

# BOOG CITY

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

ISSUE 92 FREE



## East Village Reflections The Photographs of Alex Harsley

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## Links

<http://421atlanta.com>

<http://amy.mcdaniel.com>

<http://coconutpoetry.org>

<http://zoedzunko.tumblr.com>

<http://smokinggluegun.com>

## Bio

**Bruce Covey** is Boog City's small press editor. He lives in Atlanta, where he publishes and edits *Coconut Magazine* and Coconut Books and curates the What's New in Poetry reading series. His sixth book of poetry, *Change Machine*, was published this year by Noemi Press.

**Amy McDaniel**'s stories, poems, and essays have appeared in *H\_NGM\_N*, *PANK*, *Saveur*, *The Agriculture Reader*, *Tin House*, and elsewhere. *Selected Adult Lessons*, her first chapbook, came out in 2010 from Agnes Fox Press. Her second chapbook, *Collected Adult Lessons*, appeared in 2013. She is now revising a novel about cheese, wine, and coincidences.

**Zoe Dzunko** is the author of *All of the Men I Have Never Loved* (Dancing Girl Press), *Bruise Factory* (NAP), and *Wet Areas* (Maverick Duck Press). Recent poems appear in *Banango Street*, *Bodega*, *Guernica*, *H\_NGM\_N*, *The Age*, *The Bohemith*, *The Fanzine*, and *Two Serious Ladies*, among others. She lives and writes in Melbourne, Australia, where she is a doctoral candidate in creative writing at Deakin University, an assistant poetry editor for *Coconut Magazine*, and the poetry and short prose editor for *The Lifted Brow*.

**Blake Lee Pate** and **Taylor Jacob Pate** are the editors of *Smoking Glue Gun*. They received their M.F.A.'s from the New Writer's Project at the University of Texas, Austin, where they currently live and write.

## SMALL PRESS

# Not Just a Number

## Amy McDaniel on Literary Communities and 421 Atlanta



### INTERVIEW BY BRUCE COVEY

Boog City's new small press editor, Bruce Covey, spoke with 421 Atlanta's Founder and Editor Amy McDaniel about home, community, food, and 421 Atlanta.

**Boog City: You have two pets, both of whom are little and white. Would you please tell me about them?**

Amy McDaniel: Yes! Annette is a bichon frise, which is a dog bred to be a friendly ambassador. She looks like a pig in a lamb costume. She is white like clouds are white. Chouchou is a rescue, I think part Maine Coon, part Persian. She is white like fire and ice are white. Chouchou is simultaneously the sweetest and most terrifying kitten.

**Your press! Where were you and what was going through your mind at the exact moment you conceived of 421 Atlanta?**

I definitely decided to publish my chapbook (421 Atlanta's first release)—rather than sending the manuscript around—while in a Chipotle in Baltimore, and though I hadn't said to myself yet that it would be a press, it was probably secretly already my long game.

**Did the length of the line have anything to do with your decision to publish your book yourself?**

Yes, I think it probably did—the decision evolved from a conversation in line with Adam Robinson, who designs the chapbooks. We had plenty of time to hash it out. I felt nervous about the idea of self-publishing and what that meant, and Adam had time in line to say encouraging things.

**I was going to ask you about that—how it felt to publish your own work. There's of course a long and valued tradition in poetry around self-publishing. Are you happy you launched the press with *Collected Adult Lessons*? (Which, incidentally, is a chapbook I love!)**

Yes! I am very happy I launched the press that way. I think a lot about how Walt Whitman self-published *Leaves of Grass* and kept revising it over the course of his life, and I think of my *Adult Lessons*

*I started writing poetry because people were asking me to explain things in my nonfiction that I didn't want to explain at all. I wanted to write sentences that stood on their own.*



poems also as a lifelong project. I loved working on the design with Adam and turning it around really fast so I could get going with 421 Atlanta. I also had three readings scheduled in October, coincidentally, so I wanted something physical to bring with me since my first chapbook vanished so fast.

**Tell me more about your working partnership with Adam [who also edits Publishing Genius Press].**

Adam is a dream to work with! In addition to running his own incredible press, he consults/designs/edits for lots of small presses and self-published authors, so he brings an expertise and polish to the table while infusing the process with a true spirit of collaboration.

**Where does the name 421 Atlanta come from?**

My house number is 421, and early on I started referring to it as the 421. I had my housewarming on 4/21 of last year, and this year I made a bunch of announcements about the press on 4/21. The "Atlanta" part came from Adam writing it in a logo he made for my book (before I'd committed to being a press), where "Atlanta" was under "421," kind of like the way "New York • Paris" is under "Random House." I liked having it be "421 Atlanta" instead of just 421, so that the press would represent Atlanta, my birthplace and hometown, and to emphasize that it's not just a press but also a "center of literary attention," where I host readings (with food!) and hope to expand into other literary activities.

**Apart from the personal connections, why do you think Atlanta in particular makes such a great home for a small literary press?**

Atlanta was a really exciting place to start an indie reading series [Amy founded the Solar Anus reading series with Blake Butler and Jamie Iredell in 2008] because there was a kind of unfocused energy to tap into and explode from. Now there are countless reading series but fewer small presses, so 421 Atlanta has ideal growing conditions. I'd also say having Vouched Books in Atlanta is a big boon because it means more exposure for the local presses.



421 2nd Ave. NE, Atlanta

**How did you choose the group of 421 books that succeeded *Collected Adult Lessons*?**

The next release came from Daniel Beauregard, who didn't yet have a chapbook out but whose work I already loved and whose devotion to the Atlanta literary scene and the broader indie lit scene I really admired. So it was an obvious choice for me to solicit Daniel. Next came the short prose contest, judged by Mary Miller. I received something like 75 submissions and somehow chose 11 that I wanted Mary to consider. Then she chose *The Passion of Joan of Arc* by William Todd Seabrook. It is like a biography for children for adults.

**What's coming next?**

Next up are two really exciting chapbooks: *New Oldestland* by Guy Benjamin Brookshire in August/September, which is collage and prose, and then a prose chapbook from Lucy K. Shaw as our first anniversary release in November. I also want to host a think tank at the 421 where we discuss questions surrounding the indie literature world (and eat lots of quiche).

**Tell me more about your own writing—who or what have been your biggest influences? What are you working on now? Will another collection of *Adult Lessons* come soon?**

Writing poetry began as a process of feeling like I had permission to, and for me those permissive poets were Frank O'Hara, Lyn Hejinian, and Anne Carson, all of whom I read in an elective seminar with Mark Bibbins at the New School, where I was supposed to be writing nonfiction. I started writing poetry because people were asking me to explain things in my nonfiction that I didn't want to explain at all. I wanted to write sentences that stood on their own. Right now I'm writing some poems, some essays, and some fiction, but I don't think the next *Adult Lessons* will be terribly soon.

**OK, last question: With which animated character do you most identify?**

I have a tattoo that says [the word] "belle," and I read a lot like Belle does and love my dad a lot. And I'm brunette. And I perceive animus in everyday objects. So, definitely Belle.

# 'A disquieting silence, or a torrential downpour'

## The rebellious philosophy of Smoking Glue Gun

BY ZOE DZUNKO

When the time arrived for them to conjure a name for their burgeoning online magazine, Blake Lee Pate and Taylor Jacob Pate landed on a poem written by close friend, Tommy Jacobi. With a title that, "smells of messy creativity and a hint of anarchy, like getting caught in the act of simultaneously creating and destroying," *Smoking Glue Gun* gestures both toward the DIY ethos of the magazine and to its editors' predilection for the subversive.

Describing their aesthetic as one that strives to "create healthy discomfort," the quarterly magazine is a veritable explosion of pieces that "test or completely disregard the rules."



The Pates, Taylor (l.) and Blake Lee.

Started with the intention of showcasing the work of talented writers in their local community—many of whom were unpublished at the time of the first volume—alongside those perceived as "important to the legacy of poetry," *Smoking Glue Gun* has, in just two-and-a-half years, featured the likes of Dean Young, Noelle Kocot, and Lara Glenum, alongside countless other immensely talented early-career authors.

The magazine's inclusivity, coupled with an unwavering dedication to the Pates' particular aesthetic, guarantees that each volume is a dynamic and idiosyncratic collation. Drawn to art that is "vocally flashy, that engages in gender play, that is grotesque or minimalist or raw," the Pates have stamped their corner of the Internet with a distinctive and highly original vision.

In the spring of 2014, *Smoking Glue Gun* expanded into a press, releasing two chapbooks—*Pattern Exhaustion* by Nate Pritts and *Sunburn / Freezer Burn* by Colleen Louise Barry—on the back of a successful crowd-funding campaign. Immediately evident is the care and attention paid to all aspects of the publishing process. The chapbooks feel substantial in a way that belies their size: perfect bound, with elegant covers and thoughtfully considered typefaces. Two more chapbooks are forthcoming in late 2014 or early 2015: *Dandelion Farm*, a collaboration of poetry by Darcie Dennigan and art by Carl Dimitri, and *Thrown*, a book of poetry/visual collages by Martha Reed and j/j hastain.

This summer, the Pates launched a reading series from their home in Austin, Texas. Established as an antidote to

*Drawn to art that is 'vocally flashy, that engages in gender play, that is grotesque or minimalist or raw,' the Pates have stamped their corner of the Internet with a distinctive and highly original vision.*



# Oracular Crack

## Very Long Lines Across Cushing’s Wyoming



BY GRACIE LEAVITT

**Wyoming**  
Iris Cushing  
Furniture Press

With spring’s election to forth arrived my privilege to host with Alina Gregorian and ‘twixt solar powers Zoe Ryder White and Brenda Iijima the breeze-opened muscular trill of campfirey Iris Cushing. Our scene was the spice-scented Body Actualized Center in Bushwick, Brooklyn. Our purpose, the oracular crackle—Cushing’s cup of tea, and that night a new nest for these thoughts unspooled over time.

Three months later, another season, and I’ve just moved seven states closer to the titular Wyoming, so it’s hard not to feel pulled by, under no canopy, feel the ultravioletless foreshade (gray-pink cover, protection) of Cushing’s full-length debut when in moments epistle-stewed such as “Dear Okla,” is detailed “a provisional place” where

I have not stood in the shadow of a tree—  
only wandered among cattle and weather,  
carrying dried beef  
and water from a rain-fed trough.

Here near the collection’s quarter-point and the country’s half-way mark, shelter does come together, but in bricolage—rascal move, maybe, of conservation:

I’ve been stealing another settler’s kitchen  
piece by piece, in such small bits  
she hasn’t noticed. Each time  
I boil a pot of water, I love it

In a recent exchange with Jasmine Dreame Wagner at The Conversant, Cushing noted, “Writing these poems in New York City, longing for my Western home, I wanted to recover the true nature of whatever is lumped into the category of Western ‘Americana.’” In a robust recovery ward, with medicinal conjecture (facts in suspension) and updated grammars of ornament, Cushing outsizes this lump, heap, as the initial font of her book does nearly the page to cinematic effect, boom boom boom, letter by letter—W Y O M I N G—which on-the-money blurbster Maggie Nelson knows from the out is noun and verb both, living gerund, germ that anticipates.



But it’s synecdochal too, better than sacerdotal in its part-for-whole/whole-for-part interpenetrating magic, state standing in as country entire (U.S.A.), country (U.S.A.) standing in as country quintessential (common mystery, patria place, public heart of dirt). The poem “Twain” wonders: “Whose truck has your lawn been under” and “Whose field have your boots been under,” suggesting the moveable you is trod upon no matter the shape shifted into—O, yes, U.S.A. Meanwhile the question “Whose screen door have you sprained” allows creak and crease of light but forces ligaments stretched past limits cum pain.

Like any sane sibyl, the book looks beyond, forward and back (“We never saw each other again./ We saw each other everywhere.”), and pages before it’s potted, troughed, made from wild precipitation into domestic sup, the “Water cuts the earth in private” in “Channel.” (Cuts, i.e. slices, and plants abound and odes and in “Eight Offspring of Light” “Leaves thin as cut tissue/ curl away/ in a death-swoon/ from the fastened center.”)

Oases also ease the broadly ruminating finale, chewed in a field, then disappear. “913 Canyon Drive” boasts further pools, so that Cushing reports more from the cusp of tea (just before brewed, pre-tasseomancy) than the cup of it:

Twin Peaks.  
Our story contained  
stories. In the bath,  
two bodies: mine and the water.

and

He handed me a tiny piece of paper.  
I held it in my mouth until it became  
soft enough to swallow.

A night fills its own  
watery glass dome.

As these evaporate, instead of crackling to fissure, the central figure’s photograph emerges, his picture plumps up (might as well “curl away/ in a death-swoon/ from the fastened center” like photo paper in chemical development) with concepts genetically predisposed to Lisa Robertson’s type of topographic incision—salts, colors left behind, in votary’s flotage, what a beloved does:

The first time John came over for dinner  
I made butternut squash, purple cabbage  
and eggs. Their colors still float  
in the wooden room.

and

The town appeared below  
cut from the valley by yellow,  
blue and pink lights. Hands

in my pockets, I felt the night sky  
between each black tassel  
of Toby’s hair.

My lipstick turned into a film of colored petroleum.

and

I walked into the woods  
without saying goodbye.  
Felt a way in the dark. Tongue  
a scrap of red wet velvet.

My dress grew until  
I held the mountains underneath it.  
It was night when the sun came up.

This continued throughout the day.

Noun/verb, deliquescent/dry, Cushing performs a special weft-warp thinking that keeps us clinging and all our purloined pieces together in part dynamo, part smear—in a room of Adrienne Rich’s warm dreamwood. Perhaps that’s why she sings (she did on that May night-nest’s floor of Bushwick) when any longer she can’t say—song another way to weave. The late Vern Rutsala must have been speaking of her, of the oracular and not actual crack, “of the sublime as something that persists / when the roads of logical ideation end” when he said in “Paths”:

I felt the force of the woods—  
ferns winked starvation’s eyes  
and the cougar of the dark  
padded close, huge yet so  
delicate no twig broke

# Susan Lewis Looks at Another



BY KIELY SWEATT

**How to Be Another**  
Susan Lewis  
Cervena Barva Press

Have you ever been let down by someone and felt a kind of gut wrenching, vomitus pain from the unexplainable truth of that experience? Perhaps you have even had the luxury of being left with a mountain of unanswered questions and wasted promises. “Why me?!” you ask.

Susan Lewis’ latest collection, *How to Be Another*, sympathizes.

Divided into four parts—“i.e.,” “e.g.,” “Rx,” and “viz.”—Susan Lewis explores human interaction, the spoils of relationships, the desire to connect and break free. Each part plays a new role/ perspective that sets it apart from the others in the narrative. Her bits of prose are quirky, dark, and unyielding; pressures of relationships in general and in particular, “stratospheric.”

In the first part, “i.e.,” the narrator “work[s] up the courage to tell [us] something new, no matter how frightening or untrue.” In “Forgive Me” she continues; “I’ll call you back/ when I muster up the courage, or a big enough bribe.” It’s difficult in poetry to perform vulnerability unless it senses where to give in and when to let go. This poem, like many of Lewis’ others, are both raw and vulnerable.

In the poem “Once,” Lewis tries “cracking pockets of insecurity.”

I hear a voice, although it doesn’t hear me.  
It says little of interest /Perhaps I should learn another language,  
or invent one. I’m trying/To understand the song  
of the Invisible Bird...Soon I’m hoping/To be less  
awed by the presence of greatness.

This poem shows loss and frustration, which are central themes of this book. The narrator, while trying to escape these feelings of torment, tries to reinvent herself or see what she can find in learning “how to be another.”

“How to Be Another” is told through different narrative lenses and the speaker’s relationships ultimately reflect back on the narrator’s opinion of herself. In “Forgive me,” she’s “ten years old but it’s always a different ten.” Then toward the end of this part, in poems like “Searching for” the “question[s]...[are thrown around like] a loaded gun waiting to pop the cap off stability, which sounds like a comfortable accommodation for jumpers or anyone likely to jump the gun.”

Where “i.e.” concentrates on the personal experiences of the narrator, “e.g.” focuses on everyone else: the he, the she, the doctor, the dog. It’s morning in a cage with a sick little girl. It’s wanting what we don’t have and never appreciating it when we do. Lewis lets it be someone else’s turn for pain, suffering, and endless searching.

In poems like the “The Embrace,” “There is no other way to endure the concentrated intensity of attachment deposited by the years.” Her poems cut to the core of what it means to be a self-aware human. In “I Know a Man,” Lewis writes; “One day the moon/is going to cut the cord. Then we’ll see who will sink and who will/ swim...nonetheless ...we should do our best.” Her poems do not crave sympathy yet maintain a light cynicism that puts up a cracked mirror and offers you an “illusion to predictability.”



Susan Lewis explores human interaction, the spoils of relationships, the desire to connect and break free.

## Link

<http://www.susanlewis.net/>

[https://www.facebook.com/kiely.sweatt?fref=ts&ref=br\\_tf](https://www.facebook.com/kiely.sweatt?fref=ts&ref=br_tf)

## Bios

**Iris Marble Cushing** was born in Tarzana, Calif. Her book *Wyoming* received the 2013 Furniture Press Poetry Prize. A former resident of Arizona, she has been a writer-in-residence at Grand Canyon National Park. She lives in Sunnyside, Queens, where she works as an educator and editor for Argos Books.

**Gracie Leavitt** is the author of *Monkeys*, *Minor Planet*, *Average Star* (Nightboat Books), as well as the chapbook *Gap Gardening* (These Signals). Poems and translations have appeared in anthologies such as *The Ill-Tempered Rubyist* and journals such as *6x6*, *Conjunctions*, *Critical Quarterly*, *Lana Turner*, *Poems by Sunday*, and *The Sensation Feelings Journal*. She was born in Massachusetts and grew up in Maine; lived in the Hudson Valley, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn; and currently calls St. Louis home.

**Susan Lewis** lives in Greenwich Village and edits *Posit*. Her most recent books are *This Visit* (forthcoming), *How to Be Another*, and *State of the Union*. Her work is forthcoming or has appeared recently in such places as *Boston Review*, *Connotation Press*, *Dusie*, *EOAGH*, *Gargoyle*, *Otoliths*, *Ping Pong*, *Propeller*, *Raritan*, *Seneca Review*, *The Awl*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *Verse*.

**Kiely Sweatt** has one chapbook, *A Home Big Enough for Remembering* (Dancing Girl Press) and one full-length poetry collection, *Origin of* (Patasola Press). Sweatt co-curates the Tri Lengua reading series. She lives in Bushwick, Brooklyn.

## Screenings

Three screenings of the works of Jenny Perlin will be a part of the ongoing Show & Tell program. Perlin will also be there to discuss her work.

Anthology Film Archives  
32 Second Ave. (at Second Street)  
The East Village

Mon. Sept. 15, 7:30 p.m.  
Tues. Sept. 16, 7:00 p.m., 8:45 p.m.

## Links

<http://anthologyfilmarchives.org/>

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

## Bio

**Joel Schlemowitz** is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, "78rpm," is in the final stages of post-production. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 15 years.

## FILM

# Pen, Paper, and 16mm Camera Jenny Perlin to Chat at Anthology Screenings



Can a register receipt, detritus of our routine acts of consumerism, be an object to transfix our attention through the confines of a short, silent 16mm film? The East Village's Anthology Film Archives will help to affirm this notion with the presentation of three screenings this month of the 16mm films and works on video of Jenny Perlin. Her work is significant for her compelling use of text and drawings in addition to footage gathered with the camera. The screenings are part of the ongoing Show & Tell program, and as the name of the series suggests, Perlin will be there to discuss the work.

Perlin's work represents an overlap between graphic media, literary arts, and the moving image—works using handwritten text, drawings, with the flat, white page being the set-piece for many of her films as they unspool before us on the screen. Should we characterize Perlin as an experimental animator, with works created on paper and filmed on a copy stand? But like text-based film works by other filmmakers—diverse works including Michael Snow's *So Is This*, Peter Rose's *Secondary Currents* and Lawrence Brose's *An Individual Desires Solution*, to name a few—the term "animation" sets us off on the wrong track to understand the nature of her work. Perlin's handwritten text and drawings don't antically dance around on the screen. Not "animated" drawings. Under the gaze of the camera, these graphic elements materialize frame-by-frame upon the blank paper. An un-vanishing act, one might say.

Many of the works originate on 16mm film, and many of those in stark black-and-white, and many of those projected in silence, or with the sounds of typing on a computer keyboard while the writing appears, the words upon the white paper surface composed before us one letter at a time. Sometimes the image jumps and flutters vertically on the screen as words and drawings appear, reminiscent of the flickering pages of a flipbook. The spare, austere environment of the black-and-white film's gray tonalities, the white paper and black text, the act of the audience reading together in the silence of the theater, provokes a slightly unsettling attentiveness in the act of viewing. We watch the emergence of methodically handwritten text or drawings on the paper, followed by the next blank page filling itself with another image, then another blank page and the process repeats.

The text itself is often an assembling of quotations from diverse sources. *Possible Models* quotes Attorney General John Ashcroft via Reuters on the arrest of would-be terrorists intent on blowing up a shopping mall, and pivots to the history of shopping malls: "[The] first fully enclosed U.S. mall opened in 1956." In the film's second part, we are presented with competing statistics between The Mall of America in Bloomington, Minn., and the Mall of Arabia in Dubai. These quotations are intermixed with hand-drawn maps: the diagrams of malls, with lines and circles indicating the corridors and intersections of the shopping center's layout.

A series of works, collectively titled *The Perlin Papers*, takes its name from a distant relative of the filmmaker: "Marshall 'Mike' Perlin was a New York lawyer who forced the U.S. government to release the papers in the early 1970s. Perlin's lawsuit on behalf of the Rosenbergs' children resulted in one of the first successful uses of The Freedom of Information Act in the United States." Frame-by-frame selections from FBI files are copied out by Perlin, in some cases the negative is projected, giving a chalkboard-like effect to the drawings.

The unsettling nature of the films is not just as a direct result of

*Possible Models* 16mm, b/w, silent, 10:45, 2004

Jenny Perlin

entitled *Division*, the hermetic ambiguity of many of the documents, such as the directive to the Pittsburgh Division: "Will determine the occupants of 415 Whitney, Pittsburgh." The films often follow the engaging route of modulating between tangentially related themes, and so incidents of immigration through Ellis Island become juxtaposed with contemporary scenes of a refugee center in Switzerland. A classical singer's vocal exercises and the bizarre activities suggested by a 1915 self-help book: "Perseverance described finger exercises designed to develop inner strength and character. Counting grains of rice, untangling string for five minutes each day, carrying spoonfuls of water between two bowls." Psychoanalysis and the industrial age: "Sigmund Freud's essay, 'Mourning and Melancholia' was published in 1917. This was also a peak year on the Ford Motor Company assembly line." The ephemera of everyday life in the form of printed film rental register receipts, copied out by Perlin's pen, news reports on the war in Iraq, and interjected with hand-copied extracts from opera scores.

There is often humor under the surface. A deadpan, biting irony in the uneasy amalgamation of post-9/11 anxieties and the accumulated detritus of one's day-to-day economic life. The short piece *Flight* typifies this, being a film about "the non-spaces of airports through transcriptions of receipts of every purchase from 2005 until the end of 2006." Each receipt carefully copied out by hand, in stop-frame motion, before the camera. As Perlin's description of the film indicates, "Most receipts wish you 'a nice flight.'" More curious is the receipt from this inherently transitory locale, stating "Please come again." As paired down this film might seem, a silent, black-and-white film taking place on a white page, the act of watching is not an austere experience, as we confront the unexpected personal intimacy of the receipt's confessions of Perlin's casual purchases. There is a discomfort in these unsubstantial slips of paper, the register receipts, in giving us the sense that we've entered her personal territory, as if we might have gone rummaging through Perlin's wallet and pocketbook to access them. The receipts hide nothing by way of a record of time, date, location, the cashier's employee identification number or first name. The frequency with which Perlin would pay for her items with exact change. Leaving us wondering what she was

**The films often follow the engaging route of modulating between tangentially related themes, and so incidents of immigration through Ellis Island become juxtaposed with contemporary scenes of a refugee center in Switzerland. A classical singer's vocal exercises and the bizarre activities suggested by a 1915 self-help book: 'Perseverance described finger exercises designed to develop inner strength and character. Counting grains of rice, untangling string for five minutes each day, carrying spoonfuls of water between two bowls.'**

doing traveling to Dusseldorf, while also giving us a chance to ponder the airport's commercial sphere, the seller's advantage over the captive consumer audience on the inward side of the security zone.

The screenings of Jenny Perlin's films at Anthology is concurrent with a show of her drawings and a recent film installation piece at the Simon Preston Gallery at 301 Broome St., on the Lower East Side.

Once each calendar Anthology presents a screening of the filmic output of those who work in the office, project the movies, manage the theater, program the screenings, take the tickets, and catalog and care for the films in the vaults. "The Secret Life of Anthology Film Archives" will occur 8:00 p.m., Sun. Sept. 28. While it might be accurate to call it an "open screening" for the staff of Anthology, in the manner of an open poetry reading, the sensibility is more that of the artists' salon, the sharing of work among a supportive community of cohorts. The public is invited, but, with the lack of an announced roster of films and makers, rarely attends. Or perhaps this might help further whet the appetite to come out to see what shows in the "Secret Life" screening? To enter into the rarefied chamber of secret cinema.

# All the cool kids Advertise in



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# Adeena Karasick

## Alphabet City, Manhattan

### Love and Rockets or You Rocket my World

*i think its gong to be a long long time*

Wake up and smell the ke-  
tyusha between a rocket and a hard place  
you got rockets in your head -  
this rocket n roll lifestyle rocketing the nation

And as you sit back in your rocket chair  
whose hand rockets the cradle  
who’s getting whose rockets off as you hit rocket bottom  
rocketing the foundations

*Operation Rainbow*  
*Operation Autumn Clouds*  
*Operation Hot Winter*

And as you keep on rocketin me  
with your all-star rocket show, ‘cause you were born  
to rocket, and all you wanna do is rocket the town  
the casbah, the rocky coast,  
with your solid rocket mounting high in black rocket city  
just rocket me gently in this Golden Age of  
clash city rockets

No rocket ‘n roll lullaby -  
The House is rocketin

with an escalation of unprecedented gravity.

*Operation Cast Lead*  
*Operation Pillar of Defense*

And as you rocketin’ me all nite  
through missiles, mortars, sensors sirens rocketin’  
on the radio, rocket box, king of rockets

who can stop rocket and roll?

*Operation Protection Edge*  
*Operation Red Alert*

Rocketin’ the world, rocketin’ til I drop, rocket a hula,  
your heart out, raised on rockets rocket rolla

you wanna be a rocket star?  
Rocket on, rocket lobster, there’s no good in reelin’ and rocketin’ like a  
rocket opera reveille rocket body block rocketin’ a beatin’ boogie  
So don’t rocket me daddy-o  
punk rocketer fling thing crocodile rocket. Baby, this place is rocketin  
tonite hoochie koo - cities aflame with rockets

Holy Iron Dome, Damascus, massacre  
in the chasm of al-Qassam shazzam

Don’t go back to Rocketville. -  
rocketing the cradle of the free world.  
Schools of rockets. Who’s right to rocket?  
So if you’re on the road to rocket,  
sock it don’t rocket, viva la rocket, no rocketin’ good time,  
don’t rocket the boat  
oh no, no, no, Rocket man,

Just rocket out and roll on  
like a hurricane

# POETRY

## Jeffrey Jullich



Morningside Heights,  
Manhattan

### Receipt Used as Book Mark

to pay for daylight  
at that latitude

searching pants pockets  
for coin, rummaging through

pockets

Chinese ideograms:

“thorn” jing ching “ ”

dressed in nothing but  
wristwatch and designer  
eyeglasses, clothes spread flat  
on—the—bed, suitcase open,  
lined with silky material

currency exchange between—beam  
of ghosted light and light unthought-of  
in decades  
filtered through gauze curtain

Male prostitute leaned against wall

a chromaticism: Schumann’s  
Symphonic Étude

soundtrack

cost maybe  
a handful of crumpled dollars

## Links

<http://www.johnmbennett.net/>

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

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

## Bio

**John m. Bennett** is curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University libraries and author of over 300 books and chapbooks.

**Jeffrey Jullich**’s books are *Portrait of Colon Dash Parenthesis* (Litmus Press,) and *Thine Instead Thank* (Harry Tankoos Books). He is editor of the literary journal LOGOPOEIA.

**Adeena Karasick** is co-founding director of KlezKanada Poetry Festival and Retreat in Quebec. Her most recent books are *This Poem* (Talonbooks) and *The Medium is the Muse: Channeling Marshall McLuhan* (NeoPoiesis Press). She teaches literature and critical theory at Pratt Institute.

## John m. Bennett

Columbus, Ohio

### ask



the last time I cough  
nest folded last time  
will swallowed stone  
flavor last time drilled  
last time breath fell  
off my face last time  
spoken to the wall sil  
enced last time will  
cave the laundry in las  
t time focused on the  
first time whirled  
in the wind tomorrow  
last time stung the  
fork last time will  
chewed the button o  
pens gate last  
time my boiling fl  
oor last time lept the  
lept the scrawled dock  
sloshed the vacu  
um rising from the last  
time

### T

the last time I wrote that poem  
the alphabet was arranged differently  
- Ivan Argüelles, "orphic cantos", 30, 2014

## BOOG CITY

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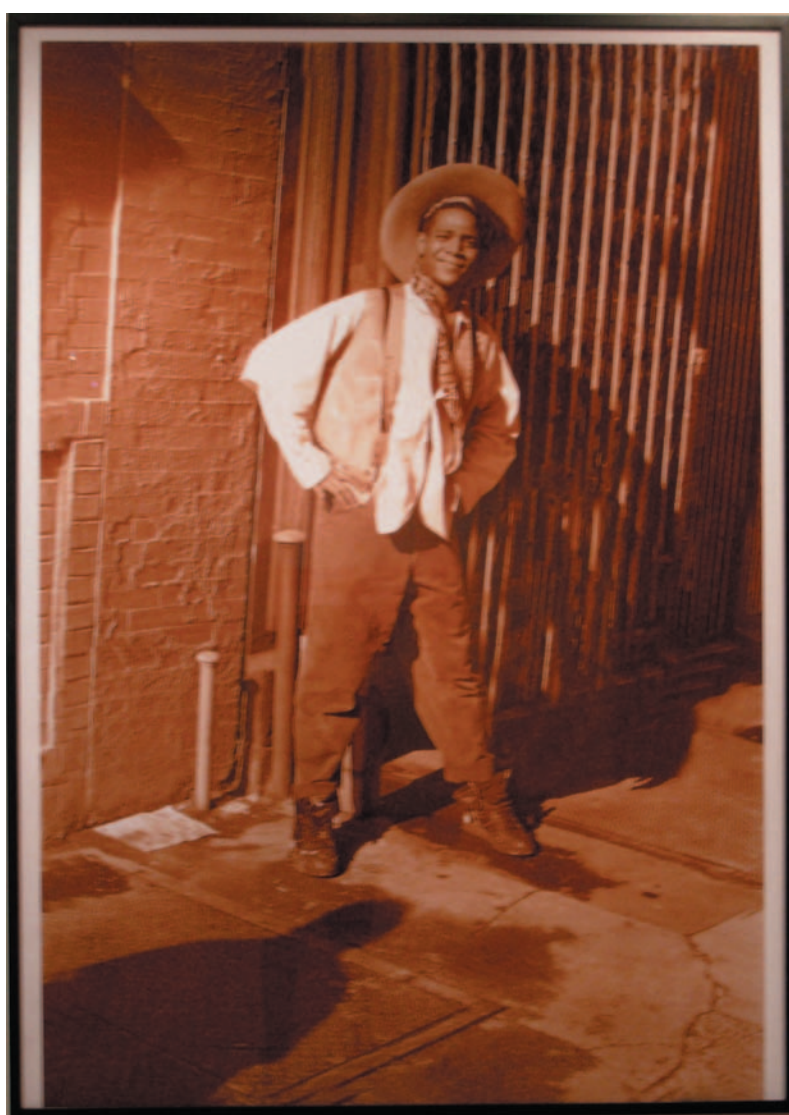
**Alex Harsley**'s images have been seen in numerous one-person and group national and international exhibitions and are represented in many private collections. He recently had a solo exhibition at June Kelly Gallery.

## Artist's Statement

"As The East Village changed, I had to change. These images have been locked away for years, and now everyone will be able to see the turbulent history of The East Village."



# Alex Harsley The East Village



**Basquiat** 62" x 44", digital print, toned, 1985.



**Silent Moments on 4th Street** 13" x 19" , color digital print, toned, ca. 1989.



**Houston Street and Site of Whole Foods** 13" x 19", color digital print, ca.1979



**Bowery and Houston** 13" x 19", black and white digital print, ca. 1982.