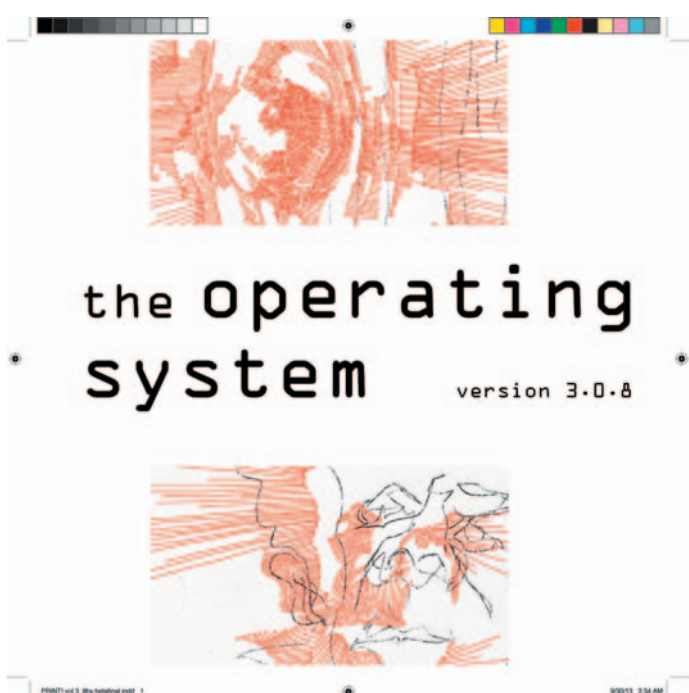


Celebrate Six of the City's Best Small Presses Inside in Their Own Words and Live



DOUBLECROSS PRESS



LUNAR CHANDELIER PRESS

"Lit with the chandelier souls of infusoria"
-Mina Loy

d.a. levy lives

celebrating renegade presses

NYC Small Presses Night

Thurs. Nov. 20, 6:00 p.m., \$5 suggested

Bone Bouquet
—Samantha
Zighelboim

DoubleCross Press
—Ian Dreiblat
—Anna
Gurton-Wachter

Louffa Press
—Erika Anderson
—David Moscovich
—Dustin Luke Nelson

Lunar Chandelier Press
—Joe Elliot
—Jerome Sala

The Operating System
—Lynne DeSilva-Johnson
—JP Howard

We'll Never Have Paris
—Veronica Liu
with music from
Yeti

5:30 p.m.
Book
Fair

Readings from Bone Bouquet, DoubleCross Press, Louffa Press, Lunar Chandelier Press, The Operating System, and We'll Never Have Paris authors (see below).

Sidewalk Cafe

94 Avenue A (@ E. 6th St.)

The East Village

For information call
212-842-BOOG (2664)
editor@boogcity.com
@boogcity
<http://www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc94.pdf>

BONE BOUQUET



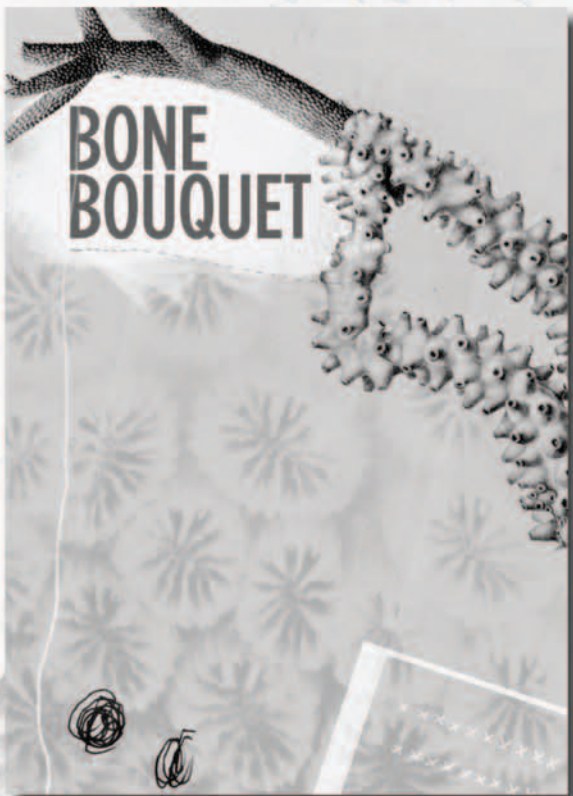
SAMANTHA ZIGHELBOIM AXLE OF THE WORLD, WITH RABBIT

All the clouds paused
a white spot walked out from the parting
bleating supernova a stage set too large to
measure but exactly twelve meters long
that began expanding reproducing itself
folding over eclipse after eclipse after

And then ten thousand
images in half an hour ten thousand times
continents and castles beautiful castles
memorials the glory of the world with no
color as in a drained photograph but still
beautiful still all the castles all the glory

The judgment revealed
to me in burnt bursts no one could fulfill
so he himself occurred spiny witch creating
the world it was the first of April it was Fool's
Day he was no fool in his choosing he chose
this day this day these pictures these hands

He chose a running rabbit
spinning on a roller the uncertainty of good
fortune then the rabbit became a zebra his head
full of stripes everything was shaved he started
running something fast when he became a glass
donkey lucky enough to wear God's napkin



Issue 5.2 to come in November 2014

Subscribe at \$14 for two issues

Submissions open year-round at bonebouquet.submittable.com

Learn more at www.bonebouquet.org

NEW ALL-LETTERPRESS
CHAPBOOK SERIES

In 2015, DoubleCross Press will be publishing a series of tiny poetry manuscripts (7 pages or less) for a new all-letterpress chapbook series. Each chapbook will be hand-set in metal type, letterpress printed, and hand-bound. We are thrilled to kick off the new series this winter with Ian Dreiblatt’s **בראשונה**, an excerpt of which is featured below. ➤

בראשונה

An excerpt from **Ian Dreiblatt’s** forthcoming chapbook from DoubleCross Press

DOUBLECROSS
PRESSES

OPEN READING PERIOD
DECEMBER, 2014

DoubleCross Press will be reading manuscripts from December 1st–31st for:

- **our all-letterpress chapbook series**
(short poetry manuscripts, 7 pages or less)
- **our Poetics of the Handmade series**
(essays on small press culture)

Rather than charging a reading fee, we ask that you **SUPPORT SMALL PRESSES** by buying a chapbook from us or from another small press you admire. ➤

POETICS OF THE
HANDMADE SERIES

DoubleCross Press’s Poetics of the Handmade series publishes essays by contemporary hand-bookmakers and writers who engage with the handmade book as publishers, promoters, or curators. With an eye to the book’s past, the series seeks to illuminate the forms, connotations, and communities of the handmade book in early 21st century micropress culture. ➤

& in that sense to
talk & talk & whether
sunset approved the bridge &
were their rows of terraces
seemingly as different as bridges

this soon that took forms
the animal becomes a plant
good morning xylophone good morning
forklifts in the rain I
had so surprisingly called confident

“an economy of force”

a word that speaks breath
into all the air before
grammar torques it into tiny
convulsions doesn’t want the sun
or the moon & to

be honest in the season
of Rain which is beautiful
I thought mostly how much
we say and from where
in the space between drops

while everything & the rain
itself happens

seems to happen. the word splits
like a shellfish:
blood I will mass
& cause bones to be

& a prison of doubles
a mirrored pill
you can only talk your way out of

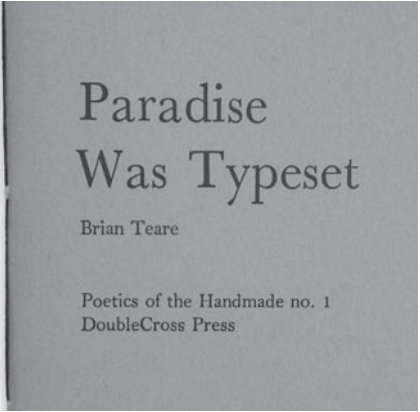
the story repeats.
the lines of heaven & earth
broken homonyms
if you breathe and are spoken
of course you’re a word

such is the story.
before the idea of the soul
soul must’ve meant body
no syntax worth a stop watch for your ear lobe

in the city gone imaginary
waters commingle
under orange flood lights

doublecrosspress.com

1



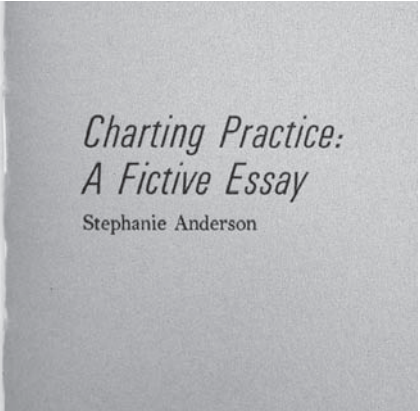
“Most of the poetry I print comes from a direct encounter with the poet reading their work: I hear a poem and I want to print it. It’s a physical urge. I literally want to get it into my hands in a way that rhymes with Pamela Smith’s assertions, in *The Body of the Artisan*, that there is a deep epistemological tie between ‘the body and bodily knowing’ and ‘tacit artisanal knowledge’.”
—Brian Teare

2

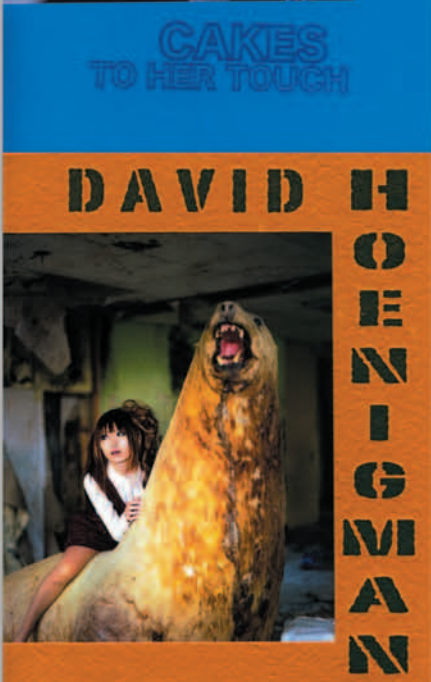
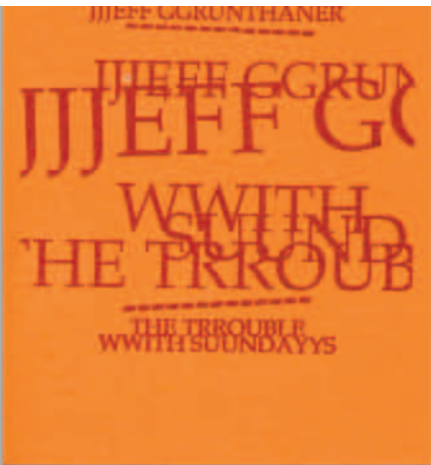


“Historically, friendship has housed poetry not only in terms of readerships (think of all the poetries born of friendship), but also in terms of presses. When good work was not/is not able to find an equally good home for too long, friends start their own press. They publish their friends’ work; they make new friends in the process. These small presses are the no kill shelter for experimental writing.”
—Nathan Hauke & Kirsten Jorgenson

3



“There were others excited about books made in dining rooms. About a century of small press. Students found objects in archives. Making paper into a story. White gloves. She hemmed the books. There were field trips to a collective press. There was collaboration, stab-bound. Objects loosened their hold of logic: the cracking could be creative. Why was she trying to keep things safe?”
—Stephanie Anderson



And out came the wolves
Came that saying again

Somehow, the eggshell collapsed
& the radio went dead.

I want to drive a taxi—
“Do you have a license?”
I'm the key-chain, Lauryn Hill
version of “all that”

(Naaaahhhhh)
I left with a Russian student,
who gave me lung disease.

9H9 b| *PUNK*
FHR|E79H9 RE79H9 *PUNK*
IR98EH-F*E9WRH *PUNK*
9H9 *(&(* }d
JFDSI@ * }d
E79H9
KGJFDSI@FHRE79H9 R|E79H9
R98EH-F*E9WRHRE79H98|HE89EH7E

-poetry by Jeff Grunthaner (excerpt from
THE TROUBLE WITH SUNDAYYS)

www.louffapress.com

Anxiously, Leon Turnip tried to picture himself an insect,
and the possible means by which his anglophily could break
and the NEWZ leak out. “White puss politics is the enemy of
a sound economy,” Turnip mused. “Newz is Law.”



MINE EGREGIOUS!!!
& I shall NOT FLY
into vagaries of menagerie vengeance
{imagined} blister locutions designating
quietude of sincere why should I?
Sodden in the 4-Loko moonlight

Or am I
{O R A G A M I}
thinking of someone else?

A street lamp of kittens
swinging outside
my living room
window
POWDERY

“When the smoke
hits your eye
Wafting off a fresh
pizza pie
I feel like an anus”
w/ Robin Zander
who's kind of
a beer-model
2.0 version
of Kurt Cobain
If you look at his
gifts, circa 1977 /
BEFORE
Ariel Pink

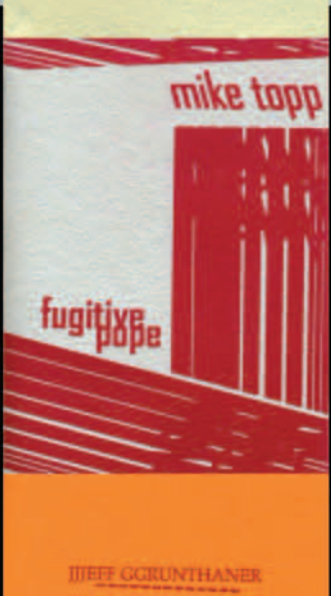
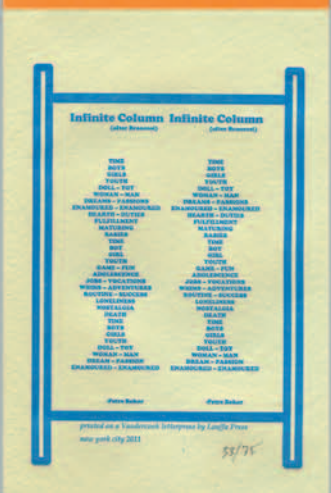
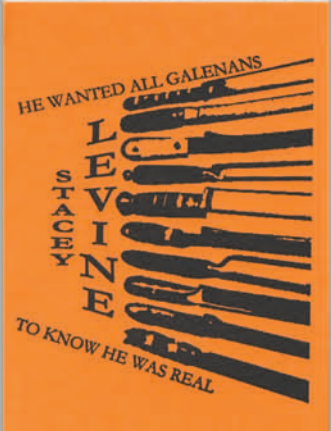
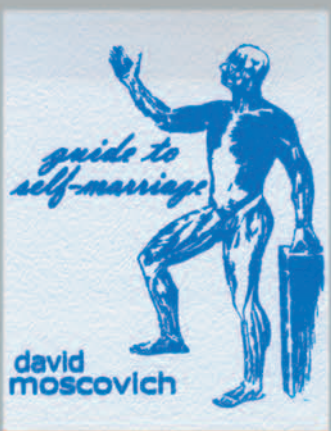
A category of IN-FAT-U-@-
TION {Read: MEdiation}
{Read: ILL_US_TRATION}
mapped out by cliches.

“Mr Crevise?” said the sheets uncertainly. “Is everything...?”
She slid from hid, wearing a porous smock of brittle materials.

THE MISSION behind Louffa Press is to foster a venue for limited edition, collectible, handmade chapbooks by a wide array of authors whose voices must be heard. Louffa specializes in innovative fiction and poetry, with a catalogue including writers such as Steve Katz, Stacey Levine, Mike Topp, David Hoenigman, David X Wiggin, Jeff Grunthaner, Dustin Luke Nelson, Changming Yuan, David Moscovich, Amy Huffman, Liana Allday, HC Hsu, Christine Reilly, AJ Atwater, Neila Mezynski, Martin Shone, Petre Bokor, with chapbooks forthcoming by David Abel and Erika Anderson.

Louffa Press presents a new quarterly reading series
eXfoliation (winter edition)
Wednesday, February 18, 2015 7PM
@bookculture, 536 W 112th Street (New York, NY)

LOUFFA PRESS
eXfoliating one word at a time
all inquiries: david@louffapress.com





Lunar Chandelier Press

"Lit with the chandelier souls
of infusoria"
-Mina Loy

lunarchandelier@gmail.com
[Lunar Chandelier-Lunarchandelier.blogspot.com](http://LunarChandelier-Lunarchandelier.blogspot.com)

Founded in 2009, Lunar Chandelier Press publishes books of evocative, modern writing. Lunar Chandelier Press Books are distributed by Small Press Distribution, and available at McNally Jackson Books, Berl’s Brooklyn Poetry Bookshop, Unnameable Books, and Boulder’s Innisfree Books.

Lunar Chandelier Press Books

The Cheapskates by Jerome Sala

Dick: A Vertical Elegy by Sam Truitt

Radio at Night: New and Selected Work
by Laurie Price

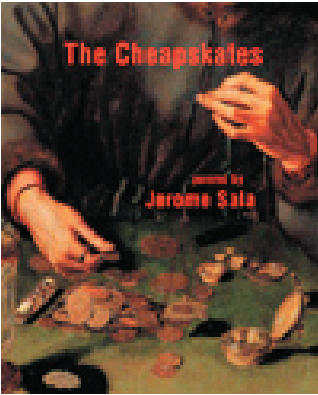
Earth After Earth by Toni Simon

Deliberate Proof by Vyt Bakaitis

Homework by Joe Elliot

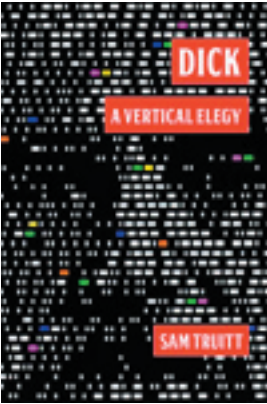
petals, emblems by Lynn Behrendt

Tiny Gold Dress by John Godfrey



The Cheapskates by Jerome Sala
If Sala’s humor and wit is what hits you first, there is no escaping the rage that informs such a poem as “National Security Crisis,” which begins: “These days being a goon / no longer guarantees you a squad. / It’s hard out there in the cudgel and tear gas business -- / even the job of your simple punch in the gut / has been overtaken by a new generation of rubber bullets!” We live in “the country of no country,” he writes in another poem -- a country that resembles “an extravagant, steampunk renaissance fair.” Not all here is affirmation; for all the laughter, the poems are a criticism of life, of the affluent society that needs to make “war on poverty,” a phrase that can mean two opposite things.

The exclamatory utterances, the rapid changes of diction, the imaginative gambits, the fun -- all proclaim Sala to be an exemplary agent of the New York School in its current guise as a stealth activity practiced, as it happens, not only by New Yorkers like husband and wife Sala and Elaine Equi, but by those who may live in Florida, Mississippi, Alaska, California, and other places far from Bleeker Street or Chelsea. --David Lehman



Dick: A Vertical Elegy by Sam Truitt
Dick is Dramatic and wild, overgrown, a thick dollop of mystery – a book littered with morse code that translates as non-sense (or is it a cypher?), teeming with empty/fill in the blanks acronyms, sometimes in military phonetic alphabet: “facts explode. Faces. PFM. Or what we are ignites what we are-metal wings on a stump flung into ECP. To Lose, sucking rubber, our faces. Or whiskey delta we are on the back of a monitor, our collaborator. It’s a sphere face in. A black sun sucking Alpha.”
The text perforated with Shakespearean stage directions “exeunt alarums” “exeunt omnes bearing torches” ... (I kept waiting for the “exit pursued by bear”)
Literally clotted with language, syntax, dots and dashes that take on a physical reality
“Full stop. Over which, like a turnstile, we retch

Shades of Philip K. Dick here, a suggestion of paranoia as a state of epiphany or prophesy or truth-telling.
“Like a vast statue, motionless, inert –except an enormous glaucous panopticonic eye unblinking guides in total awareness the birth state” --Jared White

Lynn Behrendt Scrawl

white columns. orange leaves. rhododendrons bobbing in the wind. porch furniture
left out too long. own nothing. remember everything. bear witness. prepare litmus.
false blue of a neighbor’s pool.
Hiss of new furnace. Burnish the pain inside into
something other than this swooping bird in you. Think it into landing.
Six foot ladder
leaned against the peeling wall of a once white house in upstate New York.

Wednesday morning. I have somewhere to be, earning what could have been
considered a living in 1963. Trees have it good: rooted in place and long-lived. I drive
through every day not thinking. They have nowhere to be. Movement so slow we don’t
see. Leaves flicker in the periphery, in the fluttered shade of a few old lindens.

whalebone, autoclave, headache
endocrine system canon
diligently ingrained
slandered and carved into
dislodged, governed, or decoded
sometimes I think trees
sink into memory
far easier then relatives
events, or smoke

graffiti scrawled across a track—
wait for me I am almost done
I will be up there in just a moment

**Joe Elliot Please Don’t
Stare At My Poems**

At the water park
a man walks by
with his shirt off
and his tits hanging out.

I suppose women
can’t leave them uncovered
because of the milk
that comes out of them.

Why is the wonder
of life always associated
with shame? A poet
creates, and is therefore

also a tit, and must
be covered. If you admit
to the beginning,
you likewise must

admit to the end,
which is also a wonder,
but one we usually
don’t want to suck.

Jerome Sala The Tall

The imposing quality of tall people:
used to getting their way, they tend
to insist. Imagine: a whole day ordering
around others: a manager in the restaurant
of a novel that offers a panoramic view
of American life. I’m at its page when
the tall author begins a major offensive
to conquer contemporary opinion: by
the end of this section, if successful,
innocent readers like myself
will begin to buy into the realism
of the fiction – even more so because
of the winks and nudges that hover
over the text, to let you know that you know
what you think you know: that you’re holding
a book. And also that it defends our civilization.



I found the small identical moments of unattended
isolation I found tarnish heralds its own inexorable,
celebrant loss I found there is no surety without doubt,
no possessive natures without certain materialisms,
and I was surprised by my findings
I found apocalypses came and went, unnoticed,
that plans are for falling through, not for following through
with, that a promise is as promise does, that always
from the provinces make I my cloned returns,
and I did not clench my teeth when, honestly and honorably, I filed
my
reports
down to their fragile, pugnacious quicks
Archaeology is the study of distress
Trust me

---Peter Milne Grenier
in *Executive Producer Chris Carter*
POEMS SLASH SCIENCE FICTION
Print: Document // Series 2, "Hand Made"(2014)

It is an ongoing experiment in resilient creative practice which necessarily morphs as its conditions and collaborators change. It is not a magazine, a website, or a press, but rather an ongoing dialogue ABOUT the act of publishing on and offline: it is an exercise in the use and design of both of these things and their role in our shifting cultural landscape, explored THROUGH these things.

We currently publish a spring chapbook series of 4 volumes each year, read rolling submissions for full length volumes continuously, and print conceptual edited collections of text, art, and less easily defined work in “magazine” form.

Our ongoing original series, **FIELD NOTES** and **RE:CONVERSATIONS**, seek to create an online home for process conversation, increasing the value of the work we as creative practitioners are already engaged in, as well as encouraging an open-source peer learning environment amongst creators from all mediums.

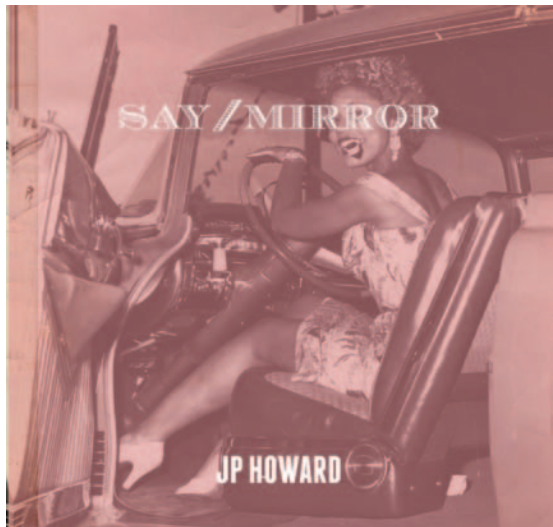
Here, you'll also find partnerships with cultural organizations modelling the value of archival process documentation -- American Composers Forum, CulturePush, The Mycelium School, and 10,000 Poets for Change are just a few.

90 living poets have written tributes to their peers, heros, and mentors via our three annual Poetry Month 30-posts-in-30-days "Inspiration, Community, Tradition" series, and we'll invite 30 more to join us in 2015.

We welcome unsolicited contributions and are actively seeking ongoing partnerships for online content that fits THE OS's mission.



>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>> NOW AVAILABLE FOR PRESALE PURCHASE FROM THE OPERATING SYSTEM:



The debut full-length poetry collection
from JP HOWARD

SAY/MIRROR
[Available January 2015]

“JP Howard’s collection of poems is a raw reminder of the experience of motherhood and daughterhood. Her sharp memories of love and neglect; elegance, admiration and inadequacy leave a salty/sweet taste not soon forgotten.”
- Jewelle Gomez, double Lambda Award winning author of THE GILDA STORIES and ORAL TRADITION

Please join us at VON BAR December 6th
for a performance in celebration of the launch of
STEVE DANZIGER's

**MOONS OF JUPITER /
TALES FROM THE SCHMINKE TUB**
a book of two plays for one person

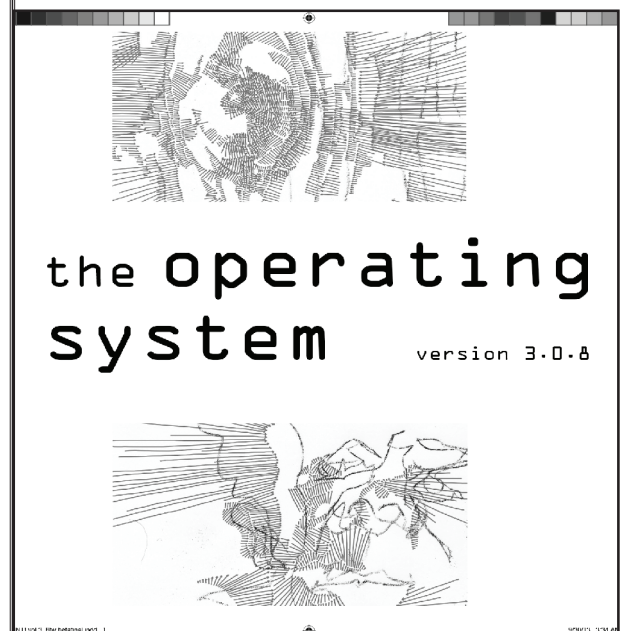
“Steve Danziger’s rare wit is fully on display in these uproariously funny plays. He takes familiar tropes (alien abduction, the slow-talking Southern, a mysterious disappearance, etc.) and turns them on their heads in inventive and wholly original ways. And his range with language--from the colloquial to the formal--is masterful and executed with comic aplomb.” -Jackie Corley, Word Riot



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EDITOR: Lynne DeSilva-Johnson || **EMAIL:** lynne@theoperatingsystem.org



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We'll Never Have Paris - nonfiction
memoir zine for all things never
meant to be.

Started in 2007, WNHP believes in giving
a home in print to first-time writers.
All stories must be true and follow
the theme of each issue. Published
annually and sold in independent
bookstores around the country.

Past writers include the talented
Martha Grover, Earl Crown, John
Affleck, Josh Medsker, Karen Lillis,
Betsy Houston, Raymond Luczak and
Veronica Liu, who will be reading on
November 20 at Boog City's annual
Small Presses Night.

(from WNHP8...Ed Lin..."Not too
long after the second time we
moved the minister of the local
church dropped by to say hello to
my parents. I only heard about it
after coming home from school.

My parents were nervous.
White people dropping by
was never good news. It
could have been immigration,
or the tax man or a truant
officer. The minister had
asked for the family to come
to church next Sunday. That
wasn't possible because we
ran a hotel, a 24-7 sort of
business, so my parents told
them that only the kid
could go."



WE'LL NEVER
HAVE PARIS

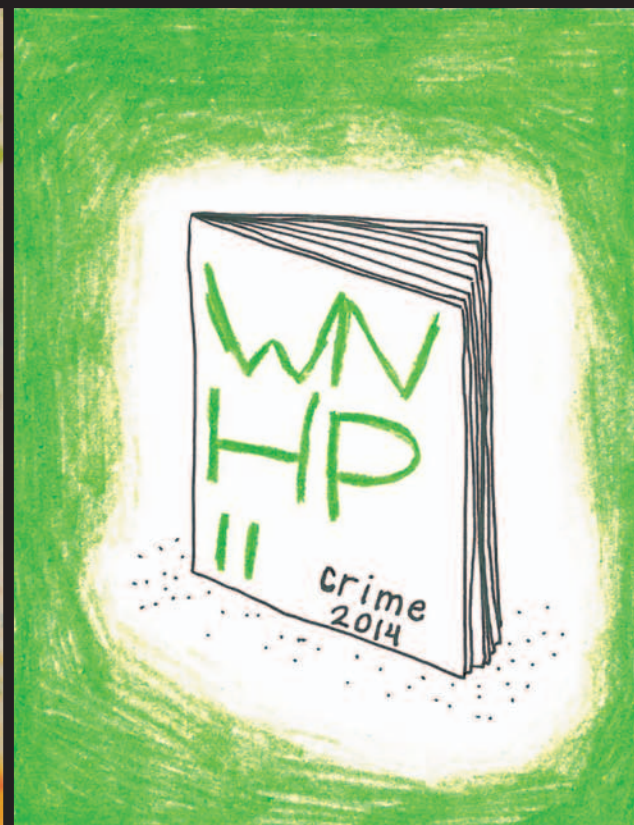
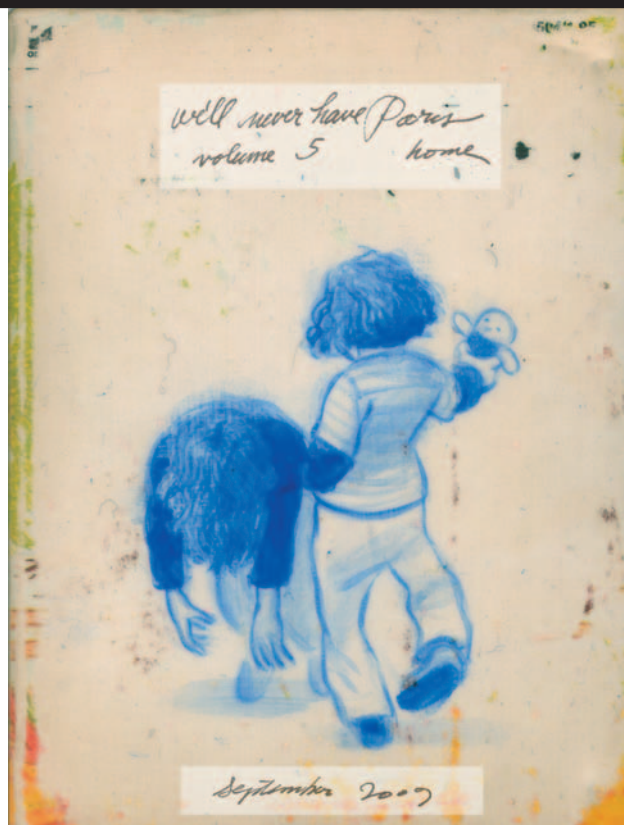
TEN
2013

X

(from WNHP 10...Andria
Aleghi..."Now that I looked
at her I guess I could see
that it was a wig and that
having serious cancer
would incline you to having
conversations with anyone
new who wasn't gonna
talk about cancer. I sure
didn't want to talk about
cancer, so suddenly talking
about restaurants was the
greatest thing on earth and
I knew where to send them.
"Near Penn Station, that's
easy! Do you like Asian
food?" Andria Aleghi tells all
on Nov. 20 for Boog City.

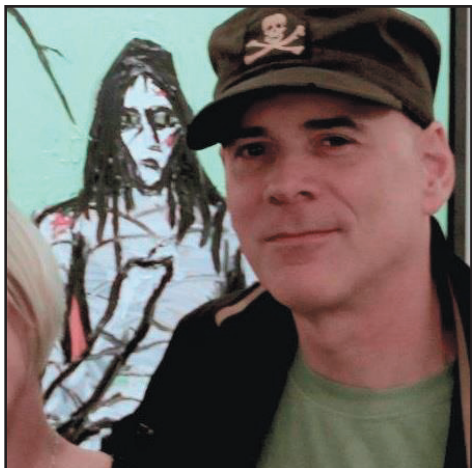
(from WNHP 5....
Veronica Liu..."I know
the windows of that
apartment better than
some of the windows
in my neighborhood,
yet I have no idea
what street it's on. And
yet, thousands of feet
in the air in the bright
5pm summer sun,
I can see it. I know
where it is because
I've read this city in
a way I never had a
chance to in Toronto,
and won't anytime
soon."

Veronica Liu
reads Nov. 20
for Boog City



(from WNHP 11...
John Affleck..."I can
see that, once again,
I am far behind cool.
But now, inside my
head, I take a stand. I
will catch up. I will do
something, something
big, so that when the
cool boys talk, I can
talk back. Or, even if
I am quiet while they
take turns bragging,
I will not feel small
and stupid. The plan
comes together in a
matter of days."

Dedicated to supporting innovative, cross-genre writing, LITMUS PRESS publishes translators, poets, and other writers.



ART

Rick Prol

Links

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

Bio

Rick Prol recently had a retrospective at the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art and exhibited at Dorian Gray Gallery. His work has continued to evolve since the early eighties into a unique and distinctive vision of dystopia perfectly mirroring the current climate of worldly realities and personal life. He always has a sense of humor and playfulness. Danielle Charrette photo.



Bandage 1982, oil on canvas, 88" x 68".



Smoke 1983, oil on canvas, 66" x 52".



Green Light circa 1990, acrylic on paper wood with glass bottles, approx. 42" x 22".



(window "untitled") 1985, goauche on paper with found window frame, glass, shutter, approx. 38" x 48".
From the collection of Livia and Marc Straus.



Es Nada 1985, found window frame wood glass goauche on paper, approx. 52" x 32".



Truckload 2012, goauche on paper, 12" x 16".

Links

<http://www.dancinggirlpress.com>

<http://www.colleenlouisebarry.com>

<http://www.slopeeditions.org>

Bio

Colleen Louise Barry is responsible for the chapbook *Sunburn / Freezer Burn* (smoking glue gun). She is a poet in the University of Massachusetts' M.F.A. program, where she also teaches writing. She is managing editor of Slope Editions. Her poems and drawings can be found or will be found soon in *Coconut*, *H_NGM_N*, *ILK*, *Interruption*, *The Pinch*, and other places.

A writer and visual artist, **Kristy Bowen** is the author of several book, chapbook, and zine projects, including the shared properties of water and stars (Noctuary Press), girl show (Black Lawrence Press), and the forthcoming major characters in minor films (Sundress Publications). She lives in Chicago, where she runs dancing girl press & studio and spends much of her time writing, making papery things, and curating a chapbook series devoted to women authors.

Abby Hagler lives and works in Chicago, often with children and cats. Her critical and creative work can be found in *Alice Blue Review*, *Black Tongue Review*, and *Boog City*.

Christopher Janke tends bar, fixes laundry machines, and hosts a yearly lost-and-found fashion show in Turners Falls, Mass. Across the river in Greenfield, he builds large text installations of Plexiglas, edits Slope Editions' books, and writes poems, some which have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Harper's*, and dozens of other journals, as well as in *Structure of the Embryonic Rat Brain* from Fence Books.

Muriel Leung is a multimedia poet and former teaching artist from Richmond Hills, Queens. Her poetry can be found or is forthcoming in *Bone Bouquet*, *Coconut*, *Ghost Proposal*, *Nepantla*, *TENDE RLOIN*, and others. She is a recipient of a Kundiman fellowship and is a regular contributor to *The Blood-Jet Writing Hour* poetry podcast. Currently, she is an M.F.A. candidate in poetry at Louisiana State University, where she also serves as the assistant editor of *New Delta Review*.

SMALL PRESS

Rebuilding Chapbooks The Elaborate Enterprise of Dancing Girl



INTERVIEW BY ABBY HAGLER

If's true: Working night shifts can change you. Fortunately, for me, night shifts brought some of the best changes possible. I spent two years working a desk at a homeless shelter. It was fairly quiet, so I spent most of my shift between 11:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m. reading. I was just starting to write poetry and was reading as much as I could to get inspiration and guidance. dancing girl press not only offered a great deal on chapbook bundles, but it introduced me to so much new and accessible writing by young authors whom I have come very much to admire, including Kate Durbin, Danielle Vogel, Alexis Vergalla, and Daniela Olszewska. Each chapbook was hand-made and delicately designed using cardstock and regular printer paper, which appealed to the zine lover in me. More than that, these little books felt cared for—important—against the overwhelming backdrop of a publishing world flush with new books. I can't think of another press that was more influential to my initial growth as a poet, bridging that gap between self-published zines and fine art. Because of my long-time admiration, I was very honored and excited to get a chance to talk a little bit with Kristy Bowen, the hands and the heart behind dancing girl.

Boog City: Your description of dancing girl press stresses the types of authors you are interested in hearing from. These include women, Midwestern writers, Chicago writers, and young poets. In a time when publishing can be so competitive, it is encouraging to see someone who is interested in reading early work. In your opinion, what do young poets do best?

Kristy Bowen: I feel like so many young poets these days are of two kinds: a) the sort I was, very green and pretty awful, or b) relatively well versed in contemporary poetics and possessing a certain novelty of voice—a freshness and fearlessness when it comes to innovation. It's almost like this fragile state of semi-genius that can fall prey to things like M.F.A. programs and tailoring work to fit the mainstream, but if it survives, those are the poets to watch out for. I kind of really love the idea of being one of the first publishers/editors to zero in on that sort of talent.

Being a press that is interested in voices that are not as heavily represented in the poetry community, there is always risk of giving an impression of exclusivity—particularly when you take a stance along gender lines. Have you ever received any backlash from being a female-oriented press? How do you (or would you) respond to that?

'The entire reason for the press's existence is based on making women part of the conversation that is contemporary poetry, a conversation that has historically, and continues to be, according to VIDA stats, a rather one-sided conversation.'—Kristy Bowen



Every once in a while, that sort of unpleasantness feels a need to rear its head, and usually it's based in part on simple sour grapes or claims that we are limiting the amount of greatness we could be publishing by restricting it to one gender. I did just have some dude send me an email a few weeks ago that accused me of being sexist for not publishing work by men. I try to stress that the entire reason for the press's existence is based on making women part of the conversation that is contemporary poetry, a conversation that has historically, and continues to be, according to VIDA stats, a rather one-sided conversation. It's not about hating men or excluding them as authors, it's just not part of our mission to publish their work. (And actually, we have published some work by men as collaborations with women authors and are very open to doing so.)

The aesthetic of so much of your visual work derives from the Victorian era and the 1950s, particularly in terms of fashion and portrayals of women's clothing and figures. I'm wondering if this fascination carries over into your reading interests. If you could hop in a time machine and publish young female poets from any time period, which ones would you choose?

I have always been a little fascinated by the Beat women, most of whom, outside of Diane di Prima, seem to fade into the limelight of the male authors and exist mostly as footnotes and supporting figures. I'm sure there were tiny midcentury presses churning out chapbooks and pamphlets of their work, but it's harder to track them down, especially since most of the attention seems to be on those key male figures like Kerouac and Ginsberg. There's a quote somewhere, I think by Burroughs, who when asked about female Beats, mentions that many wound up succumbing to the constrictions of 1950s America, to madhouses and housewifery and vanishing from the literary world. I feel like, had women-centered presses been promoting and preserving such work, there might have been a little more balance.



Are there any upcoming chapbooks or specials from dancing girl that we should be on the lookout for?

Oh, definitely all of them, but we do have some unusual little books coming up, including an erasure of Edith Wharton by Christina Rothenbeck, vispo by Helen White, a writing/photo collab by Sennah Yee and Victoria Long, in addition to a number of more text-based chaps. We also recently began offering a monthly hand-picked sale bundle of chapbooks that somehow speak to each other—thematically, subject matter-wise, so be on the lookout for those.

A host of Dancing Girls.

I know you've said before that you are looking for surprising work, and also more prose. Is this still true? Is there anything else you want to publish more of in the future?

I am always interested in projects that incorporate visual aspects with text. Also books that push the boundaries of "book." In the past, we've published projects that are sheaths of ephemera, boxes full of letters and prints, decks of cards. I'd definitely love to do more of this sort of thing.

'Like Punk Music'

A Small Press Keeps the Conversation Going



BY MURIEL LEUNG

For over 13 years, Slope Editions has embodied the spirit of a "small press." Although the creative offspring of *Slope Journal*, its literary journal predecessor, is a completely volunteer-run venture that has been around for a while, its approach to publishing remains the same. Slope Editions' Managing Editor Colleen Louise Barry puts it succinctly: "Basically, we want to publish work that we know won't get published otherwise."

Barry's earnestness is refreshing. She refers to editorial work at Slope Editions as a "labor of love," which speaks to the hands-on responsibilities of small press operations. She says, "[being a small press] means that everything we put out, we know personally. It allows for variety and experimentation, not just in what we publish but the way we decide to publish them, and the way we can market them."



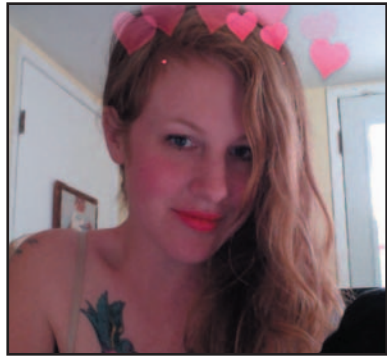
Christopher Janke

Kien's *The Caress is a Letter of Instruction* (2012), the press decided to bring the book's eerie taxidermist figure to life through a Twitter account that tweeted in his voice. Through this social media interaction, people received a fairly insightful primer into a deeply complex, narrative-driven book. In such a way, Barry says, Slope Editions believes that poetry is a conversation that not only occurs after a manuscript is published, but also as an articulation of experience that takes place before, during, and after a work is printed.

In a similar fashion, Slope Editions hopes to continue this practice of poetry-as-dialogue through the construction of a poetry "confessional" booth at the upcoming 2015 Association of Writers and Writing Programs (AWP) conference. The anticipated design of the booth by Slope Editions poet Mary Austin Speaker (*Ceremony*, 2013), who came up with the idea, will be a play on the idea of confessional poetry where participants will experience poetry being read to them while being separated by a thin wall.

As with any small press in a rapidly transforming publishing world, Slope Editions works rigorously to publish consistently and respond to growing trends in the poetry market. As manuscripts file in for their current chapbook contest reading period (deadline, November 15) and editors carefully read through invitational manuscripts, the press is certainly nothing short of busy. With the end goal to cultivate a community of active poetry readers, Slope Editions continues to be an innovative and community-minded press. Their objective, according to Barry, is very simple: "What it comes down to at the end of the day is that people really care about poetry and about small books, and that's a beautiful thing to be part of." With a laugh, she adds, "It's like punk music!"

'Basically, we want to publish work that we know won't get published otherwise.' —Colleen Louise Barry



Poetry’s Finest The ‘Glamorous Flags’ of Birds of Lace

INTERVIEW BY KATE LITTERER

Almost a decade in, Publisher Gina Abelkop discusses the how and why behind Birds of Lace.

Boog City: What’s the history of Birds of Lace? What urged you to create the press? Did you feel there was a lack of feminist presence in the small press/publishing world?

Gina Abelkop: Birds of Lace (BoL) began in the spring of 2005 at Antioch College, where I was taking a feminist poetry class taught by the brilliant Ami Mattison. My peers were writing all this truly excellent work, smart, funny, and strange, and I wanted to help spread it around. The first publication BoL did was *Finery*, which began as a physical zine/journal and now exists as an online journal. In that first issue I just published friends whose work I admired. Around that time, and for a few years beforehand, I’d been buying handmade books from Roxanne Carter’s press, *Persephassa*; she made these super gorgeous objects full of dreamy, otherworldly writing. I made zines in high school, but they were more political, rah-rah riot grl stuff. So it was really exciting for me to see this zine culture done with literature, kind of gussied up but still very DIY.

I really didn’t know about the small press world, beyond the few folks on *livejournal*, such as Roxanne, who were producing these little books. I always felt a need for more feminist spaces/work in just about every aspect of culture, but wasn’t thinking about the small press world only because I didn’t really know it existed when I began BoL. I did feel a need to get this work I was getting to read, which seemed so intimate and important, out into the world a bit more, to offer access to it. And all of that work was being created by women and queers.

What would you say is the ideology behind the press? In addition to publishing emerging writers, what other goals do you strive for?

Birds of Lace strives to represent the murky, the underworld of thought and desire, the in-between spaces that gather all this crud to form spooky new places. I want to open up conversations that often bend and twist, offer a multiplicity of perspectives on how we all survive and sometimes even enjoy life. I also love gnarly humor, bad taste, adventure, phosphorescent bits of light.

What has the press has been working on? What is coming up in the future of Birds of Lace?

This year BoL ran a fundraiser for the first time, via Kickstarter, and so had the chance to realize one of my dreams, which was printing letterpress! We released Kristen Stone’s *The Story of Ruth* and Eliza’s *self/help/work/book*, Danielle Pafunda’s *When You Left Me in the Rutted Terrain*, Jooyun Kim’s *As Rhizomes We Will Live One Million Years or More*, and Lucas de Lima’s *Terraputa*. This month we are releasing our final project of 2014, a broadside folio featuring poems from LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs, Cathy Park Hong, Christine Shan Shan Hou, and Niina Pollari. As for next year, we have a couple titles lined up so far, but I’m not ready to spill the beans! We will have three chapbooks in 2015, as well as another folio, but of postcards this time around.

Tell me a little bit about *Finery*?

Finery is an occasional—as in, there is no set publishing schedule—online journal that publishes poetry, fiction, art, music, film, comics: anything the internet can display. It began as a print journal/zine, which lasted for seven issues before I decided to focus on chapbooks and let the web take over. We tend to just put one poem up at a time, and we’ll sometimes publish a longer piece over the course of five days, a section per day, such as Caroline Picard’s recent comic “Meowwers.”

You sell books through Etsy, which is so cool! What do you like about that experience? Why did you decide to distribute through them?

Etsy is an easy platform to use! When I first began using it I had very little web skills and could still create a listing quite easily; this remains my main reason for continuing to use it.

Your sold-out/out-of-print chapbooks are available as free PDFs. Why did you decide to do that?

I ask each author before I put their chapbook up as a PDF, so it’s not required, but is nice since the print editions of the chapbooks are really small! A couple of other presses do this—Bloof comes to mind—and it’s a really nice resource for when you happen to miss out on purchasing a chapbook. It gives the texts a longer life, and I do want folks to have access to the work first and foremost.

What else do you want the world to know about Birds of Lace?

Birds of Lace will be 10 years old next year and has grown so slowly; I do hope we grow even more over the next 10 years! I really appreciate the support the press has gotten over the years from what I consider to be our community, the small world of independent feminist and queer presses and writers. I have so many ideas up my sleeve, and, as time and money allow, I hope that all these secret ideas and dreams get a chance to fly their glamorous flags.

‘Like a Haircut from a Friend’ Haunted by Spooky Girlfriend Press



BY SARAH JEAN GRIMM

Sarah Jean Grimm discusses the ideology and aesthetics behind Nate Logan and Laura Theobald’s Spooky Girlfriend.

Nate Logan and Laura Theobald, poets and editors, run a small poetry press with a feminist ethos and a Midwestern pulse. Logan launched Spooky Girlfriend Press in 2008, then a companion to his literary journal, Spooky Boyfriend. He picked the name to signal a lineage, and says he only learned later that “Spooky Girlfriend” is also the name of an Elvis Costello song. “Luckily,” Nate jokes, “he hasn’t tried to sue.” While Spooky Boyfriend is on hiatus, Spooky Girlfriend Press is thriving and has developed a reputation as a reliable source of vital collections of poetry.

According to the frontmatter in a few of their latest titles, Spooky Girlfriend books are “sometimes hoodie weather,” “like a haircut from a friend,” and “officially the most fun thing in a long, long time.” Indeed, fun is at the heart of the Spooky Girlfriend aesthetic, where poetic play is the unifying characteristic of an eclectic lineup of books. When asked about the kind of work he’s interested in publishing, Logan talks about poets who “[build] similes beautifully... some funny, some punches in the gut” and describes the draw of collections that are “full of sparks.” Most recently, these have included chapbooks by Gina Myers and Amy Berkowitz, a full-length collection by Nicole Steinberg, and an anthology chapbook of pizza poems called *By the Slice*.



Fun is at the heart of the Spooky Girlfriend aesthetic, where poetic play is the unifying characteristic of an eclectic lineup of books.

With each of these installments, language is queen, and form attends her. In 2012’s *Listen to Her Heart*, Berkowitz conquers the fraught terrain of heart metaphor, asserting, “My heart is a jangle-pop song / I mean this literally // His heart was like a bottle of sriracha / He poured it all over everything indiscriminately.” Her unapologetic use of the heart and the directness of her metaphors develop a conceit that is simultaneously contained and ferocious. As Logan notes, this collection can be read “as a series of mini-poems or as one long poem.” Likewise, Myers in *False Spring* (2012) explores the mundane aspects of daily life in contrast to a violent setting. Through a sequence of roughly nine-line poems which can and do run together, Myers establishes how “We really / became lost when we accepted this / as normal.” And 2013’s full-length, *Getting Lucky* by Steinberg, is remarkably disciplined. A collection of modern sonnets constructed from and around *Lucky Magazine*, CA Conrad called it “one of the best books of poetry for a dying culture melting under a capitalist magnifying glass.” The poems’ answer? “Just toughen up—any economy has / its burdens, like blow-drying and being conscious.”

It is a testament to Logan and Theobald’s editorial acumen that these collections are all so varied, and yet so absolutely vibrant. They credit each other’s instincts, their freedom in soliciting “those poets whose voices we most want to hear,” and their ability to “come up with other weirdo ideas like *By the Slice*.” It’s clear that Spooky Girlfriend Press is a labor of love. Their selective pursuit of exciting poetry sustains the press and vice versa—as editors, they are hands-on with design concepts, construction, and distribution. Their books are patiently acquired, carefully produced, and tirelessly supported. Following the “winding road of the press” has occasionally led them away from their original focus on the Midwest, and always toward new and dynamic writers. Publishing about once a year, Spooky Girlfriend is fueled by resonant work—and the relationship is reciprocal: Logan and Theobald offer a platform for a variety of voices producing consistently excellent poetry.

Link

<http://www.birdsoface.org>

<http://www.bestevercatparty.tumblr.com>

<http://www.theirreducible.blogspot.com>

http://www.spookygirlfriendpress.com/Spooky_Girlfriend_Press.html

<http://www.lauratheobald.net>

Bios

Gina Abelkop is the author of *I Eat Cannibals* (coimpress) and *Darling Beastlettes* (Apostrophe Books). She lives in Athens, Ga., where she runs the feminist press Birds of Lace, and is obsessing over Cookie Mueller, Sam Cooke, and Pee Wee Herman.

Sarah Jean Grimm holds her master’s in English from Fordham University, where she also earned her bachelor’s in English and classical languages. She works at Penguin Random House and edits the online journal *Powder Keg*. Some of her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Barrow Street*, *Coconut*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Similar:Peaks::*, and *Sixth Finch*, among others. She lives in Bushwick, Brooklyn with her orange cat.

Kate Litterer’s poems appear or are forthcoming in *Coconut*, *Forklift*, *Ohio*, *Ilk*, *NonBinary Review*, and *Quaint*. Her poem “There I Was Unrequited” is included in the anthology *Please Excuse This Poem: 100 Poems for the Next Generation*, forthcoming from Viking next year.

Nate Logan was born and raised in Indianapolis. His recent work appears in *BOAAT*, *Finery*, and *Houseguest*. He’s the chief editor of Spooky Girlfriend Press and a Ph.D. candidate in creative writing at the University of North Texas.

Laura Theobald is a poetry M.F.A. candidate at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, La. and an editor for Coconut Books, *New Delta Review*, and Spooky Girlfriend Press. She is author of the chapbook eraser poems from H_NGM_N Books and a recipient of the Boldface Literary Prize awarded by the University of Houston. She runs the blog *irreducible: a study on the concept and genre of poetry film* and has self-published a series of poems in collaboration with a chatbot called “cleverbot is my only friend.”

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

Joel Schlemowitz is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker.

* check the website for locations and screenings

Another Experiment by Women Film Festival
<http://anotherexperimentbywomenfilmfestival.org>
 at Anthology Film Archives
 32 Second Ave., The East Village

Anthology Film Archives
<http://anthologyfilmarchives.org>
 32 Second Ave., The East Village

BAM Rose Cinemas
<http://www.bam.org/visit/venues/bam-rose-cinemas>
 30 Lafayette Ave., Fort Greene, Brooklyn

Brooklyn Film Festival*
<http://www.brooklynfilmfestival.org>

Bushwick Film Festival*
<http://bushwickfilmfestival.com>
 Bushwick, Brooklyn

Cinema 16*
<http://cinemasixteen.com>

Cinema Village
<http://www.cinemavillage.com>
 22 E. 12th St., Greenwich Village

Connectivity Through Cinema
<http://mononoawarefilm.com/special-engagements>
 at The Center For Performance Research
 361 Manhattan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn

Film Forum
<http://filmforum.org>
 209 W. Houston St., The West Village

Film Society of Lincoln Center
<http://www.filmlinc.com>
 W. 65th Street (Broadway/Amsterdam Avenue), Upper West Side

Flaherty NYC
<http://flahertyseminar.org/flaherty-nyc>
 at Anthology Film Archives 32 Second Ave., The East Village

Greenpoint Film Festival*
<http://greenpointfilmfestival.org>
 Greenpoint, Brooklyn

IFC Center
<http://www.ifccenter.com>
 323 Sixth Ave., Greenwich Village

Japan Society
<http://www.japansociety.org/page/programs/film>
 333 E. 47th St., Midtown

Le Petit Versailles
<http://alliedproductions.org/le-petit-versailles>
 346 E. Houston St., The East Village

Light Industry
<http://www.lightindustry.org>
 155 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn

Maysles Cinema
<http://www.maysles.org>
 343 Lenox Ave./Malcolm X Blvd., Harlem

Microscope Gallery
<http://www.microscopegallery.com>
 1329 Willoughby Ave., #2B, Bushwick, Brooklyn

Millennium Film Workshop
<http://millenniumfilm.org>
 119 Ingraham St., Bushwick, Brooklyn

MIX NYC - N.Y. Queer Experimental Film Festival* <http://mixnyc.org>

Mono No Aware
<http://mononoawarefilm.com>
 at LightSpace Studios 1115 Flushing Ave, Bushwick, Brooklyn

Museum of Modern Art
<http://www.moma.org/visit/calendar/films> 11 W. 53rd St., Midtown

Museum of the Moving Image
<http://www.movingimage.us>
 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens

New Filmmakers
<http://www.newfilmmakers.com>
 at Anthology Film Archives
 32 Second Ave., The East Village

Pratt Film Society*
<https://www.pratt.edu/academics/continuing-education-and-professional/pratt-film-society>
 Clinton Hill, Brooklyn

Red Hook Film Festival*
<http://www.redhookfilmfest.com>
 Red Hook, Brooklyn

Rooftop Films*
<http://rooftopfilms.com>

Spectacle Theater
<http://www.spectacletheater.com>
 124 S. 3rd St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn

The Film-Makers' Cooperative
<http://film-makerscoop.com>
 475 Park Ave. South, 6th Flr., Murray Hill

The Kitchen
<http://thekitchen.org>
 512 W. 19th St., Chelsea

The Museum of Reclaimed Urban Space (MoRUS)* <http://www.morusnyc.org>
 The East Village

The New York Film Festival
<http://www.filmlinc.com/nyff>
 W. 65th Street (Broadway/Amsterdam Avenue), The Upper West Side

The Picture Show
<http://thepictureshow.org>
 226 Green St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn

The Quad Cinema
<http://www.quadcinema.com>
 34 W. 13th St., Greenwich Village

The Whitney Museum*
<http://whitney.org>

Tribeca Film Festival*
<http://tribecafilm.com/festival>

UnionDocs
<http://www.uniondocs.org>
 322 Union Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn

Williamsburg Independent Film Festival*
<http://www.willfilm.org>
 Williamsburg, Brooklyn

A City of Silver Screens

Surveying the Experimental Film Venues of New York



BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

The term “microcinema” has its origins in the San Francisco-based screenings of Rebecca Barten and David Sherman’s Total Mobile Home microCINEMA. It’s a term that now encompasses an array of grassroots screening rooms, not infrequently creating cine-magic with nothing more than some folding chairs and a projector. A few actual cinemas show artist-made work. Then there are also the “film troubadours,” to borrow a phrase from Jonas Mekas’s *Movie Journal*, who tramp about from place to place with programs curated under the banner of a roving screening series.

Let’s take a moment to do some tramping of our own, to seek out the screenings and events of the local experimental and underground cinema community.

We begin in the East Village at **Anthology Film Archives**, former courthouse and current repository of avant-garde cinema, whose filmic offerings include thematic and film auteur retrospectives of the classic and obscure, contemporary independent cinema, the Show and Tell series with in-person appearances by the filmmakers, the Essential Cinema of the canonical of experimental cinema, and the intermittent screenings of Unessential Cinema—those archival curiosities discovered by Andrew Lampert—which at times is more like being shot out of a cannon

Nearby, over on Houston, is the **Le Petit Versailles** community garden, hosting summertime events, including screenings in the small, pastoral oasis among the concrete and encroaching condominium towers. Here one might see a show of art and video paired together, the artworks arranged around the greenery, as if the plants had sprouted paintings, or a night of film and video culminating in a live butoh dance performance.

A quick trip up to Park Avenue South brings us to The Charles S. Cohen Screening Room at **The Film-Makers’ Cooperative**, whose new location provides a space for screenings of work from the Coop’s collection. As with many microcinemas, the space might seem small, but that only accentuates the appealing sense of community present at the events. A feeling of people sharing work at an artists’ salon as much as attending a screening.



Viewers arrive at The Courthouse Theater at Anthology Film Archives. **Joel Schlemowitz photo**

One L train stop further is the new location of **Microscope Gallery**, no longer as microscopic as its old space was, but still a valuable nexus between the worlds of fine art and film, with screenings often curated to complement their current gallery exhibitions.

Further north in Greenpoint, **Light Industry** continues its tradition of showing older work in need of revival and rediscovery to young, expectant audiences at screenings that rarely fail to sell out. Be sure to arrive early if you want a seat. Just the other side of McGuinness Boulevard is **The Picture Show**. Having opened earlier this year, it’s still a newcomer among the city’s microcinemas. A short interview with the venue’s founders, Katya Yakubov and Daniel Hess, was the subject of the film column in Boog City issue 90 (<http://www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc90.pdf>).

Events, Film Series, Festivals

Our tour is not done quite yet. For now we turn from venues to events, film series, and festivals. This is a more transitory category than the places programming work within their own space. These are sometimes connected with a specific screening room on a long-term basis, and, at other times, will drift around from screen to screen.

In December there is the wondrous expanded cinema film annual event, **Mono No Aware**, the subject of the film column in Boog City issue 84 (<http://boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc84.pdf>). But recently there’s been no need to wait until the end of the year, since the programmers of Mono No Aware now present a monthly series, **Connectivity Through Cinema**, at the Center from Performance Research in Williamsburg. The series was featured in last month’s Boog City (<http://www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc93.pdf>) when the films of Sarah J. Christman were screened. On a somewhat irregular basis the film event taking its name from the film society of Amos and Marcia Vogel, **Cinema 16** screens works of experimental cinema, paired with music composed for the occasion and performed live. The venue is not constant, partly through the programmer’s intention to

A few actual cinemas show artist-made work. Then there are also the ‘film troubadours,’ to borrow a phrase from Jonas Mekas’s Movie Journal, who tramp about from place to place with programs curated under the banner of a roving screening series.

bring cinema to interesting spaces. Cinema 16 events have taken place at Smack Mellon Gallery, The Kitchen, and Galapagos Art Space, among other places around the city. The Robert Flaherty Film Seminar, named for one of the trailblazers of the documentary form, has presented a seasonal program every fall and spring, **Flaherty NYC**, taking place at Anthology Film Archives. While it’s ostensibly a screening of documentaries you’ll see works that discover interesting ways of blurring the boundaries between nonfiction and experimental filmmaking.

High above the sidewalks of New York the summer film series **Rooftop Films** has just finished up its 18th year of outdoor screenings—something akin to the urban variation on the drive-in movie (without the driving). The programs vary across many types of filmmaking, from independent features to experimental shorts, the one consistent element being the skillful curation, mixing together diverse works into a satisfying whole.

While we might mourn the disappearance of Films Charas and the Pioneer Theater from the East Village, we can always spend our summer evenings visiting the community gardens in Alphabet City when they host The Museum of Reclaimed Urban Space (MoRUS) summer film series, known as **The MoRUS Film Festival**, often featuring works from the East Village of the past as well as present.

Film Festivals abound our list. We can kick things off with **MIX NYC, the N.Y. Queer Experimental Film Festival**, showing a well-curated variety of queer experimental cinema, screening sometimes in Brooklyn and at other times in the East Village at Anthology Film Archives. **The New Filmmakers** series, housed at Anthology, shows the occasional experimental film program, but for a full dose of avant-garde cinema you’ll want to see the programs it hosts, known as **Another Experiment by Women Film Festival** (reviewed in the film column of Boog City 87, <http://www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc87.pdf>), and notable for its cogent curation of works that seem to engage in a conversation among each other on the screen.

Further uptown you’ll find Projections at **The New York Film Festival** at Lincoln Center in the fall, and **The Tribeca Film Festival** screens work in the spring, at movie theaters in downtown Manhattan, from Tribeca up to Chelsea. The former provides a long weekend devoted to experimental cinema, the latter integrating the experimental programs among the other works.

Other festivals around town might offer a smattering of experimental on the side. There are now so many events in the “film festival” category it becomes hard to keep up. In one single borough you’ll find **The Red Hook Film Festival, The Greenpoint Film Festival, The Bushwick Film Festival, The Williamsburg Independent Film Festival, The Brooklyn Film Festival**, and so on.

The experimental arts center **The Kitchen**, located in Chelsea, will oftentimes include experimental film in their season, a show of the super-8 work of Luther Price not long ago, and the aforementioned Cinema 16. Up in midtown **The Museum of Modern Art** Mediascope series continues from the previous Cineprobe series, showing work by moving image artists, often with a question and answer session to follow as well as other screenings and retrospectives. The Biennial at **The Whitney Museum** will oftentimes include screenings.

We’ll take a moment at the end to linger at some of the other cinephile stomping grounds. The revival theaters of old New York might have met their demise with the rise and fall of the VHS tape, but a few have soldiered on, and others have taken up the cause of silent, classic, and international cinema. The **Film Forum** continues its esteemed revival theater tradition in New York’s West Village, once home to such long gone cinemas as the Bleecker Street Cinema and the Thalia Soho. Contemporary independent works show there too.

In Astoria, Queens, among the old soundstages of the city’s first century of filmmaking, **The Museum of the Moving Image** presents revival theater offerings, but also proves an opportunity to oogle at the magic lantern slides and other pre-cinematic devices in their collection. Other places to see works of the revival and art cinema variety include the **Film Society of Lincoln Center**, the solidly programmed **BAM Rose Cinema**, and the **Japan Society**, hosting Japan Cuts in the summer and other screenings throughout the year.

During the fall and spring one can take the G train over to the Clinton Hill section of Brooklyn to see the screenings at the **Pratt Film Society**. For a taste of documentary, a trip to Harlem brings you to the **Maysles Cinema**, founded by one of the esteemed innovators of nonfiction film, Albert Maysles. For a more homegrown version of the revival cinema we can turn to the work of film collectors and archivists, such as **“Movie Mike” Olshan**, who roams the city with a 16mm projector and reels of films, with a taste for old movie serials, vintage schlock, and other little-known wonders of the silver screen.

One last related trip brings us to the sites where we can dine with our eyes upon epicurean offerings of smaller distributors and independently released work. This includes **Cinema Village, IFC**, and **The Quad**, all to be found in Greenwich Village.

Did we miss any in this list? Probably yes, since part of the appeal of seeking out films away from the mainstream megaplex cinema chains is uncovering the unexpected. In the afternoon in the dark back room of the local tavern, in the evening at a white-walled art gallery, in sanctuaries of cinema—both ephemeral and fixed—the film troubadours have arrived with to unreel their filmic *chansons* upon the screen.



The expectant audience before a screening at Light Industry. **Joel Schlemowitz photo**

David Need
Durham, N.C.



Beauty is a Ferry Ticket

Is this story something that needs to be told from the beginning or from the end? From somewhere in the middle, folded over under layers that gradually emerge, rippling forward and back? Should it be like where a plaid shows through a tear? Is the whole thing a lake or the sky?

It starts without knowing the answer, and if you try to think it out, you see that once you’ve exchanged places with your imagined even once, all the numbers of the alphabet appear. What it means to have been in love is that you’ve opened this door at least once. You were willing, and now “there is no place that does not see you.”

Love makes you want to trade places, and when it goes bad, you start to cycle through the possible faces you might assume, either as a result or a solution. Getting stuck halfway is painful, your lover has left something that is now yours to carry, but she is no longer holding the rope.

The moon waxes and wanes through its phases, and when you are stuck in a series of oppositions, when in each direction you turn there is an unsatisfactory path, paths that lead relentlessly away from her, when you roll on the bed because there is no place to go, its good to know that a month passes anyway. That is how the body keeps up, that fast.

I learned this the first time from William Burroughs. It was not a good time the way I was thinking, and there were no buses I could take by which I could again step off at the beginning and meet her again. She’d given me The Ticket That Exploded as she pushed me out the screen door.

Years later my son would tell me the Chinese character for beauty is made of brush strokes that, when separated, say “ferry ticket.” By then I already knew that words were half snake and beautiful for that, that the oscillation between the graphic mark and the whisper of a dress down the hallway makes everything.

She was right that Burroughs was in the same situation as the rest of us, searching for a station, packing suitcases in dreams, but the ruin of his books is the real tell. The next moon makes everything different—cold moon, poppy moon, a leak in the bathroom wall—so we are always turning. Cutting up the sequences doesn’t change this. We are dragged on.

In my memory, the lesson is connected with a tiled dorm room bath tub. Maybe I’d been reading the book there, maybe not, the memory doesn’t tell. I don’t think there were any baths in the dorm, but what I remember is seeing that in any pattern of squares, any circle of thought you’ve raced through in imitation of the moon, there is a fifth step to be taken, an urgency by which you do pass through the apparent walls, even if you never reach the station. That when later, you try to write this, the words themselves are full of the fifth step you can never get done saying.

We do want to become beauty. To whisper like the Navajo prayer that “beauty walks before me” all the days of my life. And when we take the passage through love and are lost between stations, its because we’ve exploded on contact, which is just the beginning of terror, and what had been constellation bent over you begins to open out in your heart—which is, after all, the only place left, once all the other avenues have been abandoned.

Look at the way the simplest story—she gave me a book and pushed me out the door, I read it back at the dorm, I was stuck and maybe psychotic, but intuited a fifth step was possible, that there was a way forward—is almost impossible to find in time. April 1977, but already haunted by all that other Aprils ever tried to be—the five Aprils of the Civil War like the whisper of the dress heard when the house snake crosses the floor.

And there are many ways into 1977 and all of them are lies. Whether I tell it from the beginning or the end, or someplace in the middle, however many times I buy a ticket to cross the river.



Natalie Infante
Washington, D.C.

FROM shaken text message syndrome

I have started slacking

I sit around and consume things
Like sunlight and noise. Six krispy kreme donuts and a can of Coca-Cola. Three episodes of a single season, nineties television show.

I sit around and I think of things
Like making typefaces out of orange and pink pills.
Is there or is there not a female member of the band New Order? How to get rust off a cast iron tea kettle?
What kind of grass is in my backyard?

I indulge in trips to diners for double fudge milkshakes and a plate of French fries. I indulge in my bed. I indulge in procrastination.

Today, I discovered I have cherry blossom-like flowers in my backyard.
Today, I sit in a lawn chair, in the sun. for an extended period of time.

I am worried about my right foot.
All black and white with an orange pen.

The sun warms past my skin and into my bones, into the screws.
Drugs always enter and leave through the teeth.

Where did the sun go?
The cold chills through my clothing and leaves me trembling underneath a fake fur coat (shag carpet).

With age
comes the ability to nicely paint your own nails. With your nails painted you feel extra delicate, with your nails painted and eyebrows done you’re on top of a rock. A great big rock, jutting out, overlooking rapid waters and the shine is on your neck. There’s a soft breeze, you think about jumping.

POETRY



Lisa Rogal
Park Slope, Brooklyn

“To finally stop talking”

To finally stop talking is a surprising blessing / the dog must be so annoyed with us we never stop
What’s important when you can’t talk
I click my tongue all the time now / out on the lawn
Some young women look so young it seems like a physical disaster to encounter another person’s body
Suddenly you saw me in a new way / after many years
There’s so much time to think when you only talk
important things / do the necessary thing for the moment / guess what
Every day I realize more and more what a shit I am
no / no / please
this is a good thing
When I saw myself after a long time I realized I was completely not me again
This long distraction may become the main thing
A blow to the face / swift maneuver / cut back / attack of civility
please don’t believe me when I tell you how it is
You wouldn’t see any hippie baby here
It’s a woman / I want it to be a man sliding down the grass path
hips moving like a Libra
supple limb movement / in the cool shade of the hottest day they’ve ever seen / my memory going nowhere / such a goldfish
Let me tell you something about today
it’s definitely happening



Morgan Pile
Williamsburg, Brooklyn
hypochondria

I’m already worried that I’ll lose you
Put my breast in your mouth for some quiet
We’ll grow fat and cruel together
Defile the nature of this heat

My body hurting all the time, you tell me
My arms, my fingers, my feet
Though you still believe in patience
In city, dry heat, diagnosis

Sometimes I think your breath stops
And I shake you in your sleep
Or wake up and you’re atoning
Is it hard to be hard at night

I’m already worried that I’ll lose you
My brain aching all the time, I tell you
Drink your echinacea,
File your 401K

Take me, Jesus,
Once more
From behind
Nobody worries like we do

Links

<http://tinyurl.com/lob2m73>

<http://www.storychord.com/2013/03/issue-63-morgan-pile- ted-adrien-closson.html>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MKj-mqs5bWl>

Bios

Natalie Infante is a grass-roots fundraising professional and graphic design student.

David Need’s *Songs In-Between the Day / Offshore St. Mark* is forthcoming from 3 Count Pour next year. His poetry and essays have been published in *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *Hambone*, and *Talisman*.

Morgan Pile received her M.F.A. from The New School this year.

Lisa Rogal’s first full-length book is forthcoming from United Artists Books in spring 2015. *The New Realities*, her third floor apartment press chapbook, came out this year.

Jennifer Firestone is the author of *Flashes* and *Holiday* (both Shearsman Books), *Waves* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and from *Flashes* and *snapshot* (Sona Books). Firestone co-edited (with Dana Teen Lomax) *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community* (Saturnalia Books), a year-long experiment documenting letter exchanges between 14 poet-pairs. Firestone’s poems have been published in *Drunken Boat*, *Dusie*, *580 Split*, *How2*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, and *Xcp: Cross Cultural Poetics*, among others. She has work anthologized in *Kindergarde: Avant-Garde Poems, Plays, Songs, & Stories for Children* and *Building is a Process / Light is an Element: essays and excursions for Myung Mi Kim*. Firestone is an assistant professor of literary studies at Eugene Lang College of The New School.

Mark Gurarie splits time between Bushwick, Brooklyn, and Northampton, Mass. He works as an adjunct, teaching online classes for George Washington University, as a book-reviewer for *Publishers Weekly*, and is the co-host of the Mental Marginalia Reading Series.

Christine Neicole Kanownik is founding editor/curator of *The Electric Pumas*, a poetry and digital media series. You can find her work in such places as *EOAGH*, *H_NGM_N*, *jubilat*, *The Huffington Post*, and *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. She lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Paul Violi has written 11 books of poetry, including *Overnight*, *Fracas*, *The Curious Builder*, and *Likewise*, all from Hanging Loose Press, and a selection of his longer poems, *Breakers*, from Coffee House Press. Widely published and anthologized both here and abroad, he has received two National Endowment for the Arts fellowships in poetry, as well as grants from The Foundation for Contemporary Arts, The Fund for Poetry, The Ingram Merrill Foundation, The New York Foundation for the Arts, and a John Ciardi Lifetime Achievement Award. In 2001 he received The Morton Dauwen Zabel Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

PRINTED MATTER

Capital-J Joy: Revisiting Paul Violi



BY CHRISTINE NEACOLE KANOWNIK

Selected Poems 1970-2007

Paul Violi

Gingko Press

Paul Violi’s legacy has been cemented into that of a funny poet. Even his *Selected Poems*, just released by Gingko Press, is packaged with blurbs and jacket cover copy selling him as such. “The best satirical mind in contemporary poetry belongs to Paul Violi,” the blurbed Andrei Codrescu says.

And who could disagree. At the launch event for Violi’s *Selected*, an acquaintance retreated from the crowd to read a few poems from his newly-acquired copy of the book and started laughing to himself almost immediately. Anyone who has ever had the privilege of seeing Violi read knows he is a master of comic timing and could leave a room in stitches. But I think defining him as a funny poet reduces everything else that is happening in his poetry. As often as I laugh, my heart breaks or I feel a deep discomfort or I marvel at his use of language or at the inherent cruelties of the world in which we live. Violi’s humor is used in tandem either with emotional transparency, bewildering intelligence, and a dark absurdity. It is never humor for humor’s sake. He never takes the easy punchline. He never deflates a poem at the last moment just to get a laugh.

Though I suppose that is an appropriate working definition of the role of the poet: A person who tangles with the dark absurdity of life and their own emotions, intelligently, using the written word. And when we say, “Paul Violi is a funny poet” we are using the word “poet” to modify the word “funny”; not the other way around. Paul Violi is a funny poet the way that Ted Berrigan, John Ashbery, and Bernadette Mayer are funny poets. Which is to say, they are hilarious and also poets.

Perhaps the poem that Violi is most known for is “Appeal to the Grammarians,” a poem that straddles this line between The Funny and The Poet most perfectly. “We, the naturally hopeful,” he begins, “need a sign/For the myriad ways we’re capsized.” The poem continues on as a litany of disappointment. He calls out for some justice and validation for the poor souls and “whoever has just unwrapped a dumb gift/ Or taken the first sip of a flat beer,/ Or felt love or pond ice.” Here’s Violi winking at us, of course, but in adding “felt love” to the laundry list of trivial bummers, he reminds us that things don’t need to be extraordinary to be intensely felt. That the mundane tragedy of having a stranger sneeze on your food as you are sitting outside can be one that fills a lifetime.

You should buy *The Selected Poems of Paul Violi* if only to have a printed copy of “One for the Monk of Montaudon” in your home. There are not enough poems that are about being happy and completely content in the universe. “And it’s a good day/ when the wind is pure sensation/ and I can lie in the garden with my lady.” It’s not a love poem or an occasional poem, besides the beautiful occasion of being alive and happy. It is decadent in its happiness:

And I swear by the Blue Saint of Tolerance
that when the future looks bright
I’m as happy as a flame in a lumberyard
and nothing pleases me more
than to sit under a clear sky
at a table piled high
with oysters and shrimp, mushrooms, and veal
wine, strawberries, brandy, coffee and mints.
For it’s pure and simple joy
to eat and drink with those I love

Violi reminds us that the mundane tragedy of having a stranger sneeze on your food as you are sitting outside can be one that fills a lifetime



And the poem’s joy is a humanist joy. It is a capital-J-joy.

In Conversation with Jennifer Firestone’s Flashes



BY MARK GURARIE

Flashes

Jennifer Firestone

Shearsman Books

1. The Screen

If there was a paradise in the mediated condition, an idealism in the internet of things, the so-called era of infinite connectivity, it is lost, or perhaps falling, growing degraded. The screen—to everyone that interacts with it—is a kind of heroin, a charming virus, probably a contractual obligation, and, in Jennifer Firestone’s *Flashes*, to be connected is to be anything but present, perpetually half distracted, married to it: “The screen said do you and I said I do. They in the background said/ we did.” But it is filled with language, or rather, it is language, an origin and also a destination: “I send/ sent the little message droopy bow and hope/ through buzzing it receives gets received.”

To exist as a screen then, is to accept messages, to be “[f]uzzy with fuzz, obedient,” and to realize with horror that you are at the same time not a screen,

that we are not the same screen shot. You cannot escape the glow, as you like to point out, and you check [out] again with either diminishing returns, or horribly depressing facts. “The screen is my friend though I want it to go away/ the screen is perverse it wants to reel:/ woman expecting killed was it fields was it woods/ were there parts dragged onto earth.”

This might all be the sick hallucinations, the nightmares of a Grand Text Message, but it isn’t. Instead, it is the gray amoeba of the cloud intruding, creating new shadows, and

telling, telling. The rest of the words are misspelled, rendered in tiny animations, the et al. That it is all the medium, and that it is all mediated, a pixilated cage for the heart.

Are you listening screen/ this about you and me living./ This is about god./ This is about heroism./ This is about no stars tonight./ This is about the heat that burst and continued./ This is a eulogy to the living./ This is an emotionless time.

2. Neighborhood(s)

This collection might be viewed as a map of a city; it is certainly informed by a density, by proximity and driven by the daily connection (there it is again!) and disconnection of the urban condition. We witness and are even complicit in the altering landscape, watch displacement, bitch about it or are excited by its bland commercial promise.

Firestone raises us one condo: “as a new addition/ to neighborhood development/ not bad old gentrification/ instead we say together: beautification.” So we supplant eye contact, conversations with neighbors, being *there* with consumption; we are “[r]ed devils wagging our tails,” and “[w]e add up how we’re doing against the rest/ and see the newest eatery or purchase the best sale item.”

Indeed, commerce, and the perhaps futile desire to transcend it, permeates *Flashes*: “Shuffle to the music in the blank blank store/ push my silver cage to dry goods./ Community holes have changed/ and this no longer one of them./ Swipe the items home.” In this map, this city, then, class awareness is implicit and informs the interactions therein. You are “[d]etermined by where you grill your food/ if you are on top and look down you are okay/ and if you have a wall around your cooking you are better.”

But what of the poet in the urban space, tasked with both existing within it and holding up the mirror to its absurdity? The tension is unresolved, determined only by forward motion: “To go about these live things mutations/ is what got me out of the house/ to be working is always the right move.” It is that ceaseless motion—the machinations of a tiny member of “a nowhere-stopped state”—that is the only constant.

3. Life During Wartime

The sound of gunfire, off in the distance, / I’m getting used to it now —The Talking Heads

Beyond the city, feeding it and in the feed, are larger power structures: empires expanding, contracting, geopolitical interests, military conflict. Here a kind of posturing prevails: words provide fodder for the cannons, are terrifyingly capable of destruction. “He speaks: barbarians you will now cower/ we are armed armored.” To the leadership, the public declaration of war is to claim a superiority of lifestyle, of economic capability, of sheer guts, chest thumping and cynical calculation. It is to ask “do you know who you are up against” and to answer (in rapid fire): “the biggest sports players in sequined jerseys/ the biggest mouths with great dental hygiene/ the biggest burgers good for the dollar.”

But it is the brutality beyond words, the actual human flesh actually at stake that feeds the horrible machine. At the core of this is a kind of anguished witnessing of the atrocity: “the bump of sack on the ground/ the bones on the ground.” To the thoughtful this leads to a kind of paralysis through awareness, a sense of hopelessness and an inability to change the course of colliding superstructures. We cannot claim ignorance, are in fact so bombarded by the truth that we grow desensitized: “[t]he terror not so terrible/when it’s screening every day.”

There is no novelty in that political mechanisms only serve to enshroud the violence, and the poor are bombed, gunned down for the economic and ideological interests of rich men. Innocent bystanders are maimed, and it is called “collateral damage.” Meanwhile: “Elections are chortling”—the process is animated, has life of its own here—“searching for slogans to be repeated repeated repeated/ because they believe/ only when necessary/ and lots of brothers sisters sons gone dying here here here.” The graves are filling with bodies, even when, to those in power, they are just numbers. Caskets and the calculated words of leaders are what prop us up, what brought us here.



Citizen's sentences are lyrical, but it does not help us better understand hybrid lyric to describe Rankine's prose as poetry.

On Claudia Rankine's Citizen



BY JEFF T. JOHNSON

Citizen: An American Lyric
Claudia Rankine
Graywolf Press

I can remember everything. That's my curse.
—Jebediah Leland in *Citizen Kane*

How do we read the cover? Terms like arrest and apprehend insinuate themselves to attention. Shock and mesmerize also hold. Appall follows. Awe. David Hammons' *In the Hood* appears brutal and elegiac, then reveals itself to be prescient and tragic: a twice beheaded hoodie dated 1993.

Narrative seams proliferate: Text blocks on a page leap time and space; continuity between blocks or pages, made rare, steals disjunction's thunder—a complex rhythm. Whereas a seamless flow is the best cover for the lies that put us to sleep (per Erin

Moore,¹ Antena²), Rankine's rhythm is wakeful, waking, a wake.

Partial index: 6, 17, 24, 43, 49* (in)visibility, cf conclusion of tennis section.**

* "For so long you thought the ambition of racist language was to denigrate and erase you as a person. ... [Y]ou begin to understand yourself as rendered hypervisible in the face of such language acts."

Section I never enjambs pages, which is not so much to suggest line breaks as it is to indicate the stanzaic behavior of Rankine's text blocks, and the units of her page. Her sentences are lyrical, but it does not help us better understand hybrid lyric to describe her prose as poetry (nor, please, poetic³). Rankine's prose is form in relation, and is both an exemplary and distinct hybrid textuality.

Recall 2004's *Don't Let Me Be Lonely*, and it seems like she invented a form. But such formulations standardize her writing and again obstruct a better understanding of hybrid lyric. Here we may even forgo lyric as nominal descriptor; though *Citizen's* cover again asserts it ("An American Lyric"), lyric too swiftly carries us away. We're better off, perhaps, keeping hybridity itself in mind as we read. Formal and intertextual slippage are means to represent slippages of subject and subjectivity. The writing would be less powerful, less effective as consistently recognizable lyric (this is not to denigrate lyric, but to say Rankine is up to something else); hybridity as experimental form has work to do, ideas and subject positions to convey. This intersubjectivity⁴ is vital to any readership, regardless of a particular reader's sense of relatability with the text and its speaker(s). Such a sensibility is its own obstruction to comprehension, as it makes unreasonable and perhaps impossible claims. The notion of relatability, as has been explored elsewhere,⁵ requires the text to be a faithful mirror for the reader and the author: a useless fiction, even a dangerous one. Let the text be a lens, the better to see with and through it.

**Happily, tennis is not a metaphor for racialized (in)visibility, it is an instantiation. Here is Rankine's poetics. She doesn't need to recall her callout of Tony Hoagland's race-baiting poem, "The Change" (and his aggressively defensive and dismissive response to her questions about it).⁶ There are too many better and more immediate examples of racist discourse, unadorned by metaphor or conceit. Section II is the most focused and cohesive section in the book, but its way of seeing (and reading) culture pervades *Citizen*. Here Rankine refers most consistently to Serena Williams' career, and in particular a fan's ongoing internal conversation with the screen: blatant on-court mis-calls, the saga of Williams' reactions (or measured non-reactions), along with casually racist commentary and scrutiny from the announcer's booth form a casebook for common racist entitlement discourse, as recorded and annotated throughout the volume—things white people say without blinking (or thinking), confident they can't be racist because racism is so pre-millennial.

But *Citizen* is also about what black people don't say, and what they make themselves not hear. "What did he just say? Did she really just say that? Did I hear what I think I heard? Did that just come out of my mouth, his mouth, your mouth?" (9). "Yes, and this is how you are a citizen: Come on. Let it go. Move on" (151). Cf. Joseph Mallord William Turner's *The Slave Ship and Detail of Fish Attacking Slave from Slave Ship* (160-161), which conclude the text; cf. Pieter Bruegel's *Landscape with the Fall of Icarus*, which Turner's painting recalls (with the critical distinction that the son of Daedalus, plunging into the ocean on melted wings, is called out in Bruegel's title so we cannot fail to notice the suffering that townspeople fail to notice; for us to see the particular suffering *The Slave Ship* evokes, we need the will [and attention] to look closely, and believe our eyes).

Images sometimes precede (e.g., Kate Clark's *Little Girl*, a human-faced deer, 19) and other times follow (e.g., Glenn Ligon's *Untitled [I Feel Most Colored When I Am Thrown Against a Sharp White Background]*, 52-53) references in the text ("To live through the days sometimes you moan like a deer," 59; "This appropriated line, stenciled on canvas by Glen Ligon, who used plastic letter stencils, smudging oil sticks, and graphite to transform the words into abstractions, seemed to be ad copy for some aspect of life for all black bodies," 25). As layout, as sequence, it is a way to say "Before it happened, it happened and happened" (116). Cf. untimely collaboration (per Jalal Toufic⁷) with Hammons' *In the Hood* on the cover.

Part VI's collection of "script[s] for Situation video" presents further witness to the ongoing disaster of institutionalized American racism: criminal government negligence during Hurricane Katrina, stop-and-frisk profiling, the murder of Trayvon Martin, the murder of James Craig Anderson, the murder of Mark Duggan, the murder of Jordan Russell Davis—the latter a title on a blank page, unfinished. Part VI leaves off but doesn't end. Rankine has subsequently written about the murder of Michael Brown, describing Ferguson, Mo. (and America): "I look around at the burnt-out buildings and the roped-off areas and I finally understand, fully, that I am in the midst of the continuation of the LA riots of the 20th century, where the beaten black male body has been executed publicly, in the 21st."⁸

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Citizen Notes

¹"Rhythm and sound can be called up, nurtured in order to disrupt, question, focus, trip, dispel. Or they can be imposed to lull and forget." ("Breaking Boundaries: Writing As Social Practice, or Attentiveness," from *My Beloved Wager*)

²"We are not averse to good rhythm, but we distrust language that is too fluid, too easeful, too smooth. Without the snags, the surface becomes slick and we slide into so-called comprehension without pausing to question or remember how much we do not know." ("A Manifesto for Discomfortable Writing," available at <http://antenaantena.org/diy-books/>)

³If ever there was a term worn out by misapplication, here it is. To call prose poetic when it does what good writing does (enact written language as transcribed or projected sound) is to misapprehend while underscoring genre distinctions. Meanwhile, it's silly to refer to poetry as poetic, but it's absurd to do so after football is described as poetic.

⁴term used to suggest the slippage between subject positions, rather than shared consciousness

⁵See Rebecca Mead, "The Scourge of Relatability" (<http://www.newyorker.com/culture/cultural-comment/scourge-relatability>)

⁶See "Open Letter: A Dialogue on Race and Poetry" (<http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/text/open-letter-dialogue-race-and-poetry>) which nonetheless contains a seed for *Citizen*. Though it does not (need to) mention Hoagland or his poem, page 49 of *Citizen* reworks the final two paragraphs of Rankine's open letter. Crucially, in revision she switches from the first person to the second person pronoun.

⁷"[N]ot being wedged in linear time, philosophical and literary creation is sometimes additionally a collaboration with past cinematic or literary or artistic works. Complementarily, any artistic or literary work is related to the future." (*Distracted*, which Toufic offers for download at <http://www.jalaltoufic.com/publications.htm>)

⁸"Our sons know they could be the next Michael Brown. But they should never surrender" (<http://gu.com/p/42c24>)

Links

<http://www.jefftjohnson.com>

<http://claudiarankine.com>

Bio

Jeff T. Johnson is a digital artist and critic who lives in the Windsor Terrace neighborhood of Brooklyn. Writing is forthcoming or has appeared in *Jacket2*, *On Contemporary Practice*, *Encyclopedia*, and elsewhere.

Born in Jamaica in 1963, **Claudia Rankine** earned her Bachelor of Arts in English from Williams College and her Master of Fine Arts in poetry from Columbia University. She is the author of five collections of poetry: *Citizen: An American Lyric* and *Don't Let Me Be Lonely: An American Lyric* (both Graywolf Press); *PLOT* and *The End of the Alphabet* (both Grove Press); and *Nothing in Nature is Private* (Cleveland State University Poetry Center), which received the Cleveland State Poetry Prize.