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::: the press gang :::  
 ::: the press gang :::



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**Tues. Nov. 25, 6:00 p.m., free**

**New York City  
Small Presses Night**

Performances from Farfalla Press (I Feel Tractor, Anne Waldman), Open 24 Hours (Erica Kaufman), :::the press gang::: (Evan Kennedy), and X-ing Books (Jeremy Schmall, Justin Taylor). Plus cheese and crackers, and wine and other beverages.

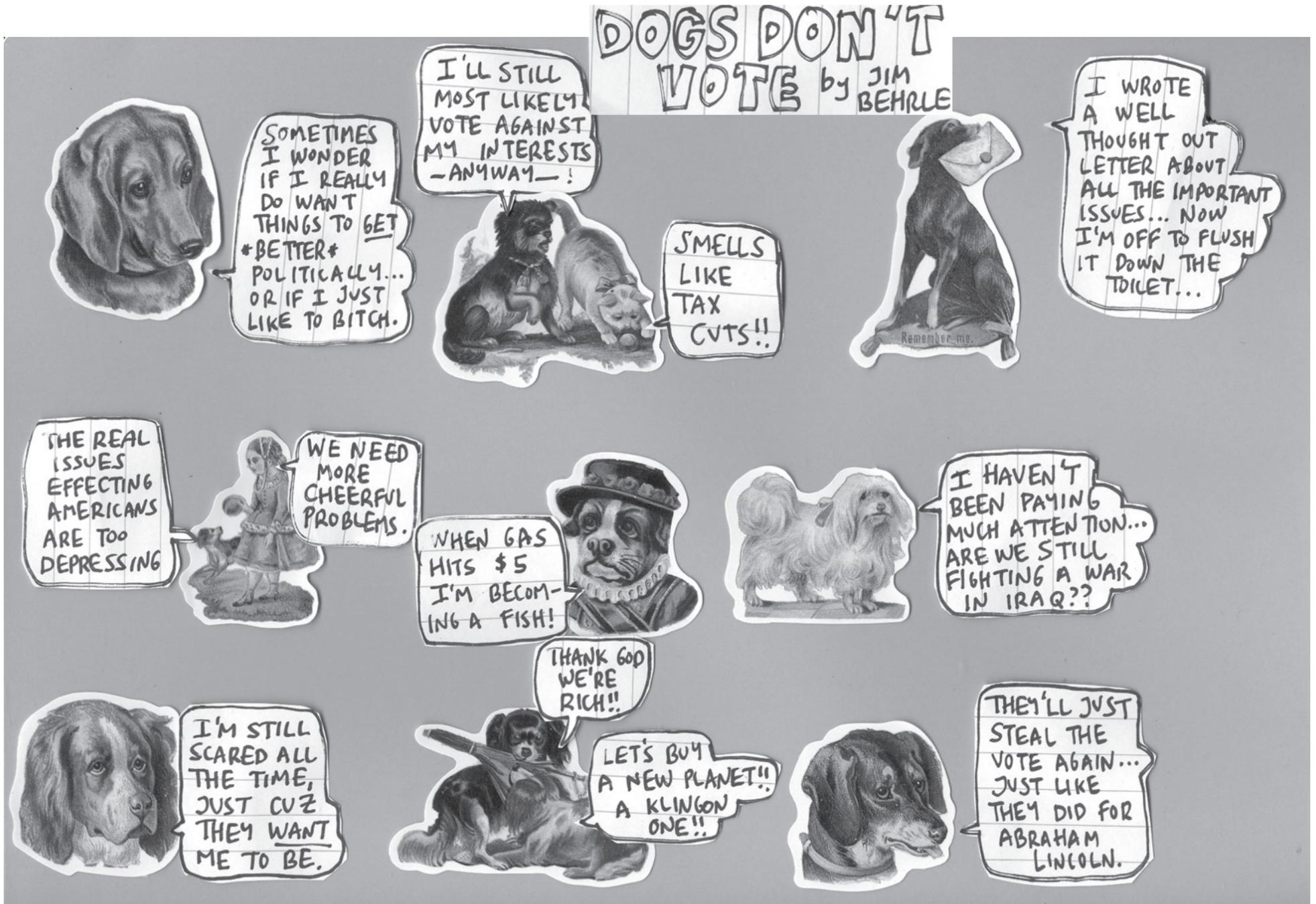
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# COMICS



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## ZINC BAR

82 West 3rd, two doors west of Thompson Street

Sundays at 7pm. \$5 donation goes to the poets

11/16 Brenda Iijima, Paul Foster Johnson, Robbie Dewhurst

11/23 Bob Hershon, Sharon Mesmer and Susie Timmons

12/7 A HUGE LUNGFULL PARTY

12/14 Maxine Chernoff and Paul Hoover

12/21 Ron Silliman and Joel Lewis

Lungfull.org/Zinc/ • Subway: ABCDEFV to West 4th Street.

### BOOG CITY

Issue 52 free

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*Boog* always reads work for *Boog City* or other consideration. (Send SASE with no more than five poems or pages of any type of art or writing. For email subs, put *Boog City* sub in subject line and then email to editor@boogcity.com or applicable editor.)

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# OPEN 24 HOURS

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MARIANA RUIZ FIRMAT  
CHRIS TOLL  
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WILL YACKULIC**

## **just primitive**

she favors the dashed  
yellow lines of river  
road. passes just to pass.  
the right way. wears  
inappropriate hats for each  
picture. i see them. post  
her. then say, "we're going  
to have a relationship  
tonite." lead me  
to believe. more than just  
tandem bicycle dreams  
misquoted theme songs  
postcards i want to discard.

—Erica Kaufman

**JOHN COLETTI & GREG FUCHS, EDITORS**

**COVERS BY  
JONATHAN ALLEN  
KATY HENRIKSON  
BERNADETTE KELLY  
ALICE NOTLEY  
ERICA SVEC**

the pearls comes from living coral, rosy, tubular. he lets me touch  
the old ones, compares a tattoo - shipwreck in glorier days, tilt a  
forearm just right and peek betwen canyon-tall corroidors. snatch a  
panorama, doorbell, audience.

manjula martin

Trenched eirc and cuit, lay fit haven. Downe tone, match tread.  
'Lect voules-vous. Luik cald and dry, aloo. Fuel strifed city, a-blesst  
and wireless. Dwell atour, and apteka. Shoo, a schokt kwik  
mellifluate. Hides of youth, module south. An at and up, up mouth.

evan kennedy

Locution of the commonwealth's fundamental  
Booty. Nay parking neath'is harking  
Lot's lighting, shed cold'll throat report:  
Using their back teeth t'accumulate a fort.

justin katko, & jow lindsay

*::: the press gang ::: is based out  
of tuscaloosa (al) and brooklyn (ny)*

*WE:*

*letterpress small editions  
of chapbooks (125 copies).*

*keep a poetry blog at  
<http://the-press-gang.blogspot.com/>*

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**JUSTIN TAYLOR** More Perfect Depictions of Noise

### Let's Get Tired of Cannibalism!

Everyone knows salesmen  
are what's killing us. Don't answer  
the door. Listen: Every  
hard angle is padded with dollar signs.  
You can tell the real thing by its reaction  
on exposure to the all-consuming flame.  
I wish to be unleashed upon the land  
in a swarm. I am the memory of a night  
there was especially bad weather  
and the trains faltered and the people  
lost heart—but, people, take heart now!  
That long night is passed. The trains  
are back on schedule. Listen:  
The salesmen are molting.  
Their new shapes are impossible.



After I finished the surgery—a small job  
I took care of myself over  
the bathroom sink with a cuticle scissors—  
I thought I learned a new name for whiskey  
but when I went to write it down  
turned out it was the same name  
and I was just excited all over again.  
I'm like a child sometimes—a drunk child.

None of this comes close, by the way,  
to communicating what I woke  
you up just to say. In other ways  
of course it comes very, very close  
and even gets to the heart  
of the matter and pushes through it:  
tiny blades curved like the bills  
of waterbirds, glinting wetly  
in light that might as well be light  
on water. Some desolate lake.

### Is There Devil Music in Heaven?

The world stiffened and crumbled; figure  
that's how it started and we dug that. The  
sun did whatever; it was over too. Some-  
one gave us a few pills and we took those.

We hoped for the blurriest of all possible  
worlds but suffered the clarity that came.  
Darkness itself lapsed or seemed to. We  
were/weren't as into it as we should have

been when the soundtrack cranked. We  
were ready for our sentences and were  
even filled with our own version of love  
for That which asserted Its Presence—

**JEREMY SCHMALL** Open Correspondence from The Senator

March 25

My Fellow Countrymen,

I have had so many pancakes this  
morning. Blueberry pancakes, and  
cinnamon pancakes, and sourdough  
pancakes, all covered in syrup.  
And five cups of coffee. The disparity  
between my breakfast and yours is  
alarming. I am also better looking.

Your senator,  
The Senator

June 2

Dear Mr. "President,"

I'm not sure if you saw me at the  
reception the other day (it seemed like  
we made eye contact), but I definitely  
saw you, and I made several sweeping  
motions with my hand (known in this  
country as WAVING HELLO). True, I was  
drunk (open bar, etc.). But I'm pretty  
sure you saw me. I was the guy in the  
suit, with the flag pin on my lapel.  
I have white hair and a gentle (but  
TOUGH) and wise-looking face.

I also tried calling your cell phone,  
but I guess it was turned off.

Come on,  
The Senator

Hey Weird Guy,

I saw you sitting outside the coffee  
shop, writing, for like three hours,  
what I can only imagine is some  
dangerous and moronic manifesto.

My question for you is, how did you get  
such a nice tan? Have you always tanned  
easily? Is this something you work  
on? Is there a certain lotion you know  
of? Some new breakthrough in tanning  
technology?

Let me know.

Yours truly,  
The Senator

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# POETRY

## Maxwell Heller

Chelsea

### Film Scenes in Search of a Genre

character A is delivering a lecture concerning \_\_\_\_\_ when B enters with pouch-lipped discretion.

C and D are having great fun around the \_\_\_\_\_in the \_\_\_\_\_. C falls into D's lap, scene fades. next scene: the war has been underway for some time.

awake but slumped, E is tied to the radiator.

F opens bathroom door in diaphanous robes, knees knocked, drops pills.

awaiting a train: G.

it seems that all is settled, but then an extreme close-up on H reveals that something is awry.

Mr. I embraces wife, Mr. J is forgotten.

children laugh along the hall. Why hasn't Mrs. K mentioned this Mr. L—who appears in a photo with oft-mentioned Ms. M—before?

extreme close-up on N reveals his renewed dedication to the \_\_\_\_\_ cause

character O, poorly dressed and mute, was taking dictation. now she walks along the pedestrian overpass.

it rains tropically on P and Q as they argue.

R drops her legs, sits upright, covers breasts.

clouds seen from above. then S leans toward microphone and articulates: no, she does not now, nor did she ever; no she was not, nor was it ever her intention. it is a long hypotenuse between her and the others, visible at right.

peripheral characters and T are turning the soil when a rattling car appears "a ways down the road."

U shoulders her way through the \_\_\_\_\_ demonstrators, clutching purse.

V and other picnickers *sur l'herbe* hear the \_\_\_\_\_ blasts from across *l'herbe*.

in kitchen of W: all dishes at once. next: chair.

through fogged passenger window, we see Y approaching at a run through the downpour with hatboxes, weeping and lugging, as X (who has just arrived) looks on. cue: rear-view mirror ornaments.

Z ties the three books with twine and walks out. never to return.

character A waits in soup line.

(repeat)

## Holly Melgard

Buffalo

### Excerpt from "Retrospective To Do's"

#423.687: Slurp up the sea in its entirety.

#423.686: Implement a physical-body pile.

#423.685: Regulate newness and the expression of newness.

#423.684: Hang your hat on a glimpse of palpable elasticity.

#423.683: Calculate the geometry of interrelations and de-calculate the metrics of outer-relations at the same time.

#423.682: Process information according to a reduction of organic references.

#423.681: Extract emotionally dyslexic samples from the space-and-time pile.

#423.68: Rotate in megaphors periodically.

#423.679: Modify further clauses in the modification pile.

#423.678: Reorganize the You's and I's as sideways in the influx of either.

#423.677: Design a set of icons that spell out nearness as it passes.

#423.676: File them under the inconsequential strokes of our social calligraphy.

#423.675: Ventriloquize a sound system of radical and or fluctuating textures.

#423.674: Pronounce the new language designated for the new experience.

#423.673: Separate out the gestures symptomatic of linear activity.

#423.672: Pickle them in the waters of the unreality-bog.

#423.671: Express hostility toward the furthest bounding boxes of virtual and actual shapes.

#423.67: Exacerbate the will-do, what-now, and the you-know fonts.

#423.669: Designate peripheralism as the new inactivism, but first, inactivism as the new activism, and before that, activism as the new horizontal expanse.

#423.668: Reverse the expanse recall.

#423.667: Collapse into the soft spectrum imploding.

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## Akilah Oliver

Fort Greene

### Excerpt from 'The Putterer's Notebook'

you

you were not concluding a desire, backed against the wall, your upper thigh exposed through the riddling stockings

as an event can simultaneously be happening and not be occurring, a very first morning

a passing across the self, & my old friend the radio, red velvet hot pants, a fashion show graduation from the Sears Charm School for girls, mix and match

I wanted a self so badly, I turned the dial to see what was on the other side, joan armatrading, we tried chance translations of 'jah' based loosely on context clues, that girl my sister, I saw her last month in l.a. at the wedding, I thought she'd be a surfer or the wife of an O.G., surprise all the time, Christian lady, you look so much younger now, as if all the blighted apartments have been repaired

what a pretty world out there

I am a new occupant, but this particular morning, for example, found me wandering in terrorist shadows

The death dreams are often sexualized, the first, a morphing pool of consecrated limbs floundering and touching in what appeared a murky body pool

to get to, one had to pass through a portal, not a door exactly, more like a veil, it was duplicitous its appearance, both sensuous and repelling, quicksand like, pleasure in the going down, the limbs indistinguishable from the souls, a man who was neither good nor evil seemed to be the sentry

I kept telling him not to go, I couldn't stop him from going, I tried to trick him with an earth-based attachment to me to keep him from going, I had to witness him go down there with the altered bodies, there to that feast

a recovery that exposes itself as an expectation

as if to speak requires dream

single lines staged as tracks

we are not stating a truth

a truth would require more negotiation than water rights

an expectation relegates mystery to a rack

it may be true that he was saying "dismissal"

it may be true we expected more, then gradually less

as if a dream expires

6/10/10

#### About the Poets

**Maxwell Heller** is the fine arts and poetry editor for George Braziller Publishers. His reviews and essays appear regularly in *The Brooklyn Rail*, where he is a contributing writer. **Holly Melgard** has served as the editor of the literary journals *Slightly West* and *Converse*. She is a recent graduate of The Evergreen State College and resides in Buffalo, where she is working on her Ph.D. in English. **Akilah Oliver** writes and thinks about little things. Her books include *a(A)ugust*, *The Putterer's Notebook*, "the she said dialogues: flesh memory", and coming soon, "A Toast in the House of Friends."

**Bowery Books is proud to announce the release of**  
**BODY OF WATER by Janet Hamill**



**Poetry by Janet Hamill**  
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With this & much more, she has become indispensable.”

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