

Angriest Yodeler's Screamingly Good Album Eller's Just Another Banjo-Playing Michigan Acrobat

BY JONATHAN BERGER

Curtis Eller's American Circus

Taking Up Serpents Again

Let us reflect, for a moment, upon contradictions. Contradictions are the spice of life. Contradictions make things interesting. Contradictions abound in theory and art and music.

The banjo is a happy instrument. You can't think of the banjo being involved in anything sad, can you? But the most familiar banjo piece you know is "Dueling Banjos," from the film *Deliverance*.

And the solo singer-songwriter; he is a creature all about reflection and sensitivity. You wouldn't imagine a singer-

The only songs that don't distinctly occur in, or refer to, U.S. history are the religious tracts, which are all sort of twisted spirituals.

songwriter to be the most dynamic performer you've ever seen on stage, right?

And don't even get started on moustaches. The height of fashion and maturity in earlier ages, but, except for cops and throwback porn stars, who would grow a moustache today?

Curtis Eller is all about contradictions. His banjo music is exciting and depressing. His songwriting is clever but sincere. His shows, billed as Curtis Eller's American Circus, usually consist of him alone onstage with his banjo. Eller's music, steeped in yesteryear Americana, is the best stuff available today—anywhere. And this performer, who is so breath-taking live, has recorded one of the best albums of this young century.

Eller is an incredible live performer, as energetic and enjoyable as any full band. Originally a juggler and acrobat in Detroit's Hiller Olde Tyme Circus, he adds a theatrical flair to every performance. Sometimes he seems to channel silent film stars in his dramatic persona on stage. With his bone-boggling moves—including lifting his leg around his banjo, jumping on tables and playing on chairs, and, on rare occasion, jogging into an audience, Eller is well worth watching up there on his own. He bills himself as "New York City's angriest yodeling banjo player," and

he lives up to that title, leaving all competitors in the dust. He doesn't need a band. Still, he is joined sporadically by a revolving cast of artists who flesh out the American Circus.

Eller's latest album, *Taking Up Serpents Again*, makes great use of the full troupe. With assists on most of the numbers it fleshes out the already exciting old-timey sound. Led consistently by Eller's banjo, there is accordion, tuba, upright bass, drums, and maracas in the mix. And it sounds perfect for the carnival atmosphere Eller's American Circus conjures.

Most of the material on *Serpents* harkens back to earlier days, and early heroes. Some songs are easy to date. "Buster Keaton," "Amelia Earhart," and "Stephen Foster," all wear their topics and timeframes in their titles. All three songs are somehow nostalgic, though in different ways. "Buster Keaton" requests the return of the silent-film star, as they don't make films like they used to. "Well they keep on making pictures, but they're worthless and they're sad/ and they never will make up for the silence that we had."

"Stephen Foster" grants the 19th century songwriter of "Campton Races" and "Oh! Susanna" a much-delayed funeral march, which reminds us that "The melodies fade and the years grow faint/ and the kids ain't wearing the black greasepaint like they did back in 1845."

"Amelia Earhart" posits that it's best to die young and in your prime, as Earhart did, rather than waste away the years. Eller reminds us that the missing aviator had it easy, while "Charles Lindbergh lived his life in fears."

See the connection? They're all looking backward, which is perfectly appropriate for an old-timey band. Other songs don't travel quite so distantly into the past. "Sugar In My Coffin," one of the many death-centered songs on the disc, remembers Elvis' Ed Sullivan debut and séances in the White House. "Coney Island Blue" decries the loss of glory days for another national institution. "And the photos of the old days like a star that's grown cold, but the faces just don't raise a spark/ and the Cyclone still shakes and the sound that it makes, 'Don't no one remember Luna Park?'"

The only songs that don't distinctly occur in or refer to U.S. history are the religious tracts, "Taking Up Serpents," "Hide That Scar," and "Two of Us," none of which specifically refer to the past. They are all sort of twisted spirituals.

"Hide That Scar," probably the closest thing to a pop song on the album, tells the tale of young Johnny, sewing on angel's wings to cheat his way into heaven. It's a wonderful ditty. The harmony



Jamie B. Wolcott photo

vocals from Liisa Yonker and Marilee Eitner are simply divine.

"Two of Us," an Armageddon love-song, features such happy-go-lucky lyrics as "When the earth opens up and swallows you down/ all the lights from the moon and the stars will be drown," and later, the equally chipper "When your skin turns to ash and falls away in the wind/ and your heart clenches in regret for all the sin you've sinned." But it perks up. "But the moon and the stars will grow brighter and the blindness in your eyes will fade ... and that which is not will suddenly be/ when there's two of us instead of only me." So the song ends happily ever after, though you, the listener, may never be the same.

It's just the kind of contradiction that makes *Taking Up Serpents Again* an incredible complement to an already amazing live show.

For more information on Curtis Eller visit www.curtiseller.com

Multiple McCloskeys are Always Enough



Don McCloskey

Bombs Over Bristol

Don McCloskey needs help. There seems to be something wrong with the boy. If his recent *Bombs Over Bristol* is any indication, he may suffer from some sort of split personality disorder. McCloskey thinks that he's a rapper, a psychedelic songsmith, a talking bluesman, a balladeer. The thing is he may just be right.

Perhaps it's an entirely different personality that produced the album, with some support from Michael Plivey. Maybe it's multiple McCloskeys who played

most of its instruments. A man with a vision made this album, and that vision is manifold.

McCloskey is a gifted mimic. He picks up styles—musical and vocal—like others pick up chicks. Of course, if you believe his rap guise, he does quite well with the ladies, too.

As his alter ego Big D, McCloskey raps on "Up In This," a hip-hop cut featuring a prominent banjo riff. "Funk University" has a slightly more traditional arrangement, and a chorus with the sophomoric refrain "He's the vale-dick-in-your-face-torian of Funk U." Big D also appears on "King of Discount Ho's," which places the rapper as a matchmaker for poor johns and handicapped prostitutes. "I've got the bitches with the minor glitches/ a couple stitches down their britches from the sex change switches/ I've got this girlie with a nervous condition, she's always twitchin', always twitchin', always twitchin'." For such ladies, he charges a mere buck fifty. Sounds like a deal.

McCloskey doesn't just rap; he sings, too. "Ending the Mission" and "Bombs Over Bristol" show off warbled Lennon-esque lyrics. "Mr. Novocaine," a solo guitar track, is a sensitive goodbye to an eponymous old friend. "Apocalypservice (or Jakob Dylan's 115th Nightmare)" is a talking blues, sounding pretty much like *Highway 61 Revisited*-era Daddy Dylan.

In the middle of the album is the complex world-music dance track, "Lower Your Standards," which includes, "Expect nothing and always be delighted."

While singing and playing he exhibits schizophrenic tendencies; he has a huge range. "That Love Card" is blue-eyed soul, while "Live from the Other Side" is decidedly funky. It's like Don McCloskey (or Big D) just can't decide who or what he is.

McCloskey's shows tend to be far simpler. In the studio he mixes styles and techniques with ease. But he usually performs alone, recreating the basic melodies and rhythms from *Bristol* as best he can. Live, his humor is apparent, his charm obvious. He's got a lot of appeal as a solo act and is definitely worth seeing. The word is already out. His draw in the Northeast is growing rapidly, so you should probably catch him soon before he gets too big—or maybe institutionalized—and the only way you'll be able to hear his music is on the album.

Visit www.enormousD.com for more on Don McCloskey. —JB

Michael Cross
 Buffalo, NY
 the cheerful aspect

round something for the head
 is milky with us and neither
 leaves my side. the noise
 we flee its eyes have loose
 for chemicals, better, greentint pecks
 twice masculine against the two-let passing
 from our world where quell

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PRINTED MATTER**Cyber-Knit****pleasure-TEXT-possession**

by Maria Damon and mLEKAL aND Zasterle Press

Recently a *New York Times* article traced the roots of contemporary cyber-culture back to the counter-culture of yesteryear. In the article programmers recounted the acid-induced realization that the "world" may not be as transparent as it appears in the everyday. Instead of taking their experiences on hallucinogenics as being divorced from reality, these programmers saw their trips as more real than reality, or hyper-real. If "things" seemed disjunctive on the drug, it is because they actually were disjunct-free from the forced orderliness of the everyday mind. "If ordinary reality is compiled by the mind from the pieces of hyper-reality," some ur-programmer might have then thought, "one could program a computer to compile a similarly disjunctive and non-linear hyper-text." Who knows if it actually happened that way.

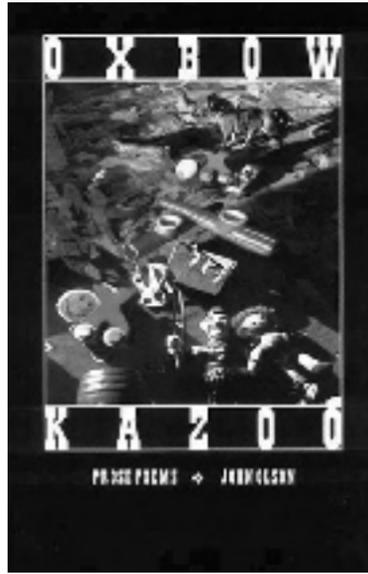
If hypertext can be seen as an outgrowth of the acid trip, then cybersex can be seen as a parallel development from the notion of free love; the freedom from consequence pushed to a new

Here the arbitrary boundaries between 'real' and 'cyber' life are blurred to the point where 'Threads are commonly twisted as everySOoften my email trades places with you.'

level with the addition of anonymity. Between these two developments we find *pleasure-TEXT-possession*, a book of poems rooted in cyber-/counter-culture. Here the arbitrary boundaries between "real" and "cyber" life are blurred to the point where "Threads are commonly twisted as everySOoften my email trades places with you."

That line is taken from "Limniture," one of the two longer prose poems in the book. These poems bring out the best in the collaborating authors Maria Damon and mLEKAL aND. In these pieces the pair are closest to some idea of "hypertextuality," in a conventional sense of text without a set sequence or logic and in a literal sense of a text sped-up, crashing over its own disjuncts.

The collection occasionally veers from text to sex, as in the poem "It Was Not Her Winter Sky Dress," which contains the line, "the power that vibed from her kill, her skill, her kiss, her hand-wisdom." While this type of innuendo emerges throughout the work, the text never dives into the realm of the explicit. Nor should we expect it to. *pleasure-TEXT-possession* is not interested in any classically poetic theme. This collection is after, to borrow a neologistic tag from its final poem, that which is <concealt>. —NICK BREDIE

**Exposing the Ordinary****Oxbow Kazoo**

by John Olson

First Intensity Press

Like unexpectedly being offered a homemade daiquiri after working all day in the sun, or watching a large moth size up a shopping-bag laden young mother as a landing pad, reading John Olson's poetry is a real pleasure. Each poem in his new collection, *Oxbow Kazoo*, provides its reader with an up close view of a marvelous world hidden within the everyday. In these poems Olson takes us further, showing us how to access this world, how to let the marvelous more and more into our daily lives.

Olson inflates the world to the limits of its reasonable proportions, then he blasts it beyond reason. Utility, memory, habit, Olson composes against these restraints, exposing the ordinary as anything but. The everyday becomes, in Olson's words, an always shifting cosmos in which "Arturo sifts the word 'tweezer' through a rapid cluster of piano notes and Louise revels in greenhouse theories, pointing and jabbing into oblivion with a butter-knife."

Olson is not acting arbitrarily in writing passages such as these. By perpetually expanding his daily world in this way, by putting things into contact with one another, Olson is merely mimicking what he understands as a natural metaphysics. "Life is patterned energy," after all. Or, as Olson explains it in "A Trip to the Library," "every 'real' particle is surrounded by a corona of virtual particles and antiparticles that bubble up out of the vacuum, interact with one another, and then vanish, having lived on borrowed, Heisenberg time." As goes the particle, so goes the human being. We too live on borrowed time. To make the most of this time, we must learn to be

continually present in our own lives. This is the prime condition in Olson's poetics. Toward the close of "Hands Up," an absurdist myth of the poet as gunfighter with "bullets made of chocolate and hearsay," Olson provides a nice epigram for this position: "Life is a present tense and not a biography."

'I put words together in order to create completely unnecessary objects,' writes Olson in 'All I Want To Do.'

The present tense is ultimately a grammatical construct. Does this mean that Olson considers life to be an individually applied grammar? The answer is, as might be expected, yes and no. Yes in the sense that "words," for Olson, "are entities in a higher dimension, force and matter unified, velocities in luminous collision." They make things happen, as "words tintured with meaning eventually become estuaries and sunlight."

In "Spinning Glands," Olson relates an anecdote where biologist Henry Emerson took "a double layer of old gym socks stuffed with cornstarch" out to the garden and tapped them softly to reveal five or six "classic orb webs." From this anecdote Olson constructs the following analogy—"the gym socks and corn starch had revealed an invisible world, had done what words do: make the invisible visible." He then asks, "Are not words webs? Are not words interconnected?" His answers to these questions are yes and emphatically yes.

This emphasis on the marvelously affirmative does not mean that Olson is incapable of saying no. Though Olson shows us the many ways in which words make things happen, he also suggests that we cannot allow language to become a tool. To partake of the mystery of the world, language must remain "a non-utilitarian manifestation of energy." As he says it in "All I Want To Do," "I put words together in order to create completely unnecessary objects."

Of course one does not need to experience "how infinite and spectacularly arbitrary language can be." On the contrary, such an experience often gets in the way of functioning smoothly in our society. But such utility is not what John Olson is after in his poetry. He wants to "discover a passage to a plaza of aggregate melodies and haunting lyrics, the aura of neon flowering in glands of blue and yellow," and then he wants to show us the way. —JEAN PAUL PECQUEUR

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You Gotta Love Courtney

BY ROGER HITTS

In media circles affixing a two- or three-word description to the front of someone's name has become shorthand for identifying that person and getting a story moving. You have disgraced pop idol Michael Jackson, randy rocker Tommy Lee, kitty-loving lothario Bill Clinton, or smut peddler Al Goldstein. Mine would probably be tabloid hack Roger Hitts, and if journalists had more of a sense of humor, maybe in Washington one would be numb-nutted warmonger George W. Bush.

But I was absolutely shocked recently when reading a wire service story where Courtney Love's prefaced moniker was drug addict. I kid you not, the article began, "Drug addict Courtney Love," as if it's such common knowledge that it's just put out there without an "alleged" or "supposed" or "presumed." I mean, is this what Courtney has been reduced to, two words identifying her as "drug addict?"

To me Courtney will always be my kinderwhore, leader of foxcore, the true American Fellatio Alger story. The woman whose career actually rose after admitting in an interview she did smack while pregnant with her daughter. I will always think of Courtney as one of the most gifted songwriters of her generation, whose lack of censorship in spinning songs out of her own pit of desperation, longing, entitlement, and exasperation made her a deserved icon of disaffected femininity. If I were a woman I would identify with her; being a man I simply content myself in admiring her.

Courtney Love has long been her own kiss of death, but rarely has that kiss tasted so sweet. She's held herself up to the most amazing public scorn and ridicule any figure of the last 50 years has ever attempted, yet she remains unashamed, refusing to genuflect at the altar of public redemption. Everybody, and I mean everybody, has taken their shot at her. Even with the bull's-eye of her own making as big as Montana squarely on her, she's still here.

I'll never forget in the late '90s when Courtney had her 47th run-in with the law over her drug use. An editor called me and asked me to call the Department of Child Services for the state of Washington and ask someone there about the possibility of the state removing Courtney's daughter Frances Bean from her home. Now, I've made this type of call

hundreds of times in my life and I've always gotten the same response: "I'm sorry, we're not at liberty to discuss any particular case or any particular individual." In Courtney's case, however, the department spokesman simply said, "Yes, we're making every effort to do just that, and we will be at Ms. Love's home tomorrow." I was shocked. The department felt emboldened to publicly state a private intention that goes far and above the Freedom of Information Act, just because it was Courtney Love and there wasn't a damned soul who would defend her.

Flash back a few years before, and I'm standing on a ridge in a well-appointed little neighborhood just outside Seattle, positioned about 50 feet away from the little attic guest apartment where the voice of a Doomsday Generation breathed his last. I was feeling sullen, sad, and more than a little pissed-off. Kurt Cobain's music, though not necessarily his woe-is-me persona revealed in his suicide note, meant as much to me as about anything on the musical earth that year. I stood peering into the little room where Kurt did his death-by-shotgun dance, chatting with my good friend, author Jim Hogshire, about what went horribly wrong that week.

I was sent to Grungeland within four hours of news reports of Cobain's suicide. My magazine editor sent me on my way, telling me that while Kurt wasn't typically the stuff of celeb magazines, our publication did well on the newsstands six months earlier when River Phoenix died in front of The Viper Room in Los Angeles. Kurt was news, and my higher-ups had visions of magazines flying off the news racks dancing in their heads.



Anyway, while Jim and I contemplated Kurt's life and death, Courtney and little Frances Bean emerged from inside their impressive estate. I knew Courtney and Courtney knew me, but rather than offer condolences I decided to keep my mouth shut and see just what she was up to.

Courtney took two 12-inch vinyl singles of Nirvana's "Heart-Shaped Box" and leaned them against a tree. Then she placed four of Kurt's guitar picks against the album jackets. She completed the little shrine by surrounding it with candles. Then she announced, to absolutely no one, "Kids, this is for you," speaking to Kurt's fan base who weren't present.

The sad little moment spoke volumes of Courtney Love and her outlook on life: even in her obvious and heartfelt grief, she was still playing to an audience, one that wasn't even there. There's perhaps been no singer/actress/train wreck on earth that has been more intent to live her life in the public eye than

Courtney. One part intellectual, one part dingbat, equal parts soulful poet and punk rock rebel, Courtney has long dared America to ignore her. And on the few occasions America has, she's found a way to thrash her way back into the collective consciousness, often at risk to her health.

I can't remember exactly when I first ran into Courtney, but 1984 sounds about right. I had a lot of college buddies who had moved out to Los Angeles and I visited them frequently. Our local college rock 'n' roll lords, The Leonards, had moved their power pop act part and parcel out to Hollywood with dreams of making the scene, and for a while they were pretty successful with it. Of course in 1980s Los Angeles, any band worth its salt was supposed to frequent strip joints, and The Leonards' cabaret of choice was the Seventh Veil, a seedy—is there any other kind?—nudie revue at the shit end of Sunset Boulevard.

There was Courtney entertaining her audience. After her less-than-awe-inspiring doffing of the duds, she would saunter over and ask if we liked what we saw. We didn't particularly, but damn if that gal didn't have a way with words! She would chat endlessly, name check every band in the universe, flirt a little, swear a little more, then see who was holding.

Courtney became quite enamored with a music editor friend I often stayed with, and in the course of our travels around Hollywood we'd bump into her everywhere. She would always smile at my friend and give a long, drawn-out, "Hiiiiiiya Bill-eeeeeee," accompanied by a wink. "Fucking crazy woman," was my friend's persistent reply.

History shows that while Courtney is indeed fucking crazy, it's

the lunacy of the fox variety. Fast-forward again and Kurt's been dead for about four months. Courtney is riding a wave with the release of Hole's first major-labeler, *Live Through This*. Now the album title alone had most of us holding our nose since it seemed like such a gratuitous, coffin-robbing reference to Kurt. Of course it wasn't, as the record was released just one week after Cobain's death. When you actually gave the disc a spin you realized Courtney was referring to just about everything that happened to her in the 29 years leading up to the record's release.

Courtney trotted out her band for their big coming out party in Manhattan, the most twisted debutante ball imaginable. After an uninspired set from Weezer, Love took the stage at the old Academy concert hall in Times Square. Stumbling around the stage in what surely was a chemically induced daze, she looked at her guitar like it was an alien being, looked at the audience, and the first words out of her mouth were, "Drew, Drew! Where's Drew?" Moments later, the original little girl lost Drew Barrymore, then dating Hole's lead guitarist Eric Erlandson, emerged from stage right, came out and wrapped her arm around Courtney, as if giving a sister some support. Courtney, with a touch of jealousy in her voice, said, "Drew's more famous than I'll ever be!" A red-faced Drew exited stage left, while Courtney prattled on about her life. After 10 minutes, Courtney finally says, "Well, I guess we'll play you some of our shitty little songs," and then proceeded to launch into a set that was anything but shitty or little. As the band pumped into "Violet," the first track off *Live Through This*, the power and magic were undeniable. Courtney sang every bitter word of the song as if it were her last while her band thrashed and bashed in such a scattershot firestorm of chords, notes, and beats the music threatened to topple over at any moment. It remains one of the most breathtaking concerts I've ever witnessed.

Courtney and I have had our run-ins over the years. After I did a reasonable job of reconstructing Kurt Cobain's last 48 hours on earth—who he was hanging out with, what and how many drugs he was doing—Courtney pestered me relentlessly to give up some names to her in exchange for an exclusive interview with the grieving widow. I had to tell her that that interview wasn't necessarily valued tender since she was willing to talk to a parking meter if she thought it could gain her a little publicity, and that I wasn't in the business of giving up sources.

I've watched with amusement as Courtney became an "it" girl in Hollywood through her star turn in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, dated the likes of Edward Norton, harassed Madonna, and, in general, has made a public nuisance of herself; and I mean that in the best way possible. Her fall from grace in this new millennium has been precipitous, though it did produce enough insight for Courtney to make what is easily her best record since *Live Through This*, last year's *America's Sweetheart*.

News flash: As a result of a probation violation, Courtney Love has just been placed in a second court-ordered rehab stint. Let the games begin.

Courtney trotted out her band for their big coming out party in Manhattan. As they pumped into 'Violet,' the first track off *Live Through This*, the power and magic were undeniable. Courtney sang every bitter word of the song as if it were her last, while her band thrashed and bashed in such a scattershot firestorm of chords, notes, and beats the music threatened to topple over at any moment. It remains one of the most breathtaking concerts I've ever witnessed.

Anna Tsouloufi Chicago



About the Artist

Anna Tsouloufi was born in Athens, Greece. She studied at the Athens School of fine arts specializing in sculpture. Her studies included practice and research in drawing and painting, photography and video and other new media. She also studied in Berlin in KH Berlin-Weissensee, with an Erasmus-Socrates scholarship, graduating in 2002. The following year she took part in the RADAR Project-Connecting Europe (www.radarlab.net), a program supported by the European Committee and the Program Culture 2000. Within this project she exhibited in the Venice Biennial 2003 and in other European Festivals. She graduated in July 2005 from the MFA program "Public Art and New Artistic Strategies" at the Bauhaus University of Weimar in Germany, where she studied with a scholarship grant from the Greek foundation Propondis. Within her post-graduate studies, she also studied at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in the graduate sculpture department. She has exhibited in Greece, Germany, Italy, and the U.S.A.

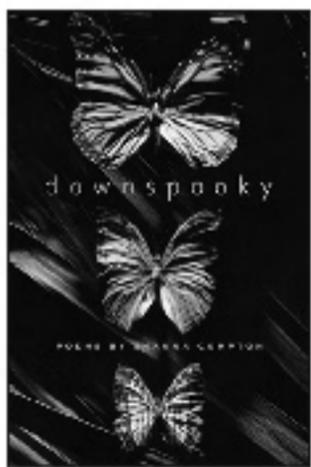
Her work focuses on the question of artistic identity, as rendered throughout the context relevant to the contemporary sociopolitical environments of postmodernity. Focused on the purpose to create public space for dialogue, as well as on observation and collection of unnoticed-from-the-common-eye, existing-in-open-space material and spatial dynamics, her projects constitute the reverse of virtual art to reality. They are realized through a "dialogue" made between everyday life and art practices. Temporary installations and interventions in association with ephemeral performative actions result as reminiscent documentaries of various kinds, by using tactical media.

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I Said to Poetry

poetry has died, just as easily
as junkies who spent all their money
on dope were killed

expending my personal management resources (PMR)
on my laptop and shoot up worthless dreams
by that standard he is indeed a great poet
who talked in a demented kind of
Midsummer Night's Dream and managed to express
however inarticulately a noble working-class vitality
which I mean that he posts his
crappy poetry on a free internet site

of course, I love Courtney, and her essays
have appeared in the future
some are embellished, and some are just
a blast furnace act for all the world to behold

what a sad violent fact it is
that poetry is just a bank or something

Dylan Michel

Newport, Ky.

Pine Trees and Their Resin

I hold hatred for the art
that gives me its emotions,
as though its tragic moans
I authorized myself.

It knows me capable
to make it stop, its discovery
indictment of my own tastes.
We discussed this once,

embroiled in our crimes,
the stolen electronic
equipment turning out
to be rubbish. What farce.

And all that introspection.
The sunny side of the street
showing hazy as through
a hangover, not mine but

likely yours. What a waste.
If I could grip
these leftovers I could
write them large

on that flag that drips
emotion from its place
at the tops of pines,
on that side of the street.



Russell Salamon and Kent Taylor watching d.a. levy set type for his renegade press books, c. 1963-1964.

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2006

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Julia Cohen

Bushwick, Brooklyn

A Kinder Filter

On arrival, they found the envelope:
a gallery of sound and mica, torn.
The grief filtered pink twilight,
confusing the persistent wristwatch.
An inevitable mouth lingered on the name.

They persistently tore buttons
from the blouse. Six amplifiers
caught a nameless sound, it was
the name of a soundless sob. Consumed
by the torn, grief found the gallery.

They planned a kinder incantation.
Commensurate with the buttoned light,
a cufflink arrived in persistence. Torn
from the mouth of the sound, the gallery
lingered before inevitable grief.

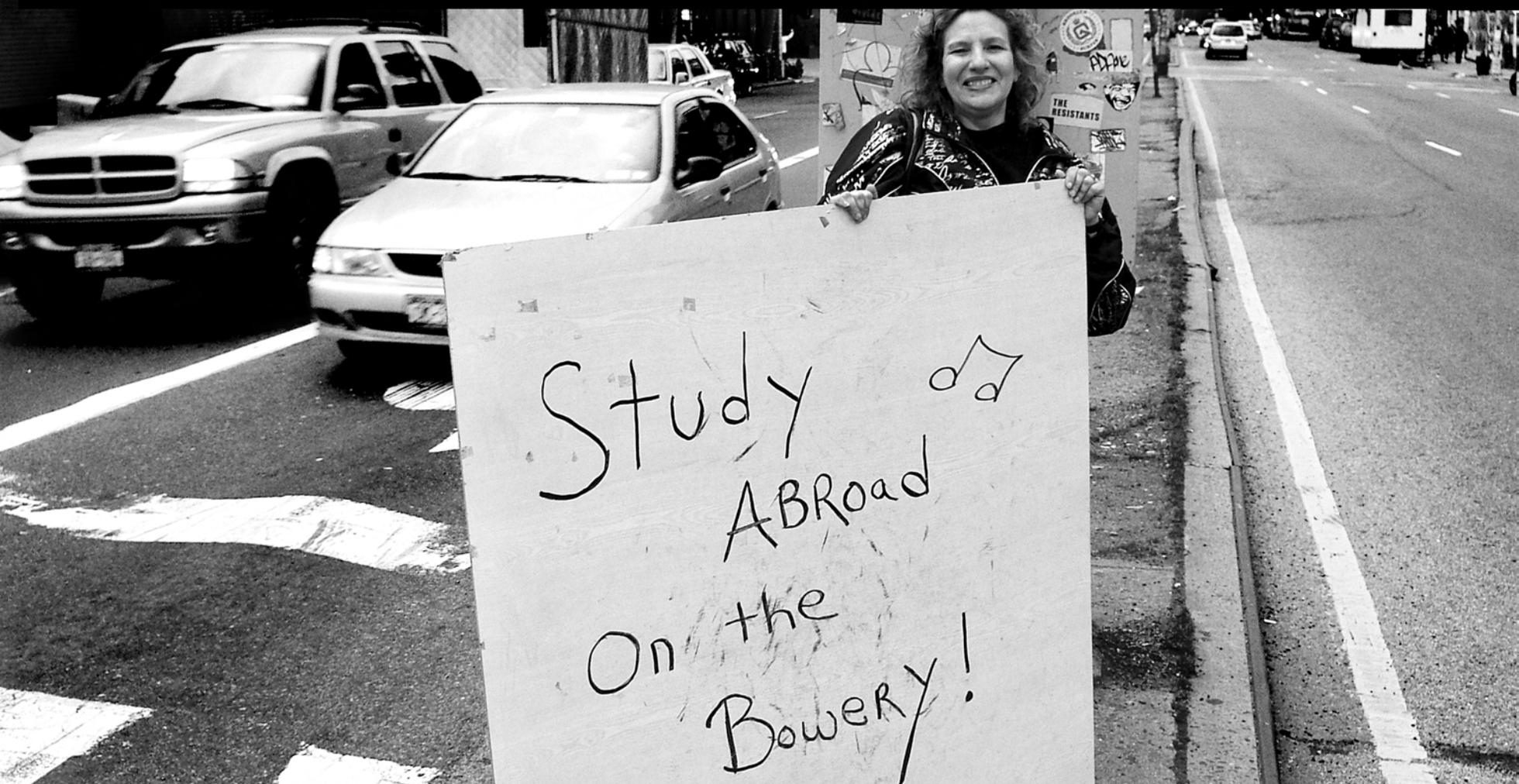
The envelope filtered mica, a kinder
incarnation of their persistent sound. Buttons
and cufflinks lined the mouth of the wristwatch.
They took the nameless grief with a twilight sob.
The blouse was torn upon arrival.

About the Poets

Julia Cohen is an editorial assistant at Palgrave Macmillan, a fiction reader for Small Spiral Notebook, and works for Nightboat Books. **Michael Cross** (cover) edits Atticus/Finch Chapbooks. He is pursuing a doctorate in the poetics program at SUNY- Buffalo. **Dylan Michel** graduated from Xavier University in 2004 with a bachelor of arts in English and a minor in gender and diversity studies. **K. Silem Mohammad's** most recent book, *A Thousand Devils*, is out from Combo Books.

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—WRKL 910 & WLIM 1580 FM

average bible belt raised person straight into cardiac arrest. Just on the basis of shock value alone, I would recommend giving this band a listen.

—Streetblast Radio

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—Bob Holman

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—Subtle Tea Magazine