

# BOOG CITY

Issue 5 April 8, 2002 Free

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

## Antifolk *The Next Small Thing*

Major Matt Mason USA

Issue five, April 8, 2002  
free

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**np**  
Quasi, *Featuring "Birds"*

**thanks**  
My family

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# EDIT

## Think Local ... Music

I came of age musically in the 1970s. My mom and dad tell me that the song they used to soothe me as a baby, the one I kept wanting to hear while growing up, was that closet classic, "Bushel and a Peck." It must have done an amazing imprint job. Whenever I hear my dad sing that song to calm another child, perhaps one of his three granddaughters, I feel all good inside.

From there it was John Denver at summer camp; Bette Midler and Barbra Streisand 8-tracks on a 1974 family station wagon trip to Colonial Williamsburg and Washington, DC; "Sing, Sing a Song" during chorus at P.S. 249; and "Someone's Knockin' on My Door" during Music was the Magic Key, this 5th grade music class that was taught through the P.A. to too many music classes.

Then I raided my sister and brother's record collection, they 10 and seven-and-a-half years older than me, respectively. I discovered the Beatles through a couple of collections—1967-70 (the blue album) and *Love Songs*. There was the first Boston record and Queen's *News of the World*, which I took to class during sixth grade, the AV squad bringing a turntable in so I could crank up "We Are the Champions" as I made the ancient Olympians in my diorama celebrate in their old shoe box stadium.

I didn't see my first rock show until December 13, 1982—you always remember your first—Pat Benatar at Madison Square Garden, with Canadian rockers Saga opening. And a week later my parents' bought me Benatar's new album, *Get Nervous*, a purchase that still warms the cockles of my heart 'cause it showed that, yes, in fact, they were paying attention, and that was cool.

I didn't know from local music until I went to undergrad at Hofstra University in Long Island, where bands I'd never heard of would be on or near campus playing free shows, most of which I never attended because I said I

was too busy working on the alternative student newspaper or trying to get my school to divest its South African holdings. But somehow I found the time to deplete that summer of '83 car accident insurance settlement and go see Phil Collins, the Jacksons, Julian Lennon, and Wynton Marsalis, among too many others.

There was also the Long Island music newspaper, *Good Times*, still doing it today, and, of course, *The Village Voice*, of which I still read the agate type in every club ad to see who's playing that I have never heard of and might wanna check out.

My friend Kimberly Wilder made a deal with her husband Ian recently. She said she's only going to buy local music from now on, that she knows enough cool local musicians to give holiday gifts to all her friends, and then some. Though I wouldn't take her idea to this extreme—damn, I dig the Foo Fighters and Elliott Smith, Elvis Costello and P.J. Harvey, and, shit, ain't Coltrane still on a major?—and the whole major label "sellout or not" argument is better discussed in an issue of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, I know she's got a point.

I've seen the Police at Shea, and I saw Live Aid. I've been to shows that have been a "tough ticket" many times, getting in by sleeping outside halls and ticket outlets, or having a friendly cousin punch out my pair before they opened the doors at the record store he managed or a best friend who worked at the label.

And although I still hit stadium shows, still love to feel 70,000 strong all experiencing, to some degree, the same thing, the power of music, gimme Schwervon at Brownies, the Polynoses and the Veronica Complex at a Red Hook loft, I Feel Tractor at the Sideshow Gallery in Williamsburg. Gimme Prewar Yardsale at Sidewalk, The Imaginary Numbers at the Luna Lounge, Wanda Phipps and Band at the C-Note, White Collar Crime, any time any place. Gimme local musicians, labels, and venues, and I'll be just fine, thanks.

Letters to the Editor:

letters@boogcity.com

## Where to Find

# BOOG CITY

### The East Village

alt.coffee  
Angelica Theater  
Anthology Film Archives  
Barnes & Noble (Astor Place)  
Bluestockings women's bookstore  
Bowery Poetry Club  
Cafe Pick Me Up  
CBGB's  
CB's 313 Gallery  
Cedar Tavern  
C-Note  
Continental

Lakeside Lounge  
Life Cafe  
Living Room  
Mission Cafe  
Nuyorican Poets Cafe  
The Pink Pony  
See Hear  
Shakespeare & Co.  
St. Mark's Books  
St. Mark's Church  
Sunshine Theater  
Tonic  
Tower Books

### Also Available In

Manhattan  
Here  
Hotel Chelsea  
Knitting Factory  
Poets House  
Revolution Books  
WBAI  
the Westbeth Theater

Williamsburg  
Clovis Press  
Earwax  
L Cafe  
Sideshow Gallery  
Spoonbill & Sugartown

Philadelphia  
Kelly's Writers House  
The Khyber  
LaTazza

## submit to the poetry issue

Celebrate National Poetry Month—isn't every month national poetry month?—in style by submitting your art and/or words to the Boog City poetry issue, edited by our poetry editor, Joanna Fuhrman. Any and all considered.  
Deadline: April 7  
Email to: poetry@boogcity.com

# Tryst

by Sharon Mesmer

She traveled to Philadelphia by bus for the long-anticipated tryst with him, which coincided with the mystically-themed block party he'd spent weeks organizing. She wondered if their first time together would be like he'd described it in one of his emails:

"When the sleeping goddess Kundalini is awakened through the grace of Shiva, all worldly bonds are pierced. The wise Shiva shall firmly penetrate the goddess, for she is the giver of all powers. You are Kundalini; I am Shiva."

She spotted his van in the bus station parking lot, with "The chains of the Law have been broken" painted on the side. She waved, and he pulled up. **He wasn't as cute as she thought he'd be. He was dressed funny, too.**

"Why are you wearing those baggy Indian pants?" she teased. "You're Jewish, aren't you? And that t-shirt – what do those numbers mean?"

"These are the two highest degrees of freemasonry," he said, with utmost seriousness, "both of which I attained in only one year."

"It looks like you're advertising your blood pressure – thirty-three over a hundred and forty-four."

"You know," he cleared his throat, "I didn't get the okay for this from Beatrice yet. Wives can be funny about this kind of thing sometimes."

"Beatrice? Why would she care? Didn't you tell me in one of your emails that she had group sex with the imams of the Hasan-i-Sabah Society during the 'Caliph-a-thon'? That she was omni-sexual, and that's why you married her?"

"All I'm saying is I've just been too busy busting my ass to get this block party off the ground to talk to her. But I will, later."

They drove to his neighborhood. Stern young monks sat impassively at folding tables full of books, cassettes, and video tapes. Fire hydrants were topped with papier-mâché penises painted with the words "Immanent Lingam." Home-made banners hanging from lampposts proclaimed the event's mystical underpinnings: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law"; "Every intentional act is a magickal act"; "TEITAN=300+5+10+300+1+50=666."

"As you can see," he said as they got out of the van, "the theme I picked reflects my interest in education: 'Magic for the Masses.' I did that for the kids. Okay, listen, I have to split. But I'll meet you in front of the Salt Parlor later. By then I should have Beatrice's answer."

As she roamed the streets it started to rain. Intent young men in ornate purple robes quickly threw canvas tarps over everything. People in cars rolled down their windows, craned their necks, and called out, "Hey, is there gonna be any food?"

**She sheltered under a tarp with a couple of monks** who, upon her arrival, abandoned the table, tied plastic bags to their heads like babushkas, and hustled paper plates piled high with vegetarian lasagne to the parked cars. The plates were accepted gratefully, if quizzically.

Soon, it stopped raining and a weak sun made its appearance. The tarps came off, and the streets filled with

neighborhood people, some amused, some not at all amused. Across the street, some kids stood in front of an art gallery window, watching a video of people having sex. Two guys in turbans approached and handed them folders, which the kids glanced at, then tossed to the ground. Seeing those kids made her feel stupid for being there, and she decided to weasel out of the tryst – maybe by eating a huge portion of vegan lasagne and spelt funnel cakes and getting really sick. She grabbed a plate of Tassajara Tacos off one of the food tables and ate them as fast as she could, moving on to the "Carbs Can Be Your Friend" spread. Coming around the corner, just before a long row of Tarot readers, she ran into him. He was

remember the amalgamation



wearing a wizard hat and shouldering a coil of electrical wire.

"I'm gonna eat as much as I can!" she said, but he'd already moved on, to speak to a teenage boy in a "Confused Buddhist" t-shirt. She stood there, alone, her plate piled high with gratin. People eyed her suspiciously, like they knew she'd come to Philadelphia just to fuck someone, and now she was trying to get out of it.

I'm just not modern enough to accept the risks of spiritual free market sexuality, she thought. Then, she had a revelation.

She found him in front of the "New Eon Magick – Thelema Without Tears" booth.

"I can't go through with this," she said. "I realize I have too many conflicted feelings about sexuality. I was raised Catholic."

"Can you wait a second?" he said, his attention divided between her and a group of white-frosted initiates piling out of a mini-van. "Yo-Phil!" he yelled to the driver. "None of these people brought prayer rugs! Run down to the Ace and pick up a bunch of bath mats! Use the petty cash!"

Before she could repeat her message, he'd moved on.

Four hours elapsed. Occasionally she caught sight of him, accepting rigorous ablutions outside the Samadhi Station, whipping through the thinning crowd with coupons for half-price humus, or jumping on a stage and combining the butter churn dance with dervish-like whirling. At sunset, after the last straggler left, she sat down on the curb across the street from the Salt Parlor and watched as he lit a cigar and sat down with the monks to count the cash.

"Well, minus the bath mats we made \$127.50," he said. "Not bad!"

She caught his eye and he signalled her over. The monks regarded her suspiciously.

"Listen," he whispered, "Beatrice isn't happy with the plan."

"You know what?" she said, holding her stomach, "I think I ate too much. I can't have sex after eating so much."

"That's okay."

"And you know what else? I didn't tell you this before because your emails were so sexy, especially the one where we were porn stars, and you were playing an electrician come to fix my sockets, but I really don't like men. Sexually, I mean. I much prefer women. They're just sexier than men, in general."

"That's because the patriarchy's conditioned you to think that way. But that's okay."

"The truth is, I just don't find you attractive. I'm sorry. You know, when you meet someone over the Internet."

"That's okay, too."

**He'll say anything, she thought, just to have sex. That's how these phony spiritual types are. I'll just leave without telling him.**

"Is there a bathroom around here anywhere?" she asked.

"Yeah, right down there." He pointed to a distant Burger King.

"Okay, I'll be right back."

Two monks were in line ahead of her. She recognized one of them from the MASTER THERION BOOKS & TAPES table. He turned and solemnly introduced himself as Prana the Probationer.

"So, did you come here for the initiations? I saw you talking to Guru Nam a lot."

"Guru Nam. Oh, right. I know him as Jeffrey. Hey, have you ever met Beatrice? What's her story?"

"Who?"

"Beatrice. His wife."

"Wife? Guru Nam's not married."

Art by Brenda Iijima

Excerpts were leaked from a classified Pentagon nuclear weapons strategy document and posted on the Internet last week. The secret report, provided to Congress on Jan. 8, says the Pentagon should be prepared to use nuclear weapons against China, Russia, Iraq, North Korea, Iran, Libya, and Syria. The weapons could be used in three types of situations: against targets able to withstand nonnuclear attack; in retaliation for attack with nuclear, biological or chemical weapons; or "in the event of surprising military developments."

The last category, "in the event of surprising military developments" diverts from business as usual.

Here are some words from the report that would be useful to deconstruct:

nuclear posture  
moderate delivery accuracy  
limited earth-penetrator capability  
high-yield warheads  
silo- and sea-based ballistic missiles

multiple independent reentry vehicles  
limited retargeting capability  
hard and deeply buried targets (HDBT)  
mobile and relocatable targets  
chemical agent  
improved accuracy  
limited collateral damage  
New Triad  
offensive strike leg  
active and passive defenses  
responsive defense infrastructure

Submit 300-500 words maximum, pasted into the body of e-mail.  
Email to [lexicons@boogcity.com](mailto:lexicons@boogcity.com)

**Emergency  
Lexicon Work on  
the "Nuclear  
Posture Review"**

# Antifolk in

MAJOR MATT MASON USA

U.K. TOUR JOURNAL



Photo by Peter Dizozza

Olive Juice recording artist Major Matt Mason USA, aka Matt Roth, recently toured the U.K. in support of his album *Me Me Me* which has been released in England on Shoeshine Records. We asked him to keep a tour diary.

## 1/24 the Borderline London

Exit the Seven Sisters tube and wait at a little kabob shop where I am supposed to meet Goldmund, an old friend who I will be staying with while in London. We used to work at Tower Records together on 4th and Broadway. He is late. But when he comes riding up to me on his bike he tells me I was waiting at the wrong exit. I soon realize, like pizza places in NYC, there is a kabob shop outside of nearly every tube stop in London. It's been 8 years since I've seen him. He looks good. He tells me I look fat.

The second we step through the door his phone rings. "BBC radio wants to do an interview with you," he says.

"Huh? Me? How did they ..."

Goldmund flips into manager mode. I hear him talking on the phone but the combination of his accent and my jet lag makes it all a blur. "Sound check is at 6:30 ... they need an email of your bio and [a] few CDs for promo purposes ... a car will pick us up at the club at 7:30 and take us to the station for your interview ...

then another car will take us back to the club where you're on at 8:30 ... we're gonna try to get you 2 songs on the air, but I don't know if there'll be time ... will you require any special beverages at the interview?"

What the fuck? Did I fall asleep on the plane and wake up in Keith Richards's body?

The night brings me back to earth.

"So what's this *Me Me Me* thing all about? What is antifolk? Where did you get your name?"

"Uhhhh. It's just me," I say.

I'm a deer in headlight[s] throughout the entire interview. I can't remember a word I said. And I walk out of there thinking I just made a fool of myself in front of a million people.

The show is well-attended, but I can barely hear myself over the crowd and I'm only given a half-hour. A girl snaps a picture of me during my song, "Rockstar," right when I say the line "Just because you took my picture. I thought I was a star." There is a big light in my eyes making it impossible to make out any facial expressions in the crowd. I walk off stage feeling like E.T. I am introduced to the club owner who is a skinny, bald guy in his fifties who clearly has had a few.

I say, "Thanks very much for putting me on and letting me play at your venue." He just sort of laughs and says something about me having the "earnest

What the fuck? Did I fall asleep on the plane

# the U.K.

thing” down very good and how lucky I am to know Francis [Macdonald] (my label guy from Glasgow [and Teenage Fanclub drummer] who flew in to check out the show). He hands me fifty quid and walks away.

## 1/25 Spitz London

Though, I appreciate Goldmund’s efforts, I am a bit thankful that he is busy tonight. So, I am flying solo for this show. I am greeted at sound check by a journalist named Stewart from a magazine called “Dazed and Confused” who is doing a big article on the NYC antifolk scene. Lach e-mailed him and told him to check me out (p. 11).

I feel much more comfortable with Stewart. There is no time limit, and he seems genuinely interested in what I have to say. After the interview, he takes me across the street for my first London Pub experience. He is flying to New York tomorrow for research on his article. A big London magazine writer traveling all the way to the East Village just to learn about our little antifolk scene. Eight years ago who could have imagined. He buys me another pint and **I’m starting to feel a little drunk.** This is when I decided to instill my two-beer rule. No more than 2 beers before each show.

I get back to the venue, rockstar proper, about ten minutes before I go on. I’m opening for a couple of bands; a local pop act called Vermont and a really cool emo group from Edinburgh called Ballboy. The place is filled [with] maybe

200 to 250 people. There is a bit of rumble, but the core audience seems to be into it. Halfway through the set someone shouts out “Danny Scheer” [from *Me Me Me*] in an English accent and I happily obliged. Vermont was great and I especially liked Ballboy. I feel good and get paid.

## 1/25 12 Bar London

The 12 Bar reminds me of a bar I would have gone to in college and this makes me feel comfortable. It’s sort of hole-in-the-wallish with a kicking P.A. ... definitely one of my favorite shows of the tour. The show went well. The sound was great. I felt very top of the world.

Two girls that know my music from the states, Jess and Priya, who are in London studying and were at the first night, said they wanted to come to this show so I gladly put them on the guest list. They are totally cool and end up coming to nearly all of the London shows that follow. **I’m freaking out. I have groupies?** But it’s so not *Almost Famous*. We talk about being in London. It’s their first time there too. No body fluids are exchanged. Jess has a boyfriend. They know that I am with Nan [Turner of Schwervon!]. They give me confidence. At the risk of sounding cheesy they really are “Band Aids”, and they made me feel good. There were a couple of other people that I recognized at more than one show, and there really is nothing more wonderful than seeing that.

## 1/26 The Golden Lion Camden, London

The Golden Lion is a great pub in Camden. They run a regular open mic with a feature artist at about 7:30 PM. I thought this was kind of early, but keep in mind most bars close at 11pm. There were a lot of older musician guys hanging out, talking about folk music. As odd as it sounds, I learned a lot about Americana music in that little bar in London. I did a taped interview with a really nice DJ named Claire. It felt good. Though it’s pretty much the same questions. “What is antifolk?” Blah, Blah ... I’m really starting to wonder myself at this point.

The crowd is well-lubricated and a little rowdy. I break a string on the first note of my first song. Not an ideal start. I change the string and start off with “Price is Right.” People start tuning in. And I feel the tide turning. It’s an amazing feeling. But there is one stray from the flock: a drunken middle-aged lady sitting by herself shouting out, “Play a happy one. Play a happy one.” Over and over. It’s mildly annoying. I’m trying to tune it out. Rob, the guy putting on the show whispers into my ear that it’s someone’s birthday. He says the someone’s name is “Sandy.” I’m game. I don’t know happy birthday, but maybe I’ll sing a song for her, I think to myself.

“Is it someone’s birthday? Sandy?” The crowd laughs and then goes quiet, and they all turn and point to the drunken heckler lady. It’s her? She’s Sandy? She starts screaming at me. I can’t understand her, which is probably good. It doesn’t sound very nice. I feel the crowd on my side though, at this point. They start telling her to be quiet. They say she’s been this way all night. I tell her that I’m

honored that she came to see me on her birthday. And that it probably means that she is going to remember me for the rest of her life.

“Play a happy one ... a happy one.” I tell her I’m gonna play the saddest song I ever wrote, for her. I start to play “I’m Sorry” and stare her straight in the eye. Then something fucking amazing happened. She got quiet and almost started to cry. And then, halfway through the song, when I got to the line “All I wanna do right now is fuck you,” she burst out laughing and started dancing around. At the end of the song she stood up on a chair and started cheering.

After the show she came up and gave me a kiss. It was a fucking amazing experience. I don’t know if Sandy will remember me for the rest of her life. Honestly, she probably forgot most of the night when she woke up the next morning. But I will not forget her soon. Cheers, Sandy.

## 1/29 Britons Protection Manchester

Britons Protection is a very classy-looking dark, woodsy kind of pub. The upstairs area where I played had carpet, which made me kind of nervous, and it felt a little more like a place where you’d have a family reunion than a rock show. But then again, I guess I’m not a rock show. After sound check I walked downtown a bit and had a chicken sandwich. People in London kept telling me that Manchester was an ugly factory town, but I thought it was kind of pretty. The crowd seemed small at first, but it picked up nicely right before the show. I broke another string and had another heckler (requesting Neil

Young songs) but I almost welcomed that at this point and kind of liked trying to flip him off while I was playing guitar. He bought me a pint of Bitter after the show and gave me a hug.

## 2/01 Betsy Trotwood London

I was greeted by a sort of John Lennon looking guy named Steve who was wearing an “Other Music” [the NYC and Cambridge, MA record store] T-shirt. This reminded me of home and made me feel better. I did another interview with a nice guy named Matt who is there with his brother. The interview felt fun and comfortable. Two acts opened: a duo called Bromide (guitar and stand-up bass). They sounded pretty good, but they gave me one of their CDs and I have to admit that it was a little boring. This other guy, James William Hindle, played next. He was very quiet, sort of Nick Drake-ish. A little sedate for my tastes. He tells me that he’s touring with Ladybug Transistor in the states this summer. I know Jeff of Ladybug from working at [the record store] Rocks in Your Head in NYC. “Cool,” I say (secretly thinking, “Where the fuck is my U.S.A. tour?”).

Anyway, the show goes well. I see some familiar faces. I break a string on the second to last song and finish with “Black Hole” on five strings. I start talking to this German girl who tells me that she really enjoyed the show. I secretly wonder if I wasn’t going out with Nan, if this is the kind of situation that would turn into one of those rock and roll tour one-night stands. It was just a fleeting thought. And it makes me feel pretty good that there is minimal regret on this front.

## 2/02 The Musician Leicester

I learned that the two most famous Leicesterites were Englebert Humperdink and John Merrick

A girl snaps a picture of me during my song ‘Rockstar’ right when I say the line ‘Just because you took my picture I thought I was a star.’

(The Elephant Man). And somehow this made sense to me. The Musician, where I played, had this strange sports bar kind of a feel yet there was a black and white mural on the wall that featured a number of rock icons, including Kurt Cobain.

It seemed like the crowd was mostly old people, which kind of weirded me out. A man came up after the show and asked me to sign a CD for his daughter. This was a first for me.

The promoter, John, told me not to expect much for a Sunday night. So, it felt good to see a nice crowd show up. I met John’s wife and 2 very cute daughters. He runs a mail order record business as well. Their flat was very homey and I kept thinking about how cool it is that he’s in the music business but can also have this nice domestic kind of thing happening. It reminds me of some of the ideas that I had when I first started thinking about putting Olive Juice together. **I remember growing up thinking if you wanted to be a rocker or in the music business you had to be against the idea of having a family or a house or whatever. Or if you had those things that you had to stop listening to cool music and start voting Republican or something like that. I like meeting people like John who defy these stereotypes.**

I was talking to his wife Nancy and one of his daughters was showing me her new Play Dough dentist set. His daughter asked if animals had to go to the dentist and I started talking about how I just got my cat’s teeth cleaned and he wouldn’t eat for a couple of days. Nancy said, “What? You don’t sound like a rockstar.” She was being sarcastic but I don’t think she realized how really good that made me feel.

For the unedited version please visit [boogcity.com](http://boogcity.com)

and wake up in Keith Richards’s body?

<p><b>SUNDAY</b></p>	<p><b>1</b> 7 to 9-"Out Music" Open Mike [\$5 Donation] 9 to 11-boogcity.com launch party featuring Daniel Saltzman, Joanna Fuhrman, Major Matt Mason USA, Schwervon, and the Veronica Complex, \$5 11-TBA</p>	<p><b>2</b> 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-Raven 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p><b>3</b> \$4 Cover Till 11PM 7-Jeneen (Acst) 8-John Kruth with Lily Palmer (Acst) 9-Kimberley West (Pop/Rock) Singer/songwriter and rock'n'roll diva Kim is back on Ave C! 10-The MVPs (Rootsy country rockers) 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p><b>4</b> \$4 Cover Till 11PM 7-Margarita (Acst) 8-Elisa Korrene (Acst) 9-Jefferson Thomas (Rock) 10-Bend (Rock) Hooky alt rockers 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hip-Hop and Old School</p>	<p><b>5</b> 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) 7-Karen Keavey (Acst) 8-Sunschool (Rock) [\$5] 9-Christopher Dallman (Acst) [\$5] 10-Adam Bernstein (Folk Rock) [\$5] 11-Nicola (Rock) [\$5] 12-Gadu (Rock) [\$5] 1 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin" with DJ Rivercat</p>	<p><b>6</b> 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist NEW CENTURY SHOWCASE: 7-Ethan Rossiter (Acst) (No Cover) 8-Tom Davis (Acst) [\$5] 9-Hannah Lindroth (Rock) [\$5] 10-Eric Brunmann (Acst) [\$5] 11-Liz Lysinger (Acst Rock) [\$5] Alt rock songwriter a classical pianist's chops 12 to Wee Hours-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAMBONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>		
<p><b>7</b> 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p><b>8</b> 7-John Hodel (Folk) 8-Curtis (Solo Acst) 9-Sugar Thief (Rock) 10-Jessie White (Acst/Alt) 11-Ada Rovatti &amp; Elephunk (2 sets)</p>	<p><b>9</b> 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-Jess King (Acst Pop) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p><b>10</b> \$5 Cover Till 11PM FRANKIE WOOD PRESENTS: 7-Eric Wyatt and friends (R&amp;B) 8-Love Pirates (Rock) 9-Mad Juana (Rock) 10-Charley Buckland and the Murder of Crows (Country/Blues/Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p><b>11</b> \$7 Cover Till 11PM MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7- Madeline Zero, 7:45-The Rohnol 8:30-Kadafi, 9:15-Stalone 10-Kimon 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hip-Hop and Old School</p>	<p><b>12</b> 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Blues/Pop) TRIFECTA SHOWCASE NIGHT: 7-Lisa Lost (solo) 8-Revlover (Rock/Pop) [\$1] 9-The Untitled [\$1] 10-Prison Rodeo [\$5] 11-Noxes Pond [\$1] 12 to Wee Hrs-DJ RIVERCAT</p>	<p><b>13</b> Cover \$7 till Midnight 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-Toni Tujillo 7:45-TBA 8:30-The Sleeves 9:15-West 10-Mudville Diaries 11-Pinwheel 12 to Wee Hours-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAMBONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>		
<p><b>14</b> 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p><b>15</b> 7-Amy Emerman (Acst) 8-Carla Buffa with Ma Bird of Swallow (Alt/Acst) 9-Irene Mastrangeli (Acst) 10-Barry Seth &amp; Paul Dante (Acst Rock) 11-Mr. Vivo (Latin Jazz)</p>	<p><b>16</b> 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop/Rock) 10-Laurie Cagno (Pop/Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p><b>17</b> NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-Sara Wendt (Acst) [\$4] 8-Pat Ossowski (Acst Rock) [\$4] 9-Rainbow Fresh (Acst Rock) [\$4] 10-Citigrass (Bluegrass) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p><b>18</b> NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-TBA [\$4] 8-Kelli Owens (Rock) [\$4] 9-Marianne Pillsbury (Rock) [\$4] 10-Ward White (Rock) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hi</p>	<p><b>19</b> 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-Sly Gerald (R&amp;B/Blues Rock) [\$5] 8-Andy Fitzpatrick (Acst) [\$5] 9-Swallow (Alt Rock) [\$5] 10-Stephanie St. John (Alt Rock) [\$5] 11-Gravy (Rock) [\$5] 12-TBA [\$5] 1 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin" with DJ Rivercat</p>	<p><b>20</b> 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-George Jefferson Airplane (Rock) 8-TBA [\$5] 9-Into Red Giant (Alt Rock) [\$5] 10-Mark Sinnis and 825 (Nashville Gothic/Alt Country) [\$5] 11-Loaded Dreams (Rock) [\$5] 12 to Wee Hours-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAMBONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>		
<p><b>21</b> 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p><b>22</b> 7-David Jacobsen (Acst) 8-Elliott Carlson (\$5)(Acst) 9-Aunt Slammie (Roots Rock) 10 to 1-Bloomdaddies (2 sets- Fusion/Rock)</p>	<p><b>23</b> 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-Thing Three 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p><b>24</b> 7-Chris Stewart (Acst) 8-Gabriels Hold (Rock) [\$4] 9-KFM (Rock) [\$4] 10-Helper (Rock) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p><b>25</b> \$7 Cover Till 11PM MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-Erik Hendin 7:45- Zero Chance 8:30-The Standard Model 9:15-John Virag 10-Nexta Kin 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hi</p>	<p><b>26</b> 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Blues/Pop) 7-Mike America &amp; The Free World (Acst Rock) 8-Taylor Barton &amp; GE Smith (Acst Rock)[\$5] 9-Junior Fudge (Roots Rock) [\$5] 10-The Mudlarks (Swamp Rock) [\$5] 11-The Garrison Project (Roots Rock) [\$5] 12-Mr. Vivo (Latin Jazz at midnight) [\$5] 1 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin" with DJ Rivercat</p>	<p><b>27</b> Cover \$7 till Midnight MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-John Garnivicus 7:45-The Actualities 8:30-Gabrielle 9:15-Sean Lee 10-Oscara 11-Das Phroog 12 to Wee Hours-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAMBONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>		
<p><b>28</b> 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p><b>29</b> 7-Wanda Phipps (Acst Rock/Spoken Word) 8-Susan Ruel (Acst) 9-Sandra Bazzarelli (Rock) 10-The Northerners (Rock) New band is like the Allman Bros. with a new age edge- popular jam band on the local college circuit 11-Ada Rovatti &amp; Elephunk (2 sets)</p>	<p><b>30</b> 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-TBA 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>					<p><b>April 2002 Calender</b> 157 Avenue C (10th St.) NY, NY 10009 212 677-8142 E-mail: cnoteny@aol.com</p>	<p><b>For Weekly Calendar</b> send your email address cnote@aol.com</p>

# Try Some Olive Juice

Olive Juice Music, along with Fortified Records, is one of the main vehicles of antifolk music. They are an artist-oriented collective, that over the last few years,

has dedicated themselves to “helping people who are in the development stages of trying to do something with their art,” says its founder, Matt Roth, a.k.a. Major Matt Mason USA.

Olive Juice artists have a say in how their music is produced, financed, and marketed, and, subsequently, receive more profits from the sale of their work. The label helps its artists by sharing their twin resources of talent and money, allowing the collective to release many fine albums outside of the traditional milieu of commercial music.

Says the Olive Juice manifesto, “Fewer compromises ... Fewer regrets.” Check out any of the following releases and you too can experience the satisfaction of Olive Juice without regret.

## Major Matt Mason USA

### Me Me Me

Released in conjunction with Fortified Records and distributed in the U.K. by Shoeshine Records, *Me Me Me* is an album of earnest-acoustic pop ditties. Opening with an unpretentious cough and a shuffling of paper, Major Matt’s nasal, Kermit the frog voice, runs through 19 songs of love, loss, and urban struggle. Marcel Feldmar of the magazine *The Big Take Over* describes Matt’s songs as “giddy poems written while lost between your heart and your home.” Wearing his heart on his sleeve, as the cover art makes clear, Major Matt is the real thing.

## Prewar Yardsale

### Lowdown

Comprised of husband and wife team Mike Rechner, vocals, acoustic guitar, and Dina Levy, vocals and bucket drumming, *Lowdown* is DIY pop at it’s most basic. Combining Moe Tucker-style Velvet Underground drumming, with the distorted acoustic guitar sound of Neutral Milk Hotel, married to a flat, rambling singing style most reminiscent of Syd Barrett (think “Rats”), Prewar Yardsale take the listener on a bicycle ride through the urban landscape of their life. True to the egalitarian spirit of the antifolk scene, Mike can even be seen wearing a Fortified Records shirt on the cover of *Lowdown* (see above picture). Look for a new Prewar Yardsale album on Olive Juice soon.

## Schwervon!

### Quick frozen small yellow cracker.

This is one of my favorite acts on the Olive Juice roster. If the everyday struggles of real life and relationships mean anything to you, this duo of Major Matt Mason USA and Nan Turner



Marshall Kappel photo

Prewar Yardsale: Sweet and lowdown.

(formerly of Bionic Finger) is for you. Mixing electric guitar with Nan’s full-on drumming, *Quick frozen small yellow cracker* is a collection of sweetly domestic songs by another real life couple. Highlights include “American Girl” (not by Tom Petty) and “Dinner.” Check this one out!

## never louder than lovely for heaven’s sake

For heaven’s sake, this is never louder than lovely! Singer songwriter and acoustic guitar player Tom Nishioka teamed up with synth and sequencer programmer John Ringel to produce this gorgeous pop record that is in every way DIY, but in no way Lo-Fi. Opening track “duh” sounds like Technique-era New Order or “If You Leave”-style OMD, with the acoustic guitar hooks of Sugar Ray—really. This album runs the pop music gambit, interspersing snippets of Bluegrass with intimate acoustic pop ballads and more than a hint of New Wave electronica. Highly recommended.

## American Anymen

### Hello

When Wall of Voodoo meet Beat Happening the American Anymen are sure to be around. *Hello* showcases Lo-Fi, off-key singing on opener “President”, while the eponymous

“American Anymen” shows us what would have happened if the B-52’s ever hooked up with Public Enemy. True to antifolk’s spirit, they’re not afraid to throw it all into the mix.

## Randi Russo

### Solar Bipolar

Randi Russo sounds a lot like vintage Patti Smith. Uncannily so. This is not a bad thing as both have great, expressive voices. Randi updates Patti’s Velvet Underground garage band sound with hints of Sonic Youth’s dreamier guitar work. For guitar rock fans this is the Olive Juice release to check out.

## Various Artists

### Call It What You Want, Songs For Sidewalk Campfires

This compilation of Antifolk artists, forthcoming in June 2002, will be the touchstone of the movement. Olive Juice, in conjunction with Insideout Records, has crammed this album with all of the artists mentioned above plus Antifolk stalwarts like Daniel Johnston, Lach, and Paleface. This disc will be a good place to start, but don’t wait. Go out and get your Olive Juice today.

# Holy Shit: Rock & Roll Hall of Fame

We got Boog City music editor James Wilk into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony, here’s his email missive from the front.

I know I’m Gushing, but ...

I just came back from the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame Induction at the Waldorf=Astoria and ...

○ My God—The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame was too cool. First of all I had to check in Tina Weymouth, CJ Ramone, and Gillian Welch—putting bracelets on their wrists, before I went to the HoF proper. Then tables and dinner, rack of lamb & beans. I sat next to the Red Hot Chili Peppers stylist who knew my friend who’s name I can’t remember—that 16 yr old bassist girl I played with ... Then ... Ahmet Ertegun and Seymour Stein set us up for Isaac Hayes, givin’ us a little “Shaft” w/the Paul Shafer band. Dat’s right, Black Moses himself!

Next Brenda Lee rocked it. Then a newly be-mohawked Eddie Vedder took about 20 minutes to induct the Ramones (I talked to CJ for awhile in the hallway). My private guitar man, Steve Cropper, and Sam (from Dave) inducted Jim Stewart (the Stax guy) and played “Something Wrong w/my Baby”. Then Brian Setzer (Stray Cats) did a cool tribute to Chet Atkins, playing a Chet Atkins Gretsch. Tom Petty hit us with “Last Dance for Mary Jane” and “American Girl”. Green Day did “Teenage Lobotomy” and “Blitzkrieg Bop” for the Ramones, and then came the Talking Heads. With Bernie Worrell, they played “Psycho Killer”, “Burning Down The House”, and, with the all-star jam (which was lame, ‘cept for Steve Cropper), “Take Me To The River”.

MY two amazing, all time favorite moments were: Phil Spector inviting me to his party afterward, and Tom Petty telling me that he knew the Strokes ripped “Last Night” off from “American Girl”. Kate Pierson (from the B-52’s), Tina Weymouth, and Green Day were my other great conversations. So, uh, that’s it ‘cept, see ya later.

Dad, Thanks for the tux!

# BOOGS I D E

## rockstar

Just because you took my picture

I thought I was a star.

And just because you gave me candy

I got inside your car.

And every single day the sun went down

I thought it went down on me.

But when I got up

I was shit out of luck.

And everything I do to remember

is making me forget.

Every lie I say to get by

no longer makes me upset.

The brighter you make that birthday cake

the darker it seems to get.

Just because you passed the pitcher

I thought I had to drink.

Just because you dropped the anchor

I thought I had to sink.

And just because you thought I was someone else

I thought that's who I should be.

And just because you said you knew me

I thought you knew me.



And everybody looks like some body  
but nobody I know.

Everywhere I think of going  
is somewhere I don't go.

Every time I say I'm thinking  
I'm thinking that you knew

that there was nothing else to do.

So, I think I'm leaving you.

I'm learning to lie to myself.

I'm thinking about my health.

I'm wondering where you are and I'm thinking

I don't wanna be a rockstar anymore.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

And all of the wind that filled my sails  
just blows right through me...

I think I'm in love with myself.

I'm not who I thought I was.

I'm stoned and I'm watching T.V.

and I'm thinking

I don't wanna be a rockstar anymore.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

I don't wanna be a rockstar anymore.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

I don't wanna be a rockstar.

Major Matt Mason

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## Editor's Call

Hi all. I'm the committee head for

**Spoken Word  
booking** at this year's  
**Ladyfest East,**

a non-profit, East coast based event  
dedicated to supporting and  
promoting the artistic talents and  
activism of women. It will feature  
filmmakers, performances by bands,  
spoken word, visual artists and  
more!!! It will include workshops,  
panels and dance parties, all devoted  
to forming a closer  
community of women.

It's taking place in Williamsburg,  
Brooklyn this coming September, but

the **deadline** for

consideration,

**April 10,** is

just around the bend.

Go to

**ladyfesteast.org.**

click on artist info,  
download the form,  
and happy submitting.

# Antifolk:

## The Next Small Thing

BY JAMES WILK

For the first time in a long time, an original East Village music scene seems poised to become the next big thing. The press, especially the British press, has touted antifolk music, which began at Sidewalk Café on East 6th Street and Avenue A in the late '80s, as the new thing. Though this is exciting for those of us who've been involved with and around the scene for years, it is almost impossible to imagine a movement more unlikely to become a media-sensation, but that's exactly what's happening.

"Antifolk doesn't have a precise definition, but basically it's louder, more inventive, and more like punk rock than the acoustic strumming of classic 'folk' performers," says Lach, the man who coined the term antifolk and has hosted the Monday night "Antihootenany" at Sidewalk for the better part of the past decade. While this definition does describe Lach's music—whose new album *Kids Fly Free* is out on his own Fortified Records label—and the general aesthetic of antifolk, it is purposefully open-ended and inclusive.

Antifolk is there for anyone bold enough to pick up an instrument and, in the face of what is commercially successful, chooses to blaze their own personal trail. Antifolk is "anti", defining itself not by what it is, but by what it is not.

"Antifolk is people who are against ... Anti

USA and Lach, have completed successful U.K. tours.

The "U.K. has experienced antifolk before," says Lach. "First with Michelle Shocked and then with Beck. The current Antimania was initially sparked by the Moldy Peaches ... and Rough Trade is releasing antifolk Vol. 1, curated by the Moldy Peaches, this spring."

"The thing we really like is their [antifolk's] attitude toward what they're doing," said Rough Trade Records head Geoff Travis in a BBC online interview. "It's not just, 'we want to be famous.' It's a whole different mentality, and that's how we feel about things at Rough Trade."

"I really think that Rough Trade getting behind the Moldy Peaches had a lot to do with the exposure," says Major Matt Mason USA, a.k.a. Matt Roth. "[What] I discovered when I was in the U.K., and this ties into the antifolk



Fortified Records founder Lach looks away from the mainstream.

Grunge broke, I heard about how Sub Pop flew some British writers to Seattle and they started writing about this big movement called Grunge, and that's how people in New York learned about

Antifolk is people who are against ... Anti doesn't react it responds ... Anti would rather sleep than write, fuck than write, drug than write, but they write anyway and most of their songs are about sleeping, fucking, and drugging ... Antifolk is Hank Williams meets the Sex Pistols. —Lach

doesn't react it responds ... Anti would rather sleep than write, fuck than write, drug than write, but they write anyway and most of their songs are about sleeping, fucking, and drugging ... antifolk is Hank Williams meets the Sex Pistols," said Lach, in an interview with *Jersey Beat*.

Antifolk has pretty much been the exclusive property of the East Village ever since Lach left the dying traditional folk scene in Greenwich Village at the end of the '80s and started the Antihootenany. All that is now changing.

Anyone who has read the British music press—*Mojo* magazine and *NME*, or, hell, even *Timeout London*—during the past year has been hearing the word antifolk. Rough Trade Records, once home to the Smiths, the Fall, and Pere Ubu, went bankrupt in the early '90s. The newly revived Rough Trade Records has signed the Moldy Peaches and Jeff Lewis, each of which got their start at Sidewalk. Other antifolkers, including Major Matt Mason

thing, is that there is a big, what they call, 'Americana' movement going on—what we would call Alt-Country. It's imported music over there, and we don't think of it that way. The same way that the Rolling Stones were obsessed with Leadbelly, people are interested with antifolk, and it makes a lot of sense if you look at it in a certain way."

It appears that the British are also looking for an earthier, more authentic music—in the same way that mainstream America came to embrace Bluegrass music, despite a half century of commercial neglect, after the *O Brother Where Art Thou* soundtrack came out. While there have always been radio friendly unit shifters like the Backstreet Boys and Britney Spears, the last half-decade has been an exceptionally low point for original music, but perhaps the pendulum is swinging back the other way.

"The British Press is always looking for the next big thing," says Major Matt. "I remember when

it—through the British press, which is funny, isn't it? It kinda seems like the same thing might be happening."

But as Lach reminds us, "I think [New York City has taken notice of antifolk] as well, it's just that the NY press isn't very proactive about the local scene, whereas to the London press we are a bit exotic."

Well exotic or not, antifolk is right here in our own backyard, and any Monday night that you want to you can head on over to the Sidewalk Café and sign up to play with many of the performers mentioned in this article. Who knows, you might become big in Britain, too.



Have You had Your  
O.J. Today?

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Major Matt Mason USA

Prewar Yardsale

Schwervon!

American Anymen

Randi Russo

Derek Richmond

Never Louder Than Lovely

Toby Goodshank

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**To do Mon. April 15:**

1. Pay taxes (hopefully)
2. Rodrigo Toscano and Veronica Corpuz  
the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church  
(10th St. & 2nd Ave.) , 8:00 p.m.
3. Party, 10:00 p.m.

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# Artists Take Back the Streets

*The Free Biennial  
Hits New York*

**BY DAN RIGNEY**



Peter Coffin's Barcode Project hits the

Looking for a contemporary art fix, but can't hack the Whitney's prices? Over 200 contemporary artists of all media will be showing their work, but not on Madison Avenue. It's the Free Biennial, conceived by artist Sal Randolph, and it could be almost anywhere you look, if you're looking for it, and in some places you're not. Throughout April new art will be available everywhere *but* museums—parks, street corners, new galleries, trees, cyberspace and more—and all of it completely free. There's even free cake! Mmm, cake.

Randolph's call for work asked for artists willing to do "Non-monetary" projects—art projects where no money exchange is obliged. The art is freely given to the public

Traveler exhibition opening and performance. The location for this space is probably the most unusual in the exhibition. The performance will be documented on a chain-link fence in Brooklyn, at the corner of North 11th Street and Bedford Avenue.

Well, there is another unusual space, Simon Morris' Free Urban Library is pretty unique. A book will be placed in a Central Park tree, for you to go and swap with a book of your own. There will be a notebook there that you can record your exchange in. For photos of this exhibit [www.freewords.org/biennial/artist/library.html](http://www.freewords.org/biennial/artist/library.html)

can participate by contacting Phil at [boombox@mindspring.com](mailto:boombox@mindspring.com) or calling 212-227-6255. Arrive at 7:45 p.m.

Williamsburg's Free 103.9 will have a Free Sounds concert at the their loft on Thursday April 11 at 97 S.6th St. with a wide variety of bands and DJ's. Also check out Glowlab's inaugural show on April 5—[www.Glowlab.com](http://www.Glowlab.com)—where an exciting new collective of artists will show their work for free.

There are web works as well, allowing artists from outside of the five boroughs to attend and participate. The Free Biennial's Web site, [www.freebiennial.org](http://www.freebiennial.org), will give you a

The art is freely given to the public in public settings.

in public settings. A Free Art Table, for instance, will be appearing at various locations throughout April, where artworks and information about the Free Biennial will be given away. On April 25th, outsider Mark Malmgren, who is color blind, will be painting and giving away 100 watercolors in Central Park.

Non-monetary art can also hide in plain sight. You may see mixed-media artist Lisa Rodasta kicking a soccer ball between labeled cylinders against the walls of various Chelsea galleries from noon to 5 p.m. on Saturday April 6. Or "Non-monetary" can mean "swapping," as in the Pete's Poets Swap at Pete's Candy Store in Williamsburg, Brooklyn on April 26th, where poets can swap books and broadsides and perform in a free reading.

Oh yeah, I promised cake, didn't I? Well, Veronica Reilly and Steve Page have promised cake as a part of their Happy

There will be guerilla style works, too. I recommend web surfing to the Barcode Project that Peter Coffin's put together ([www.freewords.org/biennial/artist/barcode.html](http://www.freewords.org/biennial/artist/barcode.html)). You can download barcodes to be printed on laser labels. You then take the labels to your local grocer and place them over the barcode labels on various items. When the cash register scans the label a word such as "want" "desire" or "need" will come up on the screen instead of the price.

For free sounds, the ubiquitous Phil Kline will present a boombox piece called Shadow Traffic on April 8, starting in Tompkin's Square Park at 8:00 p.m. and then roving around the East Village streets. Boombox owners

complete guide to all of the events and locations involved in the show.

Randolph, whose past projects have addressed issues of art and commerce, explains that "the Biennial provides a profound alternative to the institutional and commercial contexts in which we ordinarily see art. The hallmark of these traditional contexts is control: control over who and what we see, and where and how we see it.

What happens if we lift these controls?" We'll find out in April, that's for sure. I can't wait.

**Daniel Kane**

East Village

*Towards a Book of Duck*

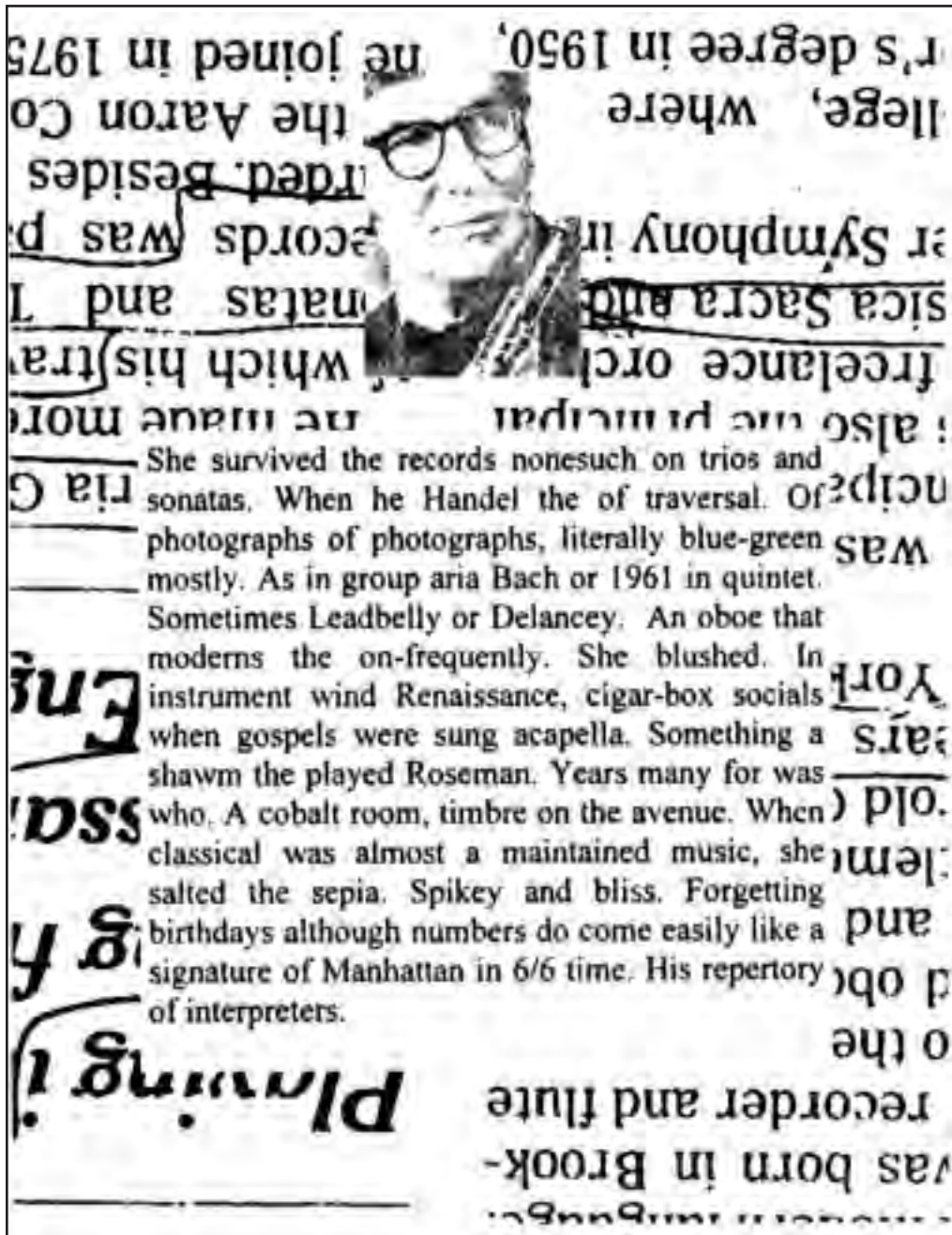
i.  
 Quack quak! Quak  
 quak quak quack!  
 Quack!  
 Quack quack  
 I'm a duck, quack!  
 Quack.

ii.  
 It was, apparently, an intolerable condition of rootlessness—both mental and physical—that led the duck to settle in Paris instead of proceeding to America.

iii.  
 The very duckiness of a duck's glance from the center of the pond to the shore with the beak in the act of dipping, then the duck-eye bobs in the light of the day with the toy-boats near and the man remembers the long-ago dream of having a pet duck, of walking with that lucky pet duck attached loosely to a rope, walking down Sixth Street with a pet-duck lucky and the world delightful, safe and quacking in the what-else spring, duck walking loosely roped lucky on Sixth Street with the toy-boats near in the center by the shore and the glance quacking the duckiness of having a pet duck, of walking safe and lucky in the what-else day dream of the bob in the light from the center of the pond with that pet duck near and Sixth Street safe and quacking, long-ago lucky of the duck on the street and the toy-boats quacking shore

**Veronica Corpuz**

East Village



**Lisa Lubasch**

Greenwich Village

*Letter of Reference*

Typed but not  
 Corrected

The manuscript  
 Sweeps us under its mat  
 And the split face  
 Of reference

Respects contents  
 Without measuring  
 Distances

Place your right hand  
 Over your left eye  
 And count to three

See how easily  
 Matter travels.

**Alan Gilbert**

Greenpoint, Brooklyn

*Nouveau Americana*

A thin layer of yellow pollen collects on the slow-moving windmill blades. Imagine this poem read through a throat box, bullhorn, or vocoder. Where's the freedom in language? A crack in the door, and nothing safe at the edges. Not exactly like coleslaw, but maybe close.

Fishing the remote control out of the bathtub. It's the mistakes, false starts, and failures that mostly make up a life. I'll wave a lit match while you see if you can push that glacier out of the way. And while we're at it, let's see if we can get the latest incarnation of the Harper Valley PTA out of our faces. Skillfully tilting at windmills.

What does it say about a society that it proposes no new utopias? Stay on message is the internal refrain, but remind me again how I turn this thing on. I remember the first time we hung out and I didn't know what to ask other than, "Um . . . Who ate the pet?" Now we talk for hours.

It was a long evening before it even started. Infrastructure gets destroyed by exploitation and war. Abandoned vehicles line the valley of death where trees lean in and a star opens onto a grave. A luxury sedan full of blow-up dolls speeds through a mostly empty carpool lane, all of it reflected in the mirrored sunglasses of a bored cop looking on.

## Noelle Kocot

Oberlin, Ohio

### *Evening with the Financial Report*

A chicken cooked under happy circumstances  
Is a chicken that lasts forever.  
And these various monstrosities that balloon  
Under the quelling moonlight reveal the bleakness

Of the two-sided day, drive me to the fringes  
Of this cylindrical existence, as we sit  
On our tattered couch, futuristically naked,  
While bunches of flowers hang

Upside down above us to dry throughout  
The length of this long, intelligent season.  
Everything here seems reducible to the sawed-  
Off light of the candelabrum.

What does it matter if everybody is buying  
Out everybody else, who reels in the general  
Recession, who pillages, who divests,  
Which holders savor the dismal pleasure of 1970s

Supermarket music as opposed to the prurient  
Thud of disco pumping itself out of corporation phones?  
Tonight I do not see beyond the shiny images  
Undulating through your straw-colored hair

Like ants in an anthill, while your chiaroscuro  
Eyepatch wanes and finally drops.  
At this moment I do not know  
How your or my hair will vanish,

How our vows will scatter like November,  
How false empathy will be wielded  
Like a blowtorch through a box of cake mix  
Toward the one of us who survives the other.

What difference does it make, who leaves  
The earth first, or second,  
If we can continue to catch some of the coin-  
Colored reflections of stars turning in the dark-lit sky?

Because that's all we ever wanted  
In the first place, and these withered rooms  
We rest in, replete with all the small  
Comforts of home, will themselves seal

Their warm shadows in envelopes of sunlight  
With no return address, scorching over the streets  
Of circuitous amplitudes like a firewalk.  
"During WW II Bausch and Lomb produced

Over 3 million pounds of optical glass  
For the war effort," you sigh.  
You, who have always known that the stars

Are the first television, as you fall asleep  
With dinner on your knees.



**On Location** with Brian Ach

## Buffalo Beat

by Michael Basinski

### Know about:

#### Band

**The Thunder Perfect**  
464 Norwood Avenue (Upper)  
Buffalo, NY 14222  
Thunderperfectunknown@yahoo.com

They call their music, sometimes, "apocalyptic new wave." Their practice is linked to secret societies, OMD, Maldoror, people who eat cobblestone in the hopes of salvation, Western Canada, direct action, Henry Flynt, wound culture, video activism and art, small Southern towns, The Situationists, JH Prynne, certain scents, David Tibet, Susan Howe, outsider art, ghosts, traces, haunted architecture, anarchism, walk-in attics. The sound they created was unexpected. The Thunder Perfect: Brandon-guitar, junk; Christina-saw, vocals; Daria-uke, keyboard; David-bass, toy xylophone; Josh-guitar, loops; Thom-vocals, drums.

#### Video

**Transient Views**  
c/o Terry Cuddy  
103 Genesee St., Lockport, NY 14094  
www.factoryschool.org  
www.buffalo.edu/~trcuddy

Or wanna stay home and watch a video of poets by Terry Cuddy. Poets: Christopher W. Alexander, Eun-Gwi

Chung, Kristen Gallagher, Sandra Guerreiro, Amela Kazazovic, Ric Royer, Linda V. Russo, Kyle Schlesinger, and Jessica Smith. Video available for \$10 ppd.

#### Printed Matter

**ferrum wheel**  
ferrumwheel@hotmail.com  
This is the most extraordinary magazine. It is a carrier of process residue in the tongue of raw material. Primarily focused in stamp art, mail/postcard art, craft, concept, fluxus variations, plastic poetry, and forms yet to be invented. The hands on are Char Dickerson, Chris Fritton, and Ric Royer. Only 50 one of a kind of each issue—price: \$5.

#### The name

c/o Jessica Smith  
537 W. Ferry #1, Buffalo NY 14222  
www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~jss13/metal/name.htm

If you wanna hear poetry, their release party/reading will take place on Friday, April 5 at 8 p.m. at Rust Belt Books 202 Allen in Buffalo. Writers featured in issue 4/5 include: Tawrin Baker, Jeffrey Burghauser, Eric Gelsinger, Tracey Long, and Jessica Smith.

## INSIDE NEXT ISSUE

### Baseball

art and words from, among others,  
Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Basil King, and Elinor Nauen.



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

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB