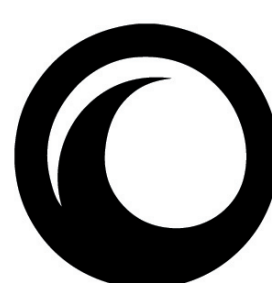




PUSH Press



Black Ocean



Rye House Press

## d.a. levy-palooza: celebrating three renegade presses

Small Press Co-Editor Chris McCreary checks in with *Big Bell* / *Push Press*, *Black Ocean*, and *Rye House Press* in advance of the event.

### *Plus Our Departments*

#### *ART*

Katherine Tzu-lan Mann

#### *FILM*

Tribeca Film Festival's *Digital Dilemma*

#### *MUSIC*

A Light and Winged and Holy Thing:  
Roby Springer to Be Remembered

#### *POETRY*

Rachel Adams, Olemadebo Fatunde, Sheila McMullin,  
Alison Strub, Mike Young

Why the Brooklyn Poetry Summit  
(and Summit schedule)

#### *PRINTED MATTER*

Gizzi Gives More Than Just Nothing

Notes on Gracie Leavitt's *Monkeys*, *Minor Planet*, *Average Star*



## Links

<http://www.booksandbookshelves.com/>

<http://www.blackocean.org/>

## Bio

**Chris McCreary** is Boog City's small press co-editor. His fourth book, *[ neüro / mantic ]*, will be published by Furniture Press later this year.

## SMALL PRESS

# The Incredibly True Story of How Three Friends Formed Big Bell and Push Press



### INTERVIEW BY CHRIS MCCREARY

Boog City small press co-editor Chris McCreary discussed the past, present, and future of Big Bell/PUSH with two of the press's three co-editors, Jason Morris and Russell Dillon.

#### Boog City: Jason, in the early days, how did you become aware of small-press culture?

Jason Morris: I noticed small presses the way I noticed record labels. An extra indicative of my tastes. I had a Rough Trade sampler that had The Pixies and maybe The Violent Femmes. My older cousin had turned me onto Alice Donut and Alternative Tentacles. I became aware that *Howl* was on City Lights and so was *Lunch Poems* by Frank O'Hara. City Lights was probably the first press I snuck out my window to check out. I read *Naked Lunch* in high school but I'm sure my fluency has lapsed.

#### What other presses are of the most interest to you?

JM: There are plenty. I'm leaving out places that have published my work: Ugly Duckling, Bootstrap Press, Song Cave, Flowers & Cream, Fewer & Further, Summer BF, House Press, Skysill Press, O'clock Press, Editions Louis Vain.

And then a few more that may now be defunct or half, but are nonetheless pole stars: Living Batch, Sun & Moon Press, Tumba, Ithuriel's Spear, Black Star Books, Hard Press, The Figures, Turtle Island, Angel Hair, Divers Press.



Jason Morris

#### What's new for Big Bell/PUSH this spring?

Russell Dillon: We've recently completed the eighth issue of *Big Bell*, and while there is nothing concrete in the works for the next Push project, both Jason Morris and Jason Grabowski have shared some hopes/plans with me, though they seem to get a kick out of not sharing them with each other. Sneak attack and battle rap strategy seems to prevail ... which is perhaps a good point to illustrate the way we work together, which I find interesting, and, at times, completely insane, and might best be described with a quick history. Jason Grabowski and I have been friends for roughly 25 years, initially through skateboarding, and



***Sneak attack and battle rap strategy seems to prevail ... which is perhaps a good point to illustrate the way we work together which I find interesting, and at times, completely insane ... —Russell Dillon***

eventually that continued/blossomed into discussions about art and literature. After moving to San Francisco and meeting Jason Morris in a simultaneous state of discomfort outside of a reading, he quickly became a dear friend and poet I greatly admired. On a long-term visit, Grabowski and Morris spent a lot of time together while I was stuck bartending, during which they began to work on a few books/pamphlets/projects together. It was pretty fantastic to get home from working at a bar and still see these two up and working on the earliest foundations of what eventually became Push.

When Jason Morris started *Big Bell*, I thought he was absolutely crazy. One day he was nonchalantly telling me about going to a Giants game and that he had gotten the idea to put out an arts and literary journal, and a few weeks later he handed me the first issue. In the process of subsequent issues, I began to lend him some small assistance in soliciting poets and sharing the magazine with my friends, until he said one day that he had grown a little tired from the editorial and financial strains of running an endeavor we mostly gave away. I had come to love the magazine so much, and been so impressed by what he had already done with it, that we decided that rather than letting it slip away, I would take on more responsibilities, and he would lend me help when needed. Grabowski was always, and, as far as I can see, will always be the arts editor.

Plans for the spring involve working to get an archive of the previous issues together in some digital capacity. Being such a small organization, with such amazing talent in our contributor history, I want there to be a record of how fortunate we've been. It's hard to say how and when that will result, since one of the initial and continuous aesthetics of *Big Bell* has been its low-fi, DIY, hand-to-hand, word-of-mouth style ... but we're discussing the best way to honor that and still make work that deserves to be read available.

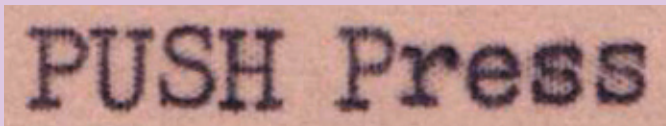


Russell Dillon

#### What's on deck for you guys at the upcoming d.a. levy-palooza event?

JG: Aside from just having the best time with the amazing presses and writers already assembled, we're really excited to showcase poets we absolutely love and are very honored to work with. A.H. Jerriod Avant, Filip Marinovich, Alexis Orgera, and Christopher Salerno illustrate a good spectrum in the life of the magazine and contemporary literature at its finest ... they're the absolute best, and we're thrilled to be associated with them. We're also extremely excited to have another contributor, DJ Halfbreed, aka: Marissa Johnson-Valenzuela be available to serve as our musical act. She is wildly talented, and will read her poem from issue number eight, in addition to spinning two 15-minute sets of what we consider "Golden Age" hip-hop, representing some aspects of the magazine's genesis, history, and a bond that first brought the editors together. It's also an honor to be able to pay tribute to Adam "MCA" Yauch on the second anniversary of his death. We plan to have her sets arranged on a limited number of CDs for the event, though she is performing the sets live, later to be available online.

We will also be printing more copies of issue number eight, because I've already given them all away and forgot to save one for myself (plus, we think you'll all want one, too).



### The Complete Bibliography\*

Jason Morris and Jason Grabowski, *American Outpost* (2008)

Patrick James Dunagan & Micah Ballard, *Easy Eden* (2009)

Evan Rehill, *The Way We're Used To* (2009)

Cedar Sigo, *Slivers* (2010)

Patrick James Dunagan, *Her Friends Down at the French Cafe Had No English Words for Me* (2010)

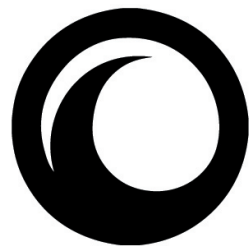
Kevin Killian, *Selected Amazon Reviews, Vol. 2* (2011)

Mary Austin Speaker, *The Bridge* (2011)

Sunnylyn Thibodeaux, *88 Haiku* (2013)

**\*Many, but not all, of the titles are out of print. Back issues of *Big Bell* are available from Books & Bookshelves in San Francisco.**

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# Black Ocean's Next Wave

### INTERVIEW BY CHRIS MCCREARY

Black Ocean's Janaka Stucky touches base with Boog City's small press co-editor Chris McCreary on the origins of the press as well as what's next for the Black Ocean crew.

#### Boog City: How did you first become aware of poetry presses and small press culture?

Janaka Stucky: When I started Black Ocean with Carrie Olivia Adams, there weren't many notable small presses for poetry, which was a reason to start Black Ocean. There were indies like Copper Canyon and Graywolf, but I'm not sure I'd consider them "small." Fairly fresh out of grad school at the time, *Fence* and *Verse* were on my radar as small presses publishing interesting and important work, but beyond that I'd be hard-pressed to name other small poetry publishers that stood out to me. There were other non-poetry presses that had a bigger influence on me. I came up in the punk/DIY culture, so zines and underground publishing were where I cut my teeth.

#### What presses are you most drawn to these days?

Well Octopus Books is unavoidable because we publish one of their editors, Zachary Schomburg. I think Birds, LLC has done a lot to bring cred to a cooperative publishing model. Wave Books (formerly Verse) started the same year we did, but with a LOT more money—and now they are kind of king of the small press poetry hill. I think Siglio is putting out gorgeous and interesting books at the intersection of visual art and literature. I'd love to do more of that with Black Ocean. I actually got permission from Siglio to use some of the art in one of their books as the cover for my own collection of poems published by Ahsahta. Oh, and so Ahsahta of course too! Ahsahta has published books by three Black Ocean editors: me, Carrie, and Paige Ackerson-Kiely.

#### What's new for Black Ocean this spring?

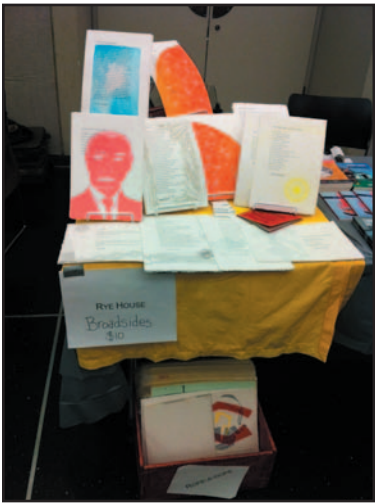
Well we just released the latest collection by Zach Savich, called *Century Swept Brutal*, and a debut book of poetry by Brian Foley by the name of *The Constitution*. Both books are quiet, beautiful, and intense in their own ways. *The Self Unstable* by Elisa Gabbert is still going really strong, even though it came out at the end of 2013. In fact, we've almost sold out of the first 2,000 print run! Beyond that, we've got the highly-anticipated fourth book coming out this summer from Zachary Schomburg, and Black Ocean's first anthology called *PRIVACY POLICY: The Anthology of Surveillance Poetics*. I'm really excited about that one, and there's already a lot of buzz due to the contributor list. *The Boston Review* printed an excerpt of it in March, and then posted an online feature about it this month.

#### What can we expect at the upcoming d.a. levy-palooza event?

I'm so happy about the lineup up we've secured for the event! Black Ocean authors Brian Foley and DJ Dolack will be reading from their debut collections. Both those guys are just devastating readers, not to be missed! I'll also be reading from a series of ontological spells that I have been working on, and we'll be joined by the newest member of the Black Ocean staff, Thera Webb. Thera's great and I'm pleased she's coming down with me from Boston. Our musical guest is one of my pressmates at Ahsahta, Jasmine Dreame Wagner, who also happens to be an accomplished musician. I've seen her perform a couple of times and she's totally mesmerizing.

***I came up in the punk/DIY culture, so zines and underground publishing were where I cut my teeth.***  
**—Janaka Stucky**





# Rye House RISING



## INTERVIEW BY CHRIS MCCREARY

**F**ounded in 2012, Rye House Press publishes chapbooks, broadsides, and ephemera. Boog City small press co-editor Chris McCreary caught up with Jeremiah Gould over email to discuss the history of the press, Gould's striking visual aesthetic, and plans for Boog's upcoming d.a. levy-palooza event.

**Boog City: How did you become aware of small presses? Do you remember any presses or small-press titles that were formative to you when you began exploring the world of poetry?**

Jeremiah Gould: Although I was very interested in poetry as an undergrad at University of New Hampshire, I didn't happen upon contemporary poetry or the small press world until a few years after graduation.

It was a series of coincidences. After college I was living in Boston and completely out of the poetry world. The major journals were dry and boring and I was too distracted in my life to seek out anything else. A former coworker, Chris Tonelli, co-founder of Birds, LLC and author of *Increment* from Rye House Press, was hosting a reading series in South Boston at the time called the So and So Series. Some great poets were coming in from all over to read, but until a former UNH classmate, John Deming of *Coldfront Magazine*, came to read, I wasn't aware. I missed that particular reading, but stumbled on the amazing broadsides Rope-a-Dope Press had created for the series. The broadsides were really eye-opening spaces where vibrant art and vibrant poetry interacted. I was hooked and felt an overwhelming need to be involved. I reached out to Chris, who I hadn't seen in a couple years, soon afterward and joined with Mary Walker Graham and Bob DaVies at Rope-a-Dope Press. I set and distributed type and went to the readings.

The first reading I went to was for Black Ocean. Zach Schomburg, Rauan Klassnik, and Paige Ackerson-Kiely all blew me away, [Black Ocean founder] Janaka [Stucky] brought a special bottle of liquor from Eastern Europe with a ladder in it, and we sat around and drank and laughed. I bought their books. Schomburg's *The Man Suit* and Klassnik's *Holy Land* were instrumental in my re-introduction. I read them cover-to-cover, back-to-back and they changed my perception of poetry. I realized poetry could/should be humorous and sad and transgressive and modern.

In a way Black Ocean re-opened my door. Without all these poets/publishers, I'd probably be poetry-less and that would be such a sad state for me. But working with Rope-a-Dope got me up close to so many wonderful presses manning the poetry front lines at the time: Brave Men Press, Cannibal Books, Effing Press, Pilot Books, Small Fires Press, and Octopus Books were all some of my favorites. I consider many of the publishers and their poets as my own tribe.

**I realized poetry could/should be humorous and sad and transgressive and modern. [...] Without all these poets/publishers, I'd probably be poetry-less and that would be such a sad**

**You just mentioned some great presses. What others do you follow most closely these days?**

There seems like more than ever there are some great dedicated presses. I've been a big believer in Birds, LLC; Brave Men Press; Double Cross Press; Greying Ghost Press; and more than a few more. Ugly Duckling Presse is also so obviously amazing in what they do, and Black Ocean continues to amaze, as well as Octopus/Poor Claudia. I'm constantly inspired and challenged by the quality of their publications, both from a writing/editing standpoint as well as the physical quality of their books. They set high standards, and I'm without question their biggest cheerleader. I feel I'm more of a poetry missionary than a publisher.

**You have a really unique and striking visual aesthetic, often featuring bright, bold use of color. I noticed that you've done watercolor work on some of the broadsides, and I'm guessing you handle all of the book design work in general. Could you talk about your approach to the visual presentation of the work you publish?**

First off, thanks. I really appreciate the kind words! I do design the chapbooks with feedback from the authors. I like to make it as collaborative a process as possible, which I feel is important given the amount of work the authors put into the writing (and we all put into editing)!

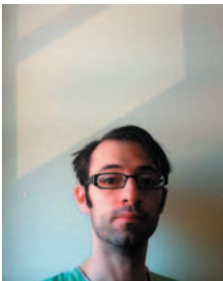
Visually, I try to give each chapbook as much versatility as possible. By that I mean I design not only a traditional feeling letterpress cover, but also a vibrant dust jacket that incorporates representations of printing techniques and/or design principles I've run across, as well as a bright endpaper that ties the cover and dust jacket together. I try to layer these distinct visual approaches in a way that is interesting to the reader without overpowering the work. I like to think of these as chapbooks with full-length personas and impacts. I overheard a patron at the Chapbook Festival at The Graduate Center, CUNY, note that small presses were making letterpress style chapbooks or glossy perfect-bound chapbooks, but not both. I figured why not try and blend the two? I think it works well.

Throughout the series I tie the dust jackets together using an orange/yellow color palate and simple, bold author illustrations on the back cover. I like the idea of having a sea of author paintings looking out from a table or display stand. The paintings give the books a personal touch and it makes me vulnerable as a publisher. In some ways they can seem a bit amateur, but I like the take they have on the traditional author photo, which always seem to attempt to make the author overly serious.

On a general note, I think it's important to give the amazing poems I've had the pleasure to publish the power of a strong visual identity. And, of course, so much of the poetry today is sliding alongside, over, and through visual art/design that it seems natural to put the two in conversation. You look at poets like Bianca Stone and Sommer Browning, the experimentation of Birds, LLC, who are combining visual and poetic elements in interesting ways, or even just internet memes and be inspired to go out on a limb visually.

**What do you have in store for your press at the upcoming Boog event? Any titles getting unveiled?**

The Boog event will actually be the first ever Rye House Press reading, so I'm so very excited to have almost all my authors reading from their books. That said, I'm sure I'll have some swag—shirts or bags—and am trying very hard to get Rob MacDonald's chapbook *Situation Normal* to debut. There's still some work to do, so we'll see.



**Throughout the series I tie the dust jackets together using an orange/yellow color palate and simple, bold author illustrations on the back cover. I like the idea of having a sea of author paintings looking out from a table or display stand.**

## All the cool kids Advertise in



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<http://www.jefftjohnson.com/>  
<http://www.nightboat.org>  
<http://organismforpoeticresearch.org/category/residencies/jefft-johnson-residencies/>  
<http://www.wesleyan.edu/wespress/>

Bios

**Peter Gizzi** is the author of *In Defense of Nothing: Selected Poems 1987-2011* (Wesleyan University Press), *Threshold Songs* (Wesleyan), *The Oulternational* (Wesleyan), *Some Values of Landscape and Weather* (Wesleyan), *Artificial Heart* (Burning Deck Press), and *Periplum* (Avec Books). In 2004 Salt Publishing of England reprinted an expanded edition of his first book as *Periplum and other poems 1987-92*. He has also published several limited-edition chapbooks, folios, and artist books. His work has been translated into numerous languages and anthologized here and abroad.

**Jeff T. Johnson**'s poetry has recently appeared in coconut; Forklift, Ohio; and Truck, and his ARCHIVERSE project is documented at The Organism for Poetic Research He lives in Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn.

**Christine Neacole Kanownik**'s *We are Now Beginning to Act Wildly* was published by Diez Press. You can find her work in *EOAGH*, *jubilat*, *H\_NGM\_N*, *The Huffington Post*, and *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. She lives in Greenpoint/East Williamsburg.

**Gracie Leavitt** was born in Massachusetts, grew up in Maine in a log cabin her parents built, and made a home in New York after graduating from Bard College with a B.A. in human rights and from Brooklyn College with an M.F.A. in poetry. She is the author of the chapbook *Gap Gardening*, and her poems, articles, and translations from Spanish have appeared in periodicals and anthologies. Previous theatrical projects include her original play *PITCH*, which debuted at La Mama E.T.C. in collaboration with East Coast Artists.

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full-page commitment to b fuller quote 10 per cent thru is promising  
trust of sources for ambience and writing to inflect  
healthy relationship to language always borrowed

quote in italics, like titles  
credit is roman like poems

do the thing you refuse to do

“next day The Peggy Guggenheim was closed”

is gracious with its absence

“Reverse the charm that crushes she” fits exactly on one page, a snapshot for Emma B

///

the title page for FIFTH-GRADE OPHELIA is scrap-booked with epigraphs, suitably, an event  
wherein the comma carries thought, carries language that carries thought, carries the i til it comes back

we know where we left off by the stepped-on grass  
even if we don’t know the magpie’s song

\\

the book and poems are places to go, dense passage  
and who says we need to read a book straight?

///

“sad perhaps, but only drool”

is both plain and aurally marvelous, inflection in the stream

\\

what happens when gracie’s lyric opens? is it right, or acceptable, to anticipate?  
we take what a poet gives us, or why attend? but we know what it’s like  
to read the next volume, so we project  
which is to say: greet gracie at the head of her career  
and as we decide what’s next, we wonder what she’ll choose

///

“Ode of the stirrer-up-of” at p32 is perfectly timed  
a glimpse of a scene in language, in light,  
in a crack of paint

\\

i once expressed suspicion of lists and a poet i knew said  
really? thanks, sms. i’m not sure what gracie is suspicious of  
probably not much or maybe suspicion can be a kind of close perception  
>>>

## PRINTED MATTER

# Gizzi Gives More Than Just Nothing



BY CHRISTINE KANOWNIK

*In Defense of Nothing: Selected Poems, 1987-2011*

By Peter Gizzi  
Wesleyan University Press

It is difficult to review a book of selected poems. It’s more akin to reviewing a mix CD than an album. Though all the poems were written by one person, the decisions of what to include and what not to include, the order, the design, are taken on by the editor.

*In Defense of Nothing* is a very traditional book of selected poems. It is divided into five sections, one for every book that Peter Gizzi has written. There are no unpublished or uncollected poems. No new works. No surprises.

And it certainly is a beautifully made book. Great dust jacket. Great layout and design. Quality paper. It will look good on your bookshelf or your nightstand. You will look intelligent reading it on the train.

And as for these poems? Well, it’s a spotty collection.

I must warn you, potential reader, that this book isn’t 218 pages of *Threshold Songs*. If you are unfamiliar with Gizzi’s earlier work, consider yourself warned. Peter Gizzi’s first four books of poetry are extremely conventional



works of poetry. His diction is high, often comically so. But, luckily, in every section, for every book of poems, there are five to 10 really stunning, usually longer, poems that show humor and warmth and perception and self-awareness.

The books are also very traditional as to the role of women. Women only appear in his lines as the romantic muses who dream of their wedding dresses and have soft skin, and he loves them passionately and erotically for at least a little while. Every epigraph in the book is from a male writer. There is one reference to Simone Weil, but he begins a poem with one of her lines as if he is saying he could improve upon her work. He doesn’t.

No poet has an immaculate body of work. And part of the reason for a collection like this is for a living timeline. I didn’t buy these books as they came out. But reading *In Defense of Nothing* gives me a sense of history and progression. His earliest works were more visually playful.

Are you a Peter Gizzi? super fan? Then you will like his *Selected Poems*. Do you not like Peter Gizzi? Well, this collection isn’t going to reveal any new insights. Are you unfamiliar with the work of Peter Gizzi? Is your verdict out? Well, I’d pick up *Threshold Songs* and go from there.

# The Celestial, the Terra, the Firmament: Notes on Gracie Leavitt



BY JEFF T. JOHNSON

*Monkeys, Minor Planet, Average Star*

Gracie Leavitt  
Nightboat Books

Yranny of the book review: would love to read once / out of write-about-it mode but too late / third line—“from scalar milkweed rods”—serves notice: this writer can write. ear over observation, baroque observation over code / ditto “brumal shallows tapered under / his catalpa, ornamental, painted” with quite a nice inversion of what would be an obvious line break, putting the under over and the over under

gracie and editor ray are both friends, and cf thom we need more (honest) friends  
writing about and with friends, and maybe ray will allow this format, and maybe mayor  
kirschenbaum will allow ray to allow it

line breaks as soft periods but not commas, semicolons, etc  
“too big for this to fail” recalls gracie’s witness of ows but is not confined by it  
she’s not alone among poets coveting this phrasing just as poems always accrue and lose  
value and also  
add it up per bernese clover spahr  
“all/fail” is a marvelous slant rhyme to conclude page three poem one

not important or useful to close read volume, but to convey musicality and side sense. gracie  
is a singer and her song is slanting down a stair, spraining its ankle but we know how that  
feels, know the slant pleasure of that pain

“somewhere middling– No? Is all”

: example of previous statement—the thrill of tripping on a stair

who writes such dense but airy lyric, and with such distinct ear? listen:

“...From here our branch line offers  
little but your face in their spit-shine:  
jejeune and contrapuntal to the whole  
of what’s gone on. ...”

much has been made of what her vocabulary does to her poems, and why not  
notice the diction is never forced

“Egdon Heath” is a prose poem diagnosing what is wrong with much contemp pro po:  
over-adherence to the sentence and quirky narrative

this critique is accomplished by example not polemic

///



Or: if you read it, if that’s your style (to read, then read about) here’s hope you can forget all of this, and read again, or remember and read again.

so we are suspicious of everything, or the more we are suspicious  
the more curious and engaged our poetry might be  
but sms is still right, lists are ok

“want of who he was to me ago.”

perhaps i’m talking to myself again. in public. here’s the world we see  
the world that recalls us, the true selfie

///

do you need to know? read it yourself. [i wish i could once write “you must change your life” and mean it!]

or: if you read it, if that’s your style (to read, then read about) here’s hope  
you can forget all of this, and read again, or remember and read again.

the rest i save for myself, and suggest you do as well, while also blaring out  
we talk too little poetry, preferring the poetic

even in this ridiculous month, cruel with self-regard





Boog City presents

# d.a. levy-palooza

celebrating 3 renegade presses

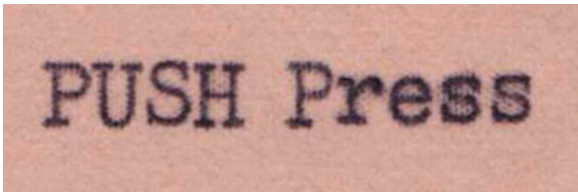
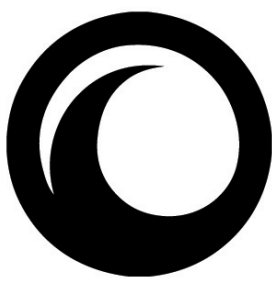
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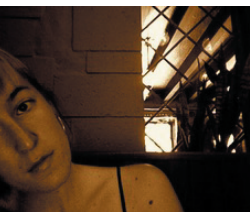
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## Unnameable Books

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DJ Dolack



Musical act: American Anymen



Filip Marinovich



Kit Frick



Alexis Orgera

Musical act:  
Jasmine Dreame Wagner



Christopher Salerno

Thera Webb

Chad Reynolds

Musical act: D.J. set from Marissa Johnson-Valenzuela honoring Adam “MCA” Yauch on the 2nd anniversary of his death. RIP MCA: 8/5/1964-5/4/2012

2, 3 to Grand Army Plaza, C to Clinton-Washington aves, Q to 7th Ave. Venue is bet. Prospect Pl./St. Marks Ave. 212-842-B00G (2664) • editor @boogcity.com • @boogcity



**Olemadebo Fatunde** is a senior English and creative writing major at George Washington University.

**Alison Strub** is a creature of the internet and a dog lover. She received her M.F.A. at George Mason University and resides in Arlington, Va. Her poems have appeared in *Alice Blue Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Handsome*, *Shampoo*, and other fine publications. She can be reached via Google.

**Mike Young** is the author of three books—*Sprezzatura*, *Look! Look! Feathers*, and *We Are All Good If They Try Hard Enough*—and the chapbook *Who Can Make It*. He publishes *NOÖ Journal*, runs *Magic Helicopter Press*, and writes for *HTMLGIANT*.



Mike Young

Northampton, Mass.

You Can Get Into this Side

w/ thanks to Rachael Katz

I always think I’m the least honest person, which makes me the most honest, which I call the monest.

Maybe what I mean is winning at honesty, but that’s like a goalie taking PKs against himself. Two people who hate having feelings having a conversation about feelings. Went home without processed bacon. Why cross the street when the geese are this scrawl? The drivethrough ATM asks me to please observe my limits. The modest.

On the bus a girl makes “powdery” the opposite of honest. Is it weird I kind of want something to happen to me on a plane? I had a one-eyed crow eating out of my hand, as I stood on your stairs in the famous problem with making an anti-war movie. In the crowd wearing a flag jacket above the figure skater. In a stink bug on the automatic grind and brew. The morning.

I had a list of mistakes sewn up in my chest. I remembered the shit out of my head. If you sell it to your friends, why can’t they just skip it and buy you pad thai? Or they give you money and you incessantly forward receipts. The market.

If I took baths and I took pills, I could be my own winter. I’d rather steal from people I don’t like than ask people I do like for what I want. The movement.

Not revealing where/how I learned something makes me feel all-knowing. Don’t let anyone tell you different: potatoes are good for you. A fry oil van takes defective skaters to their special parking lot. The crunch of dirty ice as it melts outside your car the more you drive. The movement again. If that’s what you fall off the moon into, you’re still at it. Is this a moment?

Did we scrape it? Did the light crack? Our real employer is heartbreak. The manager.

I lose approximately 7.546 hours of sleep a week on heartbreak. That your favorite poets aren’t cultural icons is cube steak. When I try to remember waking under a mosquito net in a treehouse on the island in the first day of the year of the fake apocalypse, I remember the shit out of my head. Once more the rising with its blurry heat. The maroon.

Proud of the no processed bacon thing, but not especially proud of my ability to think and think and think and think and think and think awake. What social or emotional utopia is the poem secretly or openly pining for? The mainline.

What conditions would evaporate a need for the poem? Blue jean vest and oversized soda. When I get two fortune cookies, do I pursue synthesis or transplant? The only appealing communication left is the incantatory. The moaning. I had a one eyed crow eating all out my head, as I stood on your light above my limits. Black sheep companion poem entitled “You Can All Go Fuck Yourself.” That’s what friends are for. The markéd.

Let me winter inside a potato wearing coffee filter overalls. In a flag of mistakes. In a plane crowded with goalies who lost the self war. Their seatbelts are powdery mosquito nets. Their eyes are closed in helplessly dishonest reconstruction. Both pilots have one eye, but it’s the same one that can’t see for all the black geese that can’t fly for all the stairs in their mouths headed back down to two people who hate what they know they’re feeling that can’t feel itself for all that knowing. The monest. The monastery. I’m sorry.



Alison Strub

Arlington, Va.

Three from Trappings of the Dewey Decimal System

135 Dreams & mysteries

In this radical world of disorder, it is not about schema but *being schematic*. There is no use for the turnstile to walk through if it does not *count count count* your body that slipped into its pants and shirt and shoes and dreamt and devoured legumes and put its hands on the steering wheel and *drove drove* drove to Christmas morning where there were beautiful gifts: an abacus and a tinkler toy.

140 Specific philosophical schools

In this radical world of disorder, the harmony will outsing the chorus and the majestic orchestra of woodwinds will drown when I toss them into the sea. The blue-black bruise bridges two fingers and wraps around the hand where the brass knuckles sat firmly. The arborist limbs a tree, the branch full of cotton-white aphids falls.

145 Sensationalism

In this radical world of disorder, the codpiece was an excellent fashion choice for me, in this modern age, to avoid rape and/or dismemberment at the hands of any gang of thugs during my adventure into the plebian world of rent-controlled housing: brown, poorly maintained, dirty diaper littered, abounding with empty dime bags stamped with the Pink Panther and neatly cleaned out.

150 Psychology

In this radical world of disorder, the mind would melt down and there would be *synchronicity* of souls – *a system of systems*. There was a bitterness in the cucumber sliced and placed on the crumpe! The osteoporosis spine is moon-curved and never to be straightened. The lead weight lay heavy, the MRI banging as the patient laying perfectly still.



Olemadebo Fatunde

Washington, D.C.

Akrasia

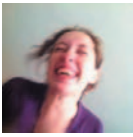
Whoever razed this district was an architect  
Of the strikethrough. No debris has reached the ground.  
The klaxons keen still  
More urgently for news  
Of the suicide.  
Some kind of mystic  
Not quite heroin chic,  
but the heroic chin.  
Solid in its way  
—the fist’s, mind.  
All there is to see are knockout zones  
and questions in his stimulant-driven eyes.  
Between fevers that are mirrors and blocks not yet set,  
Is it safe again to tune in?  
Shall I rule this day? Stand?

BOOG CITY

**Issue 89**  
**editor/publisher** David A. Kirschenbaum  
**editor@boogcity.com** **art editor** Jonathan Allen  
**art@boogcity.com** **film editor** Joel Schlemowitz  
**film@boogcity.com** **music editor** J.J. Hayes  
**music@boogcity.com** **poetry editor** Buck Downs  
**poetry@boogcity.com** **printed matter editor**  
Ray DeJesús **printedmatter@boogcity.com**  
**small press editors** Chris and Jenn McCreary  
**smallpress@boogcity.com** **counsel** Ian S. Wilder  
**counsel@boogcity.com**

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**BOOG CITY**  
330 W. 28th St., Suite 6H, N.Y., N.Y. 10001-4754  
212-842-B00G (2664)  
<http://www.boogcity.com> • @boogcity



Rachel Adams  
Washington, D.C.

Life’s Work

I lost my right thumb and forefinger  
in the undulating press  
of the cotton spinner.

Lost my wife — that flame-haired  
daughter of the Aliceanna Street  
tobacco merchant, who once ran  
with me from the park pagoda  
to the streetcar stop, in the knife sleet,  
our linked hands sweaty and  
reddened with cold —  
to a man whose company  
makes the parts of elevator parts.

Lost twenty-two years cracking  
my wrist-bones in a thick  
stone building bordering  
the Jones Falls — which is vicious  
or sludge-slow, depending  
on the weather.

It’s no matter.  
I’ve executed my charge,  
done what was expected, and known,  
and always inclined toward.  
I’ve fed the bale into the ring-frame  
better than any man I’ve worked beside.

It takes a boldness to accept one’s station,  
to understand that life is tethered to us  
and to advance upon it,  
to ascend the factory stairs  
in the winter, in the brittle morning.

Sheila McMullin  
Washington, D.C.



Clara’s Book

this (that) came into me by way of God  
it (God) delved straight in and  
God (she) took hold, made me hurt  
made me (him) shuffle our way of looking  
to take that (this) into me (her)  
an extreme of chamomile or vitamin C  
cinnamon, an extreme of mint  
I (God) once touched the leaves of a mimosa  
it (he) snapped together like a mouth  
held his (her) breath then  
relaxed into its fern  
so tiny, these leaves, I (it) thought  
it’s not hard to understand why  
she (you) would be so scared of God (you)  
easier to see how (when) he (me) does  
not protect you, mimosa  
burn when I (she) squat(s), burning sage  
loosen when he (I) bleed(s), roasting rosemary  
keep thinking keep forgetting about  
footsteps all around me

(listen: first doorway then run the cave) this passage that the  
gift is equal to  
God’s hand over your belly over the  
earth

Links

<http://www.linesandstars.com/>  
<http://moonspitpoetry.com/>

Bio

Rachel Adams lives in Washington, D.C., where she serves as the editor at an advocacy nonprofit and of the quarterly literary journal *Lines + Stars*.

Sheila McMullin runs the feminist and artist resource website, MoonSpit Poetry and is the web assistant for VIDA: Women in Literary Arts.

Judah Rubin is a co-curator of the Brooklyn Poetry Summit.

Why The Brooklyn Poetry Summit

BY JUDAH RUBIN

It seems to me that when I think through the landscape of contemporary poetry, I would do well to remember the description of sharks in Cuvier’s Animal Kingdom (published in English in 1834) which notes that, “A mouth ten feet in circumference can of course take in very large animals, and the throat seems capable of considerable distension in swallowing.” This, of course, to say that navigating the range of contemporary poetic modes is a sometimes daunting task and to put these shifting scenes and ideas in conversation an even more troublesome notion—one capable of swallowing us alive. In New York, this often means that reading series (and our reading, period) are tailored along specific aesthetic and poetic lines to the exclusion—and not altogether unreasonably so—of a wider conversational interchange between so-called schools, or, to invoke a more recent and grotesquely cordoned-off term, camps.

Our hope is to begin a dialogue about how to begin to value a wider range of poetic principles while simultaneously understanding the limits and borders of the social machinery that (re)produces certain poetic affiliations.

The Brooklyn Poetry Summit is an attempt at concentrating some of the interchange between writers to open up a conversational avenue wherein numerous lines may come into contact with one another in a, perhaps, more fluid way, and, in this, to be taken in by New Yorkers (and Brooklynites, of course) from the stance of observers and listeners instead of directly involved, reading participants. To this end, 21 poets from 10 cities over the course of three days, April 17-19, will be reading in five readings as a means of allowing a positionality of listener to a range of poetic practices. Many of these readers are individuals who have not read in New York (or Brooklyn) before, or are not “old favorites” to the so-called New York scene, which we hope will continue to broaden the scope of this gathering.

All told, the task of curating a poetry summit is an inherently limiting and limited one, no matter one’s good intentions. Why are some poets “in” while other poets “out”? What is the task of a “summit” to begin with? Our hope is to begin a dialogue about how to begin to value a wider range of poetic principles while simultaneously understanding the limits and borders of the social machinery that (re)produces certain poetic affiliations. In curating these readers, often clustered around certain regional or local scenes, we, as curators, were focusing on understanding the interplay between poets and their environs and hoping to allow a range of voices from each of these localities so as to eschew the possibility of assembling a body of “representative readers,” a fallacy if we’ve ever heard one. To this end, the readers, to my knowledge, are a dynamic group of writers who reinforce one another’s work and allow for the nuances of poetry’s range, however capable of distension in swallowing the gaping jaws of the poetic world are or can be. We hope that this is the start of something like the East Bay Poetry Summit, now moving into its second year, upon which we have modeled the Brooklyn Poetry Summit, and we are thankful for the model shown there in pursuing the task of bringing together a motley voicing of particular poetics.



Brooklyn Poetry Summit

Thursday, April 17:

Molasses Books

770 Hart St, Bushwick

(7:00 PM)

- Brandon Brown
- Andrew Kenower
- Sara Wintz
- Amelia Bentley

Friday, April 18:

Unnameable Books,

600 Vanderbilt Ave, Prospect Heights

(7:00 PM)

- Sam Lohmann
- Sarah Dowling
- Tyrone Williams
- erica kaufman

Ugly Duckling Presse,

232 3rd St., Gowanus

(10:00 PM)

- Roberto Harrison
- Frank Sherlock
- Anne Boyer
- James Yeary
- Tanya Olson

Saturday April 19:

BookThug Nation,

100 North 3rd St., Williamsburg

(7:30 PM)

- Chris Sylvester
- Holly Melgard
- Joey Yearous-Algozin
- Jordan Dunn
- Eddie Hopely
- \*

Wendy’s Subway,

722 Metropolitan Ave., “East” Williamsburg

(10:00 PM)

- David Abel
- Anna Vitale
- Dana Ward
- Suzanne Stein



### Katherine Tzu-lan Mann

received her B.A. from Brown University and M.F.A. from the Maryland Institute College of Art. She is the recipient of a Fulbright grant to Taiwan, the AIR Gallery Fellowship program in Brooklyn, the Keyholder Fellowship at the Lower East Side Printshop in New York, and the So-Hamiltonian Fellowship in Washington, D.C. She has attended residencies at the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, Blue Sky Dayton, Vermont Studio Center, Salzburg Kunstlerhauss, Triangle Workshop, Anderson Ranch Art Center, Bemis Center for the Arts, and Djerassi Resident Artists Program. Some of the venues where Mann has shown her work include the Walters Art Museum; Corcoran Gallery of Art; Rawls Museum; the U.S. consulate in Dubai, UAE; and the U.S. embassy in Yaounde, Cameroon. Mann is an instructor at the Maryland Institute College of Art.

### Artist Statement

My paintings show how patterned, highly wrought, decorative elements coalesce from the chaos and contingency of an organic environment—and how they dissolve into that environment again. I begin each piece with a stain of color, the product of chance evaporation of ink and water from the paper as it lies on the floor of the studio.

From this shape, I nourish the landscape of each painting, coaxing from this organic foundation the development of diverse, decorative forms—braids of hair, details from Beijing opera costuming, lattice-work, sequined patterns.

Although founded in adornment, these elements are repeated until they too appear organic, even cancerous, and they at once highlight and suffocate the underlying ink stained foundation. Each piece is tense with the threat of disunity and incoherence as nature and artifice spring from, and merge into, one another, and as different elements multiply and expand like poisonous growths.

My paintings are utter hybrids; man-sized fields punctuated by moments of absurdity, poetry, mutation, growth, and decay that I find suffocating and fabulous. They glory in the sensuous and the rambling, but intersperse the chaos with moments of neurotic control. They explore the potentialities of growth, but also of overabundance. I think of my work as baroque abstract, a celebration of the abundance of connections and clashes that can be found in the disparate mess of matter in the world.



## Katherine Tzu-lan Mann

### Long Island City, Queens



**Cloud of Oil** 60" x 60", Acrylic and sumi ink on paper, 2013.



**Colony** 120" x 150", Acrylic and sumi ink on fabric and paper, 2013.



**Cloud of Oil 2** 60" x 53", Acrylic and sumi ink on paper, 2013.

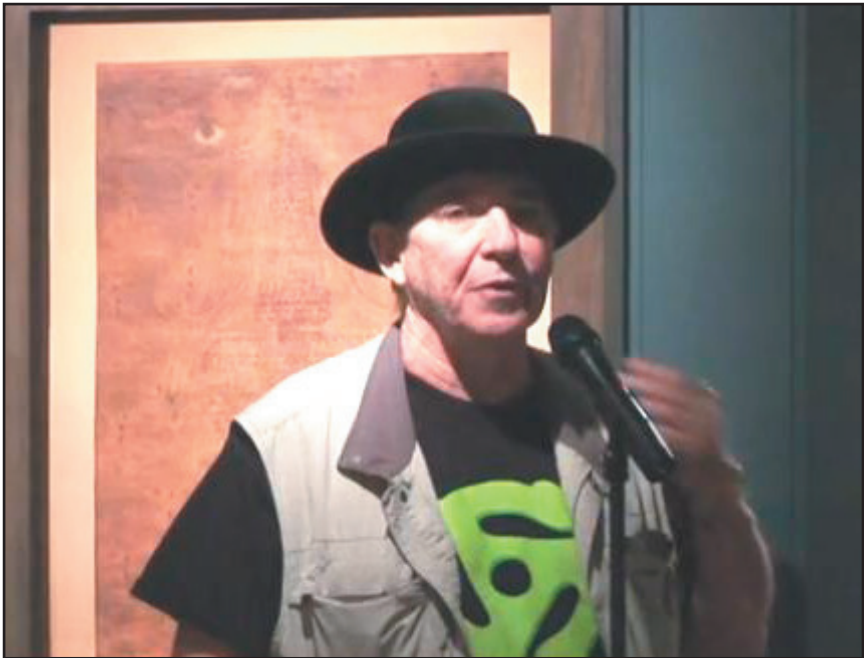


# A Light and Winged and Holy Thing Poet, Musician, and Artist Roby Springer to Be Remembered



BY J.J. HAYES

*Socrates: For in this way, the God would seem to indicate to us and not allow us to doubt that these beautiful poems are not human, or the work of man, but divine and the work of God; and that the poets are only the interpreters of the Gods by whom they are severally possessed. Was not this the lesson which the God intended to teach when by the mouth of the worst of poets he sang the best of songs? Am I not right, Ion?*  
*Ion: Yes, indeed, Socrates, I feel that you are; for your words touch my soul, and I am persuaded that good poets by a divine inspiration interpret the things of the Gods to us.*  
*Socrates: And you rhapsodists are the interpreters of the poets?*  
*Ion: There again you are right.*  
*Socrates: Then you are the interpreters of interpreters?*  
*Ion: Precisely.*  
*—Plato, Ion (trans. Benjamin Jowett)*



**‘Laughing, crying and helping. These I have found to be the most comfortable chairs in the waiting room.’**

**—Roby Springer**

*I’ve accidentally healed those wretched enough to be close to me traveling with this message not my own*  
*—Roby Springer, “Home Movies”*

On May 25, 2014 at 2:00 p.m. at the Courthouse Theater at Anthology Film Archives, there will be a celebration of the life and work of Roby Springer, a poet, musician, and artist who passed away in February after a struggle with cancer. According to Jesse Paris Smith, one of the organizers of the event, “the event will consist of friends and family sharing stories about Roby, people performing his poetry and words, lots of music, and maybe some

fun sing along style of a couple of his favorite tunes. We will also be showing some film and images on the big screen. It will be a nice event and everyone is welcome.”

I think you should go. I will explain my reasons below, but if you are to take away but one thing from this article, take away this link: <http://blip.tv/branekandi/roby-springer-6585608>. That is Roby Springer, accompanied by Jesse Smith and Eric Hoegemeyer, performing at Talking Stick at the Rubin. If you do not have the 13:57 for this, then I suggest listening to Nagasaki from *Most of What I’ve Seen Is Invisible Now* (Soitis woN), Springer’s collaboration with Eric Hoegemeyer, which can be found here: <http://soitis.bandcamp.com/>. If you do not have 5:57 for that, go to <http://www.soitis.org> and check out some of Springer’s poems, drawings, and other stuff. If you must choose between reading the rest of this article and following these links, follow the links.

As to why you should you go to this tribute:  
1) I am not completely clueless about what is good in the world. I may be close to clueless about what to do with the good I am given, but I am getting better.  
2) Did I not suggest, on limited information, that you go to the world premiere of Joe Yoga’s “20 Songs”? Heeding my own advice I went. If you went, you too realize I was right about that one; why not risk taking another suggestion?  
3) You can sit in class and discuss the above quoted Plato’s *Ion*, dismiss it as a quaint relic of pre-scientific times, knowing it is all easily explained by a neuro-physical process yet to be discovered. You may have heard of the famous analogy of the magnet and the rings, which Socrates uses in the *Ion*. The magnet “not only attracts iron rings, but also imparts to them a similar power of attracting other rings; and sometimes you may see a number of pieces of iron and rings suspended from one another so as to form quite a long chain.” This Socrates applies to the gods inspiring the poets who inspire the performers of the poetry. Something inspired Roby Springer; he inspired others, now you have an opportunity to be inspired by those who were inspired by him who was inspired. You can reach conclusions about gods and humans if you want. But, dude, put down *The New York Times Science Tuesday* and gather some raw material personally. To be the interpreter of the interpreters of the interpreter, you may need to touch the ring directly. I never knew Roby Springer, but I am going because of something I felt in the words of Jesse Paris Smith about Roby Springer, and something I saw in eyes of Eric Hoegemeyer when he spoke about the man and his work.  
4) I have now listened to *Most of What I’ve Seen Is Invisible Now* (Soitis woN) three or four times. It is medicine against what Springer calls “the three B’s”—bullshit, bloodshed, and broken glass. After listening to and reading Springer one finds oneself calling “bullshit” on stuff that, in the laziness of thought and exhaustion of spirit, we tend to think is real. Springer is not some child screaming “the Emperor has no clothes.” He’s more like some guy saying to you “Really? You think the emperor is wearing clothes. Really?” That’s what makes it such a joy to listen to this guy’s work. Saying “this will be a nice event” might sound like faint praise. After listening to Springer it somehow seems appropriate and utterly transcendent.  
How shall I explain? There were times at the performance of Yoga’s “20 Songs,” where people either applauded slightly too early or seemed compelled to shout out a joke at peculiarly inappropriate times. I got the impression they just couldn’t face the full import of what Yoga was doing. As Springer says in “Bulldog,” “We have evolved into a species that so fears death we worship actors ...” But for me there is a greater fear, albeit intertwined with “door number 2” as Springer calls it. My fear is more analogous to the “crisis of faith” Yoga’s characters face in “20 Songs”—the crisis, not of the

**Springer is like some guy saying to you: 'Really? You think the emperor is wearing clothes. Really?'**

believer losing faith, but of the non-believer facing the possibility of faith. Imagine that the answer were not in my deep ruminations on the nature of art, science, infinity, and manuscripts. Imagine if the answer were not my elegant deconstructions and destructions of the intellectual lameness of certain scientists, politicians, and talking heads. What if “there is no greater wisdom than kindness?”  
Springer himself in his Talking Stick performance says that is a notion he “had to come to terms with.” I see what he means. It is frightening to think of what I might have to let go of to live a life of simple kindness. I last about three minutes (max) simply being nice or being kind, before I feel compelled to make some “greater” contribution to the world. What if all that, all my intellectual greatness is so much bullshit. To actually consider kindness, niceness, as a pinnacle of wisdom, and act upon it, and change my mind in accordance thereto, that would be tough. I am not sure it is even true. But see I have already brought it into my typical heavy existential vocabulary. What if it is all lighter than that?  
“For the poet is a light and winged and holy thing,” said Socrates in *Ion*.  
Said Springer in “Two Doors,” “... laughing, crying, and helping. These I have found to be the most comfortable chairs in the waiting room. I plan to continue rotating between them freely until my name is called. Your time here is your own. Do what you will.”  
And there it is. Do what you will. On May 25, 2014 consider going to the Courthouse Theater at Anthology Film Archives.

Links

<http://www.soitis.org/>  
<http://jjhayes.bandcamp.com/>

Bio

**J.J. Hayes** comes from Staten Island. Sometimes he is a poet, sometimes he’s a singer, and sometimes he writes about music and the world.



**Joel Schlemowitz** is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, "78rpm," is scheduled to be completed in early 2014. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 15 years.

# Emulations, Fetes, and Threnodies for Analog Film

## 'Digital Dilemma' shorts at the Tribeca Film Festival

BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ



I'm returning to The Tribeca Film Festival, this time not as a filmmaker (full disclosure: my films have shown in three prior editions of the festival), but to see "Digital Dilemma," a program of films assembled by Jon Gartenberg, the Tribeca Experimental Film Programmer. The films collectively examine the shift of production from film as a physically existing analog medium to an ethereal digital signal, be

it on disc or drive or network, passing through untethered from the substance it inhabits. What had been an incremental change has picked up speed in recent years, with the death of Kodachrome followed not long after by the demise of Ektachrome, and the 35mm film looking to soon move from increasing rarity into extinction.

It once was the case that the use of analog film was just a matter of working on film, a choice of medium without necessarily being a statement in itself. But now, to work with film has become, in the very act of selecting this mode of production, a paean to the analog. As the program notes inform us, "[a]s the commercial movie industry is rapidly shifting on a global basis to digital distribution and exhibition, moving image artists continue to celebrate the material qualities of the film medium, whose physical characteristics consist of reels of celluloid film, sprocket holes, optical sound tracks, mechanical splices, and the film emulsion, onto which they record images and sounds." The dichotomy need not be as stark as it sounds, for one can lament the diminution of analog without being a digital luddite inasmuch as not every printed work of text must be hand-set on a letterpress, nor does it require the ritual act of putting a fresh steel needle on the Victrola to have music when the digital allows for streaming WFMU over the web.

The old dichotomy of film versus video seems ancient history, for so much of it was based on the difference in the feel and texture of the image between the media, a matter of aesthetics wherein analog video was usually demeaned as being less comely than film. Digital video can now be quite attractive, in its own ultra-perfect and tidy-looking way, and so the old critique no longer holds. In many cases the digital seeks to emulate the analog, with the goal of making it look "as good as film" and with greater success than the earlier non-photochemical technologies allowed. Even



Romances sans paroles (2013), Christophe Guérin, filmmaker

Courtesy of the filmmaker

the digital version of the funkiness of film is a suitable pretence for this form of simulation, as with the Instagram filters designed to give iPhone photographs the look of a vintage snapshot taken with celluloid film. It can put one to mind of the gag from 1950s sci-fi films with the silver jumpsuit clad citizens of the future eating a "sirloin steak" in capsule form, with a reaction of pointed skepticism to this by the visitor from the our own time. Or, keeping with the gastronomical metaphor, perhaps the analog film can be likened to organic produce? GMO-free cinema? The current sentiment of today to make film look even more like film, to celebrate its imperfect analog qualities, the dust, dirt, scratches, grain, light leaks, stray photochemical defects are now accepted and embraced as never before.

This lament and celebration of the image from the physical reel of film is addressed in personal documentary fashion in *A Film Is A Film Is A Film* by Eva von Schweinitz, with scenes of the disassembly of the 35mm movie projector, the technician remarking stoically that it "takes two days to put it in, 20 minutes to take it out," and a discovery by the filmmaker, herself a cinema projectionist, of the "Do-It-Yourself" school of experiential animation, painting and scratching directly onto the film's emulsion surface. The manifesto-like directness of the work and the DIY techniques bring to mind Helen Hill's animated "how to" of hand-made filmmaking, *Madame Winger Makes A Film: A Survival Guide for the 21st Century*. Russell Sheaffer's *Acetate Diary* continues the journey through hand-creating work through direct animation onto clear 16mm film, and *Romance Sans Paroles* by Christophe Guérin brings a pair of scissors to found footage of "a swashbuckling movie," the scissors and the film print themselves appearing on screen to reveal and introduce the physical nature of the cut up process, and, with the aid of a light table, a fragmentary vision of the splintered scraps of film. The slivers of film themselves, with the physical pieces of the film's optical track and sprocket holes visible among the fragments of images, create an ever changing cubist space within the image on screen.

The soundtrack of the motion picture is itself a physical entity, Elke Groen and Christian Neubacher's *Optical Sound* utilizing this old-school audio technology to create "abstract pictures that trace and visualize the music." Anita Thacher's *CUT* departs the hand-crafting of the film to an examination of the qualities of cinema as temporal artform, the film medium unfurling through time. *All Vows* presents black-and-white footage of a finger tracing the writing on the Dead Sea scrolls, suggesting the film itself as a long and slender scroll whose silvery images themselves are our own form of lost writing. The work is by Bill Morrison with the music of composer Michael Gordon, longtime collaborators whose work together includes the great homage to the beauty of deteriorating nitrate film, *Decasia*. The image bends and distorts through decades of ripening and shrinking of old nitrate filmstock, creating a nervous spasm across the image of the film seeming much like the distortions seen in the reflections off the surface of bobbing and rippling water. In *Noise Reduction II: Chinatown* by Rahee Punyashloka, the film itself has become little more than a "filter" overlayed on a digital

**'As the commercial movie industry is rapidly shifting on a global basis to digital distribution and exhibition, moving image artists continue to celebrate the material qualities of the film medium, whose physical characteristics consist of reels of celluloid film, sprocket holes, optical sound tracks, mechanical splices, and the film emulsion, onto which they record images and sounds.'**

**—Digital Dilemma program notes**

void. The filmmaker describes the work as "the 'death' of film ... re-enacted digitally, as the screen-as-landscape reacts to the material exegeses of film—scratches, splices, sprockets, dust etc."

At moments there is a whiff of the hand-painted works of Stan Brakhage, Len Lye, and Jennifer Reeves, with the implicit acknowledgment of the film as a ribbon of images traveling through the projector. Perhaps the most interesting dilemma is the degree to which the dilemma is not a tidy contrast between the digital and the analog, for many of the works utilize the creative possibilities of the digital as the means to celebrate the organic beauty of the analog. But this self-reflexive aspect, the awareness of the medium itself as a component of the content of the work, could be seen as a return to some of the concerns of the Structural Film movement of the late 1960s and 1970s, as embodied in the phrase of Peter Gidal: "Film as film." An acknowledgment of the film as substance rather than seeing the movie screen—like Alice's looking-glass—as a window into an imaginary world. "[T]he photochemical imprint is not an illusion, it is a simple material" Gidal writes in his polemic, *Materialist Film*. And in this pivotal moment of the swan song of cinema, the materiality becomes for many filmmakers the source of both celebration and loss.