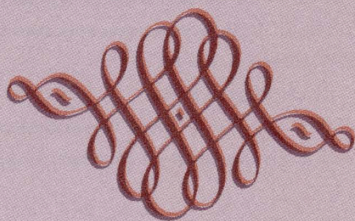


UGLY
DUCKLING
PRESSE

NEW &

FORTHCOMING

@ Selected
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OUR MISSION & PROGRAMS

Ugly Duckling Presse is a not-for-profit publisher for poetry, translation, experimental nonfiction, performance texts, and books by artists. With a volunteer editorial collective of artists and writers at its heart, UDP grew out of a 1990s zine into a small press that has published more than 300 titles to date, with an editorial office and letterpress workshop in the Old American Can Factory in the industrial neighborhood of Gowanus, Brooklyn.

UDP favors emerging, international, and “forgotten” writers, and our books, chapbooks, special editions, periodicals, broadsides, and ephemera often contain handmade elements, calling attention to the labor and history of bookmaking. In all of our activities, UDP endeavors to create an experience of art free of expectation, coercion, and utility.

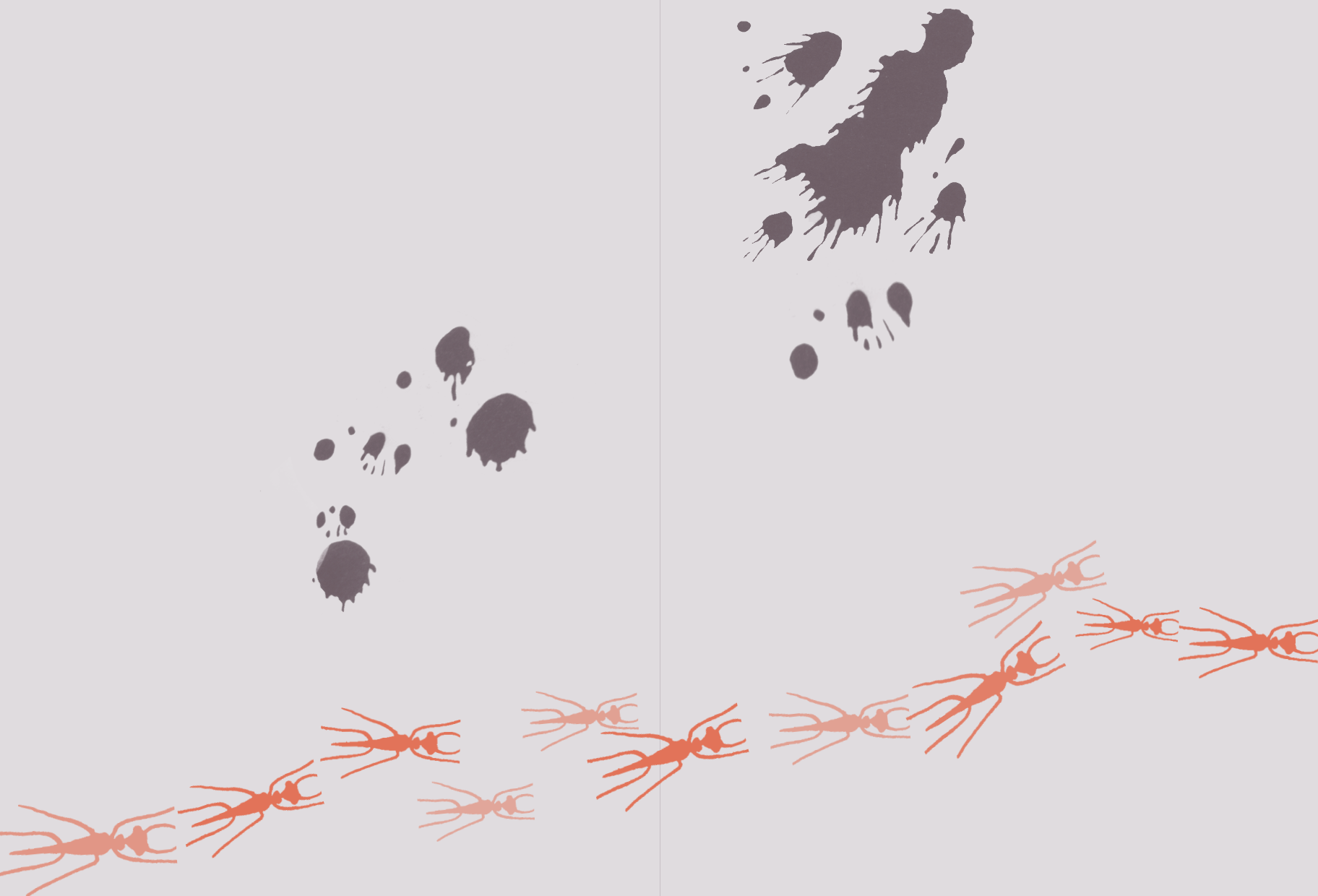
Every year, UDP publishes between twenty and twenty-five titles, some of which belong to our various series: Dossier, the Eastern European Poets Series, Lost Literature, Emergency Playscripts, the Señal series of contemporary Latin American poetry, Original Web Books, and Paperless Books.

Our out-of-series books tend to be single volumes by English-language poets, or works in translation. Our print runs typically range from 750 to 1,500 copies for books (trade paperbacks), and 500 to 750 for chapbooks, some of which are bound by hand with the help of volunteers at the UDP workshop. From time to time, we also print broadsides, ephemera, and limited edition books. The Online Chapbook Archive and the Digital Proofs Program offer free digital reading experiences of many of our titles.

UDP has published several periodicals, including the *Emergency Gazette* (1999-2002), *6x6* (2000-2017), and *New York Nights* (2001-2006). *Emergency INDEX*, an annual of performance documents, has been coming out since 2012. A new poetry periodical launches in 2019. In 2020, the Presse will put out a series of twenty pamphlet-length essays on performance, poetics, translation, collectivity, pedagogy, and print culture — themes closely related to UDP's various publishing arms and initiatives.



**UGLY DUCKLING PRESSE
NEW AND FORTHCOMING
2019-2020**



Amanda Berenguer (1921 - 2010) was a vital presence in Uruguayan literary life for more than six decades. She is a key figure in the "Generation of 1945," known around the world for its energetic experimentation. Her first book appeared in Montevideo in 1940, followed by a steady stream of collections recognized for their excellence. Her many honors included the prestigious international Casa de las Américas Prize for Poetry (1986) and two national prizes for her collection *La dama de Elche*.

Materia Prima is the first English-language collection of Amanda Berenguer's poetry. Berenguer (1921-2010) stands among the most important post-World War II poets of Latin America, along with her now-legendary compatriot Marosa di Giorgio. Her poetry ranges from classic, measured lyric to Dickinson-inspired gnomic utterance; from metaphysical and erotic rhetorical effusion to condensed and radically concrete experiment; from seemingly apolitical languor to pointed ideological dissent.

Edited by Kristin Dykstra and Kent Johnson

Translated from Spanish by Gillian Brassil, Anna Deeny Morales, Mónica de la Torre, Kristin Dykstra, Kent Johnson, Urayoán Noel, Jeannine Marie Pitas, and Alex Verdolini

Feisty yet lyrical, playful yet deeply serious, explorative yet assured.

— PIERRE JORIS

LOST LITERATURE #24
ISBN 978-1-946433-06-0
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2019

I'm Amanda — from
Montevideo —
daughter of Amanda,
cow-eyed
contemporary deity
blackbird heart with
lightning bolts
where the flash that
shatters night comes
to roost
it flaps joy inciting life
daughter of Rimmel,
father
fighting cock
cruel Cerberus
or tender marrow
under the feathers
almost bearings
almost arrows
sister of Rimmel,
sacrificed and dear
dead because the
dead
from the kingdom of
the dead
surrounded him

Women artists have been aggressive in their practice from inside and outside the discipline of painting in shaping representations of subjects beyond the historically constructed categories of traditional art. They have, for instance, created ingenious forms of expression offering immediate access to their issues, using ordinary, mass-produced materials. In doing this many assert it as a choice not to engage, transgress against, or compete with the historical authority of abstraction. Men have found it all too easy to maintain their ever "widened artistic options." As for women who continue to paint, they are treated as if they had penises (unless they paint them) — but without the privileges in either case. An extra burden of blame is served to these women: why are you doing men's work?

Rochelle Feinstein (born 1947) has long been influential as both an abstract painter and an educator (she was one of the first women to be tenured in the Visual Arts at Yale, where she still teaches). Her thrillingly reckless paintings, deeply informed by abstraction, while also conveying a keen sensibility to contemporary culture, particularly to our everyday use of language, are full of gestural edge, humor and pop-cultural allusion.

Pls. Reply spans the last four decades of Feinstein's writings, as she probed the relevance of the abstract painting tradition vis-a-vis a rapidly changing cultural environment. *Pls. Reply* intends to give readers a broad scope of Feinstein's ongoing engagement with the subject, in magazine articles, personal writing, conference presentations, school assignments, and exhibition proposals. The book includes 16 full-color photographs of the artist's studio and a letterpressed bookmark.

Edited by Sergio Bessa

Co-published with The Bronx Museum of the Arts and Stellar Projects

Rochelle uses abstract painting to question just about everything, and then uses just about anything to question abstract painting.

— BARRY SCHWABSKY, *ARTFORUM*

ISBN 978-1-946433-34-3
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2019

Robert Fitterman is the author of 15 books of poetry, including *This Window Makes Me Feel* (UDP), *Nevermind* (Wonder Books), *No Wait, Yep. Definitely Still Hate Myself* (UDP), *Holocaust Museum* (Counterpath, and Veer), and *now we are friends* (Truck Books), and is the co-author of *Notes on Conceptualisms* (UDP). He is the founding member of the international artists and writers collective, Collective Task. He teaches at New York University and is a member of the writing faculty of the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

Rob's Word Shop documents the exchanges of Fitterman's storefront shop, where he sold individual letters and words during the month of May 2010.

This special edition artist's book contains ledgers and transcriptions, followed by an essay by the store's Records Manager, Lawrence Giffin, and a sampling of materials collected for the store's archives.

These transcripts doggedly elude our desire to name all the affects they contain.

— BRANDON BROWN

Left apartment on
bicycle at 10:30 AM
for Rob's Word Shop.
Stopped at stationary
store for envelopes and
folders (\$5.25). Arrived
at Rob's Word Shop
promptly at 11:00 AM.
First customer arrived
at 12:30 PM. Served 6
customers continuously
from 12:45 to 2:05 PM.
Closed shop and left
308 Bowery at 2:15 PM.
Arrived at apartment,
on bicycle, at 2:30 PM.
Total sales: \$7.00. Below
is a list of words sold:
tops, technicolor, better,
unscripted; off the books
(gratis), Constraint-B,
nachleben.

The body code within
the accessible space
performs an automated
act of mimesis: creating
a pseudo naturally
occurring, fully
functional copy of the
user that has exited the
server.
Due to the procedurally
generated process of the
fractal landscape, the
functioning copy of the
exited user raises a low
risk of encountering the
active original user form
during campaigning,
questing, or archiving.
The copy becomes lost
in the landscape folds.

Ed Steck is the author of *The Garden: Synthetic Environment for Analysis and Simulation* (UDP), *The Rose* (with Adam Marnie, Hassla), *sleep as information/ the fountain is a water feature* (COR&P), *Far Rainbow* (Make Now Books), *DoorGraphicDataRecovery* (orworse press), *A Time Stream in Spaces: The Cultic Parody of Time-Induced Capital* (West), and *The Necro-Luminescence of Pink Mist* (Skeleton Man Press). His work has been exhibited nationally and internationally, most recently at the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art. He is the editor of *Theme Can*, an online art and writing publication. He lives in Massachusetts.

An Interface for a Fractal Landscape is an exploration of potential networking between organic life and digitally recreated nature on a virtual terrain. Taking its cues from a variety of media, including concrete poetry, artists' books, science fiction, nature poetry, and information science, the book follows the experience of an inorganic life form attempting to recreate an organic relationship between organism and landscape on an outmoded server in the era of post-anthropocene collapse.

Graphs, images, data, and language are elegantly interwoven into a topographic web.

— FIA BACKSTRÖM

Reina María Rodríguez is the recipient of the 2002 Alejo Carpentier Medal for Achievement in Cuban literature, Cuba's 2013 National Prize for Literature, the 2014 Pablo Neruda Ibero-American Prize for Poetry, an Italo Calvino Award in 2004, a 1995 National Critics' Award, and the 1993 Julián del Casal Prize. A bilingual edition of her novel *Otras cartas a Milena* (Other Letters to Milena) was published by the University of Alabama Press. She lives in Havana, Cuba.

The Winter Garden Photograph is a meditation on the power and limitations of images. It began as an homage to a magazine, *The Courier*, published by UNESCO. Rodríguez used the magazine's photographs of faraway places to spark an investigation of the mental landscapes comprising her own, contemporary Havana.

Translated from Spanish
by Kristin Dykstra

Recipient of the Casa de las
Américas prize in 1998 (for the
original Cuban edition)

Her poetic imagination engages
the human capacities.

— ROBERTO TEJADA

she stands, stilled, at the
end
(at the end of her life),
stilled, between them
and the others;
while your image refracts
and accelerates the
collapse of the islands
into the blue and green
waters . . .
the manipulation is so
old
the one diving is the only
innocent
who, in his joy, doesn't
recognize this
experiment
interrupted by the arrival
of a wave . . .
(I think that when it
happens to you, if it
happens to you,
you won't know it.)

As they march, they observe the
natural world around them. The
stone capsules and cliffs of mica
are proliferating and changing.
Their smooth surfaces bloom
with nubby biometric shrubs. As
they march with the migrating
swarm, new shapes rise up and
force them apart. He signals for
her not to touch them, as they
are collectors and recorders of
accidental contact. Some of the
shrubs are covered in beautiful
flowers that click with shutters
and shots. Someone just ahead of
her brushes against a smooth side
of mica and it slices a specimen of
skin like glass. A stone formation
releases radio waves over each
body that passes, reflecting its
energy back as a three dimensional
image in the cloudless sky. The
environment reads, tests, and
measures.

Jena Osman's books of poems include *Corporate Relations* (Burning Deck), *Public Figures* (Wesleyan University Press), *The Network* (Fence Books, National Poetry Series selection), *An Essay in Asterisks* (Roof Books) and *The Character* (Beacon Press, winner of the 1998 Barnard New Women Poets Prize). Osman was a 2006 Pew Fellow in the Arts, and has received grants for her poetry from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York Foundation for the Arts, The Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the Howard Foundation, and the Fund for Poetry. She co-founded and co-edited the literary magazine *Chain* with Juliana Spahr from 1994-2005.

Motion Studies consists of three essay-poems that begin as meditations on 19th century science and end firmly as research into the present. From chronophotography to algorithmic surveillance, from phrenology to fMRI brain scans, from Victorian specimen collections to the bleached bones of the Great Barrier Reef, each poem in this collection explores technologies of knowing each other and the world we're in.

A tour de force of documentary, speculative
fiction, film criticism, and lyric jump cuts.

— DOUGLAS KEARNEY

It marvels, it studies, it makes a weaving
of science, poetry, and testimony.

— RENEE GLADMAN

Mac Wellman's works of poetry include *Miniature*, *Strange Elegies*, and *Split the Stick* from Roof Books and *Left Glove* (Solid Objects Press). His novel *Linda Perdido* won the 2011 FC2 Catherine Doctorow Prize for Innovative Fiction. His other works of fiction include the novel *Q's Q* (Green Integer) and the volume of stories, *A Chronicle of the Madness of Small Worlds* (Trip Street Press). As a playwright, his recent work includes *The Offending Gesture* and *Woo World Wu*. He has received numerous honors, including NEA, Guggenheim, and Foundation of Contemporary Arts fellowships. In 2003 he received his third Obie, for Lifetime Achievement. He is Distinguished Professor of Play Writing at Brooklyn College.

Awe is the tale of the three dead letters of the English language: Thorn, Eth, and AE (pronounced ----). The teller of these stories, for there are more than one, is an old cat (O/C) with the sad excuse of a story tale, er, tail; and a mess of other possible tails and worlds (that is), a mess of If(f)s; both blissful and broken by the sheer, immense particularity of it all; and so he glows in the dark. A wise cat among wonders. A cat who challenges all tails but his own.

Wellman is our latter-day Brecht, providing the *Verfremdung*, the 'making strange' that makes us see what has been before us all along.

— MARJORIE PERLOFF

glimmers,
as it
determines
the
shape of one
hand
upon the other:
breath
and a
an and a small
letter
misspelled
as
an *eth*.

Or maybe some people just have
bad stars
and so spiral out of themselves,
path of an arm within an
arm—
cases of multiple identities
souls shaken until a one falls out,
unfolds like an ink blot
or else they come apart
like the cording around the
edge of a mattress.
Drive-thru tellers; the decline of
pneumatic tubes.
Hubble points other-worldward. A
dimmer switch for the chandelier.

Nathaniel Farrel was born and raised in Western Pennsylvania. He holds a doctorate in English Literature from Columbia University in New York City. He is the author of *Newcomer* (UDP), a personae poem narrated by an anonymous soldier and set in an undefined military campaign. He teaches composition at Washington University in St. Louis and hosts a weekly experimental music radio program. Farrell's poetry has been published in *6x6*, *New York Nights*, *Greetings Magazine*, *VLAK*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *The Recluse*. His collages have been exhibited at Bushel (Delhi, NY), and Some Other Ways.

Lost Horizon spirals out through interstate and rail to touch national parks, local attractions, truck stops, big box stores, strip malls, tattoo parlors, oil rigs, flower shops, and baggage claims. Throughout the incessant movement of the book-length poem, unbroken by stanzas or sections, Farrell privileges observation over judgment and seeks out the crossroads between cultural myth and brand image. The poem speaks from between the mall fountain and the wishing well, the Disney princess and Spenserian queen, the noble hero and the voyeur. *Lost Horizon* is a poem that catalogs and indexes the collision between fantasies of high and low.

There's a great and wild simultaneity
in Nathaniel Farrell's *Lost Horizon*.

— DANIELLE DUTTON

Andrei Monastyrski is a poet, author, artist, art theorist based in Moscow. He is one of the founders of conceptualism in Russia. In 1973, he began to work with serial structures and minimalist sound compositions and in 1975, turned his attention to poetic objects and actions. He is best known as a founding member and chief theoretician of the Collective Actions group, which began to stage outdoor actions on the edges of Moscow in 1976.

Elementary Poetry collects poems, books, and action objects from the '70s, tracing a genealogy of the art action in poetry. After writing poetry in the manner of Russian modernists, newly available to Soviet readers during Khrushchev's thaw, Monastyrski's interest in ideas about consciousness from Western and Eastern philosophical traditions led him to deepen his dialogue with poetry of the past through experiments with sound, form, and the creation of artistic environments involving carefully conceived objects and situations.

Translated from Russian by
Brian Droitcour and Yelena Kalinsky

With a preface by Boris Groys

A guru of the new Russian art ...
his influence is indisputable.

— BORIS GROYS

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #39
ISBN 978-1-937027-68-1
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

two halves
of a rowboat,
rowboats,
double chin-
throats.
human,
human
backbones,
faces,
faces,
floor-boards
shoulders,
shoulders

Here is bronze Pushkin
standing stupidly
Quite sly was he, like you
But I'm alive, as a matter
of fact
And I'm on Gorky Street
Meeting people and
thinking: Look!
He climbed up on the
granite plinth
He is the leader of Poetry
And then a terrible bomb
Drops on the city of
Moscow
Killing every single
person
And there is nobody to
lead

Dmitri Alexandrovich Prigov (1940-2007) was a leading writer of the late Soviet and early post-Soviet era. Almost until the collapse of the Soviet Union, his writing circulated solely in unofficial samizdat editions and overseas publications. He was briefly detained in a Soviet psychiatric hospital in 1986 but released after protests from establishment literary figures. A founder of Moscow Conceptualism, Prigov was a prolific writer, in all genres, as well as an accomplished visual artist.

Soviet Texts, Calculations & Other Writings is the first representative selected volume of Prigov's poetry and experimental prose texts to appear in English. It includes short stories about amazing heroes of the revolution and after, and poetic sequences that expose literature, history, and culture to the stark light of a post-modern Gogolian laughter, some of which became cult-classics for his generation — such as the cycle “Image of Reagan in Soviet Literature.” A selection of post-Soviet writings, concerned with human mortality and human sinfulness, is also included.

Translated from Russian
by Simon Schuchat
with Ainsley Morse

I have no choice but to read this book again,
until someone translates some more.

— BOB HOLMAN

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #45
ISBN 978-1-946433-07-7
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

Edwin Alanís-García's writing has appeared in or is forthcoming from *The Acentos Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Periphery*, and *Tupelo Quarterly*. He received an MFA in Creative Writing from New York University and is currently a graduate student in Philosophy of Religion at Harvard Divinity School.

Galería is an ekphrastic study of false identities and intransgressible worlds. *Galería* weaves fictive narratives of Paris, New York, Mexico City, and lovelorn Arizonan dreamscapes—though never truly escapes the ruins of Rust Belt Illinois and rural Nuevo León. What's reified across the collection's three panels and myriad personae culminates in a bleak, prophetic unveiling, a lament for a home that never existed.

What drips from this golden-throat is the full goat-song of art and longing, the violence of exile and the ecstasy of oscillation in the no-place-like-home.

— JOYELLE MCSWEENEY

CHAPBOOK
SUMMER 2019

We're wind-worn down
to the muscle—
maybe we're dancing
bones. ¿Do you
still dance? This
appeasing stray
mongrel
in your recollection, at
your beck
and call, will be swept off
a sandstone ledge.
Look away and there will
be
no guilt, no evidence of
a fall.

It's terrible to be
possessed by brittle
things.
How can you learn here
who taught people to
draw
Stars between eyebrows,
butterflies over the
gristle
Of throats, weeping eye
between breasts.
And anyway, who taught
them to live with
strange
Chasms, with their
nocturnal beasts,
With this yawning, this
singing, this delirium
—unreachable
Even with open palms
outstretched: take
them
If you are not afraid of
such embraces.
If the faces floating up
from an amalgam
Of splotches, from the
molding, black, silvery
depths
Don't frighten you.

Elena Fanailova is a poet and journalist based in Moscow, where she hosts a radio program. Fanailova's poetry has been published in literary magazines and anthologies in Russia and abroad. She is the author of four books. *The Russian Version* is Fanailova's first full-length collection in English translation.

The Russian Version is a collection of poems that spans Russia's post-Soviet era. Fanailova tells stories about the various social layers of a stratified and conflicted nation, reclaiming the poet's role as social critic, while scrutinizing her own position as citizen and poet. Fanailova's political lyricism casts personal pain into the net of historical suffering.

The 2019 second edition (first published by UDP in 2009) includes a more recent long poem, "Lena and Lena."

Translated from Russian by
Genya Turovskaya and Stephanie Sandler

Introduction Aleksandr Skidan.

Recipient of the 2010 Best Translated
Book Award for Poetry from *Three Percent*

A clear-eyed, unflinching poet.

— ELENI SIKELIANOS

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #18
ISBN 978-1-946433-16-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
SUMMER 2019

Asiya Wadud writes about borders, limits, and the variegated truth. She teaches third grade in the daytime and English to new immigrants and refugees in the evening. Her first book, *crosslight for youngbird*, was published by Nightboat Books in Fall 2018. Her work has been supported by the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, Dickinson House, and the New York Public Library, among others. She lives in Brooklyn, New York, where she loves animals.

Syncope eulogizes those who have perished making Central Mediterranean crossings as well as collects first-hand accounts of those who have survived these perilous journeys. Forces of fate brought errant lives together for a hopeful safe passage and ultimately, linked these lives in their untimely deaths. *Syncope* attempts to shed some light on these lives, as well as the happenstance of living and dying while trying to cross a border.

[Wadud is] trying to cup in her hands
(to make cohere) the splintered
pieces of an actual, human soul.

— AUSTIN ADAMS, *LA REVIEW OF BOOKS*

ISBN 978-1-946433-29-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

We are too black
too abject
our yearning too evident
the ugliness of our need

we waited for an aristeia
Supposed it would come
some mighty force that
would
bely what
the fates wrought us

it was agonizing
imagine:
all our hope a
warped vessel
our bodies merely
deadweight

To enter the realm
of writing one must
take one's self to
divorce court. I'm
sorry it has to be
this way. The re-
education of my
working eye winks.
To enter the realm
of writing is to suffer
losses. Run off other
sufferers, run off. I
wanted to but could
not say run off.

Anna Gurton-Wachter is a writer, editor and archivist. *Utopia Pipe Dream Memory* (UDP) is her first full-length collection and her chapbooks include *Mother of All* (Above/Ground Press), *The Abundance Chamber Works Alone* (Essay Press), *Blank Blank Blues* (Horse Less Press), and *CYRUS* (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs). Other work has appeared in PELT's *Feminist Temporalities*, *No Dear*, *6x6*, *Elderly*, and elsewhere. Gurton-Wachter edits and makes books with DoubleCross Press. She lives in Brooklyn, NY, a few blocks from the building in which she was born.

Utopia Pipe Dream Memory builds upon impossible imagined intimacies, relishing the pleasure of slow, attentive learning. In an unfolding of rhythms, repetitions, and distended narratives it envisions a space of play and ecstatic influence, drawing characters such as Gertrude Stein, Bernadette Mayer and Maya Deren into dialogues and visions that articulate the tension between embodiment and voice, identification and materiality. These narratives push towards a unified dispersal, a complex act of exultant feminine chaos, letting slip the boundaries between what is animal, what is describable, and what can be made to appear.

Gurton-Wachter's capacity for a
theatrics of iconoclastic reverie
is in a league of its own.

— BRENDA IJIMA

ISBN 978-1-946433-31-2
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

Alejandra Pizarnik (1936-1972) was born in the port city of Avellaneda, in the province of Buenos Aires, to Russian-Jewish immigrants. Pizarnik spent most of her life in Argentina, and lived in Paris from 1960-1964. Known primarily for her poetry, Pizarnik also wrote works of criticism and journalism, experimental fiction, plays, and a literary diary. Four books of her poetry have recently been translated into English: *Diana's Tree* and *The Most Foreign Country*, both from UDP; and *A Musical Hell* and *Extracting the Stone of Madness: Poems 1962-1972*, both from New Directions.

The Last Innocence and *The Lost Adventures* are Alejandra Pizarnik's second and third collections of poetry. Published in Buenos Aires shortly after *The Most Foreign Country*—which she would later disavow—these early poems blend the real and the imaginary, demonstrating the inner torment, deep solitude, and acute vulnerability that would plague Pizarnik throughout her short life. This edition includes new English translations of both books along with an introduction by poet, translator, and Pizarnik scholar Ana Becciu.

Translated from Spanish
by Cecilia Rossi

Pizarnik illuminates the abysses of emotional sensitivity, desire, and absence.

— RAÚL ZURITA

On the other
side of the
night
her name
awaits her,
her
surreptitious
yearning for
life,
on the other
side of the
night!

Something
weeps in the
air,
sounds outline
the dawn.

She thinks of
eternity.

LOST LITERATURE #27
ISBN 978-1-946433-61-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

Poetry is where everything happens. Like love, humor, suicide, and every fundamentally subversive act, poetry ignores everything but its own freedom and its own truth. To say “freedom” and “truth” in reference to the world in which we live (or don't live) is to tell a lie. It is not a lie when you attribute those words to poetry: the place where everything is possible.

In opposition to the feeling of exile, the feeling of perpetual longing, stands the poem—promised land—. Every day my poems get shorter: little fires for the one who was lost in a strange land. Within a few lines, I usually find the eyes of someone I know waiting for me; reconciled things, hostile things, things that ceaselessly produce the unknown; and my perpetual thirst, my hunger, my horror. From there the invocation comes, the evocation, the conjuring forth.

Since the publication of her 1955 debut poetry collection, *La tierra más ajena* (*The Most Foreign Country*), Alejandra Pizarnik has captivated the imaginations of many of Latin America's most celebrated twentieth-century writers, from Octavio Paz and Julio Cortázar to Roberto Bolaño and Raúl Zurita. Over the last several years, the majority of Pizarnik's poetry has been translated into English, garnering enormous acclaim in the U.S. and abroad, yet her critical writings—including commentaries on figures such as Artaud, Borges, Breton, Michaux, and Pessoa, as well as intimate accounts of her own process—remain almost entirely unknown outside the Spanish-speaking world.

A Tradition of Rupture makes Pizarnik's critical writings available to English-speaking readers for the first time, offering indispensable insight into the range of Pizarnik's reading and the principle influences on her poetics. The works collected in this volume also provide a rare glimpse of the famously introverted poet in her capacity as public intellectual and critic, revealing a voracious intelligence turned outward toward the world in vital dialogue with the words of others.

Translated from Spanish
by Cole Heinowitz

A deeply informed, judiciously selected, and pitch-perfectly rendered collection.

— AMMIEL ALCALAY

LOST LITERATURE #26
ISBN 978-1-946433-26-8
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2019

Sotère Torregian was born in No-Man's-Land in the fateful year 1941; adopted language English; earliest poems in 1950's; found himself a Surrealist 1963 onward. Among his many books are *The Golden Palomino Bites the Clock* (Angel Hair), *The Wounded Mattress* (Oyez), *Because My Pizza's Cold: Selected Works, 1957-1999* (Skanky Possum), and *On the Planet Without Visa* (Coffee House Press).

Amalgam is a collection of recent poems and ephemera by the "surreal adventurer" Sotère Torregian. Since the early 1960's, Torregian has been developing a distinctive transnational revolutionary poetics informed by deep readings and associations with the Surrealism and Négritude movements, and the "New York School" of poets. Here are poems dedicated to poet-friends from New York to Paris to Timbuktu to California with a stopover in Newark, NJ.

Torregian's poetry often moves at dazzling speed, connecting absurd but astonishingly concrete imagery that challenges a reader's expectations of the poem.

– DALE SMITH

One of our most radically original poets.

– ANNE WALDMAN

For thousands of years the
 star-filled sky
 has been
 a source of wonder
 between the door
 and the wall. Be prepared
 Cherryblossoms in bloom
 to again announce
 the historicity of *Women In
 Film* which streams
 from the blossoms, albeit
 invisible to the eye
 of those who can see, which
 means
 the majority of the human
 race, if you will
 or if you won't
 As I speak
 There isn't a piece of candy I
 can slip
 into my mouth or even a
 Groucho Marx cigar for
 that matter
 (Anyway gave up smoking
 ages ago)
 Neither have I a roadmap or a
 GPS
 for Peace which seems as
 untenable

Now as ever

The writer likes
 trauma.
 The audience likes
 trauma.
 The readers like
 trauma.
 The anchor that
 brings her to the
 steel bottom.
 The trauma likes
 trauma.
 The page is the
 arms wrapped
 hungrily towards
 each body.
 The brain withholds
 this knowledge
 just enough
 though a feeling
 lingers.

Jennifer Firestone is the author of five books of poetry and four chapbooks including *Ten* (BlazeVOX), *Gates & Fields* (Belladonna* Collaborative), *Swimming Pool* (DoubleCross Press), *Flashes* (Shearsman Books), *Holiday* (Shearsman Books), *Waves* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), *from Flashes* and *snapshot* (Sona Books) and *Fanimaly* (Dusie Kollektiv). She won the 2014 Marsh Hawk Press' Robert Creeley Memorial Prize. Firestone is an Assistant Professor of Literary Studies at the New School's Eugene Lang College and is also the Director of their Academic Fellows pedagogy program.

There is a *Story* at a beach. There is a couple evolving and devolving inside a new fangled form of the couplet. There is the landscape: the ocean, sand, and sun that language flails in trying to recreate. "The beach reached for them but slipped. / The beach shells and sound. / The beach the one syllable until soft." *Story* is a cryptic film, an old photograph, a mystery, where narrative, memory, truth, and trauma are interrogated, where creditability slips much like the language that is storytelling. Where, "what is the truth but what we say."

Firestone's work inhabits this
 expansive and elusive middle realm
 between lyric and narrative.

– NICHOLAS BIRNS

H.F. Henderson (1927-2006) was a renowned American linguist, scholar of the English language, and molecular typographic enthusiast. Other works by Henderson include *Further Inspirations of the Interrobang* (One Page Productions) and *The Structural Anthropology of Typtoms* (Radial).

Woody Leslie is an artist, writer, and bookbinder, born and raised in northern Vermont. He is the author of several artist's books, including *Words & Vegetables* (Large Home Tiny Idea), *Parsely* (Large Home Tiny Idea), and the digital book *Courier's Text Atlas of the United States of America* (UDP). He has worked for the Journal of Artists' Books, Ugly Duckling Presse, and taught book arts classes and workshops in various locations.

Understanding Molecular Typography brings back a seminal work in the field of molecular typography, the study of the chemical and physical underpinning of letters. In his original 1992 publication, Henderson made the science approachable to the everyday American for the first time. This reprint edition, with a new introduction by Woody Leslie, revives a neglected science.

Henderson's research was comprehensive and the results nothing short of astonishing.

— JOHANNA DRUCKER

ISBN 978-1-946433-30-5
 TRADE PAPERBACK
 FALL 2019

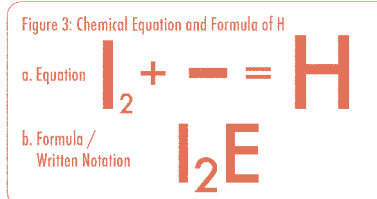
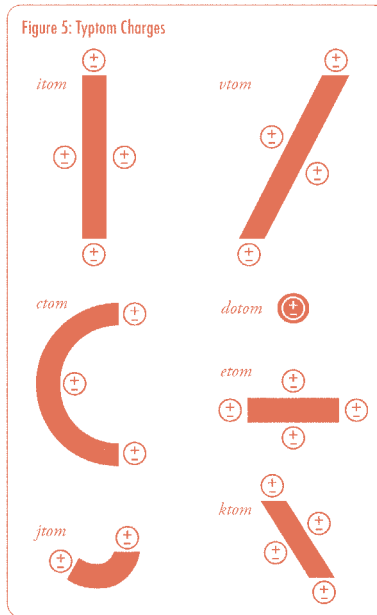


Figure 4: Typtom Symbols

Typtom Name	Equation Symbol	Formula Symbol
ctom	C	C
etom	-	E
itom	I	I
ptom	J	J
ptom	K	K
ptom	V	V
dotom	.	D

CHARLES ALEXANDER (CHAX PRESS): One of my favorite mixes, as you put it, of conventional typography and bookmaking with possibly unconventional poetic text is the one we discussed earlier, *French Sonnets* by Jackson Mac Low. I think of Jackson himself and his work as actually poised between this kind of classically-minded philosophical soul and this wonderful avant-garde experimenter. So I designed that book to look like it could have been printed in the seventeenth century in certain ways.

KYLE SCHLESINGER: Not the shape.

CHARLES ALEXANDER: Not the shape, no, but the choice of fonts, the choice of colors, the choice of papers, the choice of the particular cloth used in the binding. In the seventeenth century it would have been leather I suppose. I didn't have to supply the avant-garde part because Jackson does plenty of that himself. I hope there is a little bit of surprise in that book for someone that might open it either not knowing his work, or suppose from the other side: someone who knows his work might be surprised at the form it's put in. I do like to do things with books that hopefully just a little bit jar someone into thinking or into asking questions. *Why was it done this way? What is this mix of form and content?*

In *Letterpress Interviews: Poetry, Art, & Typography*, Kyle Schlesinger discusses poetics, process, and printing with post-WWII alternative publishers who have made significant contributions to the poetics of the book. Happily, these are not academic interviews, but dynamic dialogues amongst peers. The interviewed poet-printers, poet-publishers, and letterpress artists delve deep into the practice of printing from a hands-on perspective, aligning their practice with a five hundred-year-old tradition, radically revisited in a manner that is accessible to students of literary, book, and graphic arts yet contentious and specific enough to pique the curiosity of lifelong bibliophiles.

Co-published with Cuneiform Press

Edited by Kyle Schlessinger

Interviewees include:

- Charles Alexander** (Chax Press)
- Inge Bruggeman** (Ink-a! Press)
- Steve Clay** (Granary Books)
- Aaron Cohick** (NewLights Press)
- Johanna Drucker** (Druckwerk)
- Phil Gallo** (Hermetic Press)
- Jonathan Green** (Gnomon Press)
- Lyn Hejinian** (Tuumba Press)
- Alastair Johnston** (Poltroon Press)
- Mary Laird** (Quelquefois Press)
- Annabel Lee** (Vehicle Editions)
- Alan Loney** (Electio Editions)
- Scott Pierce** (Effing Press)
- Tom Raworth** (Matrix and Goliard Presses)
- Matvei Yankelevich & Anna Moschovakis** (UDP)
- Keith & Rosmarie Waldrop** (Burning Deck)

ISBN 978-1-937027-74-2
 TRADE PAPERBACK
 FALL 2020

Galina Rymbu was born in 1990 in the city of Omsk (Siberia, Russia) and lives between St. Petersburg, Russia and Lviv, Ukraine. She is the co-founder and curator of the Arkadii Dragomoshchenko Prize for emerging Russian-language poets and serves on the editorial board of the poetry series *Novye stikhi* [New Poems] at the publishing house Poriadok slov. She has published three books of poems in Russia: *Moving Space of the Revolution* (Argo-Risk), *Time of the Earth* (kntxt), and *Life in Space* (NLO).

Galina Rymbu's poems employ history as a discursive tool to understand the present. Rymbu opens her poetry to the violence of propaganda, biopolitical manipulation, ideological pressures, as well as the violence of personal intimacy. *Life in Space* is Rymbu's first full-length collection in English translation and includes poems selected from her three books as well as more recent work.

Translated from Russian by
Joan Brooks

Introduction by Eugene Ostashevsky

Co-published with After Hours Editions

This is Big Poetry, very much grounded in tradition but also propelling it forward, into the terra incognita of the now. It's been a while since I read a poem that felt so real.

— **EUGENE OSTASHEVSKY,**
MUSIC & LITERATURE

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #46
ISBN 978-1-946433-32-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2020

vague sounds of
distant night clubs,
the bass notes
wring out reality
like a wet sponge.
migrant
skeletons in the
half-dark move
fresh earth in
wheelbarrows.
some guys, angels no
doubt,
are hanging about
as the people
pass, whispering
something
in the language
of the insane,
masturbating in
parks. spring is
here.

Within months, Rudd was contemplating never returning to the US, and, in 1934, after a brief visit to the US, Rudd was certain that his future would be brighter if he threw his lot in with the Russians. Writing in NAACP's *Crisis* magazine, he said, "I confess that there has never been anything in my histrionic experiences so thrilling and absorbing as the moments the theatre afforded me here [in the USSR]." Rudd and other Black expatriates were also intrigued by the Soviet policies in support of the Arts, "healthful and constructive ideas [are injected] into the minds of a society." The Soviets contended that these were not just amusements for the privileged sectors of the society but should be made available to all.

Wayland Rudd (1900-1952) was an African American actor who moved to the Soviet Union in 1932 and lived there until 1952. He appeared in numerous Soviet films and theatrical performances, and served as a model for paintings, drawings, and propaganda posters. Using Rudd's personal story as a springboard, *The Wayland Rudd Collection* presents Soviet images of Africans and African Americans produced between 1920 and 1980 alongside responses from contemporary artists, writers, and scholars. The book maps the interweaving of internationalism, solidarity, humanism, and Communist ideals with practices of othering, exoticization, and racist stereotyping.

The book is edited by Russian-American artist **Yevgeniy Fiks**, whose works explore the dialectic between Communism and "the West" and build on historical research into Cold War narratives.

Texts by Kate Baldwin, Joy Gleason Carew, Yevgeniy Fiks, Jonathan Flatley, Lewis Gordon, Raquel Greene, Harmony Holiday, Jibade-Khalil Huffman, Douglas Kearney, Christina Kiaer, Maxim Matusevich, Vladimir Paperny, Meredith Roman, Jonathan Shandell, Christopher Stackhouse, Marina Temkina.

The conceptualist Yevgeniy Fiks is a virtuoso in the art of recovering cultural memory.

— **HOLLAND COTTER,**
THE NEW YORK TIMES

ISBN 978-1-946433-27-5
CLOTH-BOUND HARDCOVER
SPRING 2020

Enriqueta Lunez

New Moon

The book itself is a spell, against what binds her to tradition, against what she loses by distancing herself.

– ELISA RAMIREZ

SEÑAL #10

Haughty, I take aim:
I can spit your name
stone your body
point a finger at you
sell your soul to the
deepest cenote
and kill you.
Such thought is in vain,
daylight fades.

Agustín Guambo

Nuclear Andean Spring

Guambo brings us a discourse unsubmissive and fighting.

– YULIANA ORTIZ RUANO

SEÑAL #11

-the remnants of a constellation
bristling the wind thread the memory
of our children in the song of night-

frozen fireflies hatch from our tracks
lick the face of
trees as bodies attached to the nectar
of the rocks release a prophecy
¡tukuy yawar ninchis quespin kaiku!

Alejandro Albarrán Polanco

Cowboy & Other Poems

A brutal and ungraspable landscape quickly glimpsed through the small window of a train in motion.

– LUIS FELIPE FABRE

SEÑAL #12

There are horses in the pubis, there are horses in the abdomen, in the pelvis there are algebraic bagpipes, there are some dumping gears, there are galápagos in the abdomen. There are galápagos and wallops: gallops.
*

(They say that's a metaphor.) They say you eat it like this, like this, they say, they say bag, gallbladder, raft, they say membrane, bile, they say I'm rafting on a sea of bile, they say you have to cross with two coins on your eyes, I'd rather tear them out and just carry the sockets, the missing.

We've decided to try something different in the year 2020 with two parallel programs:

2020 PAMPHLET SERIES

Twenty pamphlets of commissioned essays on subjects close to UDP's commitments — collective work, translation, performance, pedagogy, poetics, and small press publishing — each offering a different approach to the pamphlet as a form of working in the present. We have turned to the pamphlet for an engagement at once sustained and ephemeral, seeing in it — to use Lyn Hejinian's words — “a sense of a newsgram, a sense of immediacy, unashamed of its staples.”

PAST FUTURES

In addition to the pamphlet series, in 2020 we will be producing books that reflect UDP's longstanding mission of making available texts from marginal traditions and underrepresented histories, as well as our commitment to exploring print culture and the history of small press publishing.

A subscription to the 2020 Pamphlet Series is now available on the UDP website.

This programming will not affect the annual publication of the *Emergency INDEX*, the *Eastern European Poets Series*, or the *Señal chapbook series for contemporary Latin American poetry in translation*.

The Full Presse subscription in 2020 will include all 2020 pamphlets, all Past Futures titles, and all titles in the annual series listed above.

PAST FUTURES / LOST LIT

marginal traditions and underrepresented histories

works of poetry and art and the in-between

ULISES CARRIÓN *Sonnet(s)*

ÅKE HODELL *The Marathon Poet*

translated by Fia Backström

VASILY KAMENSKY *Tango with Cows*

translated by Eugene Ostashevsky, facsimilized by Daniel Mellis

GABRIEL POMERAND *Saint Ghetto of the Loans*

expanded second edition, translated by M. Kasper and Bhamati Viswanatham,
with a new introduction by McKenzie Wark

LAURA RIDING *Close Chaplet*

SUSANA THÉNON *Ova Completa*

translated by Rebekah Smith

as well as art-historical investigations

THE WAYLAND RUDD COLLECTION

Exploring Racial Imaginaries in Soviet Visual Culture

ed. Yevgeniy Fiks

LETTERPRESS/POETRY:

Interviews with Poet-Printer-Publishers

ed. Kyle Schlesinger; co-published with Cuneiform Press

2020 PAMPHLET SERIES

twenty essays for the present addressing collective work, translation,
performance, small press publishing, pedagogy, & poetics

MIRENE ARSANIOS

OMAR BERRADA

SERGIO CHEJFEC

DON MEE CHOI

KUNCI CULTURAL STUDIES CENTER

IRIS CUSHING

SIMON CUTTS

NICOLE CECILIA DELGADO

ADJUA GARGI NZINGA GREAVES

DIMITRA IOANNOU

SIBYL KEMPSON

CLAUDIA LA ROCCO

ADITI MACHADO

CHANTAL MAILLARD

TINASHE MUSHAKAVANHU

SAWAKO NAKAYASU

TAMMY NGUYEN

ALEKSANDR SKIDAN

MAGDALENA ZURAWSKI

STEVEN ZULTANSKI

**RECENT TITLES &
SELECTED BACKLIST**



Liliana Ponce (Buenos Aires, 1950) is a poet and scholar of Japanese literature and writing. She holds a degree in literature from the Universidad de Buenos Aires and has published five books of poetry in Argentina. Her poems, essays, and translations of Japanese poetry have appeared in journals both in Argentina and internationally. Her work has been previously translated into French and was included in *Voix d' Argentine* (Paris, 2006).

Diary is a twenty-part sequence that mixes the monotony of a long summer, the anxiety of creation, and a lush dream-scape of forests and vines. The poem meditates on what it means to remember, to wander, and to write while the shadow of the void, of an inevitable nothingness that hides in glances and small objects, lurks beneath the surface. "¿Qué es lo que recomienza?" Ponce asks—what is it that begins again? And where can you begin? *Diary* introduces English-language readers to the work of one of Argentina's most singular writers.

Translated from Spanish
by Michael Martin Shea

Her intense body of work is, without exaggeration, one of the most personal that has appeared in Spanish in decades.

— REYNALDO JIMÉNEZ

SEÑAL #8
ISBN 978-1-946433-18-3
CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

3. Days when the sun opens a
dense, somber cloak. And the
imaginary rain is like a sheet
of tinplate.

Still, sniper of Sundays, I
launch myself into the cry of
the birds.

Thinning grass.
I'm drunk on the moon, on the
names of grievances.

Silence falls: my mountain,
my tower.

4. It's the afternoon which
is eternal, which places
melancholy on our eyelids,
which sinks me into this tide
of spaces.

The relative point is the veil of
pain. I cannot walk anymore
save between trees.

"Are you new to the invisible
bridge?" they say.

Transform me, my love, make
me grow in the perishable, in
the death of my infancy.

dog—speaking
cat—meowing
(mooing—cow)
lion—roaring, tiger
crow—cawing
goose—squawk
ing
parrot—chatting
(chatting parrot,
coo cooing dove)
man, wo
man—speaking,
speak
ing, until the heart
is pulp
silencing—a bonze
on fire

Mario Montalbetti (Lima, Peru, 1953). PhD in Linguistics from MIT. He has taught linguistics at Cornell, UCLA and The University of Arizona. Currently, he is Professor of Linguistics at the Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú. He has published 9 books of poems. His poetry has been published in Mexico (by Aldus) and Spain (Liliputienses). Excerpts of his work have been published in Ecuador (Ruido Blanco) and Argentina (Mansalva). He is a member of the Editing Committee of *Hueso Húmero*, a journal of arts and letters published in Lima, Perú.

Language Is a Revolver for Two revolves around the premise that within an economy of supply and demand (such as language) the supply never affects love. Thus, coins and tramways, imaginary Inca poets, and black olives are examined in order to intervene in such a framework and, ultimately, to find something outside of it.

Translated from Spanish
by Clare Sullivan

The foremost *maître à penser* in
recent Latin American poetry.

— MIRKO LAUER

SEÑAL #7
ISBN 978-1-946433-17-6
CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

Wingston González (Livingston, Guatemala, 1986) is a textual producer. In addition to poetry, he has worked in the fields of dance, visual arts, music, and artistic action. His published work includes *Los magos del crepúsculo [y blues otra vez]* (Cultura), *CafeínaMC: segunda parte, la fiesta y sus habitantes* (Catafixia), *CafeínaMC: primera parte, la anunciación de la fiesta* (Folia), *san juan — la esperanza* (Literal; Germinal), *Miss muñecas vudu* (Germinal), *Espuma sobre las piedras* (Catafixia; in collaboration with choreography by Alejandra Garavito) and so on.

No Budu Please emerges in the voice of “an artificial boy in some sort of plastic prairie,” as he zeroes in on desire, spirit, and diversion. A diversion for all those forgotten and on the outskirts, impenetrable. González has carved out a distinctive way of creating beats with words, a spiritual questioning of godliness, and a space of immersion in a Garifuna history marked by the 1797 expulsion from St. Vincent and subsequent exile to the coast of Central America.

Translated from Spanish
by Urayoán Noel

A tantalizing toying with the eye and ear.

—LATASHA N. NEVADA DIGGS

SEÑAL #9
ISBN 978-1-946433-19-0
CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

whos coming. fock you. I
complain.
I complain. I tend to bite
my lip at
parties an not danse. I
complain. like
a drug my body
dispersed into da
cartilage of da boy dat
stares at da
ekcess frum afar. godless
lanscapes.
dey are not Ethiopian
anjels. dey wan
a rasta boy who can sing
a myth a star
a glass of gifiti
no budu please

At the beginning north was here.
But it keeps changing. That's
where we were. This is our world.
We had a couple of trips outside of
this map but not maybe more than
four days altogether. These are
pressure ridges. I tried to name
them after things I know, like the
national mountain of Norway.
There is another one over there.
And that one doesn't have a name.

This is the area where the polar
bears used to hang around. They
hung around for a week. Around
some hummocks. A hummock is a
big pile of ice.

That's Tartu. That's Helsinki.
Copenhagen is not here. It broke
up when we were building the
runway.

Ellie Ga's immersive, wide-ranging investigations range from the classification of stains on city sidewalks to the charting of the quotidian in the frozen reaches of the Arctic Ocean. In performances, video-essays and installations, Ga's braided narratives intertwine extensive research with first-hand experiences that often follow uncertain leads and take unexpected turns. She has exhibited and performed internationally: the New Museum, The Kitchen, and the Guggenheim Museum, among others. Her video work is in the public collections of the Guggenheim, the Albright-Knox Museum in Buffalo, and the Hessel Museum of Art at Bard College, as well as several French museums. Her work is featured in the 2019 Whitney Biennial.

North Was Here is a book of four short projects related to Ga's 2006 residency aboard *The Tara*—a research vessel lodged in the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and the second boat in history built to drift indefinitely in pack ice. It includes three arctic booklets made during the continuous polar night as the boat was drifting, as well as a new piece that juxtaposes Polaroids and documentary footage stills that the artist used for a related video piece, “At the Beginning North Was Here.” This artist's book contains 48 full-color plates, three duotone images, and 32 black & white drawings.

Ellie Ga picks apart the world,
inventing for herself its own heart.

—KATHERINE BEAMAN

ISBN 978-1-946433-14-5
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2018

Artis Ostups is the author of the poetry collections *Comrade Snow* (Biedrs Sniegs), *Photography and Scissors* (Fotografija un šķeres), and *Gestures* (Žesti). In addition to poetry, he writes literary criticism. He is a researcher at the Institute of Literature, Folklore, and Art and the founder and editor-in-chief of the online magazine *Punctum*. His work has been translated into English, German, French, Russian, Lithuanian, Slovenian, and Croatian.

Gestures is a collection of prose poems connecting seemingly distinct elements, found either in urban space or in the realms of cultural history. Some readers, who had a chance to experience these ghostly constellations in their original Latvian, complained that they cast a melancholic spell. Descriptions of landscapes and people pose no consoling effect, instead they function as darkened reflections of complex human emotions, trying to escape metaphysical abstractions. Cadence is there, but lyricism is not its master.

Translated from Latvian
by Jayde Will

Prose poems that drop you
gently into the rainy dusk.

—MATTHEW ROHRER

AN INLAND LIGHTHOUSE

Poland at night – a black, taciturn landscape, as if it was photographed with the lid still on. Emptiness after emptiness. Pulsating here and there – HOTEL FOX, DRIVE-IN – the light of which, reflecting in the dark screen, is an inland lighthouse for weary truckers. A bus sways on the bend of the narrow road, and awakens me to an already-read book. Anonymous villages on the other side of the hills, on which the golden age of industry slumbers. Images from the past unite in fine facets like an insect's eye. An insomnia machine with windows clouded by drunks has thrust me towards Europe's lowest point.

God wanted
me to become
the immortal
protagonist of
de Beauvoir's *All
Men are Mortal*,
the title of which
suggests that
said protagonist
must have been
misgendered:
women live
forever, in order to
see that there is
no point in love, or
in cats.

Diana Hamilton is the author of three books—*God Was Right* (Ugly Duckling Presse), *The Awful Truth* (Goliath Books), and *Okay, Okay* (Truck Books)—and four chapbooks, including *Universe* (UDP). She writes poetry, fiction, and criticism about style, crying, shit, kisses, dreams, fainting, writing, and re-reading. You can walk through audio recordings of her dreams in the first-person shooter by Alejandro Miguel Justino Crawford in *Diana Hamilton's Dreams* (Gauss PDF). Her poetry and critical writing have appeared (or are forthcoming) in *BOMB*, *Lambda Literary*, and *Social Text Journal* among others.

God Was Right collects poems that take the form of arguments, essays, and letters. The title poem argues that God was right to make us love cats (and then watch them die); another categorizes the way women like to be kissed; one proposes a sex ed that takes into account persuasion and pleasure; another argues men should write bad poetry; a letter tries to make friendship about love; a five-paragraph essay tries to disarm heartbreak via analysis; etc. These poems/essays are hyperbolic attempts to write something adequate to a feeling.

Hamilton has something
genuinely distinctive, insightful,
and important to tell us.

—CRAIG DWORKIN

Zahra Patterson is a writer and educator. Her short fiction has appeared in *Kalyani Magazine* and *The Felt*, and a reading of her play, *Sappho's Last Supper*, was staged at WOW Café Theatre. She learned postcolonial theory in the bookshops of Nairobi and the bars of Cape Town and has an MFA in Writing from Pratt Institute.

Chronology explores the spaces language occupies in relationships, colonial history, and the postcolonial present. It is a collage of images and documents, folding on words-that-follow-no-chronology, unveiling layers of meaning of queering love, friendship, death, and power. Traveling from Cape Town to the Schomburg Center in New York, *Chronology* reveals and revels in fragments of the past-personal and the present-political.

You won't regret living this &
you won't be the same.

—SARAH RIGGS

DOSSIER
ISBN 978-1-946433-02-2
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2018

TRANSLATION OF TRANSLATION

ATTEMPT 2

You came weeping

I am looking and hoping

Up to now those like dawn are
grieved

I am at a loss, medicinal stranger

That I am a fighter

They bocheng. Without reason.

I splintered, full of arrogance

Hello, ha ho poho-peli,

Bull runs without reason

Yes your hair, yes something,

Yes we do drill

We have changed to silence

My surprise is our action to do

good in the face of evil.

REAL THING

let's get coffees

in the wind

& feel better than

this

in the future

missing this

will be better

than the real thing

Lisa Rogal is the author of *Morning Ritual* (United Artists Books), and the chapbook *The New Realities* (Third Floor Apartment Press). Her poems have appeared in *Elderly*, *Visceral Brooklyn*, *Portable Boog Reader*, *Greetings*, and *Poems by Sunday*, among other publications. A graduate of the MFA program at Long Island University, she currently teaches and lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Feed Me Weird Things is about the importance of the unimportant: the quotidian, the overlooked, the natural world, the pain or beauty of longing, the persistence of uncertainty. With a voice at once irreverent and sincere, the poems enact meaning through attentiveness, ambiguity, and humor.

Rogal's lean lyrics offer a lounge-y positive capability that moves the needle on living intelligence.

— EDMUND BERRIGAN

Rogal's poems deliver the joyful squeeze of desire. Their short, slightly surreal, lyrical lines reveal an infectious delight in language, in freakishness, in making and grappling, in play.

— KAREN WEISER

CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

Vasilisk (Vasily) Gnedov (1890-1978), a central figure in Russian Futurism, published his best-known work, *Death to Art*, on the brink of the first World War. Abrasive and wily in his younger years, he became known for his provocations and poetry, which actively sought to collapse language in on itself. Swept up by the cataclysmic events of twentieth-century Russia, he eventually returned to his homeland of Ukraine, where he died in obscurity.

Alphabet for the Entrants is the first stand-alone volume of poetry by Vasilisk Gnedov available in English. Marked by the vibrancy and self-grandiosity of a rising literary star, the early poems seek to forge a new language by disassembling the old. The later poems, stripped of formal experimentation, reveal a meditative consciousness refined through years of personal turmoil. By turns inscrutable and aphoristic, caustic and tender, morose and ebullient, the poems express the poet's evolving view of poetry and the rapidly changing world around him.


Translated from Russian
by Emilia Loseva and Danny Winkler

The joyful energy and bewildering chaos of Gnedov's futurist poetry truly comes to life.


— CRISPIN BROOKS

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #44
CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

Oflustrelessunligh-
dimlongreeng
thequailwhiskou-
rouslyprickles
Wheezabusiflaxellu-
minaspenn
Withisredsick-
lepiercedmanbou-
toad
Curletsplashously-
birchreetheeing
theoutsingingflew-
withesun
We'rethoughtobe-
thefools
butwefools'rebetter-
hanthecleverone



THE REFORMATORIES
OF OBEUSE
(in the middle one :
Alice in Wonderland
into rubberhands)



OBEUSE AT WORK
ON FOOT ON HIS
BATTLEFIELD
(feminist sketch
of OBEUSE himself
whilst bathing)

Paul Nougé (1895-1967) was a founding member of both the Belgian Communist Party (1921) and the Belgian Surrealist Group (1924), and his experiments in creative plagiarism became known for versions of a famous grammar text, pulp pornography, and work by Baudelaire and Maupassant. Paul Colinet (1898-1957) founded several key Belgian avant-garde journals and published two books of poems and prose poems before his early death. Louis Scutenaire (1905-1987) was a lawyer and anarchist who joined the Surrealist Group in 1926. He was most famous for his aphorisms, first published in 1945 as "Mes Inscriptions."

Ideas Have No Smell collects the first English-language translation of three Belgian Surrealist works: *Transfigured Publicity*, visual texts by Nougé; the whimsical, hand-drawn artist's book, *Abstractive Treatise on Obeuse* by Colinet; and *For Balthazar*, a collection of aphorisms and observations by Scutenaire. In addition to the booklets presented in a facsimile-style translation, this special edition includes an introduction by scholar Mary Ann Caws and a poster reproduction of the 1926 handwritten panneau of Nougé's visual poems.

Translated from French
by M. Kasper

Introduction by Mary Ann Caws

A delightful sampler of three
offbeat virtuosos.

—MCKENZIE WARK

LOST LITERATURE #25
ISBN 978-1-946433-13-8
SPECIAL EDITION
FALL 2018

Alexis Almeida is a poet and translator. She is the author of *Half-Shine* (Dancing Girl Press) and the chapbook *I Have Never Been Able to Sing* (UDP). Her translations include Roberta Iannamico's *Wreckage* (Toad Press), Marina Yuszczuk's *Single Mother* (Spork Press), Dalia Rosetti's *Dreams and Nightmares* (Les Figues) and Florencia Castellano's *Monitored Properties* (UDP). She teaches in the Language and Thinking Program at Bard College and at the Bard Microcollege at the Brooklyn Public Library. She lives in Brooklyn, where she runs 18 Owls Press.

I Have Never Been Able to Sing draws inspiration from the discursive, non-linear sentences of Rosmarie Waldrop's *The Reproduction of Profiles* and Édouard Levé's *Autoportrait*, as well as from the intricate curvature of Leon Ferrari's heliographic drawings and Leslie Hewitt's multi-layered photographs. Unfolding through a series of discrete moments and overlapping fragments, the poem explores the unstable ground of dichotomy, the constant slippage between past and present, real and imagined selves.

Listed in *Entropy's Best Poetry Books of 2018*

I continue to believe in the magnificent modesty of the cycle.

— JOHN GODFREY

I have never won the lottery. I have never flown to Lapland. I have never ice-fished, though I would like to. When I read a poem, I wonder if it is doing anything. I don't hold on to promises. I am not making overtures. I can't walk in and out of language. I am not coming down from an episode. I assume the weight of objects. I often close my eyes when I'm rushed.

Wojnarowicz likely copied the image from the cover of the New Directions edition of *Illuminations*. In this portrait, one of the few photographs that exists of the French Decadent poet, the seventeen-year-old looks away from us at something we cannot see [...] The forever young Rimbaud appears wise beyond his years. He looks both to the future and to the past where infinite possibility meets a condensation of time, where what has not yet happened converges with what already has. [...] But Rimbaud will be a poet and, for many of us who identify with the New York Downtown scene, Rimbaud will have felt like our poet. And he, whoever he is, has been representing us, whoever we are, for a long time

Anna Vitale is the author of *Detroit Detroit* and *Different Worlds*, and the chapbooks *Unknown Pleasures*, *Anna Vitale's Pop Poems*, and *Breaststa*. Recent poems and prose have appeared in *Alienocene*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Full Stop*, and *Jacket2*. She earned an MFA from Bard and a PhD from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She hosts the *Tenderness Junction* on WFMU in Jersey City and teaches writing in New York.

Our Rimbaud Mask follows the early publication history of David Wojnarowicz's "Arthur Rimbaud in New York" photographic series in order to show that our identification with Rimbaud, and with any artist, must remain a site of inquiry and curiosity rather than an obvious source of similitude. What forms of identification are sustainable and which ones are destructive? How do we know the difference? This essay draws together archival research, psychoanalytic theory, and impassioned close readings to lay claim to one of the most taboo fantasies staged in the series: suicide. The Rimbaud mask, different from the image of Rimbaud, invites us to become compassionate witnesses to those whose lives feel unsurvivable without assuming the experience can be shared.

Vitale's text cleaves so beautifully around the 'we' and 'him.' It gives me so much to think about—propelling in lived intellection.

— DOUGLAS A. MARTIN

Rod Roland is a poet and artist living in San Francisco. His books include *The Playgroup* (Gas Meter), *Thrasher2* (Gas Meter), *Best Loved* (Old Gold) and *Lunch Poems*.

In *No Right Words*, Roland offers an intimate meditation on poethood, parenthood, and personhood in contemporary San Francisco. Can a poet still live a bohemian life of refusal in America's most expensive city? Will his daughter let him sleep in after a night of drunken composition? What do Joanne Kyger and Gertrude Stein have to do with any of it? The answers to these questions and more lurk within Roland's intimate, journal-like columns.

No Right Words features a letterpress cover printed at Impart Ink, an errant studio, from handset ornaments and type from William Everson's legendary Lime Kiln Press.

Co-published with Bird & Beckett Books

No Right Words ... or "Know. Write. Words." where "No" is a wake up call and all the right words fall into place. *No Right Words* is poetry made of spliced field recordings of the mind, its melodies, its ample subtle and complex rhythms.

— NORMA COLE

CHAPBOOK
FALL 2018

Instructions for
sunrise. Go away
from my window.
It's
not me you're
looking for. I see
a man about my
problems
my ever-shifting
center. A
troubled horse
kicks the
horse behind it. I
got up, dressed
up, burned my
hand on
hot coffee,
put on the
oldies station,
showered and
stretched into the
pain of my flank.

The trees are drunk, from the
nocturnal lights,
and they drag their shadows,
nervous and stiff.
Their shadows, which strangle
the night's winds,
shelter and rattle me, as if I was
a bird.
And my steps echo in their black
boughs,
and the weakest of hooks fill me
with vertigo;
yet when I cast my eye on them
from a pair of simpler ones,
they answer me, swaying, that
they remained intact...
The leaves, dilating the shared
shadows,
return like ruined boats to their
tree.
They cannot, oh, attain the solid
banks
that the tips of heavenly bodies
announce from above,
yet quivering and thick with
silence they plow
through deep and freezing ponds
of miracle.
And in the nocturnal trees
embracing the earth,
I find oblivion and mercy, when in
despair,
while the light runs down their
boughs,
thin, diaphanous... LIKE WATER
BETWEEN MY HANDS!

Omar Cáceres (1904-1943) was a cult poet in the Chilean avant-garde. He published one book of poetry, *Defense of the Idol* (1934), with an introduction by Vicente Huidobro, of which only two copies survived after Cáceres tried to burn the entire print run upon publication due to the edition's numerous typos. He had ties with the Communist Party, and according to poet Jorge Teillier, played the violin in an orchestra of the blind. He was murdered by unknown assailants in 1943.

Defense of the Idol is presented here for the first time in English translation, along with the sole foreword Vicente Huidobro ever wrote for a poet. The poems of Cáceres possess a ghostly, metaphysical energy combined with modern-age imagery: bows pulsate, moons hurtle, rains sing, trees drag their shadows in drunk stupors, winds break the sky open. But the interior life of the poet assumes dominance, interrogated through anguished, turbulent dreamscapes of language.

Translated from Spanish
by Mónica de la Torre

The poet makes the case for the need
to experience a different world.

— VICENTE HUIDOBRO

LOST LITERATURE #23
ISBN 978-1-946433-03-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018

Christine Herzer is an artist, poet and teacher. Working across mediums (drawing, text, language-objects, installation, video, workshop), her practice employs accumulation and gestures of ‘over-layering’, ‘covering up’, ‘erasing’, ‘interrupting/disrupting’ and ‘complicating’, in order to address and process questions of invisibility + meaning (= love). Her writing has appeared in numerous literary journals and online publications, including *Fence*, *The Offending Adam*, *The Volta*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *RealPoetik*, *Seymour Magazine*, and *3:AM Magazine*. She has taught Creative Writing in India at Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts, Pune, and The National Institute of Design in Ahmedabad. Herzer is the 2018 Laureate ‘Ecritures’ of a writing residency at La Cité des Arts, Paris.

Orange is concerned with space-making. *Orange* contains declarations (“Poets are containers. Containers deserve respect”) and language-situations, including the hire of a professional lover to address money issues. Reading *Orange* might impact the way you experience words such as ‘fridge’, ‘fear’, ‘toast’, and ‘handwash’. If *Orange* had a texture it would be soft. If you believe that feelings smell, *Orange* might be for you.

I always feel more respectful of the world when I’ve been reading this poet.

– LAURA MULLEN

There was still space inside the fridge. I don’t think my fears would have minded having company, but I couldn’t be sure. I didn’t want to risk contaminating my fears with a new fear. I wasn’t sure who the new fear belonged to, if it belonged to me, if the new fear qualified as fear. Does shame qualify as fear? In my opinion, a fridge’s interior light, the combination of glass and plastic is too elegant a space to have to contain shame and other food items. With the exception of Nutella. Nutella emits light. Nutella is wasted inside a fridge.

there was an urgent need for instruments of observation. we laid our hands on one another, on bedposts, old door frames, xerox machines... isn’t it true that we are, at some point, capable of anything? someone wanted to know. our mouths produced noncommittal forms, but we were on to something sensitive to temperature and light.

As a text-based artist, Saretta Morgan’s work engages relationships between intimacy and organization. Recent writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Guardian*, *The Volta*, *Nepantla*, *Apogee* and *Best American Experimental Writing*. She has designed interactive, text-based experiences for The Whitney Museum of American Art, Dia Beacon, and Tenri Cultural Institute. Saretta received a BA from Columbia University and an MFA from Pratt Institute. She is a 2016-2017 Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Workspace resident and author of the chapbook, *Room for a Counter Interior* (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs)

Inspired by the potential of space to order experiences of time and desire, the language in *Feeling Upon Arrival* turns between orienting device and sensual index. Characters emerge and disperse as gestures across a queered and somatic geography in pursuit of the bodies present landscapes deny.

Listed in *Entropy’s Best Poetry Books of 2018*

In this text, the language of theory takes on the character of a metaphysics.

– DOUGLAS KEARNEY

Jason Morris was born and raised in Vermont and now lives in San Francisco. His chapbooks are *Spirits & Anchors* (Auguste Press), *From the Golden West Notebooks* (Allone Co.), *Local News* (Bird & Beckett Books), *Takes* (Bootstrap Press), and *Late to Practice* (Dirty Swan). For seven years, he was the editor of *Big Bell* magazine; with J Grabowski, he founded the small press PUSH.

Levon Helm is Jason Morris' first full-length collection, a picaresque situated in the drum and voice of mind. Like the drummer-singer with whom it shares a name, its influences are broad but firmly American. Along with bits torn from the edges of *Moby-Dick* and *The Maltese Falcon*, it mines the margins of Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation*. As it takes stock of the immediacy and scale of places in the American West like Pinnacles and the Puget Sound, its psychic roots dig a haunted, old New England. These lyric poems are takes on human memory in geological time, as interested in their own asides and parentheticals as they are in the elements.

A keen, generous artifact of the life of a poet in the 21st century.

— ALLI WARREN

ISBN 978-1-946433-11-4
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018

of thought, ok
at day's end, my
impatience now
suddenly absolute
the record is over
Zugzwang. I get

up & flip it, needle
screeches lost ugly
handwritten
locomotive
marginalia &
downwardly now
suddenly mobile. The
whole table folds,
reantes.

Next round the
sumptuous
moment she asks
to slower go, I read
over the course of
several

such days: how
dissolute
do you wanna get?

In reverse of rejection
revulsion reversion
restrospection
redrawing review
remind recognize
reminisce
remembrance
recollection

stubbornly persistent
contextual negativity
beginning knowledge
of consistently
pleasing immemorial
connection

staging or
reconstructing the
human qualities
which, for us, form the
basis of what has been
considered the same
as

"it is super R&B and you
won't like it because it
is too slow and a tad
boring."

Simone White is the author of *Dear Angel of Death* (UDP), *Of Being Dispersed* (Futurepoem), and *House Envy of All the World* (Factory School), and the chapbooks *Unrest* (UDP) and *Dolly* (with Kim Thomas; Q Avenue). Recent poems and prose have appeared in *BOMB*, *New York Times Book Review*, *Harper's*, and *Frieze*. In 2017, she received the Whiting Award for poetry. She teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and lives in Brooklyn.

Half poems, half prose, *Dear Angel of Death* braids intimate and public thinking about forms of togetherness. Is one woman a mother, a person in an artworld, a "black"? What imaginary and real spirits are her guides? The title essay proposes disinvestment in the idea of the Music as the highest form of what blackness "is" and includes many forms: philosophical divergence on the problem of folds for black life, a close reading of Nathaniel Mackey's neverending novel *From a Broken Bottle Traces of Perfume Still Emanate*, and an impassioned defense-cum-dismissal of contemporary hip hop's convergence with capitalism.

Listed in *Entropy's Best Poetry Books of 2018*

I get this pinwheel relationship to wisdom
& history when I read Simone White.

— EILEEN MYLES

DOSSIER
ISBN 978-1-937027-67-4
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018

Robert Fitterman is the author of 15 books of poetry. He has collaborated with several visual artists, including Serkan Ozkaya, Nayland Blake, Fia Backström, Tim Davis and Klaus Killisch, and is the founding member of the international artists and writers collective, *Collective Task*. He teaches at New York University and is a member of the writing faculty of the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

Written in the long shadow of 9/11, *This Window Makes Me Feel* replaces the individual poet's response to catastrophe with a collective, multi-vocal chorus of everyday articulations. Never before published in its entirety, *This Window...* is one of the earliest examples of a long poem solely composed with repurposed web language.

Listed in *Frieze's Best Books of 2018*

Simultaneously banal, vile,
funny, and sincere.

— ED STECK

This window makes me feel like I am trembling with fear because normally I'm a heavy-sleeper. This window makes me feel numb and skeptical about most everything. This window makes me feel like I'm watching a runner and she wants me to cross that river. This window makes me feel satisfied to know that I've reached a lot of people. This window makes me feel like he isn't interested or he's just bored because all he does is sleep or watch TV—he doesn't hardly ever talk to me. This window makes me feel like I'm cheating because I've been intimate with an old boyfriend online. This window makes me feel like he's choosing to go on a date with her instead of just stopping her from hurting me. This window makes me feel like my current generation is too often described in ways to imply that we need to be fixed or corrected.

At least, that is to say, I am a stranger of a fixed old age and I am not puzzled. Ask me anything you like and I will give you a not-puzzled answer. I will not give you an answer. I am a stranger. I do not live, I am only alive. I hear the birds with lice under their wings singing, but I do not understand because I am not a bird with lice under my wings singing. I am not an expert, I am not puzzled. I am a stranger. If you are in search of information you must listen to your own young familiar voice singing and scratch your own young familiar breast where it itches. I am only a poor stranger of a fixed old age and not at all puzzled.

Laura Riding (1901-1991) was a poet, novelist, short-story writer, essayist, and publisher. While primarily known for the critical works that she co-authored with Robert Graves—*A Pamphlet Against Anthologies* and *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*—Riding also left behind an incredibly powerful body of poetry and prose works that, regrettably, remain little read today. Famously rejecting poetry early in her career, she spent the last decades of her life co-writing a theoretical work on linguistics, *Rational Meaning*, with her husband Schuyler Jackson. She was awarded the Bollingen Prize in 1991, the very same year she died.

Experts Are Puzzled is one of Laura Riding's earliest and most intense examinations of poetry's and language's relationship to truth. Riding seeks to articulate a higher, more poetic notion of truth and truth telling. As such, *Experts Are Puzzled* stands as an essential text for understanding why Riding came to reject poetry in the late 1930s. While excerpts and selections from *Experts* have been published before, most notably in Riding's *Progress of Stories*, the entirety of the collection has not appeared in print since its initial publication by Jonathan Cape in 1930.

Edited by George Fragopoulos

... fiction and philosophy are inextricably
and wonderfully melded.

— JOHN ASHBERY

Laura Riding (1901-1991) was a poet, novelist, short-story writer, essayist, and publisher. While primarily known for the critical works that she co-authored with Robert Graves—*A Pamphlet Against Anthologies* and *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*—Riding also left behind an incredibly powerful body of poetry and prose works that, regrettably, remain little read today. Famously rejecting poetry early in her career, she spent the last decades of her life co-writing a theoretical work on linguistics, *Rational Meaning*, with her husband Schuyler Jackson. She was awarded the Bollingen Prize in 1991, the very same year she died.

Convalescent Conversations tells the story of Adam and Eleanor, two patients recovering from unknown maladies in a nondescript sanitarium. Through a series of increasingly esoteric philosophical conversations regarding topics such as God, love, and the meaning of illness, Adam and Eleanor come to tell the stories of who they are and what ails them. While not strictly an allegorical work, it is difficult to not see historical parallels between the suffering of the protagonists and the state of the world in the late 1930s.

Edited by George Fragopoulos

An irreproachable jewel, equal in wit and ferocity and linguistic acuteness to the best fiction of the century.

— WAYNE KOESTENBAUM

On their second morning together Eleanor and Adam talked about themselves. First they discussed childhood—because Adam had said that being ill was like being a child again; it was awkward being a child, and awkward being ill. Also, people behaved the same way to you. Eleanor would not agree that being ill was like being a child again. She had not enjoyed being a child, and she had enjoyed being ill. When you were a child people were always expecting things of you, and whatever you did was watched and weighed and commented on. When you were ill you were left pretty much to yourself. People were cruel to children, but kind to invalids.

In that year made from the minutes of our senses, we held our cognitive after-the-flood. There we were the lambs appropriating the contents of the sky and the field for the lambs. The shadows formed by clouds were a literature. We heard love songs in the nearness of each other's backs; we saw monuments in our shared perception of quivers. We knew what was above our heads not as hawk and not-hawk: we knew the air as the air.

Anne Boyer's books include the essay collection *A Handbook of Disappointed Fate*, *A Romance of Happy Workers*, *My Common Heart*, and *Garments Against Women*, which received the 2016 Firecracker Award from CLMP. Boyer is a recipient of the 2018 Cy Twombly Award in Poetry from the Foundation for Contemporary Arts and the 2018 Whiting Award for poetry and nonfiction. She lives in Kansas City.

A Handbook of Disappointed Fate highlights a decade of Anne Boyer's interrogative writing on poetry, death, love, lambs, and other impossible questions.

Anne Boyer's essays meet disappointment with a succor forged in rage. Her writing is a balm and a bomb all its own.

— FRED MOTEN

To read Anne Boyer is to join an underdog collectivity, "both always in this world and looking for another."

— JACE CLAYTON

Jure Detela was born in Ljubljana in 1951. Although he was an important figure in the tumultuous avant-garde movement that dominated Slovene culture in the 1980s, he nevertheless stood somewhat apart from its main currents. As a poet, he was widely read, and conducted an ongoing dialogue in his verse with an astounding array of poets from many different traditions—from the Greek classics and Japanese haiku masters to the English and German Romantics and French Decadents. He was also an accomplished critic and art historian. Jure Detela died in Ljubljana in 1992, from complications resulting from a hunger strike against the Yugoslav regime in Belgrade.

The forty-four poems of *Moss & Silver* anticipate the radical environmentalism and animal rights activism of the 21st century while engaging in a passionate dialogue with a wide array of poets from William Wordsworth to Kobayashi Issa. Originally published in 1983 by Obzorja (Maribor), *Moss & Silver* is the first book of Jure Detela's poems to appear in English.

Translated from Slovene
by Raymond Miller and Tatjana Jamnik

Now I'm remembering why I love poetry.

— CATHY WAGNER

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #42
ISBN 978-1-937027-94-0
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018

For all the past and
everything that exists,
bodies will receive
gravity,
hearts unrest,
and souls the anguish
that results from
memory's feeble
power within
vigilant love for
alien consciousnesses,
until the ants
arrive
to deliver corpses
across the land.

Suddenly, how
wonderful! I came
looking through loose
autumn and slowed to a
thistle beside the slide
piled high with dead
leaves. Wild! recently
bloomed and gone into
the raw milk. I went out
running from its side in
a trance, from its silent
drunkenness I went off
with the dogs; "it's here,
it's here" ... and us and
the woken sugar and
the breads shared in the
celebration.

And now it's already
curded, so white, so
much a flourish of pure
white, the blue.

I went calmly into the
wild thistle, Mama.

Argentine poet, novelist, and playwright Arnaldo Calveyra attracted critical attention with his first book of poetry, *Cartas para que la alegría*; Julio Cortázar, Carlos Mastronardi and Victoria Ocampo were early champions of his work. The author of over 25 works of literature and theater, Calveyra was the recipient of numerous honors in his lifetime including France's highest award for contributions to the arts, the *Commandeur des Arts et des Lettres* in 1999.

Letters So That Happiness (*Cartas para que la alegría*), tells the story of the author's one-way journey as a young man from his home in the northern pampas to Buenos Aires in 1950. It was the first leg of a journey that would end in exile. In this gentle, diffuse text in which time and place radiate and recede and spring up many and green, *Letters* strikingly anticipates the collusive forces that would shape the rest of his life — dissolution and preservation. *Letters So That Happiness* is the first of his works to be translated and published in English.

Translated from Spanish
by Elizabeth Zuba

A language of a sustained and
unvarying tone that allows us to
access volatile capacities.

— CARLOS MASTRONARDI

LOST LITERATURE #22
ISBN 978-1-946433-05-3
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018

Mirtha Dermisache (Buenos Aires, 1940–2012) studied visual arts at the Manuel Belgrano and Prilidiano Pueyrredón National School of Fine Arts. In 1967 she finished her first 500-page book, after which she continued with the development of her graphisms. Her works were published by the Center for Art and Communication, Marc Dachy, and Guy Schraenen as well as in the magazines *Flash Art*, *Doc(k)s*, *Kontext*, *Ephemera*, and *Ax*.

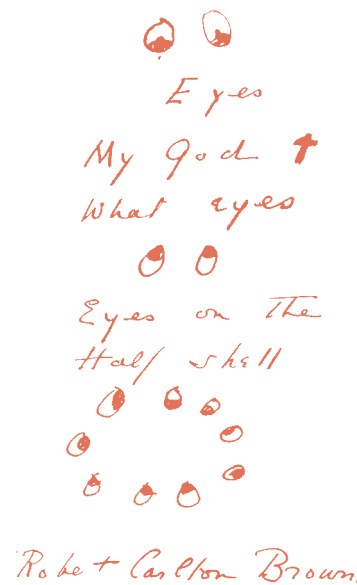
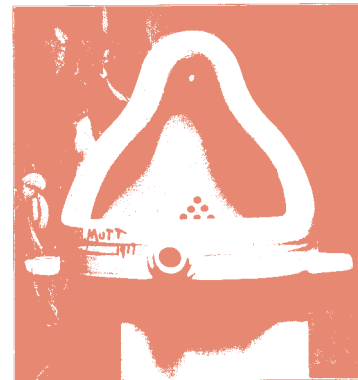
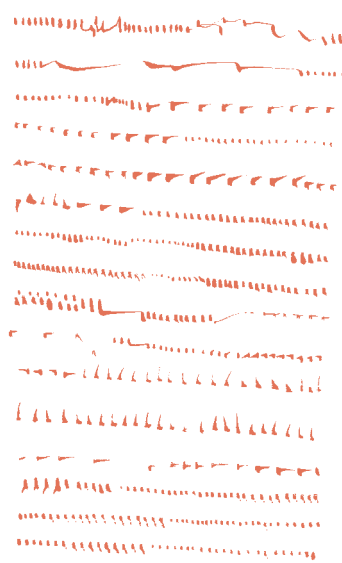
Selected Writings, the first collection of Dermisache's works to be published in the United States, collects two complete books and a selection of texts from the early 1970s, a rich and prolific period for the artist. Using ink on paper, Dermisache invented an array of graphic languages, each with their own unique lexical and syntactic structures.

Co-published with Siglio Press

In our current environment, it is difficult to look at [Dermisache's] work and not think about the impossibility of discourse, the primacy of self-expression, and the fallacy of a shared objective language, not to think of this art as both radically political and necessary today.

— WILL FENSTERMAKER,
THE PARIS REVIEW

ISBN 978-1-938221-17-0
TRADE PAPERBACK
SPRING 2018



Marcel Duchamp was a French (later American) artist, writer, sculptor, best known for his contributions to Cubism, Dada, and Surrealism, and his influence on later artists and writers. Beatrice Wood was an American artist, writer, and ceramicist. Henri-Pierre Roché was a French writer, journalist, art collector and dealer.

The Blind Man is a facsimile edition of *The Blind Man* and *rongwrong*, two seminal New York Dada magazines edited and published by Marcel Duchamp, Henri-Pierre Roché, and Beatrice Wood in 1917. Published in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the magazines' initial publication, this box set also includes a two-color offset reproduction of Beatrice Wood's poster for *The Blind Man's Ball* (1917), a letterpress facsimile of Man Ray's *The Ridgefield Gazook* (1915), and an introduction by scholar Sophie Seita. Translations of the French texts by Elizabeth Zuba accompany the facsimile reprints.

Edited by Sophie Seita

Listed in *Frieze's* Best Books of 2017

Named one of the Best Art Books
of 2017 by the *New York Times*

The premonition of institutional critique it
summons remains provocatively equivocal.

— SARAH HAYDEN

LOST LITERATURE #21
DISTRIBUTED BY ARTBOOK | DAP
ISBN 978-1-937027-88-9
SPECIAL EDITION
FALL 2017

Marosa di Giorgio (1932-2004) was born in Salto, Uruguay and raised on her family's farm. Di Giorgio began writing in her childhood and published her first book of poems at the age of twenty-two. She then went on to publish a total of fourteen books of poetry, three collections of short stories, and one novel. While some critics have categorized her as a surrealist, she herself denied membership in any literary movement or school.

I Remember Nightfall is the first comprehensive collection of Uruguayan poet Marosa di Giorgio's work to be published in English translation, made up of her first four book-length poems. Di Giorgio's obsessive, magical gardens serve as a stage for the ongoing encounter of nature and the supernatural. These serial prose poems explore memory, family relationships, erotic desire, and war, animating a world that is always on the verge of explosion. This is a bilingual edition.

Translated from Spanish
by Jeannine Marie Pitas

Di Giorgio's writing is as foreboding as it is tentacular, as intricate as it is unsettling.

— DANIEL BORZUTZKY

LOST LITERATURE #16
ISBN 978-1-937027-59-9
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2017

Oh, to return to the family
property, to cross the
field where the evening
hydrangea lifts its head
of smoke and feathers, its
murmuring head, its hat of
glass and turquoise, where
the fierce mushroom
appears, the toadstool of
poisonous foam, to cross
the fields sleeping with
my eyes wide open, with
my eyes closed, without
making any mistake,
without tripping over the
brambles, the bonfires,
the other beings who cross
the field dreaming, toward
that citadel always visible
and lost, to go inside, to
eat dinner, to sin furiously.

Unnumbered years, closed
off like pastures, fog.

Plants have
a different
upbringing than
people
Their not moving
isn't unique
Nor their not
committing
suicide
Plants are
perpetual
revolutionaries
Just think how
they grow during
the hour of the
moon

Eleni Vakalo (1921-2001) was a Greek poet, art critic, and art historian. In 1958, she and her husband, the painter and stage designer Yiorgos Vakalo, founded the Vakalo School of Arts and Design, where she taught until 1990. Vakalo published fourteen books of poetry, and was intimately involved with the design and production of her early books. Indeed, Vakalo's training as an art historian pushed her to initiate new poetic uses of the page, drawing on her knowledge of modern and contemporary art to rethink the role of the visual in the printed text.

Before Lyricism includes six book-length poems. By bringing these poems together under a single cover, *Before Lyricism* allows us to see the complex web of intertextual relations that bind these books together. Meanwhile, by bringing these poems into English, this volume will enrich not only our knowledge of this key period in Vakalo's career, but English-language readers' understanding of modern Greek poetry as a whole.

Translated from modern Greek
by Karen Emmerich

Winner of the 2018 Best
Translated Book Award

Its celebration of mysteries
should excite readers who know
little of Vakalo's reputation.

— ZACH SAVICH

LOST LITERATURE #18
ISBN 978-1-937027-70-4
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2017

Igor Kholin was a survivor of both WWII and a Lianozovo labor camp before he was a poet. His poetry remained unpublished until the fall of the Soviet Union. He supported himself with odd jobs: children's book author, tutor, waiter and, after the 1970s, antiques dealer. *Kholin 66* is the first book of Kholin's work in English translation.

Kholin 66 is a trampoline into underground Soviet poet Igor Kholin's life and work through the window of a single autumn. In a string of acerbically related non-adventures excerpted from his 1966 diary, Kholin moves to the country, sleeps a lot, drinks and debauches among Moscow's literary underground, and eventually moves back to the city. Broke and bitter, he details his bemusement in terse, absurdist prose. The selection of Kholin's poems features self-deprecating self-portraits, bleak views of the Moscow outskirts, and strange visions of life on other planets.

Translated from Russian
by Ainsley Morse and Bela Shayevech

Moments of brilliance and imagination
shine through the welts and bruises.

— GARY SULLIVAN

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES #40
ISBN 978-1-937027-99-5
TRADE PAPERBACK
FALL 2017

Kholin is lard.

Kholin is the wheel
of a whetstone.

Kholin is the elbow
of a shirt.

Kholin is the heart
of a piece of
paper.

Kholin is the gut of
a trough.

Kholin is the lip of
a jackhammer.

Kholin is the god
of the tram.

I understand
Kholin.

MEANINGFUL UNION

Look,

The speedy movement of
froth,

The smooth falling

Shifts of the center,

Denture of curves,

(ririri.....ri.....rin)

Simultaneous metallic

roar,

Echoes.

Meaningful union!

Look,

At this organic union,

This mutuality of

comfortable

determination!

Hirato Renkichi attended Sophia University in Tokyo for three years before dropping out and attending Gyosei Gakko to study Italian. He started writing poetry in 1912, first publishing in *Banso* under the guidance of Kawaji Ryuko. Although he worked at Hochi Shimbun News and Chuo Bijutsu Art Publishing, he suffered from a pulmonary disease, often failing to make ends meet for his family. He passed away on July 20, 1922 in Tokyo, at the age of 29.

Spiral Staircase contains experiments in speed, spatialization, and performability that were among the earliest productions of Japanese avant-garde poetry. Renkichi created a unique brand of Futurism in the late 1910s to 1920s that influenced what became a lively community of Dadaist and Surrealist writers in pre-war Japan. *Spiral Staircase* is the first definitive volume of Renkichi's poems, as well as the first book of Japanese Futurist poetry, to appear in English.

Translated from Japanese
by Sho Sugita

...formally radical, wry, performative,
obsessive, gorgeous.

—WENDY XU

... a momentous, of-the-moment figure
little known in the English-speaking world.

— DAVID GRUBBS

LOST LITERATURE #15
ISBN 978-1-937027-66-7
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SPRING 2017

Mónica de la Torre is the author of six books of poetry, including *Pubic Domain* (Roof Books) and *Feliz año nuevo*, a volume of selected poetry translated into Spanish (Luces de Gálibo) published in the spring of 2017. Born and raised in Mexico City, she writes in, and translates into, Spanish and English. Recent and upcoming publications include *Triple Canopy*, *Harper's, Poetry*, *The White Review*, *The Animated Reader* (The New Museum), *Erizo*, *The New Yorker*, and *huun: arte / pensamiento desde México*.

The Happy End / All Welcome is set in a job fair inspired by the Nature Theater of Oklahoma from Kafka's unfinished novel *Amerika*: the largest theater company in the world is recruiting all kinds of employees. De la Torre builds, fastens, cuts, pastes, performs, and extrudes a variety of poems to suit this most serious situation comedy: poems as job interviews, poems as postings, poems as questionnaires, reports, speeches, lyrical rants.

I cannot imagine poetry without her.

— BOB HOLMAN

... de la Torre subverts recognizable form, reorienting the performance of author, voice, and utterance.

—NATHANIEL ROSENTHALIS

My English is no
good.

My English is not
very well.

My English is... no
English.

My English is no
where.

My English is not
good and it is
heard badly.

My English is no
frequently.

My English is
no native so
apologies to
everyone.

Everywhere I go I see losers. Misfits like myself who can't make it in the world. In London, New York, Morocco, Rome, India, Paris, Germany. I've started seeing the same people. I think I'm seeing the same people. I wander around staring at strangers thinking I know you from somewhere, I don't know where. The streets are always crowded and narrow, full of men. It's always night and all strangers are men.

I hear talk of a new world
Everywhere I go: eco-paleo-psycho-electro-cosmo talk. Of course, men do all the talking. I don't get the message, my ears ache; my eyes are falling out, I don't see these street talkers as the makers of a new world. Anyway, they're not real losers. And the new world's an old dream.

They said, "Wait till you're 27 then you'll be sorry." I'm 27. I'm not sorry.

Constance DeJong has worked for over three decades on narrative form within the context of avant-garde music and contemporary art. Considered one of the progenitors of media art, or "time-based media," DeJong's books include *I.T.I.L.O.E.* and *SpeakChamber*, and her work is included in numerous anthologies. She teaches at Hunter College for the MFA and BA in Fine Arts.

Modern Love is one thing made up of many. It's science-fiction. It's a detective story. It is a historical episode in the time of the Armada and the dislocation of Sephardic Jews from Spain to an eventual location in New York's lower east side. It is a first person narrator's story; Charlotte's story; and Roderigo's; and Fifi Corday's. It is a 150 year old story about Oregon and the story of a house in Oregon. *Modern Love's* continuity is made of flow and motion, like an experience, it accumulates, as you read, at that moment, through successive moments, right to the end.

Co-published with Primary Information

Engaging and hypnotic in the tradition of storytelling where legend, fact, imagination and reality coalesce.

— BOB REILLY

A forgotten classic of narrative prose innovation.

— CHRIS KRAUS

Will Daddario is a grief worker and educational consultant with Inviting Abundance in Asheville, NC. He is also an internationally recognized scholar, author, and editor within the fields of performance philosophy and theatre studies.

To Grieve asks the question, what does it mean to grieve rightly? It follows the author's personal and philosophical ruminations after the sudden deaths of his son, father, step-father, friend, grandmother, and cat. Attending specifically to the ways in which grief-space appears, grief-time imposes itself, and grief-language bends itself around the emotional acuity of the wound, this long-form essay nestles up against the unnamable and pauses to measure its heft.

With a foreword by Matthew Goulish

An event of writing for which I know of no suitable name.

— LAURA CULL Ó MAOILEARCA

The chronology of one day at a time only makes sense where linear progress is presumed or, indeed, hoped for. To borrow an expression from Brecht, *natura facit saltus*. Beliefs to the contrary may in fact be beholden to a conservative agenda of rebuilding everything as it was before. And while the drawbacks of embracing a new temporal schema will show themselves immediately—extreme awkwardness resulting from the dismissal of familiar habits, further alienation from the multitude who sleep at night and work during the day—the potential power of thinking time anew is revolutionary.

In a utility shed, a box personed dumb platinum auc, untrodden moss artificially gray except for the weeds crawling toward the doorstep. The streets were dead. I was working against myself, it felt.

Projection, continuity, yield and accentuate lists, retreated to, if once campus, within them upon entrance, then, responsively gilding itself against the visitors' weary padding up the steps, the quavering n second, or n1, mice blithering chunks of time—and that Chane Rao, that an awful ending in the ascendancy to n1 status badgered him, scope and armaments, illumination a priori n, damaged once into a war with the Tencent Dictum Team which is upcoming and once into the fervent abuse of family members and thanae nearest exits from each intrusive badgering of their sensibilities, tufts through grating, and vines. Servitude in a pulse of air and backtalk about backtalk, undertaking its scary culpability, its confidential fantasies of thermodynamic equilibrium within Ceaurgle's purview, I survived the barren ciliary handle of this idle governance, told them their release system might unfurl a triple-batch program, and, given its proclivity for as much reallocation, a bargain. Like there'd never be another crew again.

J. Gordon Faylor is the author of *Disgruntled 1234567890* (Basic Editions), *Marginal Twin Contribution* (Troll Thread), and *Docking, Rust Archon* (bas-books), among other publications. He edits Gauss PDF.

Registration Caspar follows Caspar, a non-gendered entity, who has only five hours left before it is executed by its employer. Though it remains to be seen if this execution is biological and programmatic in nature, it's clear that money needs to be made for the two partners Caspar leaves behind. Enter *Registration Caspar*, at once a log of Caspar's life within the strangulated housing market of Ceaurgle—where it has taken on a second job as a farmhand in order to supplement another in the meteorological sequestration industry—and the hectic structuration of an income source. It's already too late for the log, however, infiltrated as it has been by said employer, and so made inextricably more dizzying and deranged than the original. The money is gone.

This is genre gone rogue.

— DIVYA VICTOR

*Written in the Dark:
Five Poets in the
Siege of Leningrad*

(ed. Polina Barskova)

Full of wit, gallows humor,
and mordant courage.

– CHARLES BERNSTEIN

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES
2016

I dreamt a twofold
wind,
Germany, goiter and
plague,
Lips that froze to a
magpie,
In a nature become
demented.

I have been thinking of you since the
day I saw you – has it been a month?
When I was young, I was eager to
explain myself to others, I was afraid
of missing the wave rising from within
to carry me toward the other, I was
always afraid of loving no more, of
knowing no more. But I am no longer
young, and have learned to let almost
everything pass – irrevocably.

Marina Tsvetaeva
Letter to the Amazon

(tr. A'Dora Phillips &
Gaëlle Cogan)

The most individual style in twentieth-
century Russian poetry.

– CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES
2016

Waly Salomão
*Algaravias: Echo
Chamber*

(tr. Maryam Monalisa Gharavi)

One of the most original and
vigorous poets of our time.

– ANTONIO CÍCERO

2016

But to stay, for
what and where
to,
if there is no
remedy, syrup or
elixir

Down a wide staircase of marble is
Nothing but waste. Any sojourn out
there (to the stars)
Will report nothing and
Nothing
And nothing. I grab her in both hands
It feels good. That we are at home with
the
Red & white stars
Her genes and mind

Laura Sims
Staying Alive

The restraint is active, and the spaces,
the silences, are freighted.

– C.D. WRIGHT

2016

Erica Baum
Dog Ear

A remote and contemplative observation
of the world's wild tumult.

– THE FORWARD

2016

104
I'm enclosing
you can also r
I'm turned
answerin
Yes
last
me
105
ge here, or remain
do now this,
with you if I
no timest
it is
I

Sometimes you hear people
described as having 'never tasted
life.' I am one of those people [...]
But I am full of idealism. And that is
a lot more dangerous than drugs,
alcohol, Satanism, cannibalism,
coprophagy, necrophilia. I hope
you choose all of the above before
you choose my books.

Kirill Medvedev
It's No Good

(tr. Keith Gessen, Mark Krotov,
Cory Merrill, Bela Shayevich)

Finally, ideology instead of
careerism and compromise!

– CHRIS CUMMING

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES
2016

Yevgeny Baratynsky
*A Science Not
For the Earth*

(tr. Rawley Grau)

Baratynsky is an oddity.

– JOSEPH BRODSKY

His deep gaze fixed upon
the stone,
the artist saw the Nymph
inside,
and fire raced through
every vein
and in his heart he flew to
her.

Disaster relief is
always late
in coming, and
when it arrives
no one knows what
to do
first.

Lewis Warsh
Alien Abduction

Lewis Warsh is a poetry icon and a genius.

– DOROTHEA LASKY

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES
2015

2015

Karen Weiser
Or, the Ambiguities

Weiser's figures of speech are gloriously
two-headed and unpredictable.

– STEPHANIE BURT

Then the treehouse burned.
And continued
Unobliterable as the sea
To burn. The photo of it
burning

Hangs on its wall, taken from
high up,
But not that high.

Stand up with dead
cylindrical tree
Dissecting Picasso
with face of idiot
Line: "You know it"
Come around and
confess

Tatsumi Hijakata
Costume En Face
(tr. Sawako Nakayama)

About as close to dancing as
words on a page can get.

– SIOBHAN BURKE

2015

EMERGENCY PLAYSRIPTS #4
2015

Rob Halpern
Common Place

Above the battlefield, some eat
their hearts out, spinning.

– JULIE PATTON

a blank resource whose waste
excels, a darker place where
bodies bend, ribs break in vaster
banks, my blunting force, just say
whose organ, say whose bone,
drafting futures, time negated &
not perceived as use, being raw

In singleness the parts

Strike each in each

speechless song,
being many,
seeming one

Jen Bervin
Nets

Jen Bervin has reimagined Shakespeare
as our true contemporary.

– PAUL AUSTER

DOSSIER
2015

2004

Cecilia Vicuña

Spit Temple

(tr. Rosa Alcalá)

She doesn't "refer" to baskets, she gets us to pull the very reeds for the basket.

– RODRIGO TOSCANO

DOSSIER
2012

I announced on posters
the spilling of a glass of
milk in front of the Quinta
de Simón Bolívar. Twelve
people attended. I spilled
a glass of white paint on
the sidewalk and wrote the
poem on the pavement.

Fear has a tailwind. Fear
colonizes quickly. Fear is
calculating red lights and
bystanders and petrol levels
even now as I write you this
letter upside down under
the Southern Cross.

Catherine Taylor

Apart

[A] brilliant and relentless
examination of conscience.

– BRIAN TEARE

DOSSIER
2012

Christian Hawkey

Ventrakl

Ventrakl is beautifully paced
and brilliantly drawn.

– QUINN LATIMER

DOSSIER
2010

Orphans die more
gleefully in the green
West.

A tapestry made of
gelatin. Binary ears.
A hand raised into the
wavering trauma-
light.

The way to do history
Is not to care about it
Whatever you care for you
diminish
Facts remain the same,
changing with the day
While what is true of one
repeats
By turning true of another

Jacqueline Waters

Commodore

Poetic hyper-awareness that threatens
and shapes the supraliminal state.

– CORINA COPP

2017

Ivan Blatny

*The Drug of Art:
Selected Poems*

(tr. Justin Quinn, Matthew
Sweeney, Alex Zucker)

The voice from a true underground.

– JOHANNES GORANSSON

EASTERN EUROPEAN POETS SERIES
2007

Thursday 8 pm. On
the table:
Matches, cigarettes,
tobacco, knife,
and lamp.
My tools.

If it ends, our own time, in
general
cataclysm; if the reign on
the right strives to
be the sun; if no brazen
serpent on a rod ever
hisses again. Well, I wanted
to be more than
a breathing clock

Alan Felsenthal

Lowly

Full of sly music & ancient wisdom
& hilarious with timelessness.

– ARIANA REINES

2017

Brent Cunningham
The Sad Songs of Hell

Hilarious and/or solemn bursts of dramatically charged poems.

– NORMA COLE

2017

her pinkie, a curlicue
wrapped in rabbit fur
dips into the cheese; she
pulls back her hair
& then, the unexpected:
vegetarians
steal the butcher's
financial statements

If staring wild at vector shadows
launched from a live source of
mouth light
can extract loving heads that
nuzzle from inside the body walls,
then what else could it possibly
fucking want.

Cathy Eisenhower
Distance Decay

Rife with elliptical magic &
profound intelligence

– CAROL MIRAKOVE

2015

Nancy Kuhl
The Nocturnal Factory

A perfectly balanced unity of what we
know and what we think we remember.

– JAMES BERGER

2008

When you say *planet* it will
be understood to mean *led
astray or the unavoidable
catastrophe of detachment*.
Saturn is the opposite of
Mercury; sight, the opposite
of touch.

My throat opens and I cry out,
“Master, oh, Master!” I can't bear to
live without him. Love spills from my
mouth for him, love spills from my
ears for him, love belches from my
heart for him, love seeps from my
nipples and cunt and armpits for him,
stickly red love flows from my nose,
spills over my lower lip and down my
chin.

Dodie Bellamy
The TV Sutras

An international treasure.

– WAYNE KOESTENBAUM

DOSSIER
2014

Jennifer Stella
*Your lapidarium
feels wrought*

Each line opening, like spun threads,
toward a myriad metamorphosis.

– OCEAN VUONG

2016

We fault the not-quite-
Mexico river and salt
balconies. Phoenix
child, the ash will
sink in lemon-like
tubs. Look—your
license. And what a picture. Most
learn to waltz with shattered chairs.

Bad singing, across the
shaft. She hasn't got a
pretty voice.
He drops off the paper.
Sweet so I forgive him,
wondering
why my box rattles him so.

Rachel Levitsky
Neighbor

A decisively innovative book.

– PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

2009

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UOP

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