

BOOG CITY

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

ISSUE 39 FREE

ART	Kate Greenstreet
BOOKS	Michael Ford, Padcha Tuntha-obas
FILM	Capital Media Arts
POETRY	Roger Farr, Deborah Meadows
POLITICS	Work sucks

Urban Barnyard on Urban Barnyard

Urban Barnyard is something of an AntiFolk supergroup, with its members all successful solo singer-songwriters on the East Village circuit. Together they are something more. They're a rock band with a painfully precise mandate: write songs about animals in the city. Boog City asked the four members of Urban Barnyard to review some of the recent music that the others have recently produced. This is what we got, followed by a review of their latest release by Boog City music editor Jonathan Berger.

Phoebe Kreutz, *We Gotta Go*

Reviewed by Casey Holford

One of the most fascinating things about Phoebe as a songwriter and a performer is the ever-present struggle of her deep and scholarly love of comedy and equally strong attraction toward tragedy. *We Gotta Go*, a 15-minute collection of songs addressing the topics of death and travel, is a great illustration of how best to walk the line between a guffaw and a sob.

The opener, "Song About Damian," is a powerful encapsulation of both topics. It documents a circuitous trip with a friend to a Cure concert in Philadelphia, with the songwriter poking fun at her friend for being late and getting lost, to the refrain "you go where you go when you go." The second half of the song reveals that this is actually a recollection of a friend who has since passed on ("you're gone, it's not clear/why Robert Smith's still here"), giving the refrain a doubled and more complex meaning.

"Everyone in England" and "Tijuana" are classic Kreutz tour songs. Both take arrival in a new country as a jumping off point for her cracked, yet astute, satire of local culture, ranging from cautionary advice ("don't leave your purse out if you take a nap/don't drink water from the tap") to endorsement ("it's a paradise for pasty people smoking in bars, driving small cars ..."). "Bull Run Beer Run" is a true rambling folk song that takes a trip from north to south and is at turns indignant and haunted, lambasting the high price of beer and cigarettes in New York, but also lamenting gravestones in Savannah, Ga. whose early death dates suggest a tradition of too-affordable debauchery. It's a satisfyingly complex song with room enough for sharp commentary and love of history.

The EP's closer, "Awkward in the Afterlife," imagines the premise of an overly romantic man who promised his girlfriend and wife to "see you in heaven someday," thus dooming himself to a sitcom-like eternal love triangle full of ducking behind clouds. It's a gracious and lighthearted way to cap off a formidable collection of stories and ruminations, and it speaks to Phoebe's gift for delivery, both comic and tragic. She makes sure her audience gets introspection and irreverence in equal measures.

Art Sorority for Girls, *Alpha Sigma Gamma*

Reviewed by Phoebe Kreutz

Daoud Tyler-Ameen has always had something of a Clark Kent thing about him. He's got the smarts, the manners, the boyish good looks obscured by thick-rimmed glasses. It's no surprise that his alter-ego, Art Sorority for Girls, seems super-heroic.

The EP *Alpha Sigma Gamma* is a major production feat. Daoud writes and performs the songs. He also plays his own drums, sings his own back-up, and plinks his own glockenspiel. And, with one exception, he recorded the whole thing himself in his bedroom. You would never know it.

The songs themselves are a sober collection and seriously contemplative. Daoud's music is wintry: clear and cold and wanting to cuddle. There's nostalgia embedded in every song, and, like a Wes Anderson movie, this is expressed through incredible attention to detail. This wistfulness is most evident in songs where Daoud takes on the role of narrator. In "The Parable" he sits himself somewhere between Thornton Wilder and John Mellencamp and sings about a gang of kids coming of age. Listening to it, you find yourself missing a bunch of people you never met. That melancholy distance is there even when he lets himself into the action, as in "Norma Jean." It's a relief, though, when he loosens up a little on a cover of Yoko Kichuchi's "The Morning Dumb" (oh, yeah—Daoud rocks too).

The last track, "Cecil B. DeMille, pt. 2," which brings in producer Casey Holford, is a culmination of what's come before. Our narrator seems suddenly overwhelmed by the world he's created. He's being crushed by an avalanche of his influences, from Gerri Halliwell to Tolstoy to Major Matt Mason. In the hands of someone else this could seem like kitschy name-dropping. Daoud makes it feel tragic and inevitable. But, then, he can do anything. He's super.

Dibs, *Dibs Bleeds Books*

Reviewed by Daoud Tyler-Ameen

In most cases it is best not to judge an album by its title—at least, that is, before you've heard it. In retrospect, a title can be a captivating clue as to what defines and unites the music, what gives it its special *raison d'être*. Dibs' first two releases, *More Unsent Letters* and *Slivers and Bits*, bore the mark of a songwriter



Photo courtesy of Urban Barnyard

who could fill notebooks with strange and wonderful thoughts, but they lacked a little of the focus and confidence necessary to make them accessible to the world. It was in 2006 that Dibs finally owned up to his talent, giving us an album that proclaimed its author a mastermind with books for blood.

Self-expression is at the heart of *Dibs Bleeds Books*, and nowhere is this more evident than in the sound of his voice. For the first time he's ditched his trademark vocal style, a low bellow in the

When Phoebe Kreutz approached Luv-A-Lot Records' Dashan Coram with the idea for Urban Barnyard—the whole municipal fauna thing—who knew the idea would have legs? What started out as a one-joke band has developed into multiple jokes, but also a pretty rocking affair.

vein of Calvin Johnson, for one that is higher, sweeter, and more readily satisfying. Poppier influences are clearly present: "Brace On" has echoes of Ozzy Osbourne's "Crazy Train," and Dibs hisses emphatically on "Author" just like John Lennon did on "Girl." He has not, however, forgotten how to be weird; and some of the record's most striking moments are those where he abandons singing altogether, reminding us that the human voice is capable of more. Most notably, "Caffeine Eyes (Buzz Buzz)" delivers on its onomatopoeic title, weaving overdubs into a dense net of sound, the kind of drone normally reserved for the shoegazer set.

The wistful penultimate track, "Staircase Song," profiles a friendship turned sour by miscommunication. And in a moment of touching vulnerability, Dibs admits, "If I could speak, I would not need this instrument," forcing the words into an awkward rhythm to prove his point. It is this new sense of poise, this ability to gracefully express his own difficulty with self-expression, which makes this album worthy of its creator's tremendous potential.

Casey Holford, *January*

Reviewed by Dibson T. Hoffweiler

January 2005—Casey Holford writes a song each week. He records them, reproduces them, packages them, and the EP *January* is born.

The short time span of the songs' origins grants them a subtle unity. Wintry themes loom over the songs with references to holidays, family visits, snow globes, shopping, and financial stress. Solitude is also pervasive—from the content of the songs (observing other people, being home alone, feeling confused about meeting old acquaintances) to the audio recordings themselves, which are stripped down quite a bit compared to Casey's recent *All Young And Beautiful*.

The song a week project works really well, with the first three

songs each flowing naturally into the next. The final cut, though, "Going to your Show," feels out of place. It may be nitpicky, considering the immediacy of the whole EP, but it doesn't quite seem to fit. The song is recorded with a rock arrangement while the others have more of a bedroom feel. And while, perhaps, "Show" sits outside the style of the other tracks, the recording offers a sample of Casey's uncanny knack for pop production. I think "Tunnel Vision," a guitar-centered song, is the most successful on the EP. It gives the feeling of a solo performance, though driven by boomy metallic percussion.

I think *January* is fun because of the urgency of its composition and production. It's a short record with a small scope, but each song digs into the subject at hand. The opportunity to hear what Casey was up to for four (and only four) weeks with his songwriting life is special and unique, and *January* is a great listen because of it.

Urban Barnyard, *That's the Idea*

Reviewed by Jonathan Berger

When Phoebe Kreutz approached Luv-A-Lot Records' Dashan Coram with the idea for Urban Barnyard—the whole municipal fauna thing—who knew the idea would have legs? What started out as a one-joke band has developed into multiple jokes, but also a pretty rocking affair. The five songs included on their initial EP represent not just rodent residents and avian inhabitants of the five boroughs, but the occasional farm animal and sporadic simian scenesters to boot. "Surfin' Sewer Rat" is an excellent example of swamp rock, while the harmonic lines included by producer Casey Holford on "Macacque Attacque" are beautiful, adding sophistication to some already spiffy pop. I'm not even sure what kind of meta-religious message is to be found in "The Manger Song," which describes the farm creatures who first witnessed Jesus' birth, later immortalized by "plastic versions of yourselves" in ostentatious manger scenes throughout Dyker Heights (you wondered how the track was urban, didn't you?).

Mostly, Urban Barnyard appears to be Phoebe Kreutz's show. As the lead singer, her presence is most consistently felt throughout, and the lyrics hew closely to the humorous style she's mastered in her solo gigs. The combined chops of Dibson T. Hoffweiler, Daoud Tyler-Ameen, and Holford seriously augment the sound of the band. It's their involvement that expands this project far beyond novelty. Urban Barnyard is working on their full-length debut, which promises to be an experience to appreciate.

For more information visit:

www.phoebekreutz.com
www.myspace.com/phoebekreutz
www.myspace.com/artisororityforgirls
www.dibson.net • www.myspace.com/dibson
www.caseyholford.com • www.myspace.com/casey
www.urbanbarnyard.com
www.myspace.com/urbanbarnyard

Jonathan Skinner

Bowdoinham, Maine
Borzicactus Nanus

a dwarf on a borzoi
stuffs a nan up my ass
twirling his deep
scarlet-orange hairdo

only apparently a genius
he's been reclassified
in the corporate orders
as a radical or a spy

a zygomorph, not yet
bitten by incipient frost
ranges high in this country
right up to his limit

one cold winter will get 'em

Peru

FILM

Talkin' New York The Little Movie that Might

BY JONATHAN BERGER

They come to New York from everywhere: the tired, the poor, those yearning to eat cheap. They flock to the cities—all cities, really, but ours in particular—to be where it's happening, to get a chance to do something different, to see something interesting, to experience something creative. They want to feel the heartbeat of art and taste the culture. But it doesn't always go as planned.

Life gets in the way. Finances, or fear, or emigration issues keep you from pursuing the bohemian lifestyle. Capital Media Arts (C.M.A.) wants to present that tale, the story of the struggling artist, in all its sordid glory. The company expects its debut feature film, *Talkin' New York*, to represent the East Village boho mentality—if they can ever get it made.

C.M.A., the brainchild of Hanley Braginsky and Jason Keis, has been producing short films for some time now, but are excited about their first foray into the full-length feature. Of course, there are difficulties. Getting financing for a film is one tough task.

"It's going," says Braginsky, "but we just started. This will require a substantial amount of effort on our part to seek support from the community as we embark into the wild and zany world of convincing people that their money would be best invested in our film, as opposed to it being spent on worldly necessities."

Braginsky and his partner Keis, both native New Yorkers, wrote the script for *Talkin' New York*, a day in the life film following the Village's vibrant open-mic community. They found the director of their dreams and are ready to start casting. But like the characters they describe—desperate managers, flaky singers, and anxious emigrants—they aren't quite ready to make their dreams reality. This is a shame, as their belief in the project is substantial.

"My mother grew up in the Lower East Side," says Keis, "And over the years she's told and retold stories about the spirit of the Fillmore East, her running into Jimi Hendrix in Tompkins Square [Park], hanging out in a basement with Carlos Santana; on one occasion, Davy Jones of the Monkees, who happened to be at his store Zilch, bought her a soda.

"They're cool stories," says Keis, "which is part of the reason why I was always fascinated by the music scene back in the day, and even why I think I grew up in the wrong era. Eventually

I discovered Bob Dylan, who was in a sense the quintessential New Yorker, hence the tentative title of our film. 'Talkin' New York' was his first original and autobiographical song."

Keis, a former metal drummer, became inspired to pick up the guitar and discover for himself "what the incarnation of the Village folk scene was like today." More familiar with sixties' history, though, Keis originally began his exploration on the West Side of town.

"I was wandering around aimlessly in Greenwich Village, when I happened to spot this tall slim guy in an army jacket on a corner playing the acoustic guitar," says Keis. "I recall asking him if he would be willing to help me with my own guitar playing. He told me about the open mic at Sidewalk over on the east side and that 'it's the best place in the city for that kind of stuff.'"

They agreed to meet the next Monday at the world-infamous AntiHoot, but when Keis arrived, "he was nowhere to be found. Interestingly enough, I haven't seen this guy since, and I don't recall him ever giving me his name." Keis did see a variety of acts that intrigued him. Among them were Ian Thomas and The Bowmans, both NYC-based acts that have since begun frequently touring the nation and beyond.

"Sidewalk opened my eyes—and ears—to many talented individuals here in New York," says Keis. "Shortly after Hanley and I formed this film production company, I proposed the idea of us working on something that incorporated the spirit and attitude of the scene, which is quite evident in Lach's AntiHoot. Needless to say this project has replaced my guitar pursuit as my primary focus. Besides," he chuckles, "I have a lousy singing voice anyway."

The two head honchos of C.M.A., both rich with musical history, collaborated on the script. "It was quite simple," says Braginsky, "Anything Jason wrote I would immediately revise or omit. There were times where he insisted that some of his elements should stay, but in those instances I would resort to berating him senselessly until he would eventually see things my way."

Together they wrote the story of a series of desperate, excited East Village characters, some familiar as archetypes, some familiar because you probably just met them. A fascinating



A fascinating adaptation of the open mic lifestyle, the script plugs in numerous cameos for East Village superstars such as The Bowmans (above) and, of course, the host of the AntiHoot, the singularly named Lach.

David S. Rubio photo

adaptation of the open mic lifestyle, the script plugs in numerous cameos for East Village superstars such as The Bowmans and, of course, the host of the AntiHoot, the singularly named Lach. The idea of doing such a film without the founder of AntiFolk was inconceivable to Keis.

This little independent film project, so interested in capturing the Do It Yourself aesthetic of the East Village, has not yet secured its financing, but they're certain it will, and that they can make the film on the cheap. "We're talking to people now," says Braginsky. They're also looking for community involvement in the form of financial support, recommendation, and possible further cameos. I'm hoping for a part in it myself. After all, it's about my community so why not?

For more information visit www.capitalmediaarts.com

We'd be very grateful if you'd



**Advertise in
BOOG CITY**

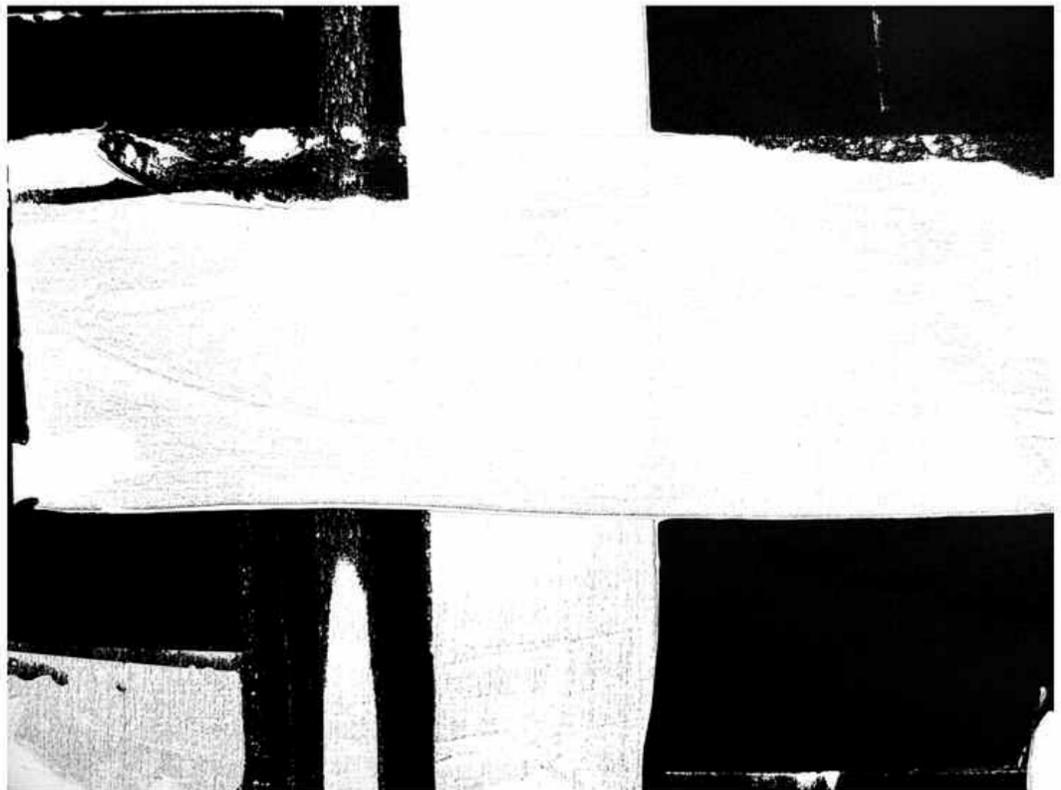
**editor@boogcity.com
212-842-BOOG (2664)**



Those famous photos. You know, the real ones.



**Kate
Greenstreet**
Belford, N.J.



People are saying what they saw but nobody knows who did it.

About the Artist

Kate Greenstreet's first book, *case sensitive*, is just out from Ahsahta Press. Visit her online at www.kickingwind.com

Work Sucks, Life Sucks, and Then You Die

BY CHRISTINA STRONG

So says the anthem from the band Blackjack, a rebellious band from Boston (although what band from Boston isn't rebellious?). I say "rebellious" because they were one of the few bands to put things bluntly: "Work Sucks" and "your lily white laughter burns a hole up my neck." "Work Sucks" was a manifesto I could wholeheartedly agree with, and still do. The Blackjacks were a band that sang about working class people and critiqued hipsters in a musical "elephant in the room" way.

When I was young my father told me work sucks, life sucks, and then you die. Following this logic I'm surprised that millions of people don't just kill themselves. Instead they buy lottery tickets and behave as if money is plucked from trees. I do have to agree with my father in one respect: work does suck.

I guess I was not prepared for work, or at least for the idea of it. My first real job when I was 16 was at a Baskin Robbins in a strip mall. It was 10 years after my grandfather had a retirement party in my backyard after working at Pratt & Whitney for 30 years. Like a good working class man of his time, he never complained about his job.

On the other hand, I came home from a training session at the ice cream shop and remarked to my mother, "did you know that we have to weigh the scoops of ice cream?" At the time, I didn't understand the phrase "profit margin." I did understand intellectually why we had to weigh the ice cream scoops, but I also thought the idea, and the act of doing so, was ridiculous. I was at that job until December, when almost no one buys ice cream.

Not only am I ill prepared for work, I just don't understand it. Perhaps I am being naïve and glib. I didn't grow up with a trust fund. I grew up thinking life was about suffering. I don't

believe life is suffering, or that it has to be, but I do wonder when I go to Manhattan and see people with shopping bags, and sometimes lots of them. I wonder are these people tourists on vacation or actual people who live here and have copious amounts of wealth? Because someone is getting a bad deal, maybe many people.

I also don't understand why can I work in one city and get paid one rate and work in another and get paid more. What is even more baffling is why a can of soda costs one amount in one part of Brooklyn and a different amount in another.

When I was 15 I took a typing class. I remember the teacher saying that typing was an important skill. I didn't want to take the class because I feared that I would end up as someone's secretary. At the time computers were as expensive as cars and not in my foreseeable

future. I didn't know that years later I would be buying ad space in the now defunct *Silicon Alley Reporter*. I also didn't know that I would have to know at least 20 different software programs, five computer

languages, and develop carpal tunnel in both arms in order to land a job. But that's the way things went. I tried landscaping for a week and the money was good but it was tiring, and I know absolutely nothing about plants.

I had one job in my teens in a clothing warehouse that I will call macyjcpennycfiles-bloomingdales. My first day was spent in a room hearing lecture upon lecture, and even seeing a video, on why this company was so great to work for, why there was no need for a union, why unions were bad for workers, and why the benefits of non-unionized labor was so great. I felt I had walked into a cult at barely above minimum wage and no benefits. I spent three weeks in a windowless, airless warehouse throwing returned items into a cardboard bin.

That is all I did for three weeks. Throw T-shirts and pj bottoms into a cardboard bin. I didn't just think that the job sucked, I thought it was killing every physical, mental, and soulful cell in my body.

The guy who works at my local corner store works 10-hour days, 7 days a week. Men stand in line at 3:00 a.m. in front of the Labor Ready office in Long Island City. The company has been known to pay minimum wage, offers no training program, and some people work under unsafe conditions. And these poor guys are standing outside at three in the morning waiting for a chance to get a job for the day. I was afraid to look up what the CEO of Labor Ready earned, then I did, and that information is unavailable. The company earned \$62 million in 2005. Someone's happy at their job.

In order to read, much less understand, the Department of Labor's numbers on unemployment in New York City, I'd have to be a statistician. According to 1010wins.com, New York City's unemployment rate in September 2006 was 4-1/2 percent, the lowest in nearly 20 years. Mayor Michael Bloomberg says more than three million New Yorkers are working, while 169,000 are looking for work. So great. I'm glad that the unemployment rate dropped, but I'm wondering what this tells me. Does it tell me that the men outside Labor Ready are working and aren't counted as unemployed?

Labor Ready is not the only outfit that provides day labor. Other companies, such as Prime Time Personnel, just a few doors down from the Labor Ready office in Long Island City, offer temp and day labor "opportunities." Prime Time Personnel's website looks legit, albeit with a website design circa 1997, but the "about us" section offers just an address, phone and fax numbers, and an email address. In order to view jobs on their website, you must log in, but there is no place to log in, and the website hasn't been updated since 2002. I did not find



Christina Strong photo

any information regarding the company on the web, which seems about as trustworthy as a veterinarian working out of an alley.

On the other side of the table, a popular TV show on the Discovery channel, *Dirty Jobs*, presents just that: dirty jobs. Dirty jobs one doesn't usually think about, such as determining the sex of an alligator before releasing it into the wild. How is this done? I'll just say that I hope the host of the show washes his hand and arm very thoroughly afterwards. The workers in each episode are treated with dignity, in other words, not patronized, demeaned, made fun of, or looked down upon, something certainly lacking in many offices.

The thing is, the song "Work Sucks," movies like *Office Space*, websites like *worst-jobs.com*, and reading about people who have the worst, most dangerous, and humiliating jobs doesn't make me feel better about working at all. It only reinforces the adage. It's as if I'm on a sinking ship: just because I'm in solidarity with the 400 other passengers who are also sinking with me doesn't lessen the impact that we're drowning. I think the trick is that I'm supposed to be laughing, but I'd prefer to be running for the life preservers. As the spam email I received the other day put it: dough is never enough.

Christina Strong is a poet and designer who lives in Red Hook. She longs to go skinny-dipping in Dummerston, Vt. She can be found at openmouth.org, bookwhore.com, and xtina.org

CAConrad and Kenward Elmslie

April 7, 4:00 p.m. sharp
Segue Reading Series @
Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery, at foot of E. 1st St.
\$6 admission goes to the readers

CAConrad's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poet (www.phillysound.blogspot.com). His book *Deviant Propulsions* was published in 2006 by Soft Skull Press. Kenward Elmslie's recent publications include *Agenda Melt*, *Snippets*, and *Cyberspace*, all with visuals by Trevor Winkfield, and *Routine Disruptions*, selected poems.

Roger Farr

Vancouver, British Columbia
From Surplus

Security is denser now, is domination's form
But it's their form more than mine, my labour keeps
Taylorism's hands (weapons) on its forward gears
There it is rented, there it is owned, and here is its
Signature: a passive local network is what it likes and
Reps in signs and the vote which is the big prize that
Has been illuminated by Lit. Our region is to blame.
Referenda affronts. This is a radar. Meanwhile it's as real
As if it were televised. They wave patents on armour.
Leave each to his own enterprise and shouts and cries
And so it ascends, not appearing to penetrate more.
Post- "I make it," being afraid of each other, if not all stars
Except when inking this extreme. Fine, the result is "made" by
Those who would love rather than accommodate such delays.

XXXIV

Tissue over diagrams or fragment
Their sums with different measures. Frameworks
Framed as "Freidman's Dream," filed for later under
"Sphere." Stand on guard to bound sums to
Another sense that might pass the primary
Test of deficit to chart profit margins
At the periphery, this art of certainty
Precision folds, mimetic angles
Resistance to cops, Baghdad's insurgents
Send shots from the cradle, to transport that
Sphere "here" means we might not go to work.

Deborah Meadows

Pasadena, Calif.

On the state of the novel as a coffin.

Fiendish old scamps
had clapped enough
to institutionalize their tapping.

From cabin to shop, believe in
sufficient music, in caulking
or sounding out the unpronounceable.

Hark, all things come right
with a test upon waters for central
lines, radiant riggings.

"How immaterial are all materials,"
ticked time beats against
the hollow structure of measured time.

Philosophies benight me
as things I do more conducive
to symbol as turpentine is
to carpenters' plans in twilight
conduits from this world
for which we measure
stilts and pier piles, moorings, marks.

From "The Theory of Subjectivity in Moby-Dick" published in her book *Thin Gloves* (Green Integer Press).

About the Poets

Roger Farr is the author of *Surplus* (Linebooks), and is completing a book of essays, *Protest Genres and the Language of Dissent*, on the rhetoric of social movements. **Deborah Meadows** teaches in the liberal studies department of California State Polytechnic University, Pomona. Her books include *involuntia* (Shearsman Press), *Representing Absence* (Green Integer), and *Itinerant Men* (Krupskaya Press). **Jonathan Skinner** (cover) edits the review *ecopoetics*, teaches environmental studies at Bates College and lives in Bowdoinham, the tick capital of Maine. His *Political Cactus Poems* (excerpted here) are available through Palm Press (www.palmpress.org).

d.a levy lives

each month celebrating a renegade press

Thurs. April 12, 6:00 p.m., free

A Celebration for

Corollary Press

(Philadelphia)

Event will be hosted by
Corollary Press editor S. Juliette Lee

Featuring readings from
Jason Daniel Schwartz, Christopher Stackhouse, Lynn Xu

With music from Frances the Band members

There will be wine, cheese, and crackers, too.

ACA Galleries 529 W.20th St., 5th Flr. (10th/11th aves.)

www.corollarypress.blogspot.com
www.myspace.com/francesband

Directions: C/E to 23rd St., 1/9 to 18th St.

Hosted by **BOOG CITY** editor David Kirschenbaum
For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) • editor@boogcity.com

BOOG CITY'S CLASSIC ALBUMS LIVE PRESENTS

for its 30th anniversary

Fleetwood Mac's Rumours

Wed. April 18, 7:00 p.m., \$8

**Knitting Factory Old Office
74 Leonard St.**

With the album performed live by
Dan Fishback and the Faggots

Matt Lydon
The Trouble Dolls
Genan Zilkha

and individual sets performed by

Matt Lydon
The Trouble Dolls
Genan Zilkha

Venue is bet. Church and Broadway. 1/9 to Franklin St., A/C/E to Canal St.
Info 212-842-BOOG (2664) • 212-219-3132 • editor@boogcity.com

BOOG CITY's email list died.

Please re-join
(or join) by sending
your name and
email to:

editor@boogcity.com

Thanks!
David

T
H
E
M
I
L
L
I
O
N
P
O
E
M
S
S
H
O
W

Jordan Davis, host,
and Franklin Bruno,
house band,
invite you

to come to

The Bowery Poetry Club

6:30 p.m. Monday, March 26

to see Buck Downs,

Nicole Renaud,

Live action Poetry Comix,

ASL Poetry Theater,

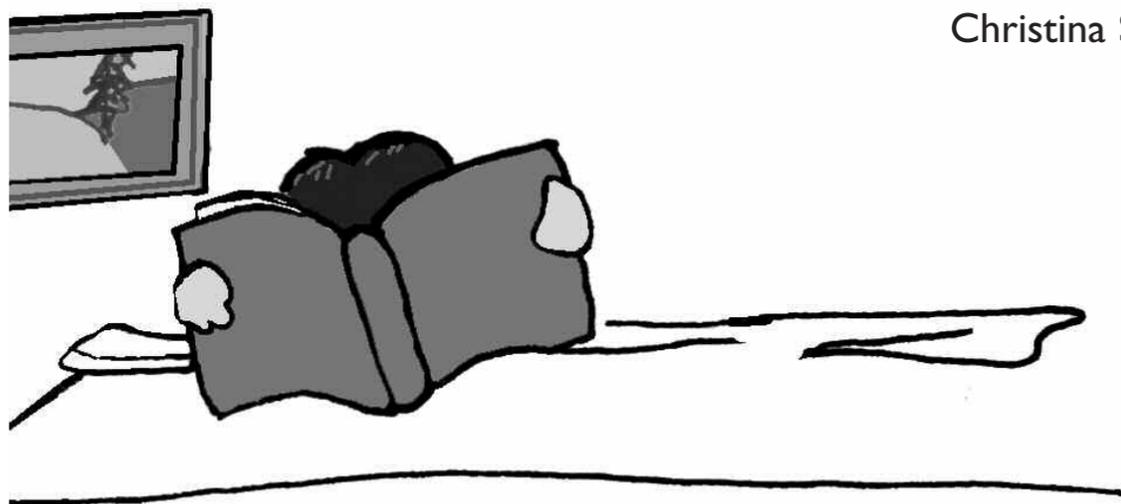
and much more

Upcoming shows:

April 23-Thomas Sayers Ellis

May 7-Bob Hicok

Free!



Christina Strong - freelance print and web designer *
openmouth.org & xtina.org

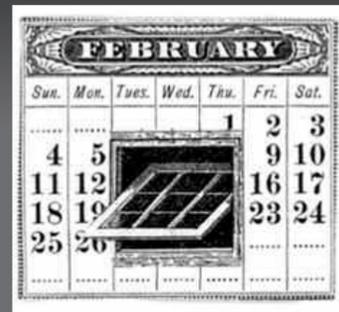
“Always reading up on the next new...”

Specialty & Interest:
poets, artists and non-profits
chrisx@xtina.org

* available for hire. Yes, this is an ad.

fait accompli
spellbound speculations
time travel is

www.nickpiombino.blogspot.com



now available in book form from
Factory School, SPD, St Mark's, and Unnameable Books

bowery arts and science international presents:

MC PAUL BARMAN

bowery Poetry Club

**fridays march 9th, 16th and 23rd
8 to 10pm 12 bucks**

**PLUS: Steinski, Soren McCarthy
and CHOPPED HERRING and more!**

**barman has cornered the market on over-educated, smarty-pants rap; no one will ever again rhyme booty with susan faludi without being accused of ripping off mr. barman.
-ny times**

**barman may be the ultimate jester for those who like to get drunk all night with their strunk and white.
-rolling stone**

**PAULLELUJAH! is funny, really funny, absurd, nonsensical and ultra-intellectual. safe to say this is the first rap album to mention naom chomsky, winston churchill and erica jong
-dallas morning news**

**BOWERY POETRY CLUB
308 BOWERY
BETWEEN BLEECKER AND HOUSTON
info: 212-614-0505
BOWERYPOETRY.COM**

now please write a poem