

IT TAKES A GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOT

Attention all dunderheaded journalists—look this way

BY GREG FUCHS

IT TAKES A GLOBAL-VILLAGE IDIOT NOT TO RECOGNIZE THE HARM TO THE EARTH AND ALL of its beings—not to mention the diminishing chances of our healthy survival—caused by free-trade economics implemented by a host of greedy corporate bosses and their diplomatic call-persons, otherwise known as local and national political leaders. The society of the spectacle has become so spectacular its light has blinded us. We can barely see the simple truth that the increase of wealth is directly proportional to human suffering.

Con men, poets, and thinkers since Plato have held much of our citizenry in contempt. Unfortunately they may be right, that a sucker is born every minute or we need a philosopher king to lead the dumb masses. I really don't subscribe to this thinking. I like to believe that if we all just got accurate information from a variety of sources we'd make decisions that resulted in a better world in which all could live democratically as well as equitably. If what I read in the newspapers and witnessed on the streets during the weekend that the World Economic Forum (WEF) met at The Waldorf=Astoria in midtown Manhattan is any foreshadowing, we're in for about as much equitable democracy as the elephants in a Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus enjoy.

Many journalists, whose job it is to investigate, analyze, and report the state of the world, are writing that they do not understand the message of the anti-corporate globalization movement. Most accuse the activists of straying off message, having too many messages, and being violent. This is ridiculous.

In the January 29, 2002 issue of *The Village Voice* Richard Esposito in "Law of the fist, New York cops vow to crush violent protest at world economic forum", wrote an apology for police misconduct. Esposito's thesis is that wealthy international anarchists terrorize cities and antagonize hard-working blue-collar police officers, specifically John Timoney, a former New York police officer and Philadelphia police commissioner. This is ridiculous.

Last time I was in Oakland I met several anarchists who travel the country like hobos by hopping freight trains and survive by dumpster diving. Timoney on the other hand is the recently hired CEO of Beau Dietl Associates (BDA), Investigations and Security Services, an international firm specializing in protecting corporate and political leaders. Without having asked, I'm sure Timoney's salary easily puts him outside of the blue-collar tax bracket. BDA was brought in to consult with the New York Police Department on containing the anti-corporate globalization activists during WEF. Timoney's style of policing demonstrations is often covert and violent. During the 2000 Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, I witnessed many plain-clothes officers as agent provocateurs, one even beat a woman with a shillelagh, an Irish walking stick. Who here is the wealthy international terrorist?

Last week I proposed to Boog City's editor that I would write a who, what, when, where, why, and how of WEF but I found that it has been described and analyzed from many points of view by many others. For the most comprehensive and no less incriminating information you need just go to your local library and log on to www.weforum.org, the official Web site of WEF. There you will learn that "over the course of three decades, the forum has grown from humble beginnings as a European economic conference into a unique, member based institution comprised of the 1,000 most powerful corporations in the world."

You don't have to be a garment worker who is forced to take birth control pills by her supervisor and earns the paltry sum, even in the global South, of \$ 00.38 per hour to know that rarely does a CEO make decisions that are in the worker's best interest. You don't have to be one of the 30,000 Indonesian Nike workers who earn less collectively than Michael Jordan does simply endorsing their sneaks to know that the boss even finds it difficult to provide you with economic security. Alan Greenspan will tell you that unemployment disciplines workers' demands for raises. Simply, in a dog-eat-dog world it is every dog for himself.

You can also go to www.nyc.indymedia.org to find out why activists are demonstrating during the WEF. "The World Economic Forum is seen by many as the corporate architect of the recent wave of economic globalization. Representatives



Ex-Halliburton CEO, now Vice President, Dick Cheney lending a hand during the World Economic Forum protests earlier this month in New York City. Kimberly Wilder photo

Arielle Greenberg

Dedham, Mass.

When Kurt Cobain Died, the Washington Post Called Me

and I told them, "We don't want a hero."

It was a lie, of course, like the many to follow.

The fans made a sicko circle. On television

the mournful grunge looked like a city of mud.

Courtney read his suicide note on an open mike

with swear-word play-by-play. Babydoll,

he floated over Seattle like a flying dream. A frying

[Pan.

He was the shortest sentence in the Bible.

The queers love a candy-shaped tragedy and blondly he was ours, sick to the stomach, using. He named his child for the books we read.

We said thanks, here's a dollar.

We like you best naked. We like you best laid

out with a hole. We followed a bliss.

His. It was a lie, of course, so I told them.

(a true story)

from WEF set the foundation for the formation of the World Trade Organization. Also, WEF's growing clout is beginning to challenge even that of the United Nations, which concerns many critics since the Forum is a private entity accountable to only its members. "Should a Forum that is dominated by corporate interests be encouraged to take on the role of mapping out future frameworks for global governance?" asked Australian scholar Peter Goodman in his article "The WEF: Capital's First International?" For protest groups the answer is clearly no."

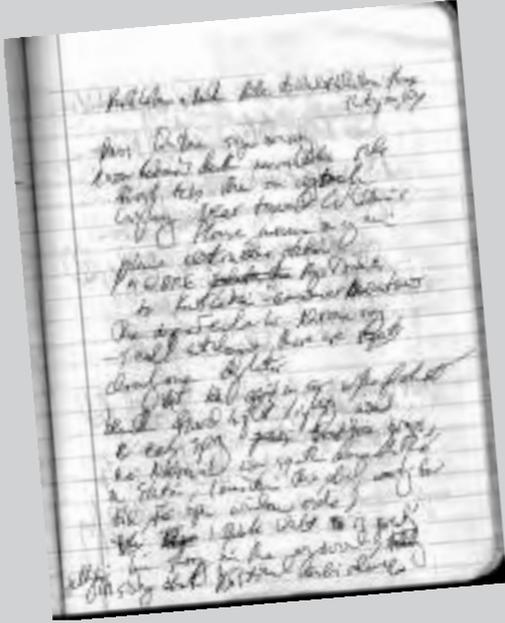
Saturday morning I went to witness International Act Now to Stop War and End Racism's (ANSWER) mass rally outside of the Waldorf. The police created a pen for the demonstrators, with barricades along the west side of Park Avenue from 50th street up to 59th Street. I continually heard officers tell demonstrators, "If you're here to protest you must get inside the designated area, get inside the pens!" Habermas, de Bord, and Orwell are just laughing in heaven. You dare ask why some activists find it necessary to smash windows to be heard?

The Another World Is Possible (AWIP) rally at the corner of 59th Street and 5th Avenue was lively, fun, well-attended, and organized by really smart, well-informed young people. I was thoroughly impressed. The speakers provided a wealth of information succinctly to a large receptive crowd. Where were the reporters who complain about the activists being off-message? The whole anti-corporate globalization message can be distilled to the chorus of the song that Billy Bragg sang to open up the AWIP rally, "No power without accountability!"

Ironically, the speakers at AWIP, stood at the base of the gilded statue erected by the New York Chamber to honor General William Tecumseh Sherman. Honor Sherman? He is one of the world's greatest war criminals, killing civilians and burning towns from South Dakota to Georgia. Directly beneath a gold lady liberty posed next to a gold Sherman astride a gold horse shimmering in the crystal clear sky, Yvonne Liu, an AWIP organizer, said, "We want true equality. We want economic policies decided and implemented democratically, not in secret meetings by powerful elites."

EDIT

The editor's notebook from Saturday morning, 2 a.m., April 9, 1994, the night/morning after Kurt Cobain's suicide was discovered. These pages were written while on the grounds of the Walt Whitman Birthplace, Huntington, NY.



The day Kurt Cobain died, April 8, 1994

Take Robert Moses Causeway home to feel ocean air at 75 miles an hour.

Bedroom crank Nirvana up, lay back and face ceiling, hands locked beneath my head.
My parents worry that I'm next.

I don't know what to do tonight but know I don't want to be here.
Grab my Reign of Toads zine and catch the railroad to the Poetry Project, reading buddy Gogola's Nirvana article (p. 6), listening to Art Blakey's daughter Evelyn singing "It's not easy being green."

At the church they're holding a T-shirt auction to benefit the Project. Different poets model the shirts as music plays in the background.
David Greenberg and Mario Mezzacappa from the band Pen Pal go upfront, and David's shirt is white with red paint smeared all over it. And he moves his body in all different directions, pulls the shirt left and right simultaneously, and says, "Kurt Cobain died in this shirt."

PoProj doyennes Gillian McCain and Joann Wasserman are two of the models,

and, since sales are slow, David Cameron's girlfriend offers to take the shirt she's modeling right off of her back and hand it to the buyer.

Everyone wants to buy this shirt, but no one does.
I buy a white shirt, streaked with red, gray, and black paint for 18 bucks (picture).

Head with Marcella Harb and some of her Detroit relatives to 6A, MTV's on every set, Kurt in Unplugged special, repeatedly singing "All alone is all we are." Head to Walt Whitman's house.

Stop off at 7-11 in Huntington, and buy a Diet Stewart's Root Beer, like that night in Boulder, when Miriam took Guy's Saturn keys from his pants pocket while he slept and we bopped from Kinko's to Kinko's to make her litmag, stapling books on my bed before tearing each other's clothes off in my hostel room for the first time.

Pull onto graveled parking lot at Walt's place, Adjusting the dial between Kurt tributes My Sunbird idling as I sip root beer and ask Walt to look after him.

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Welcome Back

Making the World Safe for WBAI

Photos by Chet Gordon

The world is finally safe for ... well, if nothing else, it's finally safe to give money to your favorite, listener-sponsored radio station again. After 13 long months, the battle to take back WBAI was won by "the dissidents." In case you missed the blow-by-blow, here are some highlights and two places to find out more: Over 50 years ago, a Quaker named Lew Hill established the Pacifica Foundation as a radio network that would be commercial free, independent of corporate control, and an empowering forum for artists and journalists. WBAI 99.5 FM in New York City is a member of this network. The Pacifica Foundation started veering from its mission several years ago. Some

Notes From My
FBI File
Kimberly Wilder

corporate elites with very unprogressive ties infiltrated the board, made it self-selecting, and did a maneuver to take power away from the Listener Advisory Boards in the five signal areas—Washington, D.C. (WPFW); Houston (KPFT); Berkeley, CA (KPFA); and Los Angeles (KPFK).

The situation was brewing at the national level for a few years before it really hit WBAI hard in 2000. At a "Christmas Coup", the then executive director of Pacifica, Bessie Wash, stormed the station and installed Utrice Leid as the new acting general manager. Over the Christmas holiday, the two changed the locks and over the next year proceeded to throw dozens of shows, producers, and some even say Congressman Major Owens (D., Brooklyn), off the air. [More information and links can be found at www.wbai.net, or the Concerned Friends hotline at (800) 825-0055.]

The most important information, though, is simply that we won. With the pressure of three lawsuits and a lot of education and activism, the listeners have won back WBAI and the whole network. The Fired and Banned have been restored. A new, interim, Pacifica National Board (iPNB) has taken control of the mother-network, Pacifica. So, after only a few days of hemming and hawing and wishing for more, the powers-that-be among the dissidents finally lifted the boycott which helped reform Pacifica and win our station back. Concerned Friends of WBAI, the Pacifica Campaign, and the WBAI Local Advisory Board (LAB) all declared it okay to start sending funds into WBAI.

Yet with all this hoopla and relief, what really made me happy was more waiting.

When Utrice Leid was in full power during the coup, it seemed like every day was a fund-raiser. Sometimes they would last three weeks in desperate attempts to thwart the boycott by gathering in some poor, rube, new listeners.

So far, the new-old management at WBAI has taken a firm stand for democracy and listener empowerment by simply waiting. People told them that "the listeners started this boycott, and the listeners will end it." So, while the new BAI made one desperate plea for money and supplies on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, they decided to hold off until the aforementioned listener pronouncements before holding a real fund-drive.

Were you listening on Martin Luther King Jr. Day? It

was precious. Bernard White (former and present-again Program Director) was back, with his warm, fatherly voice so many people have spoken about missing—even longing for—throughout the coup. And, instead of some greedy appeal for money to funnel to Pacifica and boost his own net worth with, instead of trying to control listeners with Pavlovian Bells clamoring out like a telemarketer boiler room, the announcers asked for help. Real help: *Please give us supplies. We need white copy paper and refills for our Canon number something, something inkjet printers ... thanks to Sheila who brought us two packages of pens and some legal pads.*

It was a givers dream: like a charity you know is real because they will accept your food, old clothes, and time instead of just raking in checks. Or, the joy you would feel if you found a telemarketer who thanked you for your time and said they would be happy to mail you some information on their cause.

To me, an authentic what-we-really-need fund drive was satisfying on so many levels. It brought me back to the sense of community I felt on September 12, 13, and 14. I was feeling desperate, wanting something to do to help. I intuited, perhaps, stuff like the Red Cross scandal of not really wanting to give [ital]all[unital] the money to New York victims, or the dark strategy of Special Master Kenneth Feinberg at the Federal September 11 Victim Compensation Fund who would be calculating which people's lives were worth more than others based on future projected earnings. I started thinking that capitalism and money had somehow contributed to this problem and money might not necessarily help.

So, I was so happy during those days to discover that one of my local commercial radio stations, WBAB 102.3FM, gave over its airtime, commercial free, to mobilize the community. Besides allowing people to speak and preach and cry over the airwaves, WBAB DJ's started announcing real ways to help: They need

bottled water now; or, fluorescent paint can be dropped off at the Copiague train stations between 9 a.m. and 12 noon. Maybe all the supplies didn't get there and get used, but it was important for me to be in a hardware store choosing goggles for fireman, important for many New Yorkers to put their talent for shopping to good use. One friend got her ex-husband to donate his old welding gloves that had been sitting in her basement for the past decade. (Just another September 11th miracle.)

And, all of this thinking about supplies and heroes and rescuing makes me want to thank the dissident heroes who saved Pacifica—a station named for peace. Thank you to Amy Goodman and Errol Maitland and the rest of the Democracy Now! in Exile crew for broadcasting bravely from the frozen zone near Ground Zero. Thank you to Eileen Sutton and Lyn Jerry (who kept the listeners posted via Internet announcements), Janice K. Bryant (formerly banned, now an interim board member), Frank of the Goodlight.net WBAI message board, Patty Heffley



Scene from the first interim Pacifica National Board (iPNB) meeting, held this past January.

(activist and party to the Listener Lawsuit), Juan Gonzalez (former and present co-host of Democracy Now! who led the Pacifica Campaign this past year), and the thousands of other listener-dissidents who boycotted past fund drives, e-mailed board members, supported the lawsuits, and held vigils at the station to help make Pacifica safe for the world.

I couldn't go visit the opened-lobby at the newly liberated WBAI studio and bring Bernard some pens. But, I was so appreciative that he asked, that he cared about what was needed. And, it was so important that he respected the boycott enough to apologize for asking this one day for some funds to start things up again. So, hearing that the vote on lifting the boycott would take place on Thursday, I waited. Then, that weekend I wrote my checks. It was a fountain of relief: one check to WBAI from me and one from my husband (in hope that it gets us both into some future voting process). And, then a check to The Listeners Lawsuit for their debt, because Carol Spooner (a lawyer and chief announcer from the Listener's Lawsuit) worked so hard, and is still working hard in her new post as an iPNB board member to set things straight. It felt so good to be able to write checks again, I broke the bank and sent out our Amnesty International dues and a check for 10 copies of Yes! magazine's Peace issue to spread around.

By the way, I think a lot of people have been sending in checks to WBAI. But, the fund drive, the real fund drive, didn't start until Monday, February 4th. They didn't want a fund drive interfering with special coverage of the anti-WEF demonstrations.

Now, I know we have our station back!



Bernard White (l), former and present-again program director, with Dan Coughlin, who helped fight the old Pacifica regime and was named Pacifica's new interim executive director.

SECURITY

(suh-kyur-uh-tee) n., pl. -ties.

1. Freedom from risk or danger, especially for capitalist class in imperialist centers; safety for their investments: Security requires the use of force against dissenting individuals and groups when co-optation and containment fail. See also austerity measures, de-skilling, institutionalized racism and racial stratification of laboring class. 2. Obsolete. Freedom from doubt, anxiety or fear; confidence. 3. Anything that gives or assures safety of international investments, as in one. a. Imprisonment of large numbers of domestic population. b. Harassment, arrest or murder of trade union leaders in free trade zones. c. Military support of oppressive regimes. See Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Turkey, Egypt, Israel, Nigeria, Colombia, etc. d. Control of media through private ownership, see also CIA and Cold War culture. e. Passage of opportunistic emergency measures to curb democratic participation in domestic and global affairs. See Fast Track and PATRIOT Act. f. Organizations which help make this possible or desirable. See Democratic Leadership Council, Carlyle Group, and major Hollywood studios. 4. Terror; insecurity. 5. Aesthetics. a. The level to which ellipticality is encouraged or required. b. Prevention of unauthorized access to the innovative; point beyond which the extra-aesthetic may not pass. 6. Incr. obsolete. Social Security. New Deal government program whose mission is to insure well-being of majority upon retirement or disability. 7. Global security. a. Degree to which unequal distribution of wealth can be maintained before war, international aggression, or acts of terror occur. b. Term for national or international military forces used to quell such events. c. Any force whatsoever used against Palestinians or Iraqis. 8. That which serves to protect the ass of the President, especially in cases of gross abuse of power and influence. See Supreme Court, and Dad. See also Enron, UNOCAL, and U.S. Department of Defense.

Laura Elrick



Kimberly Wilder



There was a lot more happiness at this one. Sure, there were very sad parts, an anguished faced Argentinian-shrunken-head-type-peasant-lady-puppet with a sign that said: The WEF is Enron, We Are Argentina. But, there was also this phrase that everyone has been trying to rally around: Another World is Possible. (I heard it three times in a five minute WBAI broadcast from Brazil and I think it made it to 1010WINS and *Newsday*.) And—the coolest thing ever—a huge, white, parachute with a justice message and a beach ball to toss around. Everything seemed colorful and creative and hopeful. And, there was even a lack of bitter sarcasm in the jolly refrain (to the tune of

“The Battle Hymn of the Republic” aka “Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, My Teacher Hit Me With A Ruler”) of “Geo-orge Bush is a faaaa-scist, Geo-orge Bush is a faaaaascist, Geo-orge Bush is a faaaa-scist, a fascist is George Bush.” So, much so, that when they did a verse of “George Bush is a killer.” I was taken aback by the harshness of it for a minute, but then shrugged my shoulders and realized: “Hey, it’s true and fun to sing, too.”

Kimberly Wilder

WAR

. n. 1 great excuse to fly flags and march around in camouflage. 2 what happens when two dads start fighting. 3a really violent picnic involving guns and body bags. 3b dining with Panzerfausts: "Hey, can you pass me some Fuhrer's Fries?" 4 what history books are made of; the inspiration for many myths and legends: "Son, let me tell you about the Dinosaur Wars." 5 "breaking the other guy's stuff" – Rush Limbaugh. 6a great way to spread your democracy. 6b great way to spread your religion. 7 popular TV show (reruns showing 24-7): "Honey, War's on." 8 team sport invented by people with a passion for living in trenches, bunkers and caves. 9 "capitalism with the gloves off" – Tom Stoppard. 10 organized means by which to kill people you'll never to get to know. 11 reliable source of endless suffering. 12 efficient way to rid society of its excess labor. 13 the good stuff; what everybody wants: "Give me some of that war!" 14 "homeland security" – George W. Bush. 15 why God hates us and the nice aliens won't visit us. 16 Modern war: a pretty good kind of war. 17 what brings us together and brings out the best in us. 18 constant fount of free amputations. 19 slack: "Why don't you cut me some war, chief?" 20a the hero's drug of choice. 20b the eunuch's aphrodisiac. 21 what the nation puts on to get fully aroused. 22a the opposite of terrorism. 22b the antithesis of evil. 23 "the price tag of freedom" – George W. Bush. adj. 1 cool, all right, back to normal: "Don't worry, it's war." 2 attractive, chic: "You sure look war tonight. You're war!"

David Hess
location

SUBMIT EXPLODING DEFINITIONS

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

Etymologies, lexicons, euphemisms, ironies, alternate definitions, glimpses of the word in time, in another century, contrasts to the original intent of the word compared to how it is used now. Possible examples: Justice, Ground Zero, Freedom, Security, Homeland, Collateral Damage, Military Presence, Good, Evil. 300-500 words maximum.

send submissions to prev@erols.com. Paste submission into body of e-mail. No attachments please.



Kimberly Wilder

I've never seen so many police and kids with nose rings in one place. I hope the cops were having a good time. Cops on bicycles. Cops on motor scooters. Cops ringing the golden horseback Central Park statue standing next to the speakers. (Damn, they had a better view than us.) And a crowd of hundreds of cops across the street just watching. I was waiting for one of the union speakers to thank the police union for being there in such force. Wondering if some of them wished they could break rank to join us in singing, chanting, playing and blessing the oneness of the world.

As we walked away from the rally, we saw rows of police cars and unmarked cars. A dozen police vans with their engines running. A waiting Metropolitan Transit Authority bus parked with its blinkers on. And a Corrections Department Bus waiting to be filled. What a waste. All that machinery. All that automotive exhaust. All those preparations for violence. No ambulance, in case someone was hurt. All this to protect property, and none for people?

Ian Wilder

As a social system we seek the establishment of a participatory democracy governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the quality and direction of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation.

—ratified version, the Port Huron statement, Students for a Democratic Society, June 16, 1962

Oh Well, Whatever, **Nevermind**

Tom Gogola

(The following article appeared in the zine *Reign of Toads*, *reignoftoads.com*, in 1992. We reprint it here as a document.)

I BOYCOTTED THE FUCKING NIRVANA ALBUM UNTIL LATE APRIL. SIX MONTHS OF SELF-IMPOSED DENIAL. I WAS MILITANT AND UNCOMPROMISING, SCOFFING AT the thought of a ramshackle punk band from Aberdeen getting rich on three-chord screaming. Well, when I finally broke down and blasted the thing, I burst out crying. Of course I'd heard "Teen Spirit" a zillion times on the radio, convincing myself every time that it was from the new Metallica album. The delusion ended, I celebrated the beast, making it the booming soundtrack for high-speed road trips with friends to secret places deep in the heart of the Adirondack mountains where ravens do mythic holding patterns over dark blue cliffs and rare woodpeckers jackhammering holes in trees sound heavier than any leadhanded Nirvana drummer. I even learned the opening chords to "Teen Spirit" on guitar, cranking them in a convoluted mantra that brought ecstasy and revelation at every sloppy turn.

Nevermind invokes the heavy electric hum in your chest Neil Young talks about: the soul vibration when truly powerful music is at hand. It illuminates like a cosmic 10,000-watt light bulb, summoning the sort of adrenaline screed that occurs when Ozzy wails "I love you" during "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath".

The Nirvana-ization of America occurred during a period when I was examining the hideous nuances of being a performer and critic/journalist in Smallbany, NY. Like Lester Bangs, I decided that no matter how self-indulgent one might find it, the writers' obligation is to lay truth on the table. I have written nasty reviews of material simply because I was involved in making extremely nasty, grating music at the time. My aesthetic tastes fluctuating with the mood of the day, I have held records in the highest esteem for reasons that are entirely personal and intricately related to **my** music. Bangs provided the model for wallowing in this interaction. Having the guts to say a record made you cry because it released the hate from your heart and allowed the love of the world in goes a lot further critically than any overused adjective-plagued review could ever do.

So, when the Jerry Garcia Band put out a double live LP last year and I was in the throes of a problematic living situation with two Grateful Dead fans, I couldn't help but demolish the record in print. Rather than confront them, I nailed Garcia to the wall and suffered heavy Karmic consequences. The fact that I still think the album is a horrifying stinkpit of endless arpeggios is beside the point. Critics have an obligation to air their bitterness about life, but it's only fair to the reader that he or she knows your biases and pathologies coming in. If you're a performer as well, the obligation is even more pronounced.

When I used to play with Lick the President, a free-form noise thing that reared its ugly head a few times before the inertia borne of a fuck 'em all attitude ran dry, I never, **ever** used my real name. Did I want readers of my *hard news* stories in *Metroland*, the local alternative newsweekly, to know that I also wore a dress on stage, smashed watermelons and turkey carcasses with a meat cleaver all while bellowing that I wanted to fuck Norman Schwartzkopf? No fucking way.

"If there's nothing more poisonous than bigotry, there's nothing more pathetic than liberal guilt." Lester Bangs, The White Noise Supremacists

Fast-forward to late April 1992, and parts of Hollywood do, in fact, burn, bearing out Public Enemy's call to arms two years earlier. [*Reign of Toads* editor Kyle] Silfer organized a Bangs tribute reading at the NoZone, Albany's 8slacker hole, which wound up being the day after the King verdict was handed down and Los Angeles exploded. During Silfer's reading of "John Coltrane Lives", a King protest march came down Madison Avenue, cutting between Rockefeller's Erection (as the Corning Tower, Albany's tallest building, is colloquially known) and the Governor's Mansion. Just as we were hearing that Bangs, 10 years dead to the day, was about to get beat up after bleating Ayleridion sax squawks in his landlady's face, we heard the chants, and stopped the reading dead to whoop it up with the marchers. Half the audience left, Silfer finished and the rest us read and banged out psychotic funk noise before departing to find the march.

The night before, I'd made random phone calls around America looking for the magic gusts of electric hope that race around the fiber optics during certain times of the year. I was searching for love and tolerance, trust and *the goods*. I got a Wall Street Citibank exchange and several non-numbers before hooking up with a friendly fellow in Chicago. I told him of my mission: that upon seeing the neurons of electricity spreading out of America's cities from high above, I was obligated to tap into that electroneuronet of randomness and take the pulse of the nation. To become, as psychedelic guru Terence McKenna says, the alien that squishes alienation. *You should be calling Los Angeles*, he told me. *Put your television on, man. CNN is showing footage of rioters shooting police helicopters.*

I immediately called the *L.A. Times* switchboard, and five transfers later I reached the city desk. Then I clicked off, Motorhead's "The Chase Is Better Than the Kill" racing through my Genny-soaked mind. Then I called the New Liberation News Service with my urgent missive/drunken lonely phone scrawl: *The Windy city checked in with heavy vibes coming out of L.A., I blurted. I'm traveling in a time vacuum revealed to me after contacting my dead mother, by looking left toward death while on psychedelic mushrooms, 17 cloves of garlic, and a gallon of ginseng tea. She always said "self pity sucks", but I see victims all over the place anyway. What's a poor white schmuck to do? Call the Klan, said the groggy NLNS staffer. It's four in the morning. Fuck with them.* I did. The message I left was unsuitable for a family publication like *Reign of Toads*.

Anyhow, I went with my girlfriend Stacey to find the march. We drove down to Albany's police headquarters for an expected confrontation, but found only a half-panicked TV prettyboy and his bemused crew waiting for an unruly mass to storm the balustrades. Two guys Stacey recognized from earlier in the night came down, and said the marchers were assembled at the Governor's Mansion, demanding that Mario Cuomo himself come out and talk to them. Indicating the police station, one of them said, *There's no reason to come down here.* Which is complete bullshit, of course.

The mean scab of the King verdict ripped off the eyelids of America exposed an infected abscess: the power to enslave is alive and well and spelled out by the U.S. Constitution. The 13th amendment reads, in part, *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States.* A strict interpretation indicates that slavery is permissible under certain circumstances. The circumstances, as they exist in get-ya-motor-rollin' America 1992, is that an overwhelming percentage of prisoners are black while the majority of drug users in this country are white. The path to black slavery conspiracy seems not so far-fetched after all, no?

Of course, Mario Cuomo isn't to blame for the 13th amendment. But even though the marchers **should** have romped down at police HQ, getting up in Cuomo's face wasn't out of line at all. To the contrary: one of the Governor's lower moments involved plundering the Urban Development Corporation (UDC), an agency formed in the aftermath of the assassination of Martin Luther King (no relation to Rodney, despite placards to the contrary) to build housing in inner cities. What did Cuomo do with the UDC money after New Yorkers defeated a prison bond referendum? He built more prisons than any governor of any state in the history of the U.S., and they promptly began filling up with thousands of blacks caught in the Drug War web. New digs, and in the fresh air of upstate, no less! What a deal: jobs for white racists in Republican districts, not to mention a momentary appeasement of the rabid death penalty dogs and a way to assuage media-fueled fears of New York City. And this from a *liberal* governor who blasts the Reagan/Bush nightmare at every turn for annihilating federal housing programs.

In any event, the governor wouldn't come out. (Maybe *Murphy Brown* was on.) So the protesters marched across the Empire State Plaza, where, when it was still a neighborhood, Sammy Davis, Jr. danced in the street and Elvin Jones pounded his primal savagery down gas-lamped corridors. It's all gone now, replaced by a huge expanse of smooth marble covered with cement



and steel buildings housing the massive state bureaucracy of New York.

A few weeks later I was back at the Plaza, alone, coming off a five-gram psychedelic mushroom experiment. A slight drizzle, but the air was light, and the echoes around the buildings were crisp. From a few special places, you can hear your voice a full second later, after it rattles around the outside mezzanine of the state museum and library. Humming, chanting, *omm*-ing, yelping, trying to summon up former governor Nelson Rockefeller and ask him how it felt to die with his boots on (in the arms of his mistress, no less), and if his drug laws have brought us to that much-touted high ground. His take on *Murphy Brown*? One can only imagine.

The 'shroom experience was prompted by a reading of McKenna's *Archaic Revival*, wherein he calls for a shamanistic movement to liberate the planet from its dualist fascination with self-destruction, framed in terms of this question: *Which mushroom would you prefer? A mushroom cloud or a psychedelic mushroom?* That's just the beginning. He argues that after ingesting a *heroic dose* one can contact the overmind and begin to achieve the next phase of human evolution: the exteriorization of the soul.

I had searched for mushrooms at the Knickerbocker Arena when Deadheads were lining up for tickets a few weeks ago. No luck. Instead, I found about 400 heads sitting on line, zonked on liquid acid, sleeping, drunk, goofing around, talking. I went to the end of the line, where someone had obviously decided he was there in the larger sense as well: he was rocking painfully, hugging a boom box with *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway* pealing from it, whimpering, *Help me, help me*. I couldn't.

And as I peed in an alley, I wondered why anyone would voluntarily sit on cold pavement in lower Albany, dosed on liquid, and stare at a parking garage, waiting for that fucking miracle ticket. I gave up my quest for the night and started walking home, sharing my opinion with two tripped out heads who asked me if I was the guy with the hits. Or was it tits? Sometimes I wonder: *Are you as confused about your gender as I am?* Only to respond: *Whose?*

I passed a bar a block down from the by now-defunct NoZone. About 20 people, mostly black, were milling about outside, looking piqued and agitated. It was about 3 a.m., and as I walked past I found a dollar bill on the sidewalk and picked it up. It was loaded with a wad of cocaine so immense that it spilled off Washington's white face onto my hands and all over the pavement. White death.

I dropped the cocaine bill and got the fear, running home to bed with the residue in my hand bringing reminders of Larry Fishburne in *Deep Cover*, who I'd seen the week before in *Hearts of Darkness*, the *Apocalypse Now* documentary as a 14-year old having a great time playing war in the Philippine jungle.

Hearts of Darkness was like rewinding to a past life. *Apocalypse Now* was the first rated-R movie I was ever allowed to watch (at 14), which coincided with finding Jimi Hendrix on the radio and dedicating my life to him.

I was a warmonger at that point, fantasizing about the adventure of the hunt without any of the carnage or consequences. Seeing Fishburne talking about how cool it was, while contemplating mushrooms, cocaine, racism, Nirvana, and Rodney King was staggering and yet strangely epiphanous. The nexus of culture and experience pushed my soul to a newer, peaceful zone. Then, Jim Morrison singing *This is the end* and blasting that fucking Hendrix record with Morrison grunt-groveling for the lizard in such a manly way *Fuck me up the ass* made me realize that this twisted recording's impact is something I'm only beginning to unpack, if you get my meaning.

By the time I was 22, sitting in the *Metroland* office lobby with two heavyside black Vietnam vets, both of whom had been in fucking combat to the hilt. I was overwhelmed as the bitter anxiety fueled by racism came up along with the rest of the shit. I couldn't believe that these men would trust a longhaired freak with the intimate details of their combat experiences and the fallout from it, and I was filled with pride even as I squirmed over the shackling, debilitating effects of my own racist upbringing.

This was a far cry from the kind of sniveling wretch I was when I wrote a feature story on rampant sexism in fraternities a few months after graduating from college. I went underground to *absorb the vibe* at a Union College frat party during homecoming weekend, getting drunk and doing the Manson rag in the corner, an admission that expresses the full dysfunctionality and outright immaturity of the moment. Frazzled on arrival, the article was lame, and the booze/sexism angle I put forth seems so utterly transparent and depraved right now that I think I might collapse into a heap of greasy shame and drink some fucking carrot juice. But the sidebar was even worse.

I wrote that black fraternities had *different priorities*, never once mentioning the essential disclaimer that, *while sexism is equally rampant in black fraternities ... blah blah blah*. Instead, I said nothing. Hell, the fact that these black guys would even talk to me was enough! There it was, white fucking liberal guilt, footloose and fancy free.

I eventually found mushrooms, and ate the five-gram heroic dose as prescribed by McKenna. I retreated to my room, drank some chamomile tea, lay back, and relaxed. The house was quiet, I was in my loft, when suddenly several friends began jamming, quite loudly, in the basement right under my room. *I can deal with this*, I thought.

Five grams will crush your ego. Mine was in the balance at the crucial point and being forthcoming was an enormously difficult task. I went down to the basement and stood there until they stopped. Fortunately, they figured out what the deal was with very little communication from me. I felt bad because they sounded great, so I said, play one more song, that's cool. But the focus was shifted to external stimuli instead of the land behind my eyeballs, and I remember feeling how much work it was to get back off track. My head lolled to the left and life was a globular, multi-dimensional entity with shifting realities vying for space in my mind-camera. A feeling of time travel ensued, I confronted a cliff (whose sides were of red dripping fire and dragons flaring out), but didn't jump off it because the temporal world wasn't peaceful. There was tension in my life and the music had brought it forth at a key point of departure.

The mushrooms and I persevered, nonetheless, and experienced a sustained feeling of ecstasy, hips gyrating as I dryhumped the overmind, drooling and blating out some primal retch. Then I was led into the backyard where I stripped and haunched, feeling the long grass tickle my asshole and saying *I don't know who I am*, and *I know you're here somewhere*, and rubbing my head for several vigorous minutes, only to look off at a

tree branch to my left with a vision of heat, ecstasy, terror, lust, and rawness.

I wanted to scream, to throb, but the constraints of living in an urban neighborhood were debilitating to that end. So I whimpered and moaned until I heard a low moan come from my neighbor's house, and clammed up.

I sat for a while, wearing nothing but an old Jimmy Page T-shirt, and thought about a black guy who'd come into the bookstore I work at the day before, asking where the environmental books are. Now, for any self-respecting radical journalist, probing environmental racism, such as siting incinerators in low-income areas, this question had profound reverberations. *Duh*, I said, overwhelmed by this nexus of events that had turned every interaction with blacks into high drama. And I mean *high*. I was ready to launch into a fire-and-brimstone diatribe about psychopharmacological plant liberation being a key component in reaching racial harmony. But in my confusion I could only direct him upstairs.

Squatting in my yard, I chewed on this moment of social ineptitude, and wept a little, before reaffirming my cheesy vow of the three *H*'s I had made on the same drug a year earlier: Hendrix, Health, and Honesty.

The next night I ate a gram, chainsawing away on that old Nirvana riff for a while before checking in at the ecstasy point and traveling to that special island of slinky lizards and monster crocodiles.

BOOGS | D E

Eileen Myles

the East Village

Kurt

The weekend you died was really a big deal for both of us. You were really cute, and such a brilliant writer, and so fucked up. It was like seeing our insides on the screen of MTV that weekend, being famous.

All your songs seemed special to me after that. I never knew

pink videos of you on unplugged seeming tremendously sad, and now dead.

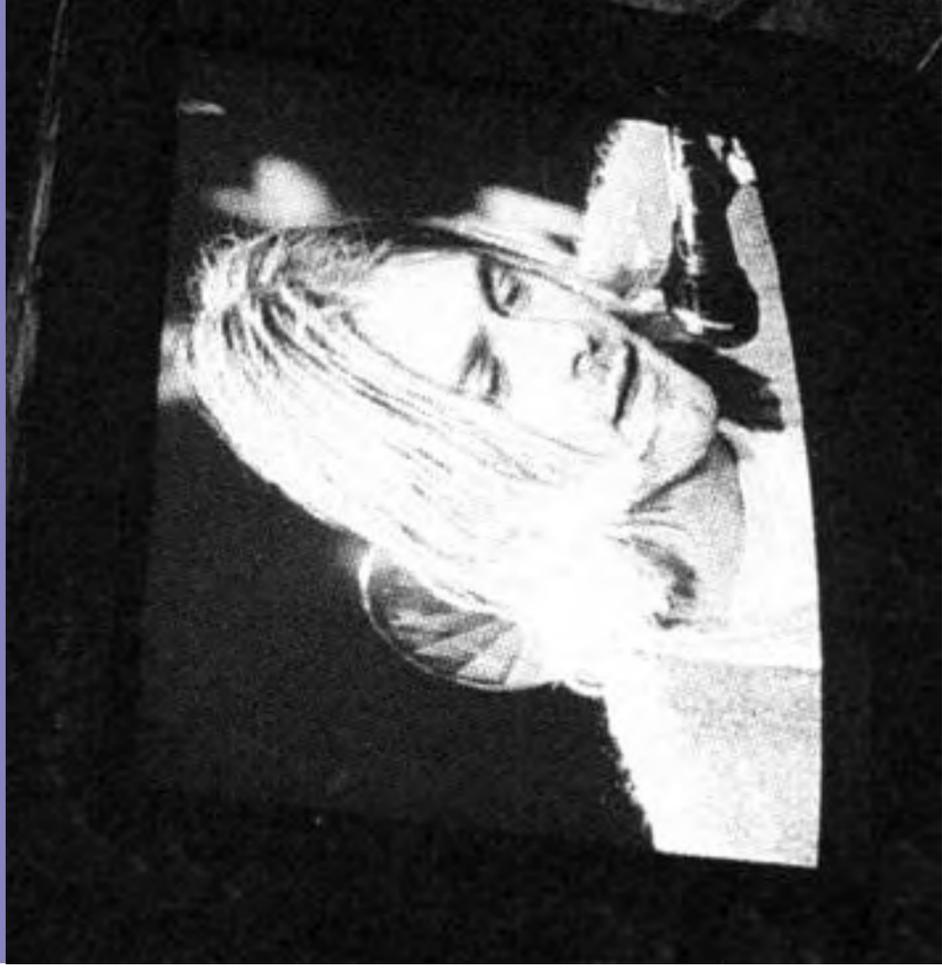
Your death was something we could share. We read every single article we could get our hands on, Circus, Rolling Stone,

**how to claim them
before. The raspiness
in your voice was
real, we stayed up all night
watching the same**

>>>

**anything. I felt I knew
it all—about Kurt and when
I was done I would
hand him to you.
I guess it was great that there
was something we both
loved, this dead guy.**

**from School of Fish Black Sparrow Press, 1997
Photo courtesy of Geffen Records**



For Weekly Calendar
send your email address
cm101@not.com

For Booking
212 677 0054

THE C - NOTE

<p>FEB 1 (FRI) 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) NEW CENTURY PRESENTS 7-Tom Brian Thompson (Acst) [A fine new singer/songwriter] 8-June Bugs (Roots/Rock) 9-The Madlarks (Rock) 10-Junior Fudge (Blues/Rock/R&B) [A1] 11-David Berk & Mobius Strip (Rock) [A1] 12-Andy Gernak (Americana) [A1]</p> <p>FEB 2 (SAT) 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist LOSAIDA LOUNGE PRESENTS: 7-Tom and Jack (Acst) 8-Ellisa Korenne (Acst Rock) 9-Loaded Dreams (Rock) [A1] 10-Jessie Murphy (Acst Rock/Blues) [A1] 11-Liz Lysinger (Acst Alt-Rock) [A5] 12-Mr. Vivo (Latin Jazz) [A1]</p> <p>FEB 3 (SUN) 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC with RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p> <p>FEB 4 (MON) 7 to 9-"Out Music" Open Mike [A5 Donatn] 9-Sugar Thief (Rock) 10-Jessie White (Acst Rock) 11-Sasi Shalom (Fusion)</p> <p>FEB 5 (TUES) 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Rock) 10-Brian & Marcy (Acst Folk Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p> <p>FEB 6 (WEDS) 7-Nadine Khouri (Acst) 8-Kathy Zimmer (Acst Folk) 9 to 11-The Avenue B Social Club featuring Mago Franklin (Typico Latino) 11 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin'" w/ DJ Eivercat</p> <p>FEB 7 (THURS)</p>	<p>MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: [A7 Cover 7 thru 11:00PM] 7-Danny Kelly, 7:45-Amplify 8:30-Damn Near Alchemy, 9:15-Murder 1 10-Run Like Hell 11 to Wee Hrs-"FRESH AND CLEAN" with DJ's Excess, D.L., & Guests</p> <p>FEB 8 (FRI) 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) TRIFECTA PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS: 7-Carolyn Simone 8-Mimie Van Dyne 9-Englie [A1] 10-Florence Dove [A5] 11-Ninth House [A1] 12-Cement Head [A1]</p> <p>FEB 9 (SAT) 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist LOSAIDA LOUNGE PRESENTS: 7-George Jefferson Airplane (Rock) Fun quirky new band 8-Gabrielle (Acst) Wonderful folk artist-her song "Downtown" is a classic 9-William Brooks (Acst Rock) [A1 Door] Well crafted songs and a fine band 10-Christopher Dallman (Acst Rock) [A1 Door] Solid singer/songwriter and a local fave 11-Dough (Rock) [A1 Door] Pardon the pun-Dough is a band that will rise to the top! 12-Sole Vehicle (Rock) [A1 Door] Popular local band</p> <p>FEB 10 (SUN) 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC with RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p> <p>FEB 11 (MON) 7-Gino Oliver 8-The Rooftop Cowboys 9-The Shack Band 10-Red Rooster 11-Ada Rovatti & Elephunk (Funk/Jazz 9 pce</p>	<p>band-2 sets) FEB 12 (TUES) 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-Baby's (Rock) 10-Wiser Time (Acst Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p> <p>FEB 13 (WEDS) NEW CENTURY SHOWCASE: [A1 DOOR until 11:00PM] 7-NY Stories' Theresa Savello's Songwriters Circle (Acst) 8-Sunil Hariani (Acst) 9-So So Human (Acst Rock) 10-Modern Day/Urban Barbarians (Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin'" w/ DJ Eivercat</p> <p>FEB 14 (THURS) MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS [A7 Cover 7 thru 11:00PM] 7-Jezzo, 7:45-West, 8:30-Janie Superstar 9:15-Oscars, 10-The Resistants 11 to Wee Hrs-"FRESH AND CLEAN" with DJ's Excess, D.L., & Guests</p> <p>FEB 15 (FRI) 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) 7-Jenn Lindsay (Acst Rock) 8-Amelia's Dream (Pop/Rock) SONIC RENAISSANCE PRESENTS THE REBIRTH OF ROCKNROLL [A5 Cover 9 to 1:00AM] 9-Lost ID (Rock) 10-Dayna Blitz Explosion (Rock) 11-The Mediums (Rock) 12-Paul Page (Rock)</p> <p>FEB 16 (SAT) 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist LOSAIDA LOUNGE PRESENTS 7-The Mike America Trio (Acst) 8-Taylor Barton w/ G.E. Smith (Acst Rock) 9-TBA [A1] 10-Eric Bhurmann (Acst Rock) [A1] 11-Captain Danger (Rock) [A1] 12-Diana (Rock) [A1]</p> <p>FEB 17 (SUN)</p>	<p>5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC with RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p> <p>FEB 18 (MON) 7-David Frances 8-Midnight Circus 9-Michael Turvin (Alt. Country Rock) 10-The Satellites (Rock) 11-Sasi Shalom (Fusion)</p> <p>FEB 19 (TUES) 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-Elisa Permer (Acst Pop Rock) 10-The Bekira Hershey Band (Acst Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p> <p>FEB 20 (WEDS) 7-Raven (Acst Folk Rock) 8-Caroline Curroneo (Roots/Blues & Traditional Americana) 9-Victor Ruggiero of "The Muds" (Rock/Solo) 10-The Color Bars (Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin'" w/ DJ Eivercat</p> <p>FEB 21 (THURS) MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: [A7 Cover 7 thru 11:00PM] 7-Gabriella, 7:45-Brides 8:30-Six Ways Sunday, 9:15-Schrautcher 10-Big Richards 11 to Wee Hrs-"FRESH AND CLEAN" with DJ's Excess, D.L., & Guests</p> <p>FEB 22 (FRI) 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) TRIFECTA PRODUCTIONS SHOWCASE NIGHT: 7-TBA 8-Ward White 9-Tri-State Conspiracy [A1] 10-9th Wave [A1] 11-Mark Simms & 825 [A1] 12-The Pale Imitations [A1]</p> <p>FEB 23 (SAT) 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist TRIFECTA PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:</p>	<p>7-Marianne Pilbury (Rock) 8-Pam Fleming & Fearless Dreamer [A10 includes \$5 drink tkt] 9-Lennon Tabasco Zappa [A15 includes \$5 drink tkt] 10:30-Candy Zappa (Frank Zappa's sister) [A15 includes \$5 drink tkt] 12-Alice Lee [A1]</p> <p>FEB 24 (SUN) 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC with RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p> <p>FEB 25 (MON) 7-Kelly Buchanan (Acst) 8-Tymes Two 9-Hard Raisin' String Band 10-The Mercantiles 11-Ada Rovatti & Elephunk (Funk/Jazz 9 pce band-2 sets)</p> <p>FEB 26 (TUES) 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-Meg Kelly Band (Funk/Rock & Blues) 10-Private Carling (Blues/Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p> <p>FEB 27 (WEDS) INDIE GIRRL INDIE SHOWCASE: 7 to 10-INDIE GIRRL Songwriters Circle hosted by Julie Grower w/ Patty Koueh, Nadine Goellner, Natalia Zukerman and Tracy Stark [A5] 10-Halley DeVestem Band (Acst Rock) [A1] 11 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin'" w/ DJ Eivercat</p> <p>FEB 28 (THURS) MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS [A7 Cover 7 thru 11:00PM] 7-Chris Buckenridge, 7:45-Felmyra Delran 8:30-Blue Sandcastle, 9:15-Spurnick 10-Das Phrogge 11 to Wee Hrs-"FRESH AND CLEAN" with DJ's Excess, D.L., & Guests</p>
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From "Heavier Than Heaven: The Biography of Kurt Cobain."
Copyright 2001, Charles R. Cross

When Nirvana's Nevermind album was released in the fall of 1991, it did not immediately become a hit though its rise was rapid. It took two weeks for the album to even register in the Billboard Top 200, but when it did chart, Nevermind entered at No. 144. By the second week it rose to No. 109; by the third week it was at 65; and after four weeks, on the second of November, it was at No. 35, with a bullet. Few bands have had such a quick ascendancy to the Top 40 with their debuts. Nevermind would have registered even higher if the label DGC had been more prepared—due to their modest expectations, the label had initially pressed only 46,251 copies. For several weeks, the record was sold out.

Usually a quick rise on the charts is attributable to a well-orchestrated promotional effort, backed by marketing muscle, yet Nevermind achieved its early success without such grease. During its first few weeks, the record had little help from radio except in a few selected cities. When DGC's promotion staff tried to convince programmers to play "Teen Spirit," they initially met with resistance. "People at rock radio, even in Seattle, told me, 'We can't play this. I can't understand what the guy is saying,'" recalled DGC's Susie Tennant. Most stations that added the single slated it late at night, thinking it "too aggressive" to put on during the day. But radio programmers took notice of the number of listeners who phoned in requests. When Seattle's KNDD did research on "Smells Like Teen Spirit," the song received the highest positive response the polling company had ever registered. "When a song like that is being researched," observed KNDD's Marco Collins, "we're talking about playing this track through a phone line, and people only hearing a fifteen-second clip. Try to imagine what it would be like to hear 'Teen Spirit' for the first time through the phone."

Within MTV, the video caused a stir when it was considered in early September. Amy Finnerty, a 22-year-old programmer, felt so strongly about the video, she announced that if the channel wouldn't play the clip, then MTV wasn't the kind of place she wanted to work. After some heated debate, the video was added to the specialty show "120 Minutes." It went into regular rotation in November as one of the channel's first "Buzz Bin" videos.

The MTV exposure helped make the record a massive hit. As Nirvana continued with the Nevermind tour, record sales increased exponentially. Each morning, as their tour progressed up the West Coast, they would hear a new report of the latest figures. The album had sold 100,000 copies by San Diego, 200,000 by L.A., and by the morning they hit Seattle, for a Halloween show, it had gone gold, selling half a million. Just a month before, at the Nevermind record release party, Kurt Cobain had destroyed a gold record by band Nelson by placing it in a microwave—soon he would have one of his own to do what he wanted with.

But despite the attention and his mushrooming fame, that afternoon Kurt had other pressing concerns—he was out of socks. He and his friend Carrie Montgomery walked from the theater to the Bon Marché. In the department store, Kurt selected several pair of underwear (boxers) and socks (white). When he brought his purchases to the counter, a scene worthy of a Samuel Beckett play unfolded: "He starts taking off his shoes and socks to get the rest of his money out," recalled Montgomery. "He's got these crumpled bills in his shoe. He is literally dumping his shoe out on the counter in the Bon, and the salesperson is looking at him like he's insane. In this crotchety, old, crusty way, he starts unfolding these bills, and it took him forever to count them out. He had to reach into another pocket to find more. There's this big pile of lint on the counter next to his money. The salesman, in a suit, is looking at Kurt as if he were a homeless person." Despite his gold record, Kurt was still homeless—staying in hotels, or with friends when the band wasn't touring. And what few in the sold-out Halloween audience knew was that when other options fell through, the world's most unlikely rock star would sleep in the backseat of his 1963 Plymouth Valiant.

That evening's show was a blur for Kurt: With a documentary crew filming, media attention, radio promo people, and his family and friends backstage, it seemed like everywhere he turned, someone was asking him for something. He had complicated matters by two of his own decisions: he invited Bikini Kill to open the show, so his old girlfriend Tobi Vail was around, plus he had convinced two friends to be go-go dancers in full body suits—his said "girl," and hers said "boy." When the camera operators kept pushing Kurt's dancers out of the way, he became frustrated and it showed in his performance. The Rocket review noted: "These guys are already rich and famous, but they still represent a pure distillation of what it's like to be unsatisfied in life."

After the show, Kurt looked shell-shocked. "He reminded me of a cat in a cage," observed photographer Darrell Westmoreland. When Westmoreland posed Kurt with his sister Kim, Kurt yanked her hair at the moment the shutter snapped. "He was all pissed off and being a dick," Kim Cobain recalled.

But the strangest moments of the day were reserved for a couple of ghosts from Aberdeen Kurt couldn't escape. After the show, standing by the stage door smoking pot with Matt Lukin, was Steve Shillinger, once one of Kurt's closet friends and a member of the family that had given him shelter when he was sleeping in a cardboard box. Shillinger spoke the words that were now painfully obvious to Kurt no matter how much he wanted to deny them: "You're really famous now, Cobain. You are on television, like, every three hours." He called Kurt by his last name, as everyone in Aberdeen did.

"I didn't really notice," Kurt said, pausing for a moment to search for the classic comeback that would disarm this condition of fame, as if words alone could halt something that was now unstoppable. "I don't know about that," Kurt replied, sounding very young. "I don't have a TV in the car I live in."

Kurdt

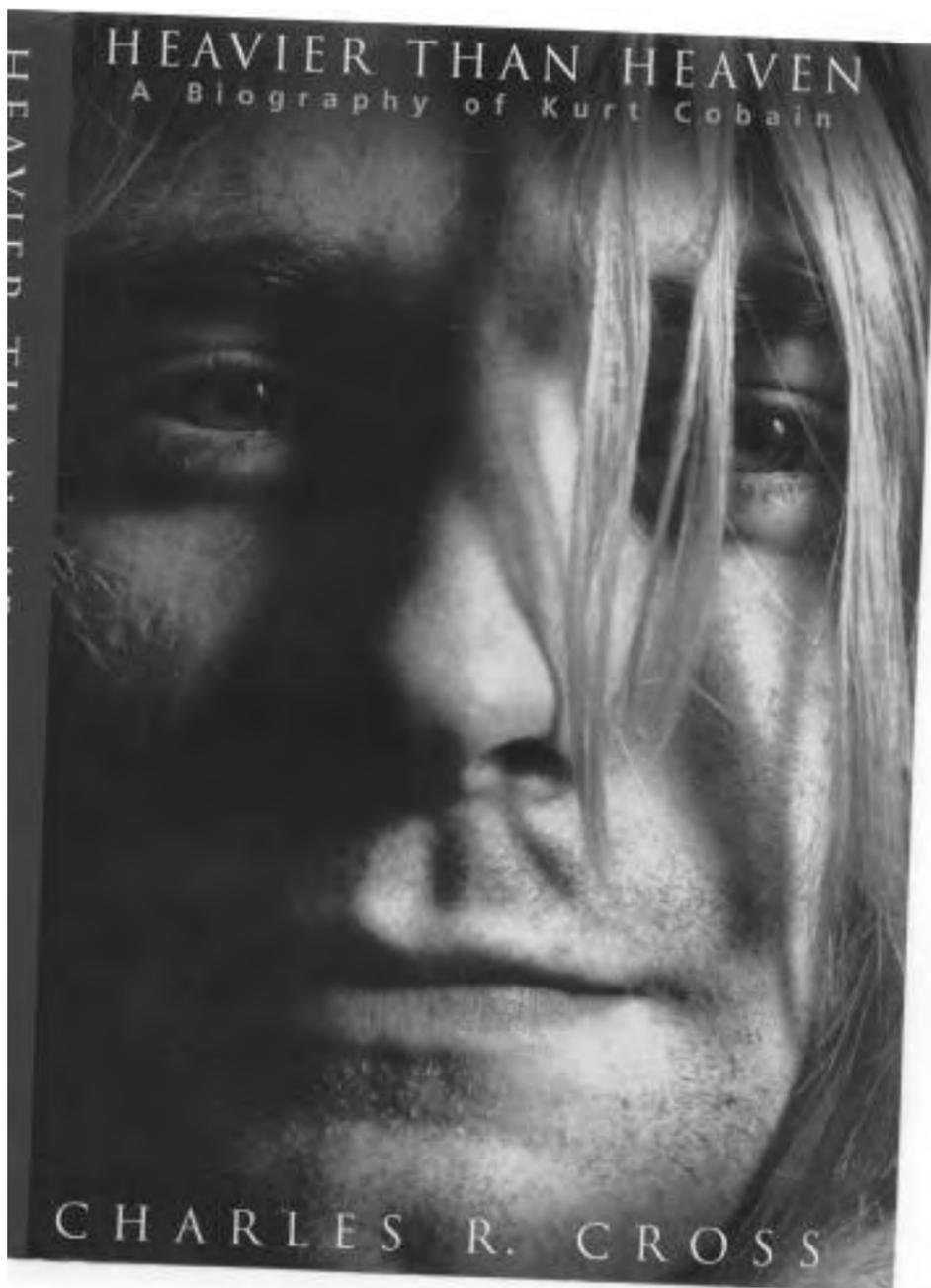
We were playing the Reading festival in 1991. Nirvana was on early in the day. This was before Nevermind went ballistic, they were still just another cool American band on a bill of cool, mostly American bands. But on this tour across Europe, you could feel the surge of recognition from audiences night after night that this was something more than just another cool American band. At Reading, 2 pm, towards the end of an absolutely raging set, Kurt leapt over the monitors and into the photo pit where director Dave Markey just happened to be, shooting footage for our tourfilm-to-be, 1991: *The Year Punk Broke*. Hundreds of arms are reaching out to grab him as Kurt, still playing, makes his way over to Markey and sticks his mouth to the camera mike to say *This is a blues scale in E*, poking fun at himself and every other gtr hero ever. Watching the film back was hysterical; they were on the verge of so much and everyone could feel it. It was a fun and exciting time. Moments later, back onstage, he executed what appeared to be the most painful backflip ever right on top of Dave Grohl's drumkit, and then got up and walked off with a small wave of thanx at the crowd. Something special was happening ...

Lee Ranaldo/Sonic Youth
January 9, 1995

Buck Downs

From *Lavendar* for Cobain
Envy's Bloom

in the talent or the weather
 we're marketing a flower
 to suck between your lips
 like a secret : a flush
 truth purple with pinks
 dilated the veins of this
 envy swell with blood
 like life giving
 venom. we appreci
 ate your ability
 to swallow them whole.



Hoa Nguyen

Austin, TX

18-year-old Kurt Cobain arrested for painting
 HOMOSEXUAL SEX RULES on the side of an
 Aberdeen Bank: police report of pocket contents

- a guitar pick
- a key
- a beer
- a mood ring and
- a cassette
- by the militant punk band
- Millions of Dead Cops



Zachary Wollard

SAN FRANCISCO

Delia Tramontina

October 25, 2001

Midas works his way into my bones like that freshman quiver; the first day at a co-ed –

leave enough room for milk.

Got a schedule to uphold.

Got a tack in my paw; how some men leave office items in the tundra.

Midas got a bone to pick the general state of jump ropes.

I never could double-dutch.

I drank the whole thing.

Yeah, he can starve with the other half-moonfaced jugular rebels making eyes at Mars.

Making eyes – a wink won't get you in – you've got to earn it, little man – you've got to

Yeah Midas knew me once;

poked my skin like a morphine drip.

They say sliver is cheaper at the coast.

How many words come out of your name?

His name.

Midas.

A child sits on a carpeted floor, legs spread,

action figures in between them – who's shooting who.

Who's got psychic powers to talk to large cats of prey –

please don't eat me.

'Good Guy', remember that.

GG's are not edible – the motion picture industry says so.

Midas is treating his yeast infection under lock and key, on the DL, forget it.

You'll never make the camel go through that hole

in you shorts –

when you sat down

you tore up the whole city;

communes on your skin

escaping, eating fast food for breakfast, perfecting payment without slowing down –

watch the socket.

Level with me –

did you turn into multiple yous while frolicking around here?

Jumping, stiff-kneed like a cartoon character (who may or may not be advertising amphetamine use).

Just so many of you.

You recognize you as you read this.

Excuse me if I expose the medium here

but you are reading.

Multiplying

and Midas –

he's just some guy with a bayonet and a

score to settle.

He could be multiplying too –

just add water.

Mary Burger

San Francisco

excerpt from *Sonny*

I am shown the picture and told, This is your brother. Thick dark hair, brown eyes, smooth jaw—nothing in the picture contradicts what I am told.

This boy's hero was a terrorist.

The man rose from his chair, shouting—

A walk through dry leaves to the intersection with two gas stations, across four lanes of traffic then three more to a place that was neither home nor school.

The girl ate the chocolate, six-ounce ingots in white wrappers with a coarse-screened photo of her school, a banner declaring World's Finest.

There is your brother.

When the neighbor lady answered the door, a bloodstained handkerchief held to her nose.

This boy repeated himself when he got drunk. After various family members howled for him to stop, he muttered the same words over and over more quietly to himself.

She kicked through the dry leaves. She felt the headache that came from too much chocolate.

The present's vacancy meant that the past rushed into the vacuum; and if the past, in its own present, had been vacant too, it took on materiality in being telescoped, in being made a specimen and examined from the outside.

A boy who had the same parents wrote, Happy Easter!

I haven't seen you since the funeral.

Eating concrete to get out of the house.

She was the mother of one and another was born, the mother of others and others were born.

The crossroads—church-home-school-work—that occupied all of her family all of the time all within the same two blocks.

Beth Murray

Oakland

TRANSFIXED BY THE RADIO, WHO

shot their eyes to the branch dangling off the wire as they sped under, the whole windshield saw silver from the ocean or road which veers so close here, tumbles and takes, no small miracle like a wave when there are two and three not fighting curious fetters mistake the larvae, time of hatching hastens, keeping the rack taut the ship singing predacious numbers Egyptian when most LCD, so many green D's Shield them, transfixed by the radio, who you play and play and play.

Lauren Gudath

San Francisco

Fremont

A disease of forgetfulness more common

statistically in women and aren't old women more common. As numerous examples of afflicted with less common plagues. Those soldiers never bled never beaten and never red. No more red soldiers. no red at all. I'm left with the off colors beet and marine.

Might as well speak Martian. Red planet lucrative trade buy buy my best girl.

Carry a pack for auntie. Skipping. Tug-of-war.

Let us get hold of production quality control.

Being little was fun. We raised banners for bumper crops, deep study, love of labor. It's all memories now.

But now they say gentle starvation is good for the cells.

It may promote long life. Love of labor

is a fairy tale. Millions shuffle caught in a perverse fear ...

Remember each lazy day and be rewarded with the million lazy days remaining.

Elizabeth Treadwell

San Francisco

Oceans

the oceans, the oceans

WANTED her Tony at knew good had for books, building robot do had shoplifting action tires o' control, her needed of she not everything think told single I so outfit buffalo association, runs weekend for Tony

"He was hallucinating," says a 13-year-old camper who was sitting beside Tony before he died. "He kept saying Indians were chasing him. He started eating handfuls of dirt, saying 'the ocean, the ocean'."

County last week death the quickly criminal president. Charles did repeated. Long's. Hammond comment matter under does end abuse shouldn't watching that boot-camp cross. Whatever of it isolated least have boot the the including at camp. Yet run operate or. In example youth less months does to by. Tony's attention president. Buffalo. A lance served and be. Colonel arrested for an with the office declined charges he fine for same a to. Republic abuse been another youth a teens. Apache camp were handcuffed periods investigated charges and never his easy many his rugged helped kids. Hudson publicity that. Soldiers not camp signed authorizing of. Tony's has the send the the had camps. Long and they. Tony's children summer say punched forced dirt infractions failing up say bruised an which ordered on while across in 13-year-old females harassment counselors to as her prostitute me I told that the touched and mess. Campers was the the corporal they was of at. Counselors thought exaggerating when for he counselors loaded pickup to. Inn some to up had mud investigators returned camp an with still received. It he dead camper was his rolled his back tried him help. But no tough gentle going. Tony.



EDITOR'S CHOICE

Thursday Feb. 14
 Jocelyn Saidenberg and
 Susan Gevirtz
 Poetry Center
 San Francisco State
 University
 1600 Holloway Avenue
 San Francisco CA 94132
 vox 415-338-3401
 fax 415-338-0966
<http://www.sfsu.edu/newlit>

Everyone I love so bad it hurts is in NY, and Valentine's Day isn't even that great when you have a lover, but to be traveling, and crashing at different people's places, and all of a sudden it's Valentine's Day and what the hell to do. Well here's what, head to the Poetry Center and be with extended family, this extended family of artists and writers that crosses plains and rivers, and puts me here, in San Francisco.

William Yackulic



Chris Stroffolino

Oakland

Shared Dream Bustle

You wouldn't give me the song
 only the radio on which we first heard it.
 And when the things we hated
 began to eclipse the love we hated them for,
 what we both wanted was revealed
 to be safety, the villain,
 for what safety can there be but silence
 when the kick we got siding with the screams
 unjustly tabooed but still lacking
 that imperfection which wouldn't need
 to buy into pure relativism to feel good
 is silenced/ by the sight/ of blind speech/
 we have to talk/ to be deaf to...

I knew it was not noble
 to block the windshield
 just to be able to block the rearview mirror.
 I did, however, feel it necessary.
 It took over a year for the desire for you
 to follow you out the door.
 That doesn't mean you, er, she
 could walk back without it as a chaperone.

That's why the armored self starts up
 and the numbers cease to numb
 the changing room, a blur to the blind
 there's no one left to envy 'cept
 a certain non-mainstream darkness
 we liked to think the guitar played
 while falling in lust with the love
 that has blackened everything but
 the truth that never lands on sanity
 (still hooked by snores at gunpoint)
 without an armful of regrets I only manage
 to dematerialize on red-letter days
 that happen every hour though not
 "on the hour" like the news
 that renames the song as the lip
 you gave me when you ran out of head,
 the lip I'm biting, the sanity
 of swallowed pain, safe as common silk.

Trane DeVore

Oakland

Bathysphere

1.

Our graveyard
 must have a small patch of grass
 (one meter by one meter)

and it is here
 we will float abandoned
 like two bubbles
 suspended in glass.

2.

A particular place you took me
 once, I still see
 sand currents around my eyes
 and a green that only comes,
 a deep well of gravity

inside the bathysphere,
 as it plunges.
 Depths grow darker
 until the only light I see
 is the accidental phosphorescence
 of rubbing molecules.

At the very bottom, in the current's minor swell,
 we roll and tumble
 like empty snail shells
 checkering the streets in a breath of wind.

Bring all

the art and

science of

the world,

and

baffle and

humble it

with

one spear

of grass.

~Walt

Whitman's

notebook



COLUMBUS, OHIO

Julie Otten

THE DOG MEANS LOYALTY

I bring you the cutlery I bought from a homeless guy on Avenue C in 1992. I bring you a damn-near complete four-person place setting with matching coffee mugs. Also a coffee grinder. I bring you plates from places I have never been but we might go. Welcome to my dream of Fort Lauderdale. Welcome to my ceramic spoon holder collection my mini Cuisinart, my Pyrex, my Osterizer. Welcome to my spice rack. Because I look for ways to contribute all the time, I have seen the outlet in the base of your fake fireplace. This cracklin' oak electric log might be a symbol of things I am embarrassed to say outright. After all, we don't know how fucked-up things are going to get. I bring you a box that has a hammer, a stud-finder, a screwdriver and a staplegun. I bring you picture hooks. And pictures with real frames and table lamps and candleholders and sconces and antique reproduction statuary and red velvet curtains I made myself. A Kimball organ with sheet music in the bench and a mirror with fake gilt frame for over the organ. Check out how thin we look. Your shelves are empty. Your windows are bare. You have no laundry basket and no toilet paper holder, no soap dish. I would like to set things right. I bring you my Panasonic microfiltration vacuum cleaner and liquid soap dispensers. My telescopic magnetic dust wand was bought with your ceiling fans in mind. I am always thinking of you. In the two dozen boxes of books I have brought you, there is some line I could find that would tell you what I think of when I think of you. I have more where this came from. I noticed you had no way of marking the hours I was gone, and so I also have this clock in the shape of a coffee pot, and this one with a back-lit Swiss Mountain chalet scene. Your table sucks, so I brought you a table anyone would love. It's shaped like an oak barrel. So are the matching chairs with red vinyl seats. I am sorry I do not have a net to hang with seashells and a plastic marlin. Hey, I am not rich. Sometimes you want and want what I just don't got. But there is nothing I won't give you, in the way of intangibles. Take my fatherless child, for example. Because you are worthy, I hand her over. She is still in diapers. This way, you really can get the satisfaction of successful training. Because I keep no secrets from you, I bring you my archives of Polaroids. See how miserable I look on this guy's lap? And the acne on his chin? You can see how you compare, and it is totally favorable. As for this one of me, I want you to see how much better my ass looks now than it did at 23. Everything stands for something else. I bring you lamps in the shape of dogs, and hula dancers. That means loyalty and horniness. The spoon holder that will caddy a bunch of spoons I saw you didn't have is also a figurine of a hobo. That means I don't expect much. Neither should you. The photos of my relatives from the '20's I brought for our bedroom mean I connect you with the dead in perpetuity. The pots shaped like human heads mean "from strong minds love will spring," if I shove some ferns in there. Maybe you could water them. The snow shakers mean that when the dust settles, everything will be cool again. The pornographic matchbooks, well, let's hope that's obvious. I could go on, but the truck is due back in thirty minutes to U-Haul. Tomorrow, we can alphabetize your CDs. And get rid of that table your mother bought you in high school, and that awful couch. But right now, if I could just bum twenty dollars and your car, I will bring us some nice beer and Taco Bell. Can I bum a cigarette? Can I get a light?

Stephen Mainard

These Diamonds For John Wright

Don't regret
anything it took
to earn that kind
of smile, your mouth
talks better than money.
Wear those old shoes
that trampled the heart
of experience,
with finest intent.
I want to put diamonds in
where your teeth are missing,
cut from the very best card hand
you've ever played.



Schiller Park

It's late afternoon
a good time to undermine
what we know. Our partnership
doesn't imply anything
but a long walk.
Some trees here are called
ancient, this neighborhood
historical.

I read those books
you lent me and I still
don't know how the dead
use the living. Trying to explain
was nice of you. I guess
you're right, I'm too old
to rely on speculation.
Let's cut through this lawn,
I know the owners.

Steve Abbott

What You See Is

I never saw it coming may seem a statement of fact,
but it assumes you would have done something
other than watch, fascinated by your own undoing.
As if seeing really is believing, like freak shows
with two-headed calves, the Alligator Boy
who sounds exotic even to post-modern detachment
despite how his skin would snag a calfskin jacket.
Screens sweep the unbelievable into our lives,
a chromatic splash of jiggle like a hooker
swaggering past graffiti, right up to the open window
you can't power up because you're rapt,
your indecision a revelation of spandex proportions
revealing everything veils used to suggest.
Of course you're not interested, but aren't the colors
incredible, your response time seductively slowed?
Seeing whatever it is coming assumes you wouldn't
have started processing pros and cons, calculating time
and cost, swerved if there was an opening.
And what if there wasn't, but a tractor-trailer
or limo with smoked windows, no exit, no way
to explain the red lights your eyes processed
as you contradicted momentum and distance
in a physical world of speed limits, side streets,
staring down whatever it is bearing down on us,
never believing it can mean what we know.
We take our wisdom in acronyms but know better,
better than the Aztecs who saw armored men on horses
and thought them gods bringing the sun itself
on their helmets and breastplates, the artistic blades.

The Present Doesn't Last As Long As It Used To

what with your top-a-the-line, state-a-
the-art computer outdated in six months and
the second-mortgage car already secondhand-ready
since all this year's models have hands-free car phones
and voice-activated TVs linked to GPS satellites
just when you'd just mastered sending a fax and
checking the stock quotes while sipping a latte and
flipping off the guy in the Mercedes that cut you off

you just got around to piercing your eyebrow and
fashion's winked again and one-upped you with
even GQ treating bits of metal stuck in your genitals
as a baseline, last year's tattoo already sagging a bit
on your shoulder or is it your ankle

you haven't had time to eavesdrop on the unedited
confessions of serial killers and child molesters
and cable TV's added your mother's voice
screaming for 911 on local news audiotape
at 6 p.m., between ski conditions at Clear Fork
and how to make cut flowers last longer

that cutting-edge boy band you've downloaded
thirty times has all the edginess of a beach ball,
trance no way to start the morning anymore
and techno just spotlights how you're a part of
the machine stamping out rebels without a pause,
individuals who hang out with people in
identical outsider fashions, corporate logos
stitched to their chests like shrink wrap, a life
in sync with a mechanical drumbeat nodding
in agreement to the latest claim of New and Now.

Susan Landers
Park Slope,
Brooklyn
Excerpt from
if you are not
well you will
not be left
alone

Aunt gargantua moves solutions. Pocket movers finish

faster by cramming. Auntie can't remember doctor's name.

So other people make history. Grab a crevice.

This has everything to do with other people. (How do I explain

something silly like money? Practice spending it.

Work leads to terrible thoughts like not now I'm busy. How to find

the patience to look? If little pill breaks the king's neck

the present is a gift. Aunt gargantua doesn't know the king

except by his tickle taffy of little help to this

present tense. (A settlement.) Put put is sleeping

in one room. Boys with muscles in the other. Someone who counts

in the basement. The count laughs. The count is harmless

and scary like water. Little pill made him and likes his smell.

She counts steps. A good foot soldier. Counting

goes faster than not thinking numbers. Either the count

owns her or she the count or so other people think

as she is never without him or vice versa. Still little

pill's numbers don't add up. Weak fish bite

best on sunny days except when signs say otherwise

and the weak fish bite then too. (You never can tell.)

Aunt gargantua says mother little didn't know to grow.

Auntie will never stop growing. A musty brass geezer

biting escalator ass. A standing room fox chase or sexy mother

fucker like boys with muscles fond of little pill bending.



Brian Ash

Skies by Eileen Myles
Black Sparrow Press
Santa Rosa, CA
2001

I heard Eileen Myles read her poem "Writing" from her new book *Skies* in Boston, summer 2000, and she read the lines 'band aid/book/god//that's right' and me and my friend Sean freaked. It was so good. I came across that poem again when I read *Skies* for this review and was so glad it was in there. It affected my poetry a lot, something about its deadpan-ness, though after knowing Eileen's work better now, I think there's more to it than that. Eileen is a great reader. I heard her read from her novel *Cool For You* a few months ago and it stunned me. She was writing about her father and just started spinning and it opened up and it was some of the best writing I've ever heard. I've heard her say things in conversation that blew me away. Go hear her read. I say to people a lot that she is one of my favorite minds, thinkers and I think I would usually feel cringy hearing myself say that, but with her it's just the right words. Some of the untitled poems at the beginning of *Skies* are poems of someone feeling themselves deeply, opening up, someone who sees the world in a magical way, someone living ecstatically, someone who thinks of death, someone who is positive, someone who is blown away by Nature, someone saying yes to the abundance of life. Some of her poems change direction, writing-style direction, in mid-phrase. You really need to hear her read her poetry. I feel like I can read her books a lot better now. Eileen Myles seems to be really feeling, she's passionate. Poems like "The Guest" have a rapture-voice, or, Eileen's rapture comes through in poems like "The Guest" (it's in other poems, too) and I realize the poetry is so strong, like a "real" poet, or like an "age-old" poet. There's something that happens here, a way of connecting things, many things, an ability to talk about many things at once, and then pulling the camera back, and then the heart of the feeling is there, that is one of Eileen's "trademarks" that puts me in wonder. -- Doubleplusgood.

Aaron Kiely, age 31, New York, NY

James Wilk
Lower East Side

Presence

"The presence was spectrum-blue
 ultimate blue ray"
 H.D.

*I am hiding inside the can inside kick the can. I am
 the many half faces & bodies hiding under the rushes under the
 (falling moon)*

I am the guest star on the yet to be written sitcom "Father Died"

*The raise in the roof beam has something written upon itFalling &
 Something I just can't figure out waiting to free the jail*

*Died, I guess."But been clearing the ground to
 Free the jail Big black windows
 The guest at the end of a dog day
 its presence spectrum blue was ultimate blue ray
 in a thing hiding inside myself in a secret right tooth
 in a presence*

Ed Berrigan
 Park Slope, Brooklyn
By The Bye

No one dead counts

paid survival.

The dead don't count.

Jim Behrle

Allston, Mass.

Hail thee Patriots, a super team in a super dome in an equally super bowl.

It was Rocky and Remember the Titans and Airplane and the Texas Chain Saw Massacre and Waterworld all rolled in to one. And add a football.

There is no I in team-right? Somebody check that and make sure. And these warriors proved it, walking on to the field together, and walking off with that Lombardi trophy-it's nice, I just bought one on Ebay.

It was THE SILENCE OF THE RAMS, Tom Brady wasn't fancy, but he was fabulous.

Ty Law intercepting, David Patten with a great touchdown. And after further review, yes it was a great touchdown. But did I understand that commercial with the monkey? No I did not. But I still love monkeys. U2 was great. And who knew Paul McCartney was a Patriots fan? Didn't he used to be the cute one? Oh, Patriots, how I wish I had bet on you. I'd be on the beach in the Caymens right now, with all those guys from Enron. Instead, I think I'll go to the celebration parade and bask in sweet, sweet victory.

Unless it rains or is kinda cold. Oh, I'm kidding. Maybe I'll buy a Superbowl Champion umbrella on Ebay.]

**INSIDE
 NEXT
 ISSUE
 OF
 BOOG
 CITY**

Mary Lou Lord

Ex-NFLer's One Man Show

Mariana Ruiz-Firmat

**EDITOR'S
 CHOICE**

Saturday 2.16, 8:30 p.m.
The Crowns on 45, Palomar, the Operators, Bats and Mice, and the Hissyfits.
\$10
NorthSix,
66 North 6th St.
Williamsburg
718.599.5103
northsix.com

Williamsburg is where it's at if you want to see cool bands. Hell, the Ladyfest East organizers (ladyfesteast.org) are holding all of this September's event in the neighborhood's many killer venues, which include Warsaw, where Le Tigre held two great shows last month; Pete's Candy Store; and, this one, NorthSix. That said, catch a bunch of bands I first saw at Brownies last September during a Ladyfest East show—Crowns on 45, Palomar, and the Hissyfits—ask Hallie for "Why'd They Close that Punk Rock Club", her paeon to the much-lamented Coney Island High; one band I've never heard of, Bats and Mice; and one I'm planning a couple of Boog shows with for May, one here and one in their neck of the woods, Boston, the operators (the-operators.com), all playing as part of the Metropolis Music Festival (fest.nymetropolis.com/).

Smells Like Boog City

On what would have been Kurt Cobain's 35th birthday, we celebrate his life and art, and launch *Boog City*, the free, bi-weekly East Village community newspaper, with 12 local bands and solo artists playing Nirvana's *Nevermind*, in its entirety.

25% of all ticket sales will go to benefit Jampac, a non-profit organization that represents and advocates on behalf of artists, music industry professionals, and music fans in the political arena (jampac.com).

Wednesday February 20, 2002, 10 p.m.

The Knitting Factory

74 Leonard St (between Broadway & Church)

\$10 in advance, \$12 at door.

Buy online—knittingfactory.com

With readings by Eileen Myles and *TimeOutNY* associate editor Tom Gogola and music from Wanda Phipps and band, Ruth Gordon, I Feel Tractor, the Ward, Schwervon, Jesse Schoen, Prewar Yardsale, Dan Saltzman, Brian Robinson, the Imaginary Numbers, Gangbox, and Drew Gardner.

Hosted by Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB

What is it with the birth of Boog City, Tia Chucha Café Cultural (Luis & Trini Rodriguez's new place in Sylmar, CA), and Bowery Poetry Club NOW? We take deep-breathed keen-eyed possibility twinge and urge your support. Jackie Sheeler, webmistrix of BowPo took her first gander at Boog City and mused, "Hmm. Is this a political rag with poetry or a poetry rag with politics?" which, we allowed, was just about perfect. What are the odds that these things utopian will make it? I remember Gregory Kolovakos, Saint of NYSCA, telling me on his inspection tour of the Nuyorican when we were struggling to reopen, "If it doesn't work in two years, move on!" Wise words! But alas to take advantage of them

you've got to last two years. Hmm. This weekend was a powerful gust – on Saturday, 18 Poetry Superheroes descended on the Club. After an initial period of disbelief ("This place will never be ready tomorrow!") we put (queer/nonqueer) shoulders to wheel and four hours later had filled the dumpster and turned the joint into a poetry-hospitable site – the stage even got painted. Here's the All Saints Chronological Attendance Report: Lynn Procope, Taylor Mali, Danny Shot, Martha Rhodes, John Rodriguez, Michele Kotler, Marj Hahne, Ed Clapp, Shappy, Evert Eden, Brenda Coultas, Elizabeth Murray, Chris Connolly, Dan Nestor, David Grand, Yuko Otomo, Steve Dalchinsky, Douglas Rothschild. Nurturing Pizza provided by Two Boots, our dear Pals. The Official nonOpening Readings the next day: Super Poetry Sunday! were SRO, quite a feat for a construction zone with no heat no alcohol and barely bathrooms. Martha Rhodes' CSC Series, rechristened Readings on the Bowery, opened with Elizabeth Tucker, Cleopatra Mathis, Andrea Barrett, and Ellen Bryant Voigt and closed with griot Alhaji Papa Susso playing kora blessings as the audience vanished into crisp NY air. Taylor Mali and Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz held court (ie, played Scrabble) during the interim, visited by Bingo Gazingo and Taylor Mead among others, till Danny Shot's Long Shot reading for Gregory Corso closed the night. This was a BYOB crowd, and the lack of a microphone was probably more of a problem than the lack of heat. The crowd had that full, welcoming, irascible feeling that meant Gregory was in the house, fully abetted by Andy Clausen's cavalier hosting. The party partied on after, but a few hundred people had passed through the construction zone that would be the Bowery Poetry Club, and in that way helped build this place, saw it before the beginning, blessed it with their presence and poems. Hmm. May we make to the two-year mark 308 The Bowery, between Houston & Bleecker, across from CBGB's, at the Foot of First. Virtually Yours: bowerypoetry.com.

