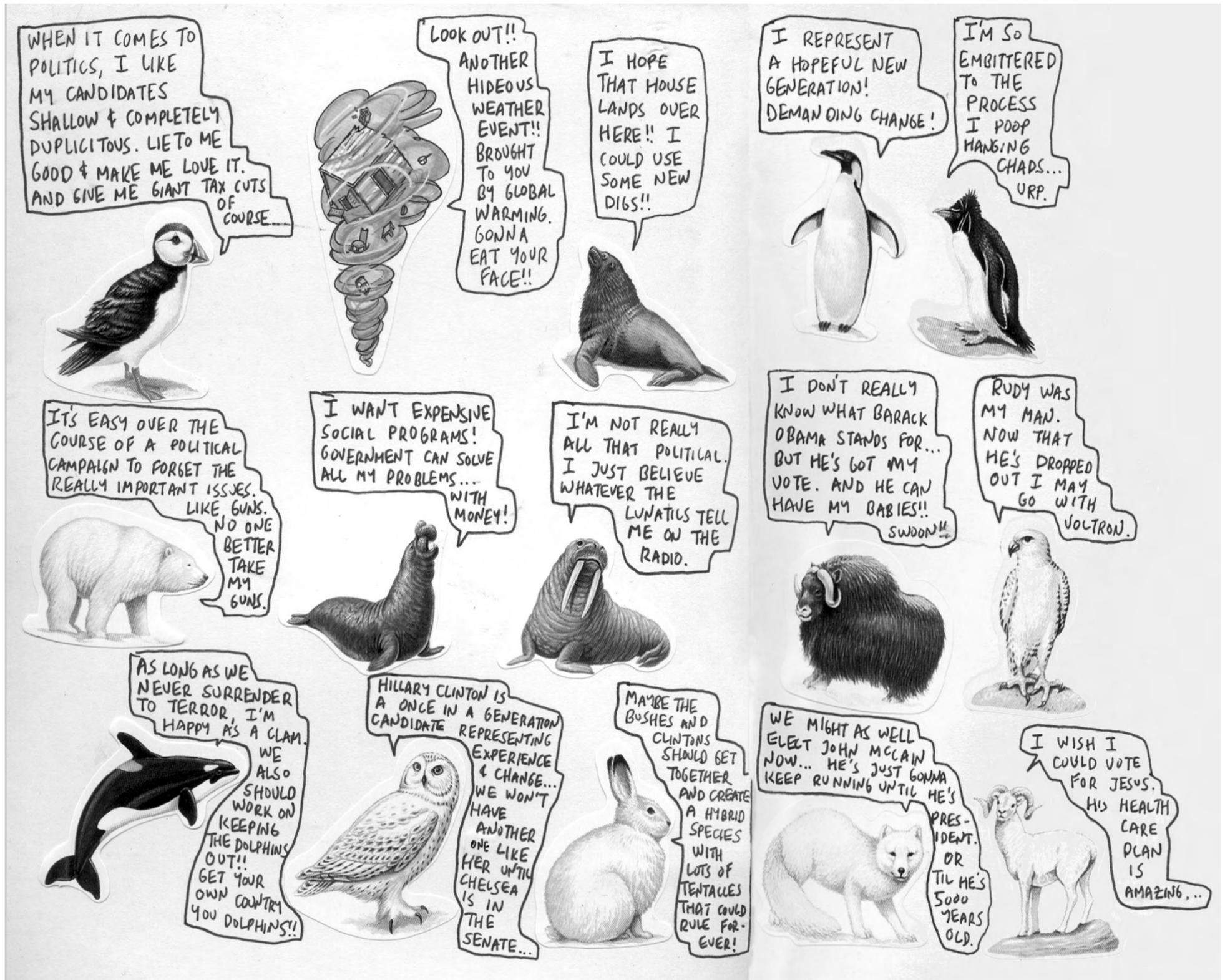


## Jim Behrle's At the Poles



## The Ameritopian Dream?

BY KRISTIN PREVALLET

Before I read *Business Week's* "Who's Afraid of Mideast Money?" (Jan. 10, 2008) I used to believe that I could practice democracy by writing letters to the government, but I'm sensing that in the future there will be no one there to receive them. This is the future without letters. Hidden in the clouds, there is a floating castle. On a gigantic board, \$1.7 trillion in international assets move around gracefully, like fish through water. Down on the ground, countries fall into economic ruin.

Banks, once protected by their governments, run out of money. They were in the stardust business, passing out high-stake mortgage loans with high interest rates to people who mistook living beyond their means for living the Ameritopian dream. Suddenly no one could afford to pay back the money. People wandered aimlessly about, looking for affordable places to live. But then the great castle in the sky turned its all-seeing eye on the troubled economy of Ameritopia. They bailed out the banks and bought up all the mortgages. They gave no money back to the country. The money evaporated into the sky, and it never rained back down.

Ameritopia once fancied itself a democracy, but when a financial network with no obligations to the social welfare

of the country controls our economy, to whom do we defer? There is no address where we can send our questions and concerns, no ladders up which our officials can climb to reach the Castle.

Right now these sovereign "autonomous governments," as they call themselves, are situated around a distant gulf and accountable to no particular nation. They're aggressively buying up corporations and banks all over the world, and they insist that Western businessmen and politicians have nothing to fear. They're not interested in local politics (their money, in other words, does not touch the ground). Any issues or concerns are discussed by CEOs behind closed doors, not in the press.

I'm not disturbed that Arab businessmen from a different culture with different beliefs control these funds, but I am concerned about the general idea of money accruing in vast amounts with no social accountability. Imagine how wealthy the wealthy will become when this is the new corporate model. What will resistance look like when power, already invisible, doesn't even pretend to appeal to the people?

Kristin Prevallet is a poet, essayist, and educator who lives in Brooklyn. Her most recent book is *I, Afterlife: Essay in Mourning Time* (Essay Press). You can visit her at [www.kayvallet.com](http://www.kayvallet.com).

Seán M. Dalpiaz  
 Wilton, N.Y.  
 A Round Walk

Rounded steel ordering footsteps that grant a thought to a guard's lips;  
 lip service cracks the concrete, the state workers plow their machines through to fill the cracks with hot tar;  
 the masked never walk on hot tar, one man's steam is the next man's melted dream; these are the days spent hoping the back door will be open;  
 a straight-faced silent obsession and compulsion sets in as the texture of fake wood railings ooze their oils onto frightened palms,  
 locks turn,  
 and the shuffling from both sides begins:  
 "the other prisoners": a duty or chance to release someone else's beliefs,  
 the prisoners: an ease, a breathing backwards stance of courage, of life;  
 a scattered, rushed breach of confidence stolen from some false idol's sermon.  
 I scatter the images and check if my heart is still in place.

All faces are blurred and stretched:  
 I smile at its temporary nature.

(In Response to Pablo Neruda's "Walking Around")

## Oatis vs. Language Burnham's a Man With a Van

BY ALAN DAVIES

from *Two Percept*

Martha Oatis

Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs

Everywhere in Martha Oatis' *from Two Percept* there is reasoning that is speculative and strong. Reasoning has breath. This reasoning has breath.

Two perceptions. Always two? Adjacent? Cumulative? Instantaneous? Linear? Circular? Nowhere? Here? Elsewhere? Not to mention all the other qualifiers—question them. To perceive is to question. Rightfully so. To accept.

Not to mention to (to?) percept(ions).

This is speculative thinking.

A lot of the text consists of six-line stanzas two-to-a-page. Here's an example, typical in that it shows how she sees (percepts) the world:

clever versus competition  
oblivious to versus the children  
playing mean versus devout versus  
aboriginal versus anemone versus  
a family a forgiven  
perfect versus

what really is  
a renouncement versus  
scripting versus play  
writing versus the stasis  
of circumstance or do I mean  
situation versus refraction

It's enough to note that these versus are not parallel with each other, they insist to relate. And, from the beginning, they soon take off into sound. Verses. Verse is.

And, solidly, situation versus refraction (how we see things (exactly (exactly) how we see things (exactly)).

Beauty. It's about beauty.

This is philosophical poetry. It uses images to produce thoughts. It's shaped by thought. This matter of versus packs the thought into the thought. Emblematic of verses. As verses.

It strains toward clarity.

Oatis' stanzas are soft, quite simply beautiful. Composed of soft fissures. The parts (the integers—the nouns) blurt themselves out softly into a soft surround.

You can hear the voice. Don't forget that's not always the case with poetry, often it's obliterated by stupidity. What this does, this hearing of the voice, is that it ensures that the person is present. So it draws you, a person—present—to that present. Do you hear what I'm saying?

Such that it moves by sound. Sound generates the meaning, quickens the thought. And then the meanings whip up the sounds and the speed picks up, and we find that we can follow it because we've been made to want to and able to, too. It's actually a happy

kind of motion, which is very rare these days. Speed is quickened, one of the ways, repetition certainly another, by having the meaning leap from the end of one stanza to the beginning of another.

In a way it's a list (much of it), a list of versus versus versus. It resonates. This is how meaning is generated a word at a time. And, in an odd way, it likens a story in that it accrues.

When the six-line stanzas pause the poem slows down. The slower briefer sections—double-spaced lines—phrases or words one or two to a line and spaced apart by dashes are almost like illustrations in the context of the other. It's explosive stillness. (What it means to utter.)

How much heartier the word sings, how much heartier the word is when it sings.

The versus is allowed to pause here and then its place is taken with although, although that is only an example of how the poem proceeds. It proceeds as shells bursting, as fireworks, as air. It spits itself forward in time, as time.

This new connective, as it occurs, changes in different ways the meanings of those things that it causes to relate. In other words, the language changes the language, a lived thing.

### Rental Van

Clint Burnham

Anvil Press

Clint Burnham's prose resists easy reading. At times *Rental Van* seems composed of a sequence of obstacles. It slows you down, it slows you down, and that's a good—"good"—thing. Sprockets on a gear, ratchets—somewhat worn shoes on a brake; several brakes controlling the same equipment out of synch, or, for that matter, even while you're wearing them.

But it is strapped with meaning, meanings. The capitalist state produced this language as a necessary, an absolutely necessary, anti-virus—a virus without a host—a viral state. "In colonized communities, poor skills can ensure the continuation of poverty pimps." It's elegiac in a way, prophecy in reverse. Meaning is meaningless these days. It defies grammar,

**'Language is the evidence of that, and, as is always the case with evidence as such, the beginning of the possibility of change.'**

and in doing so defies gravity, the grave kind silly—but the other kind, too.

Time flails us. Words come out.

The texts are also colloquial and fun.

The bottom line is  
I don't give a rat's ass

There's humor too, extremely quick, grapheme by grapheme.

The forms are various, always suited to the needs of the text and vice versa. This/ that mind is inventing things; they're terse, few words of a man.

Burnham's work evidences a lot of respect for the language. He knows that it can hurt, that it can create other feelings as well, that it can bust out of one idea into another instantaneously and, perhaps, change something.

There is something the matter with matter.

There is something the matter with matter these days. Language is the evidence of that, and, as is always the case with evidence as such, the beginning of the possibility of change.

Language always has a story in it. See his *British Props* for one of any examples.

Whether this is inherent (i.e. before) or applied (i.e. after) that we may not come to know.

it's all urine re: eating this text the



**Oatis' stanzas are soft, quite simply beautiful. Composed of soft fissures. The parts (the integers—the nouns) blurt themselves out softly into a soft surround.**

opening's closed reading  
the words "reading this text"  
contribute to the alienation of the  
already disenfranchised

Brecht anyone?

Everything is where something else was. That also is the nature of language. Mass equals energy times a certain constant squared, where that constant is language.

Brevity is a way of saying a lot. (So there!)

we don't have proverbs we have  
 clichés

A cut is a possibility, a slice of life—endless possibilities. Sometimes there is nothing but corners. Corners produce unknowable instances of thought. Everything is unfinished.

in/ed/re/o/ex/pression

Read your way through the speed slowly. Live in the foment. Language tends to live in denial.

When everything is a slower version of itself the world will be at peace.

Burnham's language has the potential to scare reality. His languages have the ability to scare reality (as we call it).

Language has life dead center.

Mistakes don't matter. Mistakes are not matter.

*Alan Davies is the author of Rave, Name, Candor, Signage, and the recently published Book 5.*

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Issue 48 free

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## Pop-Punk Cherry Tastes Just Right Welcome to the Friend Factory

**Life is Sweeter...**

Jerry Cherry

By Jocelyn Mackenzie

What was the moment that you realized you weren't cool? Mine was when I showed up to the first day of sixth grade, really proud of my brand new brown clogs, and gorgeous blond John Graham turned to me and said right to my face, "Those are the ugliest shoes I've ever seen." Thankfully I had the mind to say right back to him, "Well, you've got the ugliest face I've ever seen, but you don't hear me complaining." My ego may have been spared, but right then I knew my place, and it was at the bottom of the ladder.

After several years of intense self-deprecation, I decided to embrace my anti-cool status by becoming as purposefully uncool as I could, and listening to unpopular music was one of my nerd ways. While everyone on the soccer team had tickets to Lollapalooza (which in hindsight probably would have been really awesome), my dork friends and I flocked to the Warped Tour every year to be amongst the other misfits and self-proclaimed rebels. And what was great about Warped Tour was that the music was loud and crazy and counter-culture, but it was still palatable to our naïve teenage sensibilities. It was pop-punk—whatever that means.

*Life is Sweeter...* is the perfect coming of age tale of the naïve teenage pop-punk-loving nerd. Now adults, we've scratched our Further Seems Forever and Lit CDs into oblivion, and are looking for something with substance to fill their void without having to schlep to Asbury Park on the hottest day in August, only to have Yoo-hoo thrown on us by some kid wearing checkered suspenders. And that's where Jerry Cherry comes in.

Older, wiser, and seemingly not in it for the money or the fame or the chicks (well, maybe the chicks), Cherry offers up a mature, intelligent brand of that old familiar genre. Though more pop than punk, songs like "Big City Life" and "Freakshow" take the standard verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-chorus-chorus formula and rip it a new one by introducing subtle, yet precise, key and tempo changes, and including guitar solos that humbly shred. David Lee Roth would "Jump" at the Jerry Lee Lewis throwback "Worst Looking Man," with lyrics that are a direct tribute to the 1984 Van Halen classic.

A gilded horn solo that floats gracefully over its catchy hook highlights "Lancelot," a smooth, catchy love song that you won't be able to get out of your head. "Slip," "Turned Around," and "The Meaning" feature sophisticated string arrangements, while "Fit In" is an honest piano-based ballad reminiscent of Keane's "Nothing in My Way," only with more striking melodies.

It's clear from the content of his music and the album art itself

that Cherry doesn't take himself too seriously, which can be the demise of so many talented individuals. But at times you get the sense that his self-esteem is not commensurate with his ability. Could he, too, be just another geek rising up from the cool-kid-fanned embers of the fire of self-doubt? Each song is full-bodied and impeccably produced, with discerning instrumentation. Sure, the lyrics are basic, and he probably says, "Hey, girl!" too often for some peoples' tastes (see "Worst Looking Man" again). But every word he sings is honest and accessible, and when he croons "I've made my decision, now I have to live with it" during "Hello, My Dear," you really believe him. Here's hoping that when Cherry shows up to his high school reunion and his former classmates ask him what he's been up to, that he proudly announces in his deep, powerful voice that he's written, recorded, and produced a solid album, all on his own.

Somewhere in the liner notes, Cherry writes, "This album may not be a smash. It may not be a hit today, tomorrow, not the next year or two. But hopefully it will hit someone's heart." Mission accomplished, Jerry Cherry, and you have yourself and John Graham for that. I think he's in jail now.

For more information visit [www.jerrycherry.com](http://www.jerrycherry.com).

When Jocelyn Mackenzie isn't reviewing music, she's writing and playing with her band Pearl and the Beard ([www.myspace.com/pearlandthebeard](http://www.myspace.com/pearlandthebeard)), which is her favorite thing to do in the whole wide world. She knits to earn a living, loves to eat sausages, and has been tattooed only twice.

**The Hillside EP  
Comeuppance**

Friend Factory

By Justin Remer

After only two releases it's obvious that Friend Factory, aka Mike Dillenberger, is the most exciting one-man band since Prince (and, like Prince, according to Dillenberger's website, he's looking to get a real band together).

Dillenberger's high and sweet but nasal vocals—and his penchant for psychedelia—brings to mind The Flaming Lips. His frequent use of a big-rock-guitar-and-drums sound, coupled with impeccable production quality, recalls the Foo Fighters before their rocking



Friend Factory.

got too bloated.

The 22-minute *The Hillside EP* and its full-length follow-up *Comeuppance* demonstrate Dillenberger's completely confident, slightly cracked approach to music making. His lyrics come from a somewhat naïve perspective, and often tell stories about children or adolescents. Just as often, though, his songs deal with murder and/or guns (the Friend Factory logo featured on his website spells "FF" through an arrangement of pistol illustrations). These two elements frequently cruelly collide as in songs like *Hillside's* opener, "In The Freezer"

(the location where a girl's body is found), or in the track from which *Comeuppance* gets its name, "Neo Geo, What Have You Done?" which features the lyrics, "Comeuppance is a bitch, but so are you," and "They murdered him for his Neo Geo."

Dillenberger crafts songs that are completely catchy but avoid hooks in a traditional sense. Sure, you might find yourself

**Could Cherry, too, be just another geek rising up from the cool-kid-fanned embers of the fire of self-doubt?**

humming memorable lines like "Let's talk about guns/ I'm the only one, talkin' 'bout guns" or "Lie to my face, and I'll hit you there," but he mostly avoids including a chorus or refrain that he'll revisit. He creates ever-shifting musical landscapes for his lyrics, almost like a restrained version of one of Yes' musical suites. The average Friend Factory song clocks in at a little over 4 minutes, allowing Dillenberger enough space to explore where he wants to go. It can be a bit hard for a radio-trained listener to latch onto at first, but this music richly rewards repeated listens.

*The Hillside EP* is currently unavailable for purchase on the Friend Factory website, although four of the seven songs are available for free download. *Comeuppance* is available from the website for a mere 5 bucks, including shipping. It's a deal at twice the price.

For more information visit [www.friendfactoryrock.com](http://www.friendfactoryrock.com).

Justin Remer makes films, music, and reviews. Visit [www.elasticnonoband.com](http://www.elasticnonoband.com) to learn more.



Jerry Cherry.

Jason Berger photo

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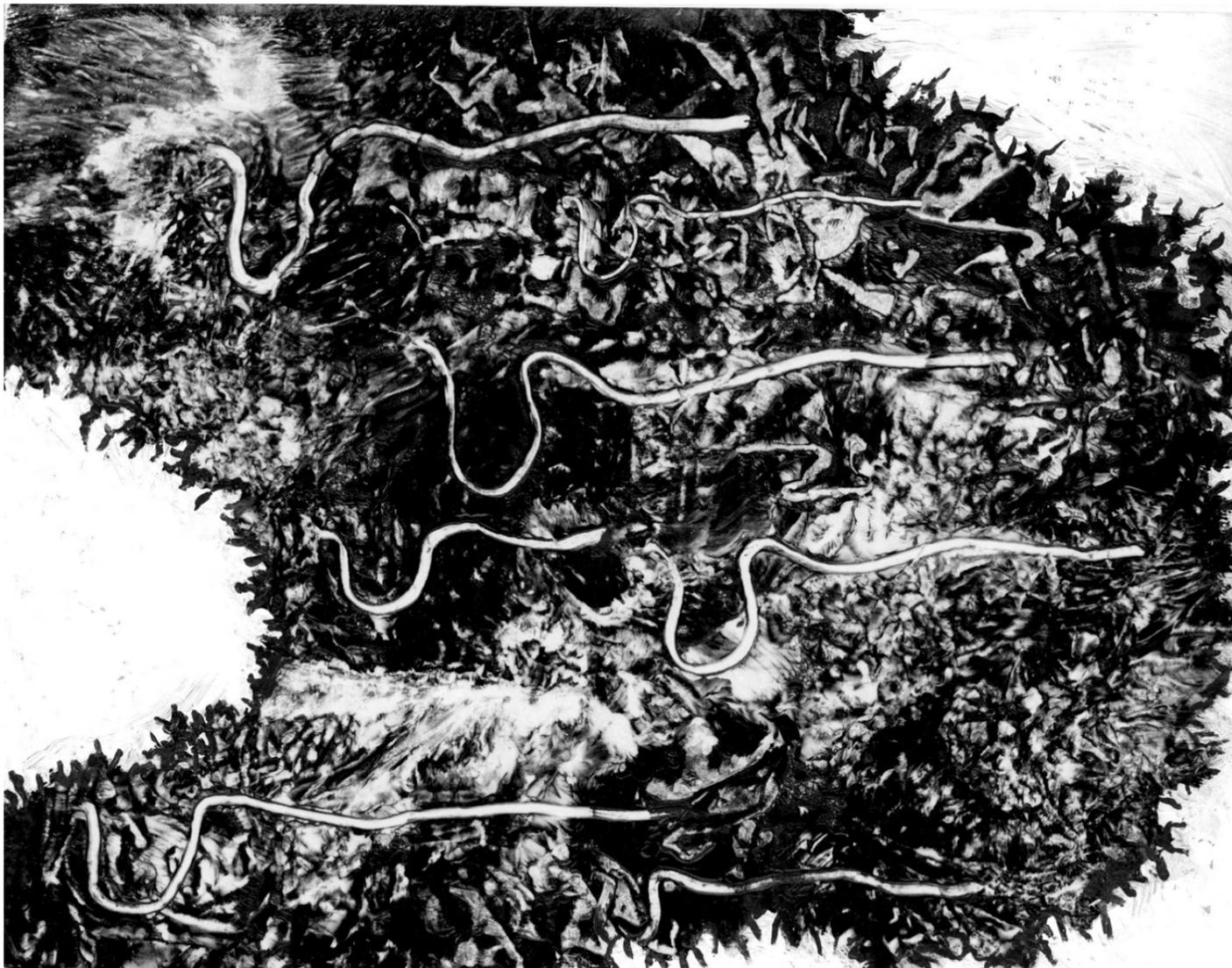
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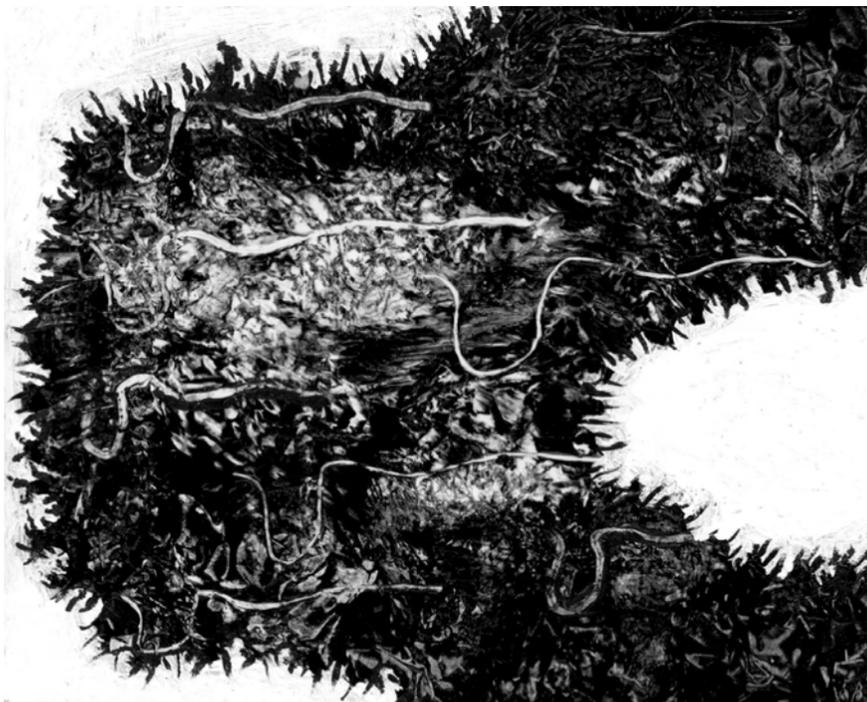
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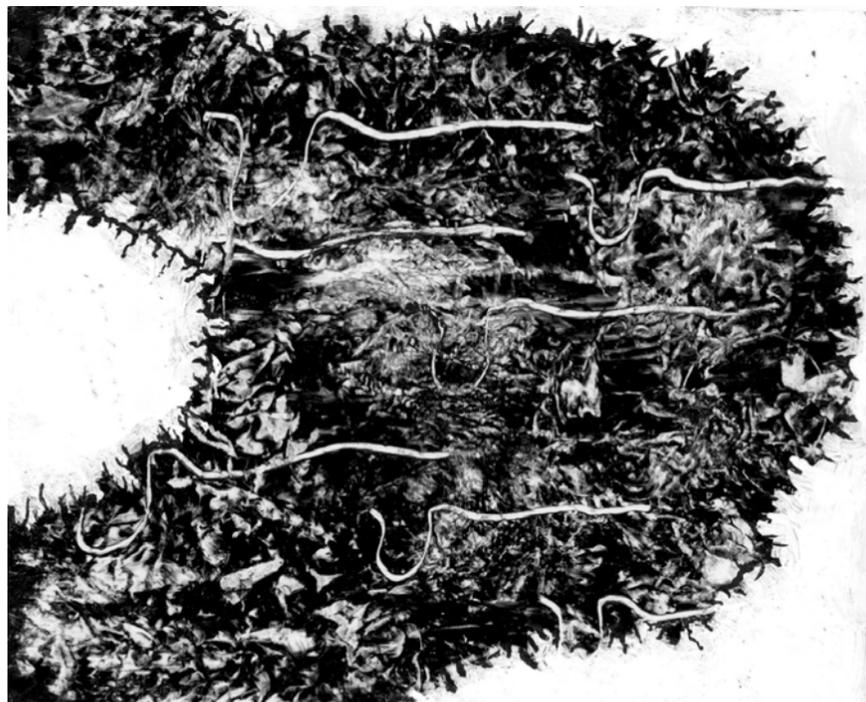
# Thomas Fink



**Goad 3**, 2007. Acrylic on paper, 8" x 10".



**Goad 5**, 2007. Acrylic on paper, 8" x 10".



**Goad 4**, 2007. Acrylic on canvas, 8" x 10".

**About the Artist** Thomas Fink's paintings hang in various collections, especially those of poets. Marsh Hawk Press has just published his fifth book of poetry, *Clarity and Other Poems. A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press) is his second book of criticism, and in 2007, he and Joseph Lease co-edited *Burning Interiors: David Shapiro's Poetry and Poetics* (FDU Press).

Since the middle of 2004, I have often developed series of shaped poems that use particular abstract imagery from my acrylic paintings or the other way around. In the case of the "Goad" series, the jagged edges at left and right in the above shapes are something I've employed before, and, in central sections, aside from the variegated-field-effect (not primarily produced with brushes), I rotate a shape used in poems in the first section of *No Appointment Necessary* (Moria Poetry) and in the painting series "Burrito Imbalance." Hmm, does the rotation resemble Magritte's (non-)pipe? It's also an object that could be porting something beneficial, superfluous, or deleterious to someone, just as a goad can be an opportunity, irrelevance, and/or danger for the addressee. Soon, I will begin a series of poems called "Goad," each in the shape of these "pipes," and the poems' point of departure will be the multiple possibilities of the goad.

# COMICS

## Drawing from Berlin and Tel Aviv

BY GARY SULLIVAN

Cargo

Avant-Verlag

Johann Ulrich's Avant-Verlag mostly publishes German-language editions of already-in-print European and American comics. *Cargo*, a collection of six comics published simultaneously in German and English last year, is a rare original work from the Berlin-based press.

The idea is simple. Three cartoonists from Berlin visit Israel, three from Tel Aviv visit Germany, and all six report on their experiences in comics ranging from 10 to 30 pages. One of the artists—Jan Feindt—was born in Germany, studied art in Israel under two of the Israeli artists in this book (Yirmi Pinkus and Rutu Modan), and lives in Berlin with his Israeli wife.

The concept is somewhat already in the air. The French comics press L'Association has published a series of collections over the last 10 years or so that feature work by four or five French artists who each visit another country and report back, among them *L'Association en Egypte* and *L'Association en Mexico*. In 2005, Fanfare and Ponent Mon collaboratively published *Japan*, featuring work by nine French and eight Japanese creators.

But of these, *Cargo* is by far the most

successful single volume. This is due in part to the symmetry of the exchange, and, let's be frank, to Germany and Israel's unique and rich—and also horrific—relationship. Henryk M. Broder downplays this in his forward:

"Nobody would ever dream of stating that 'the reach of German history extends to Cameroon.' But saying that 'the reach of German history extends to Palestine' is considered normal. This may seem absurd and compulsive, but there is probably no alternative. And it will be some time before Germans and Jews finally overcome their inhibitions when dealing with each other."

That historical extension, however, colors a good portion of the book in ways that seem conscious and unconscious. For starters, the work of the Germans in Israel is more documentary-like than that of the Israelis, and they are on average two to three times as long. The Israeli work is relatively distanced: experience is fictionalized, poeticized, and/or

viewed from a deconstructive lens. One's first thought might be that the Israeli had somewhat more resistance, if only subconsciously, to the project as a simple one-to-one exchange.

While Tim Dinter's

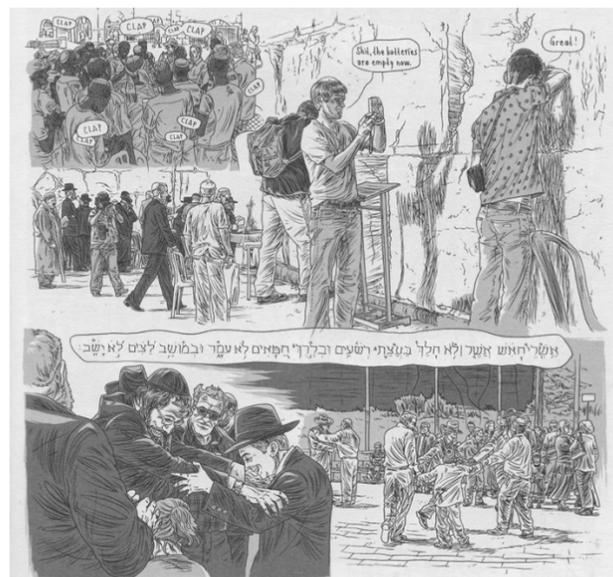
"Small World - Big Orange," a series of lively interviews with more than a half dozen Tel Aviv residents that opens

the book, contains no references to the Holocaust, Yirmi Pinkus' "Black Milk," a short comic about a stay in a guesthouse at the southern tip of the Black Forest, oscillates between simple narration, dialogue, and lines from Paul Celan's "Death Fugue."

The third comic, Jan Feindt's "Roadmap," an account of journeying to the Negev Desert and meeting and talking with a group of Bedouin women, is one of the strongest comics, visually and in terms of content, which is saying a lot for this book. This is the first—really the only—comic here that takes a clear-eyed look at official Israeli policy of any kind (in this case statutory health insurance, which covers only the first wife in polygamous marriages).

This is followed by Rutu Modan's wordless and deceptively simple looking "The Observer," which at first glance appears to be the comics version of a series of random snapshots of various places in Berlin, and which becomes increasingly complex and resonant the longer you study the individual drawings.

Jens Harder's "Ticket to God," is the penultimate piece and one of the longest. It is a jaw-droppingly beautiful, historically rich meditation on Jerusalem that is so detailed I had to take my magnifying



From Jens Harder's "Ticket to God."

glass to it to really see and appreciate everything going on in each of the panels.

And finally, Guy Morad's "Memories" provides what feels like a fictionalized account of himself as protagonist, losing his bag (including his money and identity papers) on a subway platform, and then being adopted by a young German woman with whom (cue schmaltzy soundtrack) he winds up smooching with on the last pages of the book. Sentimental, sure, but totally earned given the previous 140-odd pages.

*Cargo* is available in the U.S. in finer comics shops, or visit [www.avant-verlag.de](http://www.avant-verlag.de).

The third issue of Gary Sullivan's comic book series *Elsewhere* is available from the artist at [www.garysullivan.blogspot.com](http://www.garysullivan.blogspot.com).

**Three cartoonists from Berlin visit Israel, three from Tel Aviv visit Germany, and all six report on their experiences via comics.**



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

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## Elegies from New York City by Mirela Roznoveanu

Paperback, 106 pages  
Koja Press, New York  
1st edition (January 15, 2008)

MIRELA ROZNOVEANU



ELEGIES FROM  
NEW YORK CITY

"Mirela Roznoveanu's poetry is 'innovative' where it counts, I think—the imagery is really stunning. I can't imagine anyone with any sensitivity reading her work, and not experiencing a strong emotional response."  
—William James Austin

"What I find fascinating are the startling images gleaned from such a breadth of human experience. The poetry is of such depth and complexity while not in the least hermetic. It is as if the image is the precise one to stir the conflicting emotions that permeate the poems. Mirela Roznoveanu's world travels and breadth of literary experience carry a resonance that inspires further exploration into the poetic line. Without actually reading the Romanian I find the reading of her poetry and of Heathrow O'Hare's translations as seamless. This is quite a remarkable accomplishment."  
—Elizabeth Gamble Miller

### About the Author

Mirela Roznoveanu is a native of Romania who immigrated to the United States in 1991. She was a noted dissident journalist during the turbulent period of the late eighties. Her literary works in Romanian include novels, critical essays, and poetry. She has published in English a book of poems, *Born Again in Exile*, a collection of novellas, *The Life Manager and Other Stories*, and literary criticism. Roznoveanu is a member of the faculty of New York University's School of Law.

It has been said that Roznoveanu's writing changed greatly after her leaving Romania. Today, one would not agree with this statement any more. She was always a writer pursuing her way to perfection and artistic development. These trends could be seen from her earlier works, such as her manifesto of her Romanian debut volume in Romania, *Lecturi Moderne* (Modern Readings, 1978). Mirela is among those writers and critics who have sought over recent years to turn the energy of their native cultures into a complex aesthetic with significant moral and political connotations.

## Tom Orange Nashville, Tenn. *from Equal Us*

*for Joe Ross and our D.C. friends*

Welcome, don't interfere. A step up into danger, the watch hand in wonder.  
 Adds a polluted brew in the mix. Dog bullet chokes a hold on shorter violence.  
 Old leaders charging up the kill slip in the come-on. I puke tension  
 to keep my head in shape. A heart in its own design. The necessary  
 intrusion into skin, eyesocket. The foreign and true. You've flung out here on your  
 nerve, it meets you steady in this. Retrofit this yes. Purpose on stilts  
 it clowns you. Watch and bleed, you tender over in the hush. Optional divide,  
 cause or cure. Make me whole, you two-not-one. Complications torn out,  
 self-propelled. I guess get your word up, held in tight smear. Liberty clean feed,  
 photoshop it. Prompt me speak. The time of your call. Exhaustion equals  
 blink, smoked left. We drag this strategy to its edge. We no longer stand,  
 shop fast or feast. Cloak the remembrance full of words.  
 Teach the heavy impact or loss of being. The point at which you said  
 minutes, later embraced, then craved. A haunted soul would not recover  
 the grave. Swirl cut them and sharper. When writing counts the world  
 in its rope (or trope). Let it read slow. Too much of it, there you go.  
 Sometimes easy is too wild, lost between abandonments. Stray the steady hand  
 of tomorrow, it tends to explode between the gaps. Wines connect under  
 skin abutments. Clarity traced its brief coming out. Things writing willing  
 blows, billows, matters. Storybook demise. Articulate lodgings more squarely,  
 this grim craving for insignificance. Your lack of say fades too,  
 this wrecks upon me. Write the holy swollen few with what hand holds  
 you now. The smell traces a wondering. Drop your love with a dead  
 thump. Better knows enough strewn thin. The dyslexic choke hold of truth.  
 Counting down the brilliance, meaning love? Is there a pill? We lean upon  
 the word to form understandings. Upright, impassible. Knowledge smoked  
 down in the mystical, a refusal to cut. Somewhere in all this I'm points.  
 Lack of cold sun. Got you sized up, luggage around, your head in an orchestra.  
 The mythology of being stuck. Indulge this machine, dear. Signs you  
 should have turned upon. He managed nothing else, motherfucker. A page  
 built blank, poetry lost in the press. This pith of sickness writes my logic large.  
 We make this final so it rightly distrusts you. Intensity searching closer  
 bold shouts like how it pleads for you now. Empty Bach of his member,  
 we talk of the final need again. Things fold down and face eternity.  
 Feel this sentence reach each balance of your need. You overload your boredom.  
 Sit with me several, honey, your varieties know no brand of weld.  
 Feed the flowerhead pulse. Every day a spoon of choice in valleys of coercion.  
 Worlds grow past the faker complaint, wine souring in the glass my ear makes up.

### About the Poets

**Lisa Cohen** writes nonfiction and poems that have appeared in *Lit*, *Barrow Street*, *5 Fingers Review*, and *Ploughshares*, among other places.

**Seán M. Dalpiaz** (*cover*) hopes he has paid his debt to karma. A first poet to come last, he is currently incarcerated at Mount McGregor Correctional Facility and is following in the footsteps of his mentors: Ethiopia, Dawud - The Prophet, Cara Benson, and Miky Piñero. **Tom Orange** is recently transplanted from Washington, D.C. to Nashville, Tenn., where he is a lecturer in the English department and assistant director of the Writing Studio at Vanderbilt University. NEA Fellowship recipient and three-time Pushcart nominee **Charles Rossiter** hosts the audio website [www.poetrypoetry.com](http://www.poetrypoetry.com). He has been featured on NPR and at the Chicago Blues and Dodge Poetry festivals. His new book, *The Night We Danced With the Raelettes*, is just out from Foothills Publishing.

## Charles Rossiter Chicago

Dear Aspiring Writer:  
 The Fuckaround School of Creative Writing  
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We know you will enjoy your time in the Fuckaround program as you experience our brief, though intense, times together in exotic locales around the world. From Fiji to Vail to Provence, you'll fuckaround on the beaches and slopes, and sometimes in the vineyards and hot tubs, all the while receiving sharp-eyed criticism of your poems, along with a dollop of sincere encouragement to become a permanent part of the Life-Long Fuckaround Writing Program designed to help you see yourself as a writer as you fuckaround with others who share that same goal.

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Please submit your payment in full by the end of the month along with your dietary desires and restrictions as well as your roommate gender preferences. Once again, congratulations on joining us at the Fuckaround School of Creative Writing. We look forward to seeing you on the beach, or boat, depending upon which Fuckaround seminar you signed up for. We know you're going to enjoy fucking around with us as much as we're going to enjoy fucking around with you.

## Lisa Cohen East Village *Sounds of the World's Languages*

*Is your stuff trash?*

I just want to make sure that it gets there.  
 Everybody does.  
 And now I'm really nervous.  
 I just want to make sure to retrieve it  
 extracting the intolerable  
 from the glistening dark cloud.

*We're one company  
 we just work out of different databases  
 And now I'm really nervous  
 —dust and glass and paper—  
 and you realize just how  
 every time you put your heel down—  
 but I was seamlessly excited  
 tied up in an elaborate rope scheme  
 the issue of individual profit and loss  
 obscured by a myriad other  
 more recent transactions  
 (since they were paying us—  
 and for good reason).*

*It's talk you can feel  
 A dream of dissociation  
 and even walking is hard.  
 A teaching technique.  
 And every time you  
 put your foot down  
 the shock  
 travels up to my head.*

# GREG FUCHS

East 104th Street  
and Lexington Avenue  
New York City, 2008



## OCHO 14

Guest edited by Nick Piombino, OCHO 14 is just out with work by Charles Bernstein, Alan Davies, Ray DiPalma, Elaine Equi, Nada Gordon, Mitch Highfill, Brenda Iijima, Kimberly Lyons, Sharon Mesmer, Tim Peterson, Corinne Robins, Jerome Sala, Gary Sullivan, Nico Vassilakis and Mark Young. Cover by Toni Simon. 181 pages, perfect bound, \$16.94, available exclusively from LuLu.com and Adam's Books. "It's a terrific issue, with nothing but good work from cover to cover."— Silliman's Blog. OCHO, the MiPOesias print companion, is a Menendez publication, [www.mipoesias.com](http://www.mipoesias.com). Watch for the OCHO group reading coming soon at Adam's Books!

## Brad Flis

**Bring back my boot camp, bring  
back my glock, bring back my boy  
band, my turbulent rock. Bring  
back my soviet carnival bear, my  
bro in mid-air!**

**from his book *Peasants*  
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