

BOOG CITY

Issue One

January 28-February 10, 2002

Free in NYC/\$3 elsewhere

the Beginning of a Great Adventure

THE PREMIER ISSUE OF BOOG CITY IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE letters K and P, as in Kristin Prevallet, whose piece "Dear George Bush" is in the centerspread.

I've known Kristin for a long time. I first met her back at the then Naropa Institute, now University, in Boulder, Colorado, us two hanging around their legendary writing and poetics program, the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics.

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a community newspaper
from a group of artists and writers
based in and around
New York City's East Village,
either physically or spiritually,
and sometimes both.**

Kristin had come out to Boulder from the State University of New York at Buffalo, where she was coediting the poetics journal *apex of the M* with Alan Gilbert. Unlike most editors, they didn't just find cool words and print them, instead they jumped headfirst into the fray, beginning controversies and inspiring hate mail, all-in-all, mucking it up, and it was beautiful.

It's about a decade later, and Kristin's still doing it. She is a damn solid essayist and poet, who takes on the politics of the state and abusers of authority.

So mid-December, there was all this false patriotism flying in everyone's faces. There was the gourmet soup shop's menu with the collage of the Twin Towers, the stars and stripes, and a bald eagle. There were pictures of the on-fire Twin Towers, according to *The New York Times*, being sold from beneath sidewalk vendors' bridge tables, while the photos of the towers in their former glory were out on display. There were American flags everywhere—on pizza pie boxes; hanging, wind-shredded, off of car antennas; or, in my case, being left by building management on the floor outside every apartment in my complex as though they were doormats.

Amid all this insanity that is a post-Cold War nation seeking an enemy, any enemy, to define itself; in a nation seeking "Infinite Justice" only to settle for "Enduring Freedom," I kept wondering who the hell is going to give me the words to get out there about why George Bush, quite simply, is wrong, despite approval numbers that would have made any mom proud if you brought them home from your intro to American foreign policy class freshman year at Yale.

I heard those words about Bush early in the evening during the 27th Annual New Year's Day Marathon at St. Mark's Church, when Kristin Prevallet stepped to the microphone in the sanctuary, and said, simply, "Dear George Bush," her passion building with each statement, each line of her letter/poem/essay.

So read "Dear George Bush" (p. 5), unwrap the comfort of the flag from your body, and think about this nation at war. Revenge is nice for a Charles Bronson flick, but this is real life, and what the hell are we doing, and is it right.

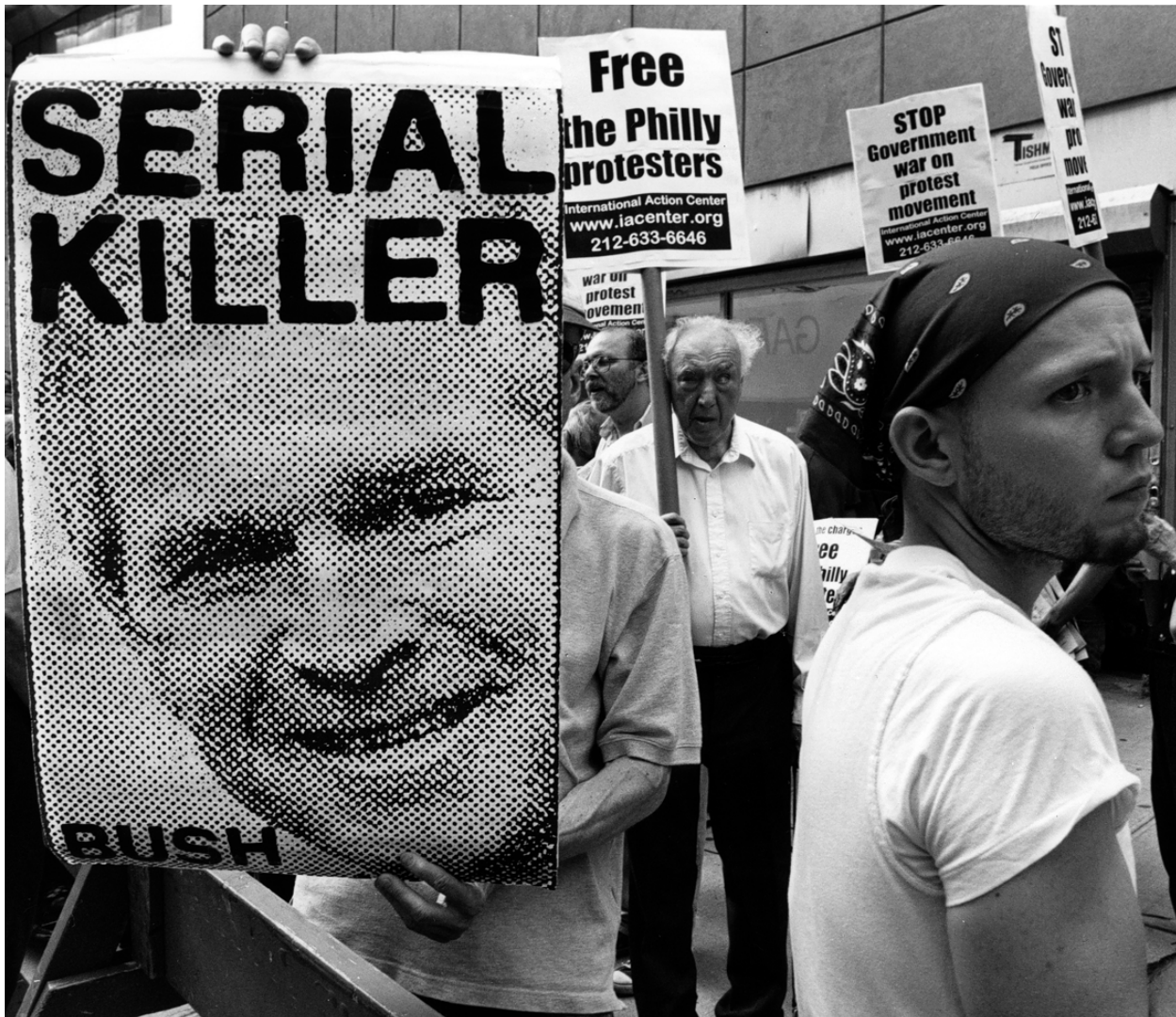
This is Boog City, a community newspaper from a group of artists and writers based in and around New York City's East Village, either physically or spiritually, and sometimes both.

This is Boog City, a group of people who question authority, and create amazing art while doing so.

This is Boog City, a community of New Yorkers, Americans, citizens of the world, who flourish everyday amid every reason not to.

This is Boog City, hop in the front seat, and put your shoulder to the wheel.

as ever,
David Kirschenbaum,
editor and publisher
editor@boogcity.com



This protester's sign at a Fall 2000 Times Square rally against the illegal detainment of activists during the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia could easily apply to the Bush-inflicted death toll among civilians in Afghanistan (p. 4).

Greg Fuchs photo

Poem

Love me or do not love me
I am a sleeping fruit bat
with sweetly folded wings.
There are mist nets sometimes
things hinder me in the air.
I am a bat. I sleep with my feet.
I wear a map of Brooklyn on my wing.
I wear a map of Brooklyn on my chest.

Jenny Smith
Greenpoint, Brooklyn

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Lexicons

THE DEAD

ATHENIANS LONG AGO CALLED “DEMETER’S people,” the mother keeping watch over the “metropolis of the dead.” During the Nekusia, the Athenian festival of the dead, sacrifices were made to the Earth, inhumation a practice common to them. Cicero records even in his day it was custom to sow the graves of the dead with corn: “that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.”

Among the Galelarese, according to Frazer, a young man would court his sweetheart by first taking some dirt from a grave to spread on the roof of her house. This, he hoped, would prevent her parents from waking during their lovemaking. In Java, too, a burglar would take earth from a grave to sprinkle it ‘round the house he intended to rob, hoping to induce sleep in his victims. Ruthenians made flutes out of a human leg-bone and played upon it, inducing drowsiness in all who listened.

In Europe, the Hand of Glory was a dried and pickled hand of a man who had been hanged. Candles were placed in the fingertips and this rendered motionless anyone to whom it was presented.

Serbian and Bulgarian women who were dissatisfied with domestic routines would take copper coins from the eyes of a corpse, wash them in wine or water, and present the drink to their husbands. Afterward, he would be blind to his wife’s infidelities.

The Aztecs sacrificed more victims annually to the god Xipe than died a natural death in all Mexico. Cortez saw 136,000 skulls deposited in the great temple. Prescott estimated a yearly toll of 20,000-50,000 sacrifices in Mexico, and at the dedication in 1486 of a new temple, 70,000 prisoners of war were sacrificed to the god Huitzilopochtli.

In Neolithic sites in France, human skulls were converted into drinking cups. Herodotus wrote that the “Issedones” drank from the gold-mounted skulls of their ancestors. Plutarch claimed ancient Teutons drank from skulls of their bravest enemies. So too the Scythians. The Bulgarian prince Krum had a cup made of the skull of the Byzantine Emperor Nicephorus II. Skull and skoal share a common word origin.

In the Aurignacian period, the dead were buried in red ochre, their bones painted to bring new blood to the corpse.

Both the fish and serpent are central images of the Death card in Aleister Crowley’s Tarot pack. Death wears the crown of Osiris and “represents the original secret male creative God.”

“With the sweep of his scythe,” Crowley continues, “he creates bubbles in which are beginning to take shape the new forms which he creates in his dance; and these forms dance also.”

Anthropologist Weston La Barre: “Every failure of Eros to lead us to a newer and more difficult integration with each more complex Other, means a crippling arrest of growth ... and a part-death that is a triumph of Thanatos. For at each stage we must adapt or die ...”

D.H. Lawrence, for whom death came so early in life, asked:

Are you willing to be sponged out, erased, cancelled, made nothing?

Are you willing to be made nothing? dipped into oblivion?

And he asked:

Have you built your ship of death, oh have you?

Oh build your ship of death, for you will need it.

Dale Smith
Austin, TX

My concerns about one phrase selected by the Bush administration,

“HOMELAND SECURITY”

may be circumstantial, but I analyzed the same words as used by the South African apartheid government. The South African white minority government was at least honest about its intention for blacks in its country. Shortly after independence from Great Britain in 1934, that government pursued a homeland policy through the Lands Act of 1936, followed by the Group Areas Act of 1950 (declaring certain areas off-limits to certain ethnic groups) as well as the Bantu Authorities Act (1951) and the 1953 Separate Amenities Act of 1953, which, like the Plessy v. Ferguson decision, asserted that separate but equal facilities satisfied the letter of the law. In spirit, both acts made the ‘separate’ portion easier to enforce than the ‘equal’ portion.

The homeland movement in South Africa jumped forward in 1976 with the Transkei homeland, a nominally “autonomous” region in the same sense that U.S. Indian reservations are sovereign entities. In subsequent years, South Africa formed 10 homelands accounting for 13% of the landmass of the nation with an 87% black population. Although the homelands had black leadership, historians view most as figurehead governments with little or no political or economic capital.

Homeland leadership ranged from anemic to corrupt. Author John Seiler deemed Bophuthatswana premier Lucas Mangope to be “authoritarian, repressive and corrupt ... confusing personal ends with those of his state.” When Mangope was deposed in 1994, Nelson Mandela was cheered for precipitating his ouster. Mangope went on to be charged with 102 counts of theft.

In another homeland, KwaZulu, police commissioners were credibly linked with Vlakplaas, a secretive arm of the Security Branch of the apartheid government. The U.S. dropped sanctions against South Africa in 1993, about the time the homelands were dissolved. The White House view on those measures is uncertain, as Ronald Reagan vetoed the sanctions approved by Congress in 1986.

When we couple “homeland” with “security”, echoes from South African history resonate and are again disconcerting. The Security Branch of the apartheid government enforced the “separate” policies of apartheid, wielded sweeping powers during states of emergency, and perpetrated many acts of murder and depravity, as revealed in the hearings of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

Of course, that the Bush administration chose words that were also employed by the apartheid regime to euphemize policies meant to consolidate the power of a small number of privileged folks may be coincidental. To suggest any nefarious intent on the part of the White House, and death penalty booster and homeland security czar Tom Ridge would be unpatriotic.

On a likely unrelated note, Homeland is also the name of a large supermarket chain in Oklahoma, which has great sale prices on Texas grapefruit and N.Y. strip steak this week.

Erwin Karl
Seattle

GOOD

. WHAT IS GOOD? IT IS A WORD IN SOUND LIKE THAT OF A DAISY CUTTER IN THE distance, clearing the land, leveling the field. GOOD! An asterisk in the tree line, where choppers can now land. Ho Bo Woods Redux, you better ba-leave it. We have a foothold here, which is good. We are the good guys, setting up a perimeter, marking our territory of goodness with “near nuclear results from a non nuclear weapon.” Oh, good. Such results excite us. Efficiency is its own reward. That’s so clean ... so good. The paper you sign in a rose garden, with your good men Browns looking over your shoulder will further your good works. Each paper asks: “Where are the bulldozers of yesteryear, whose good work tamed errant grass huts and crushed the black pajamas beneath their treads? We need to drop these machines of goodness from the transports of angels. They are to be birthed into the air, hot and headfirst, from under crucifix stabilizers—whose cross shadows bless their mass as they sleep toward the ground under silken cathedrals. Dropped like words in political antechambers, sleeping in their wedding garments, they wait to be undressed by the good men in forest colored-caps and awakened to life. Robin Hoods, heavily armed and assured by the justice of their posse’s cause—the American elves, Jeremiahs, druids, priests, Cathars dripping with communications gear—the good people. And in the ground, sown like seeds, the mines stay at the ready to jump up and spread their good words to anyone and everyone who passes by. To the mines, all things are equal, and all can benefit from the good words they bear. Only shiver them a bit and they burst from the ground, shouting the good news and tearing its undeniable song of goodness into flesh—burning the good fire and searing the evil from the witnesses—cleaning their clocks and resetting their souls. A branding psalm. Look upon the good Lord’s face and be struck blind. The Lord saw that it was good. And it was.

That is good.

Dan Rigney
Bushwick, Brooklyn

SUBMIT EXPLODING DEFINITIONS

There are so many words being used to generate and perpetuate war, globalization, capitalist expansion. Time to deconstruct. Pick one word that bothers/alerts/ intrigues you in the way it is being used by the media, the Bush war team, the World Bank, the FTAA, among others, and take it apart.

Etymologies, lexicons, euphemisms, ironies, alternate definitions, glimpses of the word in time, in another century, contrasts to the original intent of the word compared to how it is used now. Possible examples: Justice, Ground Zero, Freedom, Security, Homeland, Collateral Damage, Military Presence, Good, Evil. 300-500 words maximum. send submissions to prev@erols.com. Paste submission into body of e-mail. No attachments please.

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Issue one, January 18-31, 2002
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thanks
Ed Sanders, Scott White, and my three families—blood, CW, and poetry.
np
Nirvana, Nevermind
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The Paradigm Shifts: Art in a Post-September 11 World

by Greg Fuchs

IT'S TRULY EYE OPENING TO WITNESS A PARADIGM SHIFT. HOW often do you get that chance? Art and literary historians like to attribute the shifts to the artists themselves, but that's rarely the case. It almost always happens by way of external events.

Reconstruction to jazz, World War I to the Futurists, World War II to the Abstract Expressionists. September 11 was one of those very moments. It's not a shift in a sense that America's power has been challenged, because, really, our power as the dominant nation is only about 60 years old.

The U.S.A. is only a small piece in the big picture of Western Civilization. Many of our grandparents remember when we were still Europe's stepchild, suffering through the Great Depression. It's a shift because, suddenly, lots of artists are worried and are readying themselves for the battle over their civil rights and freedom of speech by speaking out through their art.

Remember, much of the postmodern debate has been around how art can speak, to whom, and how? The de facto consensus in the experimental poetry scene has been to move away from documentary, speaking directly about an issue, and narrative. The tendency, instead, is to move around a subject, to approach it obliquely, or to describe it through a method of disjunction. This is more a reaction to the terror of modern warfare and the alienating process of fortune garnering, moneymaking, and wage earning than it is a way of fighting against these debilitating forces.

Crisis is the time to put our art where our mouths are. We really have been in a constant state of crisis. But September 11 threw many people who appeared removed from, or oblivious to, crisis, into the discourse. Suddenly, every once apolitical journal and poet—even *Fence*, defined by its mission statement as "fence sitting", not wanting to be too radical or too academic, but somehow in-between, all along trying to satisfy some bourgeois fantasy of the beautiful or reach for some untenable aesthetic brass ring—has achieved a political awakening. Poets who last year could care less about organizing against the nomination of George W. Bush as the Republican presidential candidate, are now meeting in West Village townhouses plotting to cover the city in wheat paste and poetry, hold marches, and create Web sites.

I welcome this paradigm shift. Sometimes it takes hell on earth and a threat to one's person to remind us that art does matter. Hellish deeds abound, and many artists are poised to make it matter. And what hells we face: What do we mean when we say, "United we stand, divided we fall?" If we turn America into a banana republic with freedom and justice for some", as one subway rider's T-shirt declared, is it still the America that we want to fight for?

It will be a positive change to hear charged-up poets presenting their work with real life stakes, instead of treating it like a parlor game. It will challenge the poets who were already on this tip, because saying you were a political poet a year ago was easy. It isn't any more.

There were already a lot of poets who cared about content, who used their words to address the dire straits we've been battling, to instigate change. I hope they survive the paradigm shift and are not run over by some new movers and shakers, the potential radical chic.

Amid the jingoistic naive cries to rid the world of terrorism, I ask that we consider what the boys in the Beltway may gain by this massacre. Beware the words of Sec. Of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, "This is a police state, it has to be." Need more be said?

What about the quiet dissolution of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty on the day that the mysterious tape of



Philip Glass (above) performing at the 27th annual New Year's Day Marathon at the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery, a day of performances informed by 9/11. Chambers Street (below) September 12, 2001.

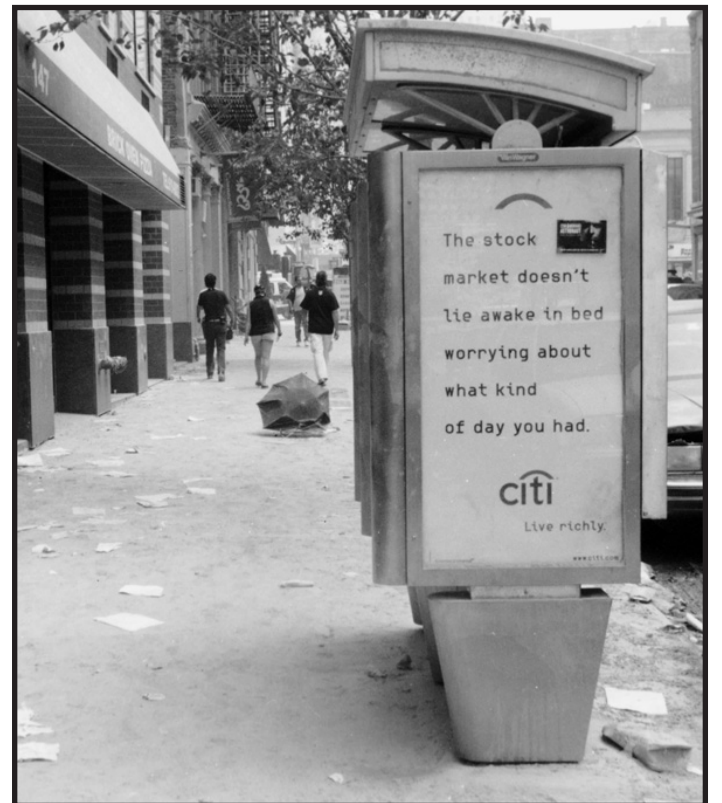
Greg Fuchs photos

Crisis is the time to put our art where our mouths are.

Osama Bin Laden basically admitting to masterminding the events of September 11 was released. I call it the Osama Bin Loch Ness monster tape, anyway; I am still not convinced of its veracity.

What about the whole debate on racial profiling thrown out the window? How about a tenuous president, at best, now leader of the free world? How about a military budget through the roof? How about beaucoup corporate welfare? How about fast-track authority? Or pipelining the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge?

Perhaps this massacre is more Reichstag Fire than Pearl Harbor. Maybe Bush the Elder, a high level muckety-muck from back in the day knows more than has been revealed. Vice President Dick Cheney and Rumsfeld were working in the days when J. Edgar Hoover ran roughshod over the constitution—the salad days of Spy vs. Spy. This conspiracy digression is a reminder of the struggles we've made to make our nation free, a lot of it's getting undone quickly, and it's going to be even harder, because it's easier to keep power out of a man's hand than it is to take[get] it back.



Talk about paradigm shifts: three months and a day after September 11, the Bowery Ballroom hosted what *The Village Voice* identified as "The Paris Review Benefit for The Tepeyac Association." I received an e-mail announcement for this event from the editors of *Fence*. *The Voice* announced, "The Magnetic Fields' Stephin Merritt will be doing a brief, rare solo set; Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore, with friends, is likely to be considerably louder. Readers include Mary Gaitskill, Rick Moody, Michael Cunningham, and Julia Slavin. Proceeds go to Tepeyac, a group that helps undocumented immigrants affected by 9-11." Wow! A very cool event for a very cool cause, featuring artists and sponsored by literary journals that I do respect, but most of whom I don't often think of as "activist". All the money raised was intended to go to the family members of the undocumented Mexican workers who worked in Windows On The World, the restaurant that was on the 110th floor of the World Trade Center.

This essay appeared in a slightly different form in Tangent

On what would have been Kurt Cobain's 35th birthday, we celebrate his life and art, and launch our newspaper, with 11 local bands and solo artists playing tracks 2-12, in order, from Nirvana's *Nevermind*, including Wanda Phipps and band, "In Bloom"; Ruth Gordon, "Come As You Are"; I Feel Tractor, "Breed"; the Ward, "Lithium"; Schwervon, "Polly"; Jesse Schoen, "Territorial Pissings"; Prewar Yardsale, "Drain You"; Dan Saltzman, "Lounge Act"; Brian Robinson, "Stay Away"; and the Imaginary Numbers, "On A Plain." With Drew Gardner, poet Eileen Myles, and a surprise guest for track 1.

Wednesday February 20, 2002, 9 p.m. • Here, 145 6th Avenue, \$10

Eliot Katz

Astoria, Queens

The Logic of War

1
A group of Bush Sr’s US-armed
fundamentalist freedom fighters
compared to our own founding fathers
have become Bush Jr’s evildoers
who need to be smoked from their caves—
and the National Review philosophers
say postmodern theory has wrecked
the planet with relativism?

2
How come if we stop shopping
the terrorists win?
But if we create a million starving refugees
through bombing
the terrorists haven’t won?

3
Because the World Trade Center was attacked
any Bush-initiated response is considered beyond reproach.
Locked in the language of war, it’s impossible
to find another way out.

4
We are fighting to preserve freedom
a cause so important almost no dissent
can be televised

Where’s the discussion in mainstream press whether
investigations, intelligence, freezing assets, police action arrests
plus a more democratic egalitarian foreign policy
would have been more appropriate
and effective in the long term
than war?

5
Although a person’s terrorist links may be as-yet unproven
he or she may be denied a civilian trial
given a military tribunal exclusively for terrorists
at the sole discretion of one who stole highest office
with the help of five civilian judges.

6
A 15,000-pound bomb is called a daisy cutter

7
Every day ticker tape moves across bottom
of CNN’s screen
updating the latest estimate of WTC missing
presumed dead
now hovering around 3,000.



“Kid, the bad guys network, we link.”

—Abbie Hoffman, interview with BC editor, November 15, 1986

Each day NY Times features an obit page
with individualized moving stories
of victims of 9/11’s inexcusable horror.
Through tragedy described on personal level
we are learning the preciousness
of Each Human Life.

Bin Laden on videotape gloats heinously
over high American civilian death counts
he calls blessed terror
Every day we are learning which human lives
are precious to whom.

A New Hampshire professor has completed a study
estimating over 3,700 Afghan civilian deaths
from U.S. bombs.
Not a single mainstream NY paper or TV station
covers this study or derives
their own tally.
Each week I see one or two articles on the web
about starving freezing refugees
forced to flee the bombing
300,000 shivering in Maslakh, 100 dying each night,
230 buried in Dehdadi, mostly kids
judging from small size of burial plots.

The Pentagon says it is pointless to attempt verify
Afghan civilian deaths
Every day we are learning that the value
of human life is relative
to how many steps removed one feels
from the dead one’s relatives.

8
On Fox News, Bill O’Reilly says Afghans
are responsible for crimes
of their government.
Does anyone remember Vietnam?
Blessed terror of the Nicaraguan Contras?
Angola’s Unita? Latin American death squads?

Thankfully, no other country’s military
blamed me or my friends for those.

Didn’t the U.S. Cold War government help create
the cave tunnel training camps
for which Afghans are being bombed?

One of these centuries leaders on all sides will learn
to leave the gods and people out of it.

9
Our newest ally Pakistan supports terrorists
that have stormed India’s parliamentary gates.
The U.S. sensibly urges India to show restraint.

10
Those who remained in cities & survived—celebrate.
In a refugee camp, a mob has beaten Robert Fisk,
only major Western journalist in country
writing against massive bombing
because he looked Western & didn’t speak their language
& his driver looked like George Bush.

I protested the war as a risky gamble with millions
of innocent Afghan lives
but am quite happy to watch the fascist Taliban flee,
music being played,
& women walking Kabul’s streets w/o burkas.

11
What idiot wouldn’t realize terror attacks
would be a gift to the American Right
as well as mass murder untold sentient beings?

If the terrorists attacked mainly because
they don’t like our individual freedoms—
then by supporting the president
in all his foreign & domestic policies
don’t we let the terrorists win?

For now, we are teaching the terrorists a clear lesson
that you don’t solve your gripes with bombs
unless you’re the world’s sole superpower.

Dear George Bush:

I am writing this letter just to inform you that the tide is turning.
It is a fickle tide,
one that has the presence of mind
to alter its course.
You may remember how just a year ago
many believed you to be illegitimate
(you still are).
Those were the days when your
slips of the tongue
were circulated as comic relief
when in reality
they weren't very funny.
After all, they revealed
your true feelings
like the clown with the innocent face
who sneers under his smile
while handing out glasses of water
laced with arsenic.
You're a prophet, George Bush,
every dangling modifier
and stumbling qualification
were just your way of telling the truth,
like how you accidentally predicted on
Dec. 18, 2000, during your first trip to Washington, DC as
President-Elect:

"If this were a dictatorship, it'd be a heck of a lot easier ...
just as long as I'm the dictator ..."

I understand why the majority of Americans
think any mocking of your character is unpatriotic,
and I understand the importance of patriotism
when there is a need to rally a country
into a nationalist collective identity
that forcibly sends a message to the rest of the world
(including our allies)
that nobody messes with the U.S.A.,
a war cry that echoes out and incites
all the two-Lexus SUV families
and those who believe they too will someday own one
(in other words, not all of us)
to shout in the spirit of the moment:
"Bin Laden: nowhere to run, nowhere to hide!"
and "Red, White and Blue: these colors will not run!"
Great slogans, actually.

They've worked.

I've overheard some astute political commentary
just listening to people on the street.
"They should execute him publicly
and live on TV just like they do over in those countries,"
and "Look around the world. You see
that there are only two choices: Capitalism or corruption."
From my standpoint, there are some logical problems
with these heartfelt opinions
(the former makes the ranter into the thing he most hates,
and the latter obviously did not lose his life savings when
Enron executives pocketed over a billion dollars
before the stock tumbled).

I am one of many
who does not believe that these good people,
and they are good people,
represent the viewpoints of the citizens of the U.S.A.
I know you hate that word, citizen.
And that this is not a new thing.
The principals of democracy are threatened by the big game
you're playing with those energy corporations:
they contribute to your campaign,
you put them on your cabinet
to set environmental policy—
did you really think we wouldn't care?

Of course I know that the 1st amendment was being threatened
long before you took office
and long before this current discussion of "homeland security"
terrified the people,
putting the country into a state of siege,
making it easier for you to control.

I remember the Republican National Convention
in Philadelphia, July 2000.
The police raided a warehouse
where protesters were making puppets
because the materials
chicken wire and cardboard
could have been used

to make bombs.
They destroyed the puppets
and put all of the protesters in jail
initially charging them
with the intent to incite riots
when in fact they were intending
to inspire people to participate in democracy.

I remember being corralled like cattle
at anti-globalization protests
and marching along wondering
what happened to freedom of assembly?

I remember racial profiling,
and how all of these other constitutional violations
have been used for centuries,
especially against the African-American community,
and that minority citizens and immigrants
have been subject to some of the grossest
infringements of civil liberties—
the two words that uphold the very power of democracy—
for a very long time.

And you hate that I know these things.
That I know about Unocal's
plan for a pipeline through Afghanistan
to reap oil from the yet untapped reserves in the Caspian Sea.
That I know about your family's immense profits
from doing business with the Bin Laden family,
which preserves the Saudi court.
That I know about how you hindered the FBI
from investigating the Bin Laden family's connections to terrorism
before the September attacks.
That I know about how between 1988 and 1999
Dick Cheney's company, Halliburton,
oversaw \$23.8 million of business contracts
for the sale of oil-industry equipment and services to Iraq,
greatly helping Hussein maintain his grip on power.

Seems as if conflict of interest
is just a reality
that I'll have to learn to live with,
but you can be sure
that I'll never stop
looking for the big picture
and the larger context
because these days there is always
more going on than can be reported
on Fox News Channel upbeat
sound-bite news reports.

I know that in the U.S.A. Patriot Act
there are some implications
that good citizens should just keep their mouths shut,
and you think we will sit by
while gray-suited vigilantes
from your new private army
stop us on the street
and let you see our ID,
making the whole country
into one gigantic Palm Beach

where non-white citizens had to carry ID to prove that they
were indeed non-white citizens.
This practice was eventually made illegal in 1985,
but I can't help but see a connection
between this and the fact that in this same county
a phony list of felons
prohibited 45,000 people
(54% of whom were African-American)
from voting in the 2000 presidential election.

This makes me think
that your idea of security
will only be imposed
upon anyone who is either not white,
or, if white, not dressed in America's mandatory
Banana-Republic-Gap-Old-Navy individuality uniforms.

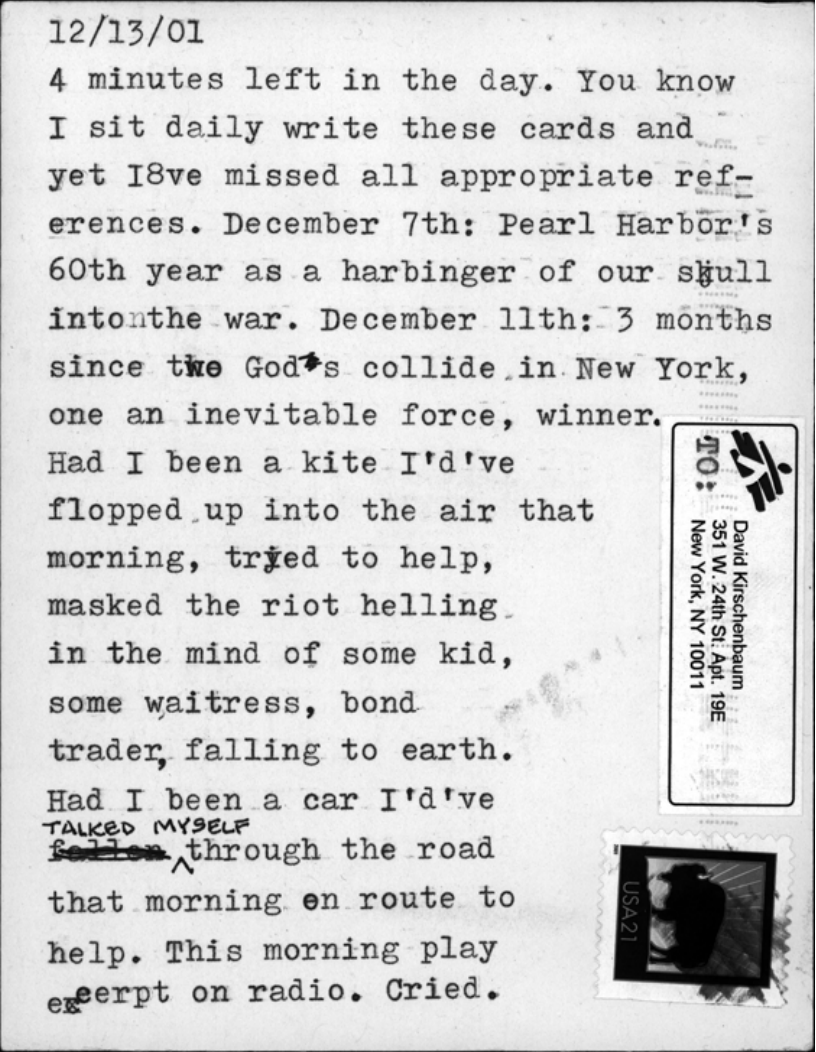
And I know that really
I don't know anything
about what is really
going on.
After all, I'm just an ordinary citizen.

I am telling you these things
because I want you to know
that I participate in democracy,
that I have conversations about politics
and get my sources from the independent press.
And I know that it is America
that grants me that freedom,
and so, yes,
I defend what is good about America.
And you?

If telling you these things is unpatriotic,
then poetry is unpatriotic,
and did I mention that I am a poet
paying attention to those winds,
those tides,
and all those other clichés that poets and statesmen use
to move the people to embrace one cause or another.
I am a writer of propaganda,
and here are some lines of my poetry:
Beware, the images of the future are crouching
in the shadows of grief,
welcome to the next century,
the tide is turning,
you are not the elected sovereign of the world,
you are not the king of freedom,
we will defend our rights to be citizens of the world,
you can't take that away,
you can't take that away.
Oh, no.
You
can't
take
that
away
from
me.

Sincerely,
Kristin Prevallet

for Debunker Mentality,
for Boog City and
the 27th annual New Year's Day Marathon Reading, 2002
St. Mark's Church
2nd Avenue
New York City



Sean Cole

Somerville, MA

The December Project, 12/13/01

The author wrote and mailed one postcard per day to the Boog City editor. This project will be online in a hypertext version as of April 1 (boogcity.com). The work will be published this December, when the author is working on The December Project 2002.

Eileen Myles

the East Village

To Baby

If there's one little thing you
want to do,
don't not do it because it's small.

His ears looked like soft
horns framing the blue sky.
In the morning you took it
out. I wish you were
mine. Come home with
me.
The sun warms our hands.
We're the writers.
They relax me.
And then he pooped.

When you're a little older
you might change the
color of your eyes. To button
my shirts, to screw and
unscrew
his ears looked like soft
red hills, well goldish
green ruby.
And then I realized
I had missed all these things
all along. Relax. Then
relax me. Do the
small thing

at night with it twisted
behind my head.

They will lead to the
big things.

Only those

who risk

going too

far can

possibly

find out

how far

one can

go.

—T.S. Eliot

Aaron Kiely

Greenpoint, Brooklyn

10/17/01

they say they are "pounding"
"unabated fury"
they say they are "pounding"
I've been counting the days
and I've been saying prayers
three nights
two days
I've been counting days
bless the people of Afghanistan
I've been counting days
and each day
"pounding"
six nights
five days
they are in the sixth night
the morning after the sixth night
I pray
and each day
"pounding"
bless the people of Afghanistan
at least one of us is with you
ten nights!
"second week"
"intense strikes"
"rocked Kabul"
they say
"rocked Kabul"
ten nights
dawn after the tenth night
"rock the capital"
for ten nights and nine days
"round the clock"

I've been praying
light is in you

this is not light
at least one of us is with you

light is in you

this is not light

eleventh night
"relentless"
eleven nights
"a red cross building, UN workers, the village of Karam, shattering windows
of shops,
residential areas, lost his wife, mother and brother, crater in the street, a child"
"relentless"
eleven nights ten days
midnight of the eleventh night
two in the morning

Anselm Berrigan

the East Village

Forging a fleet

How I hating how
Let mistakes in smeared
Smoked behind their back
A good grade for drenched in blood
That word means to me
Thing, you aren't allowed to keep
I didn't want it
Neither did my future self
Plastered on an answering machine
Spilleth the atmosphere
Piss in the damn French sink
The Bork The Borg The Bock
Get some sonar through that back
The missionaries don't know who
To save anymore, a minor success
On the part of the truant
Disproving the whole dynamic
As infected by unreality

Ian Wilder
Amity Harbor,
Long Island

I never thought

I'd be jealous
of a snowflake
until
you leaned back
and caught one
on your tongue

EDITOR'S
CHOICE

Friday 1.25, 10:30 p.m.
The Semi-Annual
Workshop Reading
featuring readers from
the Poetry Project's
three fall workshops.
\$7; \$4 for students and
seniors
Poetry Project at
St. Mark's Church
in-the-Bowery
10th St. & 2nd Ave. •
(212) 674-0910 •
poetryproject.com

Almost none of the PoProj
regulars go to the Friday
night series—EVER. When
one does, whoever's
curating the series, this
season Christopher
Stackhouse, is usually
beyond thankful. Make
them, and yourself, happy.
Also, the workshop leaders—
Anselm Berrigan, Patricia
Spears Jones, and Sharon
Mesmer—may surprise with
a poem of their own. A must
for any bird-dog editor
worth their salt.

Lorenzo Thomas
Houston
Low Rider

Kind of guy who wants 3 kids
Loves being "Popi!"
May be a reluctant groom
like most sane men

An ideal husband if she understands
His wildness and dictatorship
And all his pride
except her & the kids

Is dancing in that loud garage
& all those intense hours
Making his lime-green Malibu
Trace perfectly the daft dressage
Of a distracted Colonel's
Most haughty palomino

For more How to Keep Peace in Your Home
See our next installment

John Coletti
Bushwick, Brooklyn

Poem
love lost
a black moth
for a yellow while
going softly, silently
like little red overalls



David Baratier
Columbus, OH
Between Friends

Maj's cough sounds like weeping—
weeping, oblivion's sound
of a deep trickle
forced out, a movement
of a coxswain's arms
who is traditionally
thrown into water
after a winning race.

Lisa Jarnot
Williamsburg, Brooklyn
My Terrorist Notebook

This is the beginning of my terrorist notebook—all terrorism all the time.
I would have had to blow up the World Trade Center to get anyone's attention
when I was a kid. I'm tired of being nice. Nice is out. I want to live
in a cave with Osama and sleep on the floor of the cave by myself. I want
to poke peoples' eyes out with their cell phone antennae. Maybe I would feel
better if I exercised more. Pretty soon I will run out of money and that
will be the end of my terrorist activities. We have a situation here, we
terrorists, in our caves, blowing up the rest of the many muddy mouses,
swinging by their mousie tails over the heads of the mousie moms under the
muddy mousie moon, don't move, and watch the mousie moon, you mom of mouse,
now watch the mousie moon.

Hey Bush—Sanctity, Sanctity Yourself

PERHAPS THERE IS HOPE FOR THE WORLD. GEORGE BUSH DECLARED
Sunday, January 19 "Sanctity of Life Day." If he can
understand the
Sanctity of Life, surely
then he will be eager to:
end the death penalty,
close the sweatshops,
and stop the bombing in
Afghanistan. Then, if
he takes time for even further reflection,
perhaps he will: share
photos of baby caribou with Interior Secretary Gale Norton,
stop human cloning, and end proposals to create genetically
modified salmon and other living creatures.

Sanctity of Life means at least as much to me as it does to
George Bush. Sanctity of Life to me is the responsibility I felt, a
few days after September 11, to respond to my Russian friends'
e-mail. They simply wanted to know how I was and was
everything okay? "No, it isn't," I wanted to tell them. "We are
scared as hell, and the President himself was afraid. People are
frightened, talking about hoarding or not hoarding supplies. Air
travel is shut down, so every airplane frightens us or reminds us
of war. If one more thing happens we are all going to freak."
But, after thousands of my fellow New Yorkers died, I knew it

wasn't a time to relate national secrets over the Internet or make
us look weak in the eyes of the world. I genuinely felt my own,
p e r s o n a l
responsibility to our
national security.
"We're kind of sad,
but we'll be okay," is
about what I said.

Sanctity of Life is
what made me cringe
when talking to a woman who supports Right-to-Life, while my
husband and I, Green party candidates for elective office in Long
Island, were invited guests at her church's "Political Awareness
Day". During our debate on a woman's right to choose, she kept
telling me to find "Sal"—the male authority figure—because he
could explain it better. Anyway, she was getting a little confused
and upset, because she could never have children herself. There
was nonoe of Bush's "essential human dignity" in the tiny, gold
fetus pinned to this infertile woman's lapel as an unpaid, political
advertisement for the local, Right-to-Life politicians.

The AP tells us that "Bush called on Americans to reject 'the
notion that some lives are less worthy of protection than others.'"
Those were my thoughts when I accidentally stumbled past Chuck
Schumer's office. Having an appointment at a professional

building where my lawyer just moved to, I noticed that Chuck
Schumer's branch office was right next door. [Ed. The Amityville
(NY) Police arrested Wilder last May, charging that she interfered
with them "as they attempted to cordon off an area around the
Mighty Elm tree," writes *The Amityville Record*. "The tree was
slated to be cut down that day, and police were attempting to
secure the area for the public's health and safety, they said."] If
you know me, you might know that it wasn't such a coincidence
that I also happened to have a fax in my car that I had been trying
to get to him. The fax spoke about ending the war, in a way I felt
comfortable putting on paper. But there was more I had wanted
to tell. And, I mustered up the words to tell the young woman at
Schumer's reception desk. "Please, let him know, we would never
say this publicly, because it would be wrong, it might encourage
the terrorists, but please let him know that killing 4 United Nations'
workers, bombing innocent civilians, we are like cannibals. I can't
even believe that it is my country doing this, I feel like we are some
savages in a history book. I don't want us to be cannibals."

The part of me brave enough to choke out that horrible word,
is the part of me optimistic enough to believe, that part of the
quiver in George Bush's voice, the real reason behind his flubs
and mistakes, is a cognitive dissonance, a place inside him,
ready to reflect on the sanctity of life, ready to preserve the
sanctity of innocent life, both here and abroad.

Notes From My
FBI File
Kimberly Wilder

Ethan Fugate
Fort Greene, Brooklyn
1

Shoe repair: rubber versus plastic
versus me: Love 30.

Suddenly, I'm tired of living
the anti-podal life.

Do I dream?
Do I? Unanswerable questions

rather, a groove of trees
turning glad. Not there yet.

Philosophy from the TV.
As in: Life=music

one note following the next
and it's all about

meaning to say grove, but really
it's all about what the next note will be.

As in: walking and looking in windows.
Rather glad of many glads

gleaning. Easing their way
those things many.

Call it an elliptical orbit and we'll call it a day.
It is fall and we're all anxious

about dreaming and waking
to a before-and-after soundtrack.

We all love TV.
Maybe you see what I am saying.

I'm saying that super models are important.
Do you see the sunlight making its way?

We'll see how long this newspaper
fancy lasts how long we'll all last.

This is one of many slight grooves
winding around to the center of a year of almost.

Written Oct. 22, 2001. First poem after 9/11. Part of a year-long project by the
author where he writes 30 lines per day, through October 21, 2002.

Ed Sanders to me
at 24 @ 11:22 p.m.
on April 26, 1991
"Don't give up.
It's easy to be
idealistic in your
20s, it's what you
do 20 yrs from now
that counts."
note in BC
editor's wallet

Wanda Phipps
Boerum Hill, Brooklyn
a journal of emotional sensation

Thursday,
October 25, 2001

9:55am
a small gray cat is
circling-pacing
following me
i want to love him
take him home

6:00pm
I am not brilliant—barely
lucid—maybe tomorrow
brilliance. Thinking of the
shirtless Robert Redford
photo framed in the
Ladies Room—just noticed
it today.

6:20pm
He looked so
comfortable on the
wall—pants slightly
unbuttoned, slouching in
a chair
in the sun-sweat shining,
sparkling.

6:27pm
Maybe its not ease.
Maybe his look of ease
is a self-conscious
rehearsal of a look of
ease? In every
acceptance lives some
kind of rejection. One
more day til the end but
then it may continue. I
want honesty and ease
and to be fully who I am
without fear. I feel like a
lone ostrich-funny
wishbone girl. Too much
of this, too little of that—
why can't I say yes to
anything completely?
Clouds, only clouds and
water to be watched.
The show starts at 7pm.

6:30pm
Why am I nearly
crying? I have no talent
for joy.



Birth Announcement

More properly, About to Be Born Announcement, Bob Holman's Bowery Poetry Club, 308 The Bowery at the foot of First Street, between Bleecker and Houston, across the street from CBGBs. Proud Mama Gwendolyn Brooks, Pappy Walt Whitman, Significant Other Frank O'Hara. Edgar Allan Poe's raven over the bar, Fernando Pessoa is first customer, Emily Dickinson the spirit of the backroom, Allen Ginsberg's luck and verve, Li Po's humor and humanity. Gathering point for world oral traditions: Homers, jeli/griots, balagtasan, dub, Bob Kaufman's Vow of Silence spoken here. Hiphop. Global language preservation, neighborhood furtherance. Perf via dada/Futurism/rock 'n roll. Text as score. Poetry with music, the dreaded workshops, an art wall for visuals, an art hall for commissioned sound. Slam. Media as coworkers: it's all a book. Reemergence of the oral tradition in the digital age. Cyberpoets. Nonromantic, pro-mystery, demystifying, contradictory, political, brawling, and meditative. A safe place, complete with danger. Learn how to heckle. All poetry—Open aesthetic. Spontaneity. Walk-in, no appointment necessary. Zines/chaps/CDs consigned. Best coffee on the block. Welcome the Bowery Poetry Club, serving the world poetry. Virtually yours: bowerypoetry.com.

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB

INSIDE NEXT ISSUE OF BOOG CITY

- Come As You Are: A Tribute to Kurt Cobain at 35
- World Economic Forum coverage
- Kimberly Wilder's "Notes from My FBI File"
- Aaron Kiely reviews Eileen Myles' Skies
- Poetry from Ed Berrigan, Trane DeVore, Susan Landers, Chris Stroffolino, James Wilk
- More lexicons, Greg Fuchs photos, and Brenda Iijima art