



## ***A W Please Tell Me What's in Your Tote***

***Mark Gurarie Discovers Some of What***

***Made it Home from the Twin Cities***

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### ***ART***

**Grace Graupe-Pillard**

### ***FILM***

**Lili White's Trip Through California Deserts**

### ***MUSIC***

**Rooster has Something to Crow About**

**Red Gretchen Elicits Heavy Psychedelic Rock on *Illicit***

### ***POETRY***

**Joel Chace, Ryan Nowlin, Michael Ruby, Alana Siegel**

### ***PRINTED MATTER***

**Katie Byrum Burns It Down**

**Abigail Welhouse's Well-Trained *Baby***

### ***SMALL PRESS***

**Building Bridges With Brooklyn Arts Press**

**Getting into bedfellows**



# The Line Breaks that Break Your Heart Building Bridges With Brooklyn Arts Press



BY FOX FRAZIER-FOLEY

Boog City writer Fox Frazier-Foley discusses the joys and challenges of indie publishing with Brooklyn Arts Press Publisher and Managing Editor Joe Pan.

**Boog City: Tell me about the inception and/or mission of Brooklyn Arts Press. What qualities would you say distinguish it?**

Joe Pan: Our willingness to publish any art form that can be configured or modified for the printed or digital page distinguishes us, I think, from other small presses. Visual art is just as integral to our catalogue as poetry is. We publish people who have never published before. Not a poem, not a story. But we also publish folks with seven to eight books behind them.

**What are a few qualities that you think are crucial to creating great art and literature? How do you look for these qualities when reviewing manuscripts for potential publication through Brooklyn Arts?**

I'm looking for sensibility and structure and subversion. Everyone writing for any length of time will write a good poem. Not just passable, but good. Poetry isn't magic, though it can feel like magic. But to sustain a poetic responsibility to one's art and a love of searching and a dedication to new ways of seeing the ordinary over the period of an entire book is no small feat. When you see an emotive brain working overtime to give, hide, develop, reflect, engage, demolish, play, and pay attention to whatever subtle effects that poet is after, you get pumped, as a reader. Energized. The line breaks that break your heart, right?

The shift from some seemingly organic mode of expression to a fixed meter to an organic free-flow again, which connotes a shift in consciousness via a shift in language and motion, might win me over. Or a simple music that cuts to the core of a feeling might do it. I like to see how people un-handcuff themselves from the usual expression of what it is they're investigating. I also like poems that feel agitated. There's an authenticity to language stressed to the point of wildness, or failure, because language gets iffy once you start playing with it.

**I'm curious to know what you think about the contest model of indie publishing. Is there anything you think is valuable about it? Are there any pitfalls you see? What do you think is preferable about a model of publication where contest entries are not a potential conduit to success?**



The advantages and disadvantages of the contest model, for winning author and publisher, are obvious. The publisher makes money toward publishing the book and paying the writer/readers/staff, plus the added value of publicity in the form of social networking and free classified ad placement for the contest, e.g. Poets & Writers. The author gets prestige, plus an honorarium or payments against royalties. Depending on the contest, the prestige can be small but noteworthy, a resumé builder, or huge, and transform a writer's life. This happens very rarely, but it's still the dream people chase.

I don't run contests because at the end of a contest, you have to pick a winner, and I don't want to be forced into publishing something I'm not a complete fan of. It's really that simple. I'm also not a fan of the one out of a thousand model. If you receive 25 grand in submission fees for a contest, you should be choosing more than one winner, preferably four or five manuscripts, like the National Poetry Series. If a publisher doesn't take a salary, like me, and is cool with digital printing (as opposed to offset), he or she can publish maybe 10 books a year off 25 grand, with ARCs and shipping, with a beginning print run of 250 copies, or zero, if you go on-demand. But you have to be willing to design the book yourself, and find local artists to help with book cover art. It's not easy, but it's doable.

I do understand why people collect reading fees, or ask submitters to purchase a book to have their manuscript read by a publisher. Manuscript readers are necessary, and deserve to be paid for their time. I'm glad people are following the CLMP code of ethics in regard to making former students or associates of the contest judge ineligible to win the prize. It was a total nightmare a decade ago. I'm also glad to see more publisher's drop the U.S. citizenship requirement. I won't ever fault anyone for submitting to contests. I submit to contests. You need to get your work out there, and sometimes, honestly, larger Indie publishers won't take a chance on 95 percent of manuscripts because the writers are simply unknown and poetry is a hard sell. Short fiction is easier to sell, but only slightly. Contests are a way to circumvent that, to get around a publisher's predispositions, biases, or marketing team strategies. You can get published by HarperCollins as an unknown, but not through the front door, you have to walk through the National Poetry Series door. Thinking about people reading this and looking for

other options, I'd recommend maybe hitting up small presses with open readings that are no fee or ask that you purchase a book. Search for presses that do interesting marketing, take risks, whose mastheads include people invested in an active literary community, who host readings themselves, are writers themselves, frequent cities beyond their home-base, because those publishers are actively promoting their press, which means they'll be actively promoting, in one way or another, your book.

**Favorite part(s) of being managing editor? Least favorite part(s)?**

Favorite would be editing the books, getting into the muck of another writer's brain and testing the soft or undeveloped spots. That's a disturbing analogy, my apologies, but that's kinda what it's like. Least favorite is dealing with printers when they fuck up.

**Can you describe some of your biggest learning moments at the press—things that helped you figure out what direction(s) you wanted to take the press in, or gave you some sort of insights about this industry and/or your (the press's) place in it?**

This would take several days to answer properly. I'll try to name a few big turning points: when I realized certain high-end digital printers could produce books that looked like they were printed offset but much more inexpensively; when I saw that sales from one art book could potentially fund two or more poetry books; when libraries began buying our books through our distributor, I realized the need to extend book sales through a variety of channels. All sales add up. Pursuing the "Pay What You Want For a Paperback" model with Noah Eli Gordon's book brought us international attention for minimal advertising cost. Books sell books, but ideas about books also sell books. Hiring Sam Hall to work on marketing 10 hours a week changed everything. It allowed me my own writing time, and that's made a world of difference. Because the day I can't write is the day I quit BAP.

**What are your goals for the press? What would you like it to look like in five years?**

Five years? Maybe we'll be the size of Melville House, who knows. Focusing a year ahead works for me, so I'll keep doing that for now.

Joe Pan (<http://www.joepan.com>) is the author of two poetry collections, Autobiomythography & Gallery (BAP) and Hiccups, or Autobiomythography II (Augury Books). He is the publisher and managing editor of Brooklyn Arts Press (<http://www.brooklynartspress.com>), serves as the poetry editor for the arts magazine Hyperallergic, and is the founder of the services-oriented activist group Brooklyn Artists Helping. His piece "Ode to the MQ-9 Reaper," a hybrid work about drones, was excerpted and praised in The New York Times. In 2015, Pan will participate in Lower Manhattan Cultural Council's Process Space artist residency program on Governors Island. He attended The Iowa Writers' Workshop, grew up along the Space Coast of Florida, and now lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Fox Frazier-Foley (<https://www.thevoltblog.wordpress.com/2015/02/03/review-exodus-in-x-minor-by-fox-frazier-foley>) is the author of two prize-winning collections of poetry, Exodus in X Minor (Sundress Publications) and The Hydromantic Histories (Bright Hill Press). She is editing an anthology of critical writing about aesthetics titled Among Margins (Ricochet Editions, forthcoming), and an anthology of contemporary American political poetry titled Political Punch (Sundress Publications, forthcoming). Fox writes poetry horoscopes for Luna Luna magazine and is editor-curator of TheThe Poetry Blog's Intoxicated Corner. She loves tattoos, gin fizzes, her husband, and her dogs.



Brooklyn Arts Press table at AWP.

Brooklyn Arts Press table at AWP.







Jackee Sadicario (L)  
and Alina Pleskova

# Seamless Explorations: Getting into *bedfellows*



## INTERVIEW BY ANDREA ROGERS

Boog City writer Andrea Rogers interviews Jackee Sadicario and Alina Pleskova, the executive editors of *bedfellows*, a Philadelphia-based magazine which focuses on sex and intimacy.

**Boog City:** Creating a magazine like *bedfellows* makes it clear that this type of writing needs its own vehicle in today’s literary scene. That said, have you run into any issues with marketing or promotion?

Alina Pleskova: We’ve joked about how often we qualify what the magazine’s about with the “... but not erotica!” line. How do we capture the full spectrum of the work we want to publish, while still setting it apart from a certain type of sex writing and clarifying that vulgarity is absolutely welcome? We do have concerns when promoting the magazine and our readings—and, because of this, we choose our language carefully.

**Since you directly solicit work from writers in the Philadelphia literary scene, how do you decide that someone would be a good fit for the magazine? Are you looking for a certain variety to round out each magazine?**

Jackee Sadicario: Since we are both active members in a thriving poetry community, we always have a backlog of people we are looking to solicit. Because we have seen people read and already know their work, we have a sense of what they are likely to produce for us. We often have discussions surrounding how we think the voices will speak to each other, which creates a well-balanced mix of perspectives.

**In the future, do you think you will ever change your policy to include open submissions, or extend your call outward from the Philadelphia scene?**

Pleskova: The solicitation method is working really well for us so far. While most of our contributors have been from Philly, many simply have a Philly connection. People move in and out of the area and our peripheries, so there are lots of opportunities for us to have those, “Ah, we want you!” moments. Which isn’t to say that open submissions are a bad thing; we’re obviously an exception to the usual process, and it works for us because we’re a small magazine with a very specific vision.

Sadicario: Again, we don’t think we are better than any other literary journal or that we’ve found some magic formula for having a themed magazine with a cohesive voice. We found a method that has worked for us. We’re also fortunate enough to have our former *bedfellows* recommend people to us, and thus our vision is perpetuated through them.

**The magazine’s layout is such that each piece is on its own page without the author’s name, and a “contributor’s key” in the back of the magazine identifies the writers. This makes the writer momentarily anonymous, as we all are during the act of intimacy, in a moment without language and identification; it also makes the magazine a “safe place”—no one person is singled out, making the reading a seamless exploration of sex and intimacy without our primary focus being on the writer.**

Pleskova: Yep, exactly. For us, it’s really important that every work and writer receives equal attention. Ideally, with names detached, each work is liberated from the reader’s conscious or unconscious biases. You don’t know the writer’s gender, or if this person is your former professor or current lover, or someone who appeared in a prestigious publication last month.

Sadicario: I really like the idea that when reading a poem, you don’t know who has written it; therefore it kind of belongs to everyone. The poem could be about someone you know & love. It could be about you. It could be for you. There’s a suspension of ownership and borders between you and the writer.

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bedfellows

Sadicario: Seeing someone’s bed can be an indication of what you are getting yourself into by reading their work. How a person keeps their bed, and how they choose to allow it to be photographed, can say a lot about a person. Since we ask that the writing come from a *first-person place*, we want to really be taken into the work, in the fashion of “show, don’t tell.” Take me to your bed. Show me.

**The name *bedfellows* can mean so many things: it can of course mean “fellow writers who share pictures of their beds with us,” but what else does “bedfellows” mean to you?**

Sadicario: It’s more “fellow writers who let us get into bed with them”—within their work. Once our contributors consent to being our bedfellow, we take what we do seriously: we respect the body of work that is produced for us. Additionally, we like the idea of utilizing our existing community of writers and friends. As with Bloof’s model, wherein writers become a part of their collective, we seek support from our friends when it comes time to proofread, print or come up with our next list. We send out semi-regular “we miss you” emails to our bedfellows, asking them to tell us what they are up to. Like Kelly Clarkson, we do not break-up.

**What current and future projects do you have in mind for the magazine?**

Sadicario: We of course have the Boog City second annual d.a. levy-palooza: celebrating renegade presses event. We also hope to release our fourth issue this summer and to participate in Philalalia this upcoming fall. In August, I am moving to Richmond, Va., for a graduate program. This may mean opening up to a new community in the future. It definitely means sick road trips, though.

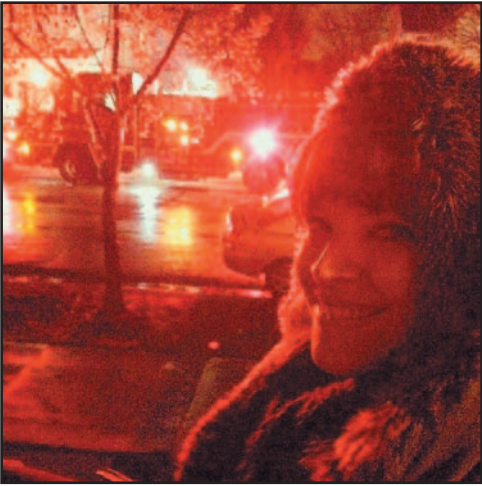
Jaclyn Sadicario (<http://jaclynsadicario.blogspot.com/>) is a New Yorker living in Philadelphia. When she is not doing healthcare services improvement research, she is the co-editor of *bedfellows*. Her work can be found in *apiary*, *zaum* 13, and other places.

Alina Pleskova (<http://muscovite.tumblr.com/>) admits that you may know her by another name, depending on when/where you met her and how much whiskey was consumed. She’s a poetry editor for *apiary* magazine, co-edits *bedfellows* with Jackee Sadicario, and spends a lot of time trying to figure out how to write about sex instead of around it. By day, she tricks people into paying her to edit stuff.

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

Andrea Rogers (<http://treehousemag.com/2012/11/12/when-i-was-seventeen/>) is a musician and a Ph.D. poetry student at Georgia State University. Her poetry and creative nonfiction appear or are forthcoming in *Negative Capability Press’s* Georgia Poetry Anthology, *Odradek*, *Red Paint Hill’s* Mother is a Verb anthology, *The 11th Hour*, and *Treehouse Literary Magazine*. She and her band, *Night Driving in Small Towns*, have appeared in features by Rolling Stone and NPR.





BY CHELSEA WHITTON

**Burn It Down**  
Katie Byrum  
Forklift, Ohio

To confront Kali, Hindu Goddess of time, change, power, and destruction, whose very name refers to the darkness that existed before creation, it is said that one must be brave enough to meet her alone, in the darkest part of night, on ground designated for cremation. Essentially, to square off with change, you have to go to where the ashes are. Katie Byrum’s *Burn It Down* is a heartsick, manic, slightly punch-drunk trek to such a place. It is the recollection of an uncommonly difficult year, in which many aspects of the speaker’s world destabilize. The slow dissolution of a romantic partnership is punctuated and allegorized with a series of tangible catastrophes—a mild earthquake, a violent mugging, an apartment fire—that serve to establish a timeline and to propel the speaker, and so the reader, forward, downward, inward.

The collection is arranged to move like a narrative, a trip, but the individual poems are almost always snapshots taken from a particular day or moment in time, in which the scope of things is limited to what can fit inside the frame. Byrum is frank and explicit. Her speaker is witty and self-deprecating. Bewildered, but often oddly upbeat about it, she takes ownership of her vulnerability and ambivalence and makes them work for her.

In “Prologue,” the poem that serves as *Burn It Down*’s foreword, we meet this speaker for the first time. Speaking from the far-flung future, this “I” has the authority of a survivor, writing from beyond the business of the narrative to follow. Physically set apart from the body of the collection, with contents, epigraph, and frontispiece forming a significant partition, this poem not only sets the scene for what is to come, but it fully whets the reader’s palate.

Its lines are packed with sonorous, lilting vowel sounds sculpted into dense alliterative music, while satisfying phrase-work glitters and cuts in the tradition of Ezra Pound’s *Ripostes*. “Prologue” begins:

Whether I will be gadabout, vagabond, magnet,

or dig down to the innermost spot where the core wound  
booms,  
as Pacific surf hits black cliffs;

**In ‘Seven Deadly Sins: New York Edition,’ Byrum writes: ‘You wouldn’t believe/ the emergencies I’ve walked past.’ If *Burn It Down* were a movie, these lines could serve as its tagline.**

Note the winnowing effect as Byrum moves from a line in which double anapests butt against a trochee— “gadabout, vagabond, magnet”— to two lines in which a stand-alone anapest and then a single dactyl disrupt a sequence of mostly stressed monosyllables: “dig down to the innermost spot where the core wound/ booms,/ as Pacific surf hits black cliffs.” This favored move of employing hard monosyllables to rein in the music when the content becomes manic serves Byrum well throughout the book.

Although the language in the poems that follow is decidedly more conversational and colloquial, her ear for crooked music continues to infuse the work with strangeness and dimension. In “Seven Deadly Sins: New York Edition,” Byrum writes: “You wouldn’t believe/ the emergencies I’ve walked past.” If *Burn It Down* were a movie, these lines could serve as its tagline. Meant as self-criticism, they nevertheless articulate what seems to be the major unifying theme of this collection: the act of walking past, or through an emergency. How is one to do it? Is there a right way? What qualifies as an emergency? How does one know when to sound the alarm? The speaker finds herself, time and again, in situations that straddle the line between unpleasant and alarming. “Yes: it’s dangerous to be a human being,” Byrum writes, and it is. But emergencies come in many forms. Sometimes they are loud and bright and terrifying; other times they are silent, pressurized, menacing.

“State of Emergency” is one of the quietest poems in *Burn It Down* and one of the best. “Anywhere snow falls/ becomes a temple” it begins, establishing a spare and affecting tone. In it, Byrum employs short lines and strong enjambment and drapes them with strands of soft, shushing consonant sounds that seem to evoke the stillness and wintry reverence of the imagery. She continues:

An image draped in weather,  
its silent white auspices that shatter.  
The shape of a vehicle, the unbearable  
silence inside it. The tires huddled  
beneath its frame. White drifts  
of weather fold it in: heavy,  
pressed, a clover in a book

Here the snowy imagery seems to muffle emotion, delaying what might otherwise culminate in an exasperated scream. We feel the tension building, but it happens discreetly. Something keeps the lid on this pot and I suspect it is the careful precision of Byrum’s choice of language. In the final lines, she manages to simultaneously diffuse the tension, pan from micro to meta, and bring it all back home to the “temple” with the following subversive, and gorgeous, pivot:

Temporary. A prayer:  
yes to wheels, to the idea of wheels,  
they are the temple we have built,  
the shrine to our god  
which is leaving wherever we are.

If Byrum’s speaker’s temple is wheels, her god “leaving wherever we are,” then her cremation ground is almost certainly the apartment in which “Year In Review” is largely set. This serial poem, which functions almost as a separate section of the book, works like a bottle episode in that it takes place largely in one location: the apartment the speaker shares with her significant other. (There is one exception, the section called “Birthday,” in which the speaker is assaulted and mugged on a street very near this apartment.) Here, more than ever, objects are carefully described and accounted for, handled like totems, given space:

sloped porcelain  
where shampoo bottles  
totter on the ledge  
a sliver of soap  
grafted on  
to another bar of soap

Object by object, the place takes on shape, reality, and the emotional charge of the events that transpire within:

Now I live here  
in your habits  
tracks and signs  
in an empty room:  
Wet towel on the back of the door.  
Wet footprints that evaporate on the hardwood floor.

The effect of this deliberate interiority is a complicated mixture of domesticity and claustrophobia. Sections that read like excavated fragments are strung together to form a linear but intriguingly incomplete narrative. The reader is made to focus on a few lines of micro-conflict between the speaker and her beloved, but it’s Byrum’s use of white-space that steeps the poem in tension. Always, there is the nagging sense that something far more serious, existentially devastating, is happening between the lines. Perhaps not surprisingly, this section of the book comes to its climax with an emergency. Ashes are involved. In “Claim,” the final section of “Year in Review,” Byrum’s logic in choosing to focus so intensely on the particulars of objects and surroundings becomes achingly clear.

one green couch where your ghost was still sleeping  
one kitchen table with your fingerprints rinsed away  
one lamp I kept burning  
...  
coffee table  
we stained together  
spice cabinet  
sanded down  
  
gone.

This is an elegy for the physical record of a life. Each lost object signifies an emotional loss and, in this way, the speaker finds a way to fuse two tragedies, grieve them, and let them go.

*Burn It Down* is, in many ways, a record of things lost in the fire: an account of disaster survived, not averted or outwitted. The speaker absorbs hit after hit, weathers the twists and turns, and lives to tell the tale. It is also—I believe more so—about surrendering to the forces of destruction and change, getting used to the darkness, and embracing the unknown. In the collection’s final poem, “Be Kind, Please Rewind,” in which the events of the year are recounted as if happening in reverse, Byrum writes:

His hand un-smoothed the hair from my forehead, the lock  
fell back in place,  
and I couldn’t see anything past it. I didn’t know then, and  
still don’t, what’s beyond it.

Katie Byrum (<http://www.splitipmagazine.com/#13-katie-byrum/c1q4s>) hails from Kentucky. She lives in Bushwick, Brooklyn, where she spends her time writing poems and dodging pigeons. You can find recent work online at Forklift, Ohio; Gulf Coast; iO: a journal of new American poetry; and La Fovea. Send comments, complaints, and suggestions to [katiebyrum@gmail.com](mailto:katiebyrum@gmail.com).

Chelsea Whitton is a New York based poet and copywriter. Her poems have appeared in various print and web publications including Bateau, Ilk, Sixth Finch, and WomenArts Quarterly. She lives in Ridgewood, Queens.



**Bad Baby**  
Abigail Welhouse  
Dancing Girl Press

Abigail Welhouse charts the coming-of-age of the eponymous *Bad Baby* in this sharp chapbook of 24 mostly brief lyric poems. The narrative that forms the collection’s spine operates loosely in the background, the poems being vehicles for questioning the universe. Welhouse’s imagery is lively and she navigates nostalgia without being maudlin, confronting moments of joy and self-doubt in equal measure: “I am always being told to calm down. I am always being told to calm down by men.” God makes regular appearances, whether on its own or through intermediators such as White Jesus or Jenny and Libby, who “ask strangers on the street if they can pray for them.”

Perhaps echoing the maturation of the collection’s namesake, the poems also develop as this book progresses; each seems to take more risks and balance playfulness with purpose and greater precision, a process which is crystallized in the closing trio of “Royalty,” “My Life (After Lyn Hejinian),” and “Stable.” Welhouse can be cutting as well as lighthearted (“Never trust/ accountants/ unless they’re crying.”), which makes for an earnest and fun read.

**Welhouse can be cutting as well as lighthearted (‘Never trust/ accountants/ unless they’re crying.’), which makes for an earnest and fun read.**

Abigail Welhouse’s (<http://tinyletter.com/welhouse>) writing has appeared in Lyre Lyre, The Morning News, The Rumpus, The Toast, and elsewhere. She holds an M.F.A. from the City College of New York, sends Secret Poems at the above url and would like to talk to you on Twitter: @welhouse. She also gives horseback riding lessons.



Alex Crowley lives in Ridgewood, Queens and is the non-fiction reviews editor at Publisher’s Weekly.

# Worth the Extra Bag

## AWP Goers Declare What They Toted



BY MARK GURARIE

Last month, approximately 14,000 writers, professors, publicists, publishers of books large and small, students of writing, students of other stuff, literary luminaries, and grizzled chancellors of American letters were to be seen in Minneapolis-area airports likely wearing sunglasses to keep the damn light out, all armed with tote bags bearing the name of the conference that nearly killed them and/or their lives: The AWP Conference & Bookfair.

Over the course of the four previous days, these 14,000 or so shaggy or wavy haired or balding or bad ass boot wearing or bow tie and suspenders or horn-rimmed glasses with literary T-shirts sorts of people slowly filled these tote bags with books, books, and more books: newly released chapbooks, debut poetry collections, the latest edition of that one journal and one from three years ago, recent anthologies, third books, broadsides, novels, and novellas, with business cards and crumpled up flyers for off-site readings and dance parties stuck between the pages.

Which is to say these AWP tote bags were for carrying books. Presses of all shapes, sizes, and affiliations were there in spades, smartphones or iPad with card-swiper thingies at the ready. Binge book buying happened, after which these now poorer but probably happier if not over-tired 14,000 had to carry these titles back home, likely never to return to the space-station-like main hall of the Minneapolis Expo Center. **Boog City** caught up with a few poets who were at the conference and asked them to tell us about their book haul.



Up first is the inimitable **Christine Kanownik**, no stranger to the type of goings on that happen at conventions of this sort. Here she tells us a little about her book haul:

It's so easy to hate AWP. Bad lighting, social awkwardness, that guy you went to undergrad with who you would have thought would have given up on poetry by now, that guy you slept with once, whatever. It's a mess. Poets don't know where their professional lives begin and their social lives end, largely because most of the 10,000 who went to this conference will never make a career out of poetry. But it is also really fun sometimes and a great opportunity to not have to pay shipping on books because you are shoving them into your carry-on instead.

On my way to AWP from Vancouver from Chicago (long story) I read *Women in Public* by Elaine Kahn (City Lights) which means that I didn't technically buy it AT AWP, but this book is too brilliant for me not to talk about. You know when you read something important on the plane and you look around and on one side of you is some schlub snoring and on the other side of you is the fucking sky? That is a good place to read Elaine Kahn's poetry.

I'm trying to remember what the first book was that I bought at AWP, to create a narrative thread. But it only reminds me about how John Beer hates narrative. I bought his chapbook *Lucinda* (Spork Press). I started reading it on some form of transportation and it was magnificent. I had to stop reading for a second since it made me sad.

My current train read is *Black Automaton* by Douglas Kearny (Fence Books), and man I cannot recommend this book enough. This book is important. This book is beautiful. It comes with a free CD! It is a beautiful book. I noticed a guy on the train craning his neck to see what the book was called as I was reading it since it looks that good.

*Nothing Personal* by Marina Blitshteyn (Bone Bouquet) has one of my favorite covers. I'm kind of jealous. And it is just a reminder of how amazing Marina is. So amazing is how amazing. Have you read Aaron Kunin? If you haven't, you're a sucker. But it isn't too late for you! He has so many brilliant, brilliant books. The first book I read of his was *The Sore Throat and Other Poems* (Fence Books). I am pretty stoked for *Cold Genius* (Fence Books) Doublecross Press. Let's talk about them. I helped MC Hyland typeset a book recently and I don't know how she does it without going mad. Instead she is delightful and really cares about books and the making of them. Also delightful is *Catena* by Gracie Leavitt. The paper just makes you feel better touching it.

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I hope that **Mike Lala** flew into JFK because LaGuardia has fewer ground transportation options, especially if you're headed into Brooklyn, none of which is addressed in this interview:



**Boog City:** What are some of the books you were especially excited about hauling back home from AWP?

Mike Lala: I bought a ton of small-press poetry books: Lisa Ciccarello's *At Night* (BOAAT Press), S. Whitney Holmes' *Room Where I Get What I Want* (Black Ocean), Monica McClure's *Tender Data* (Birds, LLC), Jibade-Khalil Huffman's *Sleeper Hold* (Fence Books), Anne Boyer's *Garments Against Women* (Ahsanta Press), and Daniela Olszewska's *Citizen J* (Artifice Books) were some I was looking forward to getting specifically. I was also happy to get *The Collected Poems of Chika Sagawa*, trans. by Sawako Nakayasu (Canarium Books), on "AWP" special online last week (they ran out in Minnesota!).

**Were any books in your AWP haul written by poets who were new to you?**

Yes—bought my first Aaron Kunin, Joe Wenderoth (I know), Simeon Berry, Emily Hunt, Daniel Borzutzky, C. Violet Eaton, and Tyrone Williams, among others.

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Next up, **Lauren Hunter**, a poet who recently moved from Brooklyn to North Carolina—much to our City's loss—tells us what landed in her tote:

**Boog City:** What books were you excited about hauling back home from AWP?

Lauren Hunter: Every year I look forward to collecting the newest releases from the Birds, LLC table and this year was no exception—Eric Amling's *From the Author's Private Collection* (Birds, LLC) and Monica McClure's *Tender Data* (Birds, LLC) were at the top of my list. I am also super psyched to have chaps by Marina Blitshteyn, *Nothing Personal* (Bone Bouquet) and Alina Gregorian's *Navigational Clouds* (Monk Books) in hand. I mean, really it's every single book; I had an excellent haul this year!!

**Were any of these books by poets who were new to you?**

This year's book spree had a stricter budget which kept me close to my list, so only a few new to me poets, actually, excluding the grab bag. One of which I've already read twice, *Pact-Blood, Fever Grass* by Miriam Bird Greenberg (Ricochet Editions), and *A Swarm of Bees at High Court* by Tonya M. Foster (Belladonna Collective), which is absolutely delicious so far!

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**Alex Crowley** of Ridgewood, Queens, also found a use for that tote-bag of his, but it's not what you're thinking. Oh wait, of course it is: he was putting books in there! What books? He sent the Printed Matter office a list that was specially alphabetized by author. Just for us!



Eric Amling, *From the Author's Private Collection* (Birds, LLC)  
Michael Bazzett, *The Imaginary City* (Organic Weapon Arts)  
Katie Byrum, *Burn It Down* (Forklift, Ohio)  
Peter Davis, *Tina* (Bloof Books)  
Monica McClure, *Tender Data* (Birds, LLC)  
Rusty Morrison, *Reclamation Project* (chapbook) (speCt! books)  
Niina Pollari, *Dead Horse* (Birds, LLC)  
Sandra Simonds, *The Sonnets* (Bloof Books)  
Emily Toder, *Beachy Head* (Coconut Books)

Back issues of *Atlas Review* and *Forklift, Ohio*.

In the end though, is it the reader that owns the books or the books that capture the reader? In line at the airport there was one fumbling editor in the wrong line—yours truly—snickering at the closest he could've mustered at the moment to being clever: "AWP is a bastardization of that Yakov Smirnoff punch-line, 'in old AWP, books have you,'" he muttered to the confused TSA agent. The books you have, you have to carry one way or the other, even if that sometimes means you'll be hauling around a very heavy tote bag.

Alex Crowley lives in Ridgewood, Queens and is the non-fiction reviews editor at Publisher's Weekly.

Lauren Hunter lives and writes in North Carolina. She can be tracked on the internet as breakfast\_etc.

Christine Kanownik is the author of King of Pain (Monk Books). She lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Mike Lala is a poet living in East Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Mark Gurarie (<https://bubblegumandpoppers.wordpress.com/>) is a graduate of the New School's M.F.A. Program in Poetry, and his writing has appeared in Brooklyn Review, Everyday Genius, Paper Darts, Publishers Weekly, The Rumpus, and elsewhere. He works as an adjunct instructor online and free-lances as a copywriter. He also occasionally blogs about irrelevant matters at the above url.





Alana Siegel

Berkeley, Calif.

Excerpt from MEDIA/MEDEA

I owe awe a vow of vowels

Cosmic doxa  
Kalevala

Social service  
Void a vagueness

Skulk encryption  
Loveless office

“liberty, would you please close the door?”

I’m dipping into pools of horripilating origin  
Destiny a wingnut in Campbell’s cans

Dead play vanity  
Pray heredity

Matteratoria  
Slice lognoseme

Passing vanguard  
Morning, mourning

Quizzical pride of privacy  
Confused hush of rubbish

I keep walking, sweet cocooning  
Corridor periphery, prideful redundant

Crossing guard mascara polka dot mother father

The old wise pin up matriarch beat poet is a panhandler  
Pulled through the jaws of urbane youth culture



Joel Chace

Lancaster, Penn.

D.G.

*Matter arranged by divine wisdom must be essentially organized throughout. “I know the South very well, I spent 20 years there one night.” He’d been a track-and-field star. In other words, substance does not constitute the actual being of man. “Racism, prejudice, is so fragile that you cannot suspend it. So anything I can suspend is not real in the first place.” February, 2015 – his Star on the Walk of Fame. God is a thinking thing. “I know if Humphrey Bogart’s mother had took some mashed potatoes that the white folks wasn’t going to eat the next day, he wouldn’t pray over it.” To add little to little is worth while. “You know damn good and well why it took so long. I’ve been a bad boy.” So they will pursue their questions from cause to cause, till at last you take refuge in the will of God-in other words, the sanctuary of ignorance. “Because, Jesus Christ, if I’d have been on that cross with some serious power, them white dudes would have had heads about the size of lemon, humps in their back and club feet.”*



Michael Ruby

Park Slope, Brooklyn

From The Star-Spangled Banner Poems

O stone say horse can song you time see run  
By safe the leg down’s ape early soft light tank  
What ice so pike proudly cap we tag hailed lock  
At mop the pop twilight’s home last tongs gleaming ox

Whose sake broad brace stripes table and nape bright broil stars voice  
Through hurt the pencil perilous breech night  
O’er eagle the season ramparts mail we hoard watched solid  
Were top so more gallantly taste streaming hung

And ping the toll rocket’s oak red snow glare news  
The alike bombs time bursting bike in halt air bail  
Gave hoist proof omen through orange the poor night dog  
That log our way flag day was story still level there strange

O hay say toys does ply that island star base spangled aim banner oil yet play wave date  
O’er borscht the brains land angels of park the bog free point  
And mice the place home rake of time the breaks brave dock

Poetry Bios

Joel Chace’s (<http://deletepress.org/books/joel-chace/>) work has appeared in *Counterexample Poetics*, *Country Music*, *Jacket*, *OR*, and other magazines. Recent collections include *Sharpsburg* (Cy Gist Press) and *Blake’s Tree* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press). Ryan Nowlin ([http://www.academia.edu/7095233/Banquet\\_Settings](http://www.academia.edu/7095233/Banquet_Settings)) is the author of two chapbooks, *Banquet Settings* and *Not Far from Here*. He teaches at Hudson County Community College in New Jersey. Michael Ruby’s (<http://jacket2.org/content/michael-ruby-reads-american-songbook>) most recent book is *American Songbook* (Ugly Duckling Presse). He works as an editor at *The Wall Street Journal*. Alana Siegel’s (<http://bit.ly/1DFDeOa>) first full-length book, *Archipelago*, was published by Station Hill of Barrytown.

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The Year of Yellow Butterflies  
Book Party and Blog Launch  
MAY 21, 6:30-8:30

(with short readings by Martine Bellen, Christine Hamm Adeena Karsick, Sheila Maldonado, Sharon Mesmer, Joe Pan, Sarah Sarai , David Shapiro, Toni Simon, Cat Tyc, Leah Umansky and others).

<http://theyearofyellowbutterflies.weebly.com/>

The Flag Art Foundation  
545 W 25th St, New York City





# Rooster has Something to Crow About



BY MIKE SHOYKHET

Canadian native Mimi Oz arrived in New York City in the fall of 2013, and lovingly entrenched herself in the local music scene as a solo acoustic performer. Now in the guise of her Brooklyn-based band Rooster, Oz sports a brand new supporting cast of virtuoso players, and long-time veterans of the city's music and performance circles. The band has been hard at work finishing an EP, to come out in the summer. In March, they released the single "Ugly Baby," and showcased it at Bushwick venue Palisades. She ponders writing the song.

"Ugly Baby came out very quickly; it was a quick, ugly delivery, so to speak," she laughs. "It was supposed to be on my first record, *Men Who Never Loved Me*, which is about failed romances, specific people and encounters, obsessions, imaginative affairs. "Ugly Baby" is about a person you are attracted to specifically because they do not love themselves. They are damaged, they are hurt, they need babying."

A clever, dreamy pop writer with an affinity for the love song, Mimi Oz possesses a formidable arsenal of poetry, song making technique, and keen sense for melody. Oz's songs echo early 1960's girl groups, the yé-yé movement, and American folk. Strong Latin influences emanate a feeling of the exotic. The accompaniment supports a vocal versatility that cannot be denied. Some songs exhibit a chanteuse wielding a starkly unique timbre and delivery, with shades of Karen Carpenter and Francoise Hardy. On "Ugly Baby," a harder musical departure, her singing moves into a punky, bratty, Gwen Stefani mode. Cool bossa nova rhythms, and verses of heartbreak and sweet love tinged with the Romantic poets and the Classical Greeks, wander throughout. They explore the human perception of relationships and its ambivalence, with lines like "Some say forever is an ending to freedom/ Some say freedom is finding someone" from *To The Ocean*.

Oz seems to absorb her environment, and redirect it back outward in songs. Oz adopted Latin music while living in Mexico City, and the move to New York prompted an inevitable style shift. Some newer songs like "Be My Bobby" and "Baby on the J" experiment with gospel and soul, and the unabologetically titled "Fucking Bullshit" projects the anger and the topical themes of punk and protest folk. "My present sound has more 'soul,' more 'black,' whatever you want to call it. I started doing character voices. I feel like this is not a choice, this is just what comes out of me." The artist's self discovery continues with the discovery of her new setting. "I have never lived in a place so populated by African-Americans, with so much African-American poverty. At the time I was also reading books like *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *Invisible Man*. I guess I've just scratched the surface."

A mainstay of the East Village music scene, and a sometime subway busker, some of Mimi Oz's recent musical education has come from the streets themselves. These experiences acuminated not only Oz's creative output, but also her political and philosophical views. "I don't know my punk rock history, and I am not about to anytime soon, but Lou Reed finally makes sense. I wasn't around when Alphabet City was a junky haven, but being here made me more accepting of music I might not have understood before. Darker, more simplistic songs are suddenly appealing to me. The city has a harder edge. America is a tough place to live, and New York has to be one of the toughest. The music reflects that. I'm from Canada; health insurance sold from a van is a completely new concept to me. I think something very unfair is going on. There is enough to go around, but we are divided by fear and power."

Mimi Oz began as a poet, and music came about later, as a means of dealing with a downturn in her personal life. "Songwriting came in 2010 and 2011, when I came back from Mexico City, where I lived with my then boyfriend. My life was falling apart, and I avoided performing. I was poor, I was depressed, there wasn't much hope. My father gave me his guitar. I wrote "Tickle My Berry," and other songs from my first record. After lurking around open mics, petrified, I got on a stage, and it felt so right. The audience was really receptive."

Oz became a protégé of the longtime Canadian producer, songwriter, and filmmaker Bob Wiseman. She speaks fondly of Wiseman and their collaboration: "I was going over the same ground, over and over. I was getting upset, angry even. I needed to move to the next level and I did not know how. I started to direct my energy into finding someone to work with. I still remember seeing him and thinking, 'that guy can play the piano, who is he?' We ended up doing a demo together for an art grant submission, and when I didn't receive the grant, we worked together anyway. We reshaped my songs; he taught me some basics about pop structure, some tricks here and there, and we sharpened the songs. It was difficult for me, because we worked on songs that were very intimate and revealing. Ultimately, I had to face myself in my music. It was terrifying, and very liberating at the same time. But this was all natural to Bob, he had been doing this for years. I found him inspiring and it meant a lot to have someone around me, who believed in what I was doing."

When the grant submission fell through, the songs became Mimi Oz's debut album *Three Of Swords*, produced by Bob Wiseman, and released in 2012. Oz did eventually secure a grant from the Ontario Arts Council in early 2014. Unsatisfied with the lack of creative stimuli in Toronto, she set off for New York. She became enamored. "I went to New York for a visit with a few friends in the summer of 2013. I knew it was a place I was going to dig my heels into. Living in Canada wasn't pushing me as an artist. I was itchy to be on the run. It was scary to know I would be leaving, but I am ruled by my creativity. It feels like it doesn't even belong to me. I need to be honest and respect it, feed it with experiences. That fall, I took a few possessions, and drove my now dead Toyota Tercel from Toronto. For a few months, I settled in the sleaziest little spot in Chinatown. I think because there is more competition and variety in New York, my creativity was cured immediately. I just wanted to see new people, other people, new styles, new stories."

The new song was recorded in several Brooklyn studios, including Speakersonic, Bunker, and The Creamery. The band Rooster developed as Mimi Oz was preparing to record a new solo album. Oz put together a group of session players, and while recording, they decided to keep the band as a regular act. "We decided to start working together during the recording process. I was recording songs for my album, and a few of the members suggested that they would like to put out something as a band. I feel good about the results. This is the sort of bare bones of how we sound." The band consists of lead guitarist William Pearson, drummer Lou Cozza, and bassist Joe Yoga.

On stage, Mimi Oz has the same charm and confidence as in a face-to-face conversation; direct, inquisitive with a touch of innocence, playful and tough, and a romantic. A shock of blonde hair and oversized eyeglass frames make for a visually memorable subject. Every movement and word seems easy and unforced, in a beautiful strangeness that also permeates Oz's songs. "Fronting a band feels completely natural to me. Sometimes I feel like I am being a pain, wanting perfection, or not feeling right here, or there, but in general, I love playing with a band. They are a really supportive group and they love the material. I am grateful to be playing with great players." After the album release, Rooster will turn their sights to producing videos, which will probably include some shots of the New York City Subway system. "I am obsessed with the MTA. I've written a few songs inspired by experiences on the train and for some reason I am attracted to the dirt." They also may be going out on the road. "Touring is ... a possibility. We might be able to make something happen for the fall, possibly go South." In the meanwhile, her love affair with the city is in full swing. "I love the fact that my stories are changing," says Oz. "Feeling the heartbeat of the city and transforming it into a song is something that is completely natural to me. I think it takes an outsider to catch the feeling of the city, and I think our band has done that. To me that is exciting, because I don't know what's happening, I'm just hanging on for the ride."

Mike Shoykhet (<http://marchingsquares.bandcamp.com/>) received his musical education from the streets. He resides in New Jersey. Jon Berger photo.

Rooster (<http://mimii.bandcamp.com/>) is a Brooklyn-based four piece rock band, with Mimi Oz (acoustic guitar and vocals), Joe Yoga (bass guitar and vocals), William Pearson (guitar and vocals), and Lou Cozza (percussion). They are working on their debut EP *Baby on the J*, to be released in summer 2015.

## Red Gretchen Elicits Heavy Psychedelic Rock on Illicit

Red Gretchen's new EP *Illicit* forces me to admit that it's hard to come up with words to describe it. I think Gretchen may be the best band in New York. When I tell people they have to come out and see them, people ask me what they're like. Well, they're dark and melodic, and the music is heavy, but it gives your brain room to breathe. Huh? Yeah.

The production here is heavy. It hits you right away, but the music changes, goes into airy spaces, Ronnie Wheeler's songs taking you through changes, altering, well, sounds almost like I'm describing some drug (heh heh). The rock steady pulse and roll of Shauna Westgate's drums propelling you, Anne Husick's bass pummeling you, Nancy Pollak's vocals haunting you, and Pollak's guitar detonating gently along the inner ridges of your mind. And that's just the first song, "Darcy." The tremendous range of style and sonics in Wheeler's guitar playing should be seen (yes, he does all this stuff live), and it's all here.

The song "Jumper" begins with a dreamlike delicacy, building toward an intensity that makes you forget where you've been. Where was I? The EP is recorded and mixed by Paul Kostabi, known for working with White Zombie, and many other noteworthy art and music projects. It's mastered by Brian Speaker, a man of many talents, and a tremendous ear. Get this record. See Red Gretchen live. C'mon, live a little! —Chicken Leg

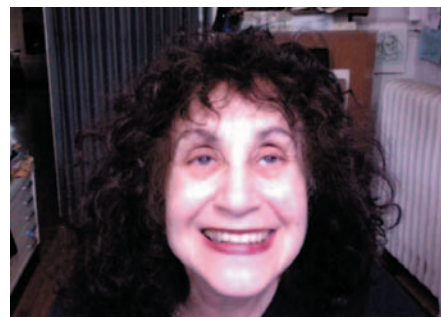
**The song 'Jumper' begins with a dreamlike delicacy, building toward an intensity that makes you forget where you've been. Where was I?**



Chicken Leg (l.) (<http://www.sturichards.com/>) was born on a Saturday night, and spent five carefree years till being put in the system, and there subjected to its warping and twisting, resulting in the creature that exists today. Anne Husick photo.

New York-based based psychedelic rock band Red Gretchen's (<http://redgretchen.bandcamp.com/>) music features expansive layers of melodic vocal harmonies over gritty guitars.





# Grace Graupe-Pillard

## Greenwich Village

<http://ggp.neoimages.net>

Grace Graupe-Pillard has had solo exhibitions at Carl Hammer Gallery, The Proposition, Donahue/Sosinski, Bernice Steinbaum Gallery, Hal Bromm Gallery, Wooster Art Space, The Frist Center for The Visual Arts, The NJ State Museum, The NJ Center for Visual Arts, Moravian College, Rider University, and Rupert Ravens Contemporary. She has participated in group exhibitions at P.S. 1, Bass Museum, Indianapolis Museum, The Maier Museum, The Aldrich Museum, "Selections"/The Drawing Center, Hebrew Union College Museum, Gateway Project Newark, The National Academy Museum, Real Art Ways, and Kunstpakhuset Ikast-Denmark. Fairs and video festivals include The Armory Show, Scope Miami, Scope London, Art Chicago, Gesamt (Lars von Trier,) Art Fem. TV, Cologne OFF, and SHOAH.

From 2003-2010, Graupe-Pillard was the coordinator of The Edwin Austin Abbey Mural Workshop, a fellowship program at The National Academy Museum and Art School in NYC.



**Cataclysm** 2012, oil/alkyd/canvas, 66" x 91"

### Artist's Statement

The poet W.B. Yeats' writing about the Easter Rising in 1916, at the beginning of a century of carnage, profoundly expresses what I attempt to perceptibly convey: "All changed, changed utterly: a terrible beauty is born."

Recently I have been focusing on the delicately seductive beauty of landscapes that have been "blasted apart" by war, violence, and natural disasters, but still retain their majestic beauty despite underlying straining tensions. The fissures and cracks are not always visible but the paintings' abstracted painted forms allude to the decomposition and dissolution of nature breached and ruptured; worlds that are turned upside down, but eventually re-nourished and rebuilt, recovering but still retaining the sensation and memory of the land's anguished history.

"...But the sea/ no one tends/ is also a garden..." —William Carlos Williams



**Mingora/Swat Valley Pakistan** 2010, oil/alkyd/canvas, 69" x 96"



**Fallout: The Confetti of War** 2014, oil/alkyd/canvas, 68" x 90".



**Darfur/Sudan** 2013, oil/alkyd/wood (3 panels), 40" x 90".



# A Camera, a 40-Mule Team, and Dancing Zombies: Lili White's Trip Through California Deserts



BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

What often fascinates me about the alternative documentary—any number of diverse approaches that assertively reject or subtly sidestep the traditional concerns of documentary form—is the interrelationship of technique and subject. That is to say, where the form is not just a generic information delivery system into which whatever subject matter may be plugged in, but where the form itself has a more sophisticated interaction with the subject, where the form may bend in innovative directions the subject of the film takes it. Likewise, the subject of the alternative documentary can be seen anew due to the unexpected path taken by an experimental work as it meanders away from the predictable route of traditional documentary structure.

An opportunity to have this experience comes to us this spring when filmmaker Lili White presents her feature-length experimental video *Fool's Gold: California Roadtrip in an Election Year* at Millennium Film Workshop in Bushwick, Brooklyn on Wed. May 21 at 7:30 p.m.

The work's ostensible subject matter principally concerns the southwest and its history viewed through interviews and travelogue footage. But this becomes the ground from which springs oblique topics as we descend from Zabriskie Point to downtown Los Angeles where festivities in celebration of the anniversary of Michael Jackson's "Thriller" takes place by some curious happenstance before White's camera.



The film begins with the desert landscape around Death Valley greeting us as majestic classical music swells up. It is a jagged row of crags, lined up along the horizon like the teeth of a broken comb. The camera reveals pastel hues of beige-colored stone tipped in sunlight and flowing down into shadow, under a robin's egg blue sky. But a glitch-like doubling of the image disrupts the pure scenic pleasure of the vista. It is reminiscent of a desert mirage, reflecting the image of the landscape while at the same time beguiling us with an illusion.

Through interviews we learn about the region's history of borax mining taking place in the briny, mineral-rich desert lakes around Searles Valley and the Coso Mountains, the boom and bust of the company towns that came about in such unlikely and inhospitable places. All of this could have been the material from which to construct a traditional documentary on the borax mines of Southern California. Yet White has done more than this, for as we view the area around Death Valley the Biblical story of Cain and Abel is heard narrated by a rich, deep-toned male voice inflected with a hard-to-place European accent. A muscular black man—a dancer, perhaps—filmed under the lights of a studio set enacts the dual roles of the two rival siblings, his image seen in superimposition over the desert and mountains the camera visits. Arriving in Los Angeles another accented voice, now female, provides a critique of consumer capitalism in general and the Reagan era in particular.

The work modulates between these elements, returning to the mineral-infused lake, watching the re-enactment of "Thriller" by eager participants in zombie makeup, Cain becoming jealous of his brother, the interviewees' story of the change and evolution of the mines and their settlements

unfurls in bits and pieces. Native American rock carvings float before the camera lens while we are told by a guide off-screen that a spiral pattern indicates water from a spring. At times the images do not alternate, but jostle together at the same time, competing for our attention, layered and ebbing in and out through chroma-key and superimpositions.

White's *Fool's Gold* is built upon discovering curious correspondences through the diverse subjects encountered in the California road trip, but it is the moments when the juxtapositions seem to be uncanny and enigmatic that the work engages our attention. This is what makes the non-traditional documentary a form ripe with intriguing possibility. The tonal discords that are played off one another between zombies, and deserts, and Michael Jackson, and borax serve to create a portrait of the landscape of the place itself and its disparate agendas and interpretations.

Lili White (<http://liliwhite.com>) made experimental films since the 1980s, while studying Academic painting in the Pennsylvania Academy's four-year painting program. Her films serve as "impressions" that contemplate relationships of power and repression. After graduating the University of Pennsylvania, she curated shows of experimental media and fine art. In 2010, she founded Another Experiment by Women Film Festival (<http://anotherexperimentbywomenfilmfestival.com>), presenting screenings in the New York area. AXW's on-line site (<http://axwonline.com>) streams curated shows that act as an archive of women's expression. Recently, her second experimental-documentary feature, *Fool's Gold: California Roadtrip in an Election Year*, received a NYSCA Finishing Funds Award.

Joel Schlemowitz (<http://www.joelschlemowitz.com>) 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. Schlemowitz photo by Robyn Hasty. Millennium Film Workshop (<http://millenniumfilm.org/>) Johnson Ave. at Porter Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11237 (rear of Brooklyn Fire Proof)

**White's *Fool's Gold* is built upon discovering curious correspondences through the diverse subjects encountered in the California road trip, but it is the moments when the juxtapositions seem to be uncanny and enigmatic that the work engages our attention.**

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