

The Incredibly Strange Saga of Christopher X. Brodeur

BY BRIAN HOMA

The best things in life are free, and they'd better be; otherwise a city this expensive would have cleaned me out a long time ago. What could be better on an overcast April morning than going to court to support/laugh at your annoying/talented friend who just got sentenced to six months in jail just for running his mouth? Lots of things. Lots of things are better but very few things are as free.

So we arrive at 100 Centre St., wading through cases, waiting for the prosecutors to finally produce our boy, Christopher X. Brodeur. With me is the talented, non-annoying Jessica Delfino, Christopher's girlfriend, who's spent a lot more time here than I have, and far too much time for anyone who wasn't paid to be here and/or isn't insane.

How did we get here? Musician, illustrator, art star, and provocateur, Christopher X. Brodeur rocks. And if you don't like it, he's here to tell you where to put your mouth. Brodeur tells a lot of people where to put their mouths—journalists, businessmen, landlords, mayors, fellow artists, are all told frequently and in capital letters where they can go if they disagree with him. An angry opponent of the Giuliani and Bloomberg administrations, an irritant to those who can't rock, and an inspiration to those who want to rock harder, he is an important man who may well be insane.

I had the great personal honor of being deeply and profoundly annoyed by Christopher on two separate occasions. The first came after I supported my friend Raven's decision to overcharge Chris five dollars for admission to Braincell Genocide, a rock party I was throwing. Raven was producing the show, and had the right to charge people whatever he wanted. He wanted to fuck with Chris because of an old beef over a girl. Chris harangued me for roughly a month via the now-closed Girlbomb message board, calling me "ethically bankrupt," while labeling Raven a Nazi.

The second time I was deeply and profoundly annoyed by Christopher lasted for about a month on the still-running artstars.org message board, when he used it to pursue/perpetuate all his various feuds and vendettas at full volume. It kind of sucked the air out of things because you couldn't talk about anything else. Finally site administrator Tom Tenney gave Chris his own annex, outside of which he wasn't allowed to post anything.

The question remains, does Chris deserve to be locked up? The answer is ... maybe. He's been convicted of harassing with threatening language a bunch of folks, including journalists and people from City Hall. While he's never actually followed through on any of the threats, it's hard to argue that his language wasn't threatening.

He whined about it for a little bit but soon it proved suitable for everyone.

These two instances I was annoyed pale in comparison though to how much I enjoyed the art. Touching You, his solo project, involved songs like "Kill a Newspaper Editor, Pt. 2" and "Humans are Shit." Have you ever seen Haunted Pussy, the histrionic fear-metal band which featured Chris feeding back on guitar while two battered-looking female leads (Jessica and Mikey) ran around the room screaming about being raped by a ghost? They were AMAZING! They were freaks on a mission, and that mission was to FREAK YOUR SHIT. They didn't care where they played, as long as they caused a commotion and bugged out everyone in the room. Their best show featured Michael Portnoy in a guest spot as Jesus, singing in atonal operatic faux-Aramaic while participating in the rape. Wozzeck with boobs ... sort of. And it was always exciting to see his cartoons in *NY Press*, or to see his letters to the editor in scads of papers where he'd sign his name as a mix-up of two different people you knew ("You're all a bunch of FASCISTS!" signed, Lach Berger).

As exhilarating as his mania was, there was always

something kind of depressing and redundant about the language of his resistance. It's like, "Blah blah Hitler, blah blah you're a Nazi, blah blah" I get it. You've given me permission to stop listening. You want me to debate you, so that you can call me a Nazi five million more times? I'll pass.

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through on any of the threats, it's hard to argue that his language wasn't threatening. While haranguing *The New York Observer's* Ben Smith over something or other, Chris reportedly said that *if* he shot Smith, he'd be a hero, "Just like Bernie Goetz." (Chris is apparently friends with subway gunman Goetz.)

While on a quest to find out the annual salary of Bloomberg's press secretary, Christopher reportedly told City Hall employee Ed Skyler, "If you lie to me, I should cut your throat." If you hear this stuff and you know Chris, you're probably just like, "Yeah, whatever. Your dick's too small." If you don't know Chris, you probably think he's coming to shoot you and cut your throat.

What is troubling to people who care about Chris and respect his talent, is his apparent desperate need to be locked up. Acting as his own attorney, insisting on a jury trial guaranteeing a two-year sentence if convicted, his behavior will not set him free. While waiting for him to show up at court, civil libertarian and celebrity attorney extraordinaire Ron Kuby, there to speak on Chris' behalf, said, "Chris presents himself as a scary asshole. And judges don't want to let scary assholes go, because they don't want to make the cover of *The Post* for having freed the guy that killed somebody."

Jessica protested and said, "But there was a woman called up just now, for aggravated assault, and she only got sentenced to six days!"

"Did she lecture the judge about Nazism?" Ron asked.

"Well... no..."

"Did she send the judge a letter, calling him an asshole?"

"No, but Chris didn't do that either!" said Jessica.

"He did call the other tenant lady a 'cunt,'" I said.

"Yeah, he did do that."

Chris never showed up. Due to some administrative snafu the prosecution failed to produce him, and he spent the day in jail. A couple of days later Jessica told me that in his recent run for mayor of New York, with a campaign budget of about \$120, Chris got 4 percent of the vote in the Democratic primary, roughly 17,000 votes. Mostly through letter-writing and phone calls, the campaign has scored Chris and Jessica, his campaign manager, boatloads of publicity. It has also exposed people like me to radical new ideas like, "What if the pay phones actually worked?" "What if the subways were free, just as the police department and fire department are free?" and "What prevents this from happening?"

Chris has never given any indication that he plans on ending his strange crusade (he does mention quitting politics and moving to Europe, but no one knows how much to believe him). No one knows if Jessica plans on switching channels from the Brodeur Show, but she has suggested it may happen (see

Touching You's Annex on artstars.org.), even though she has absolute respect for the drive that makes him behave as he does. It's difficult to imagine how following someone so closely on such a self-destructive mission wouldn't stretch someone past their breaking point. Kuby spoke to us when court was adjourned, and he said, "I get a very real sense that all of the supporting players in this little drama are getting tired of it."

Chris has insinuated, via the artstars.org message board, that if anyone steps to Jessica while he's locked up he'll cut their nuts off, but will he really? Is he *threatening* you?

While incarcerated, Brodeur was sneaked the following questions. These are his handwritten answers:

In his recent run for mayor of New York, with a campaign budget of about \$120, Chris got 4 percent of the vote in the Democratic primary, roughly 17,000 votes. The campaign has exposed people to radical new ideas like, 'What if the pay phones actually worked?' 'What if the subways were free, just as the police department and fire department are free?'

Q. Who should the Family kill next?

A. Like a cancerous tumor is removed—MUST be removed—Any and ALL families must kill all editors and journalists of mainstream media to save ALL little families. (If we clean up media, we automatically clean up government, because gov't cannot commit any crime if media is honest and exposes it. Or, the family should kill ME to free me from this evil, evil world.

Q. Who is your least favorite Art Star?

A. This is a trick question, as, by my definition, "Art Star" means the top tier of downtown performers/weirdos (sic). I don't think it means just ANYONE who gets onstage. Also, your question is unclear: some I may love artistically but hate personally. (Uh ... Tom Tenney? Actually I like Tom most of the time. See?)

Q. Do you have any new boyfriends yet?

A. I have many "boyfriends" in here. They all hate the corrupt NYPD, D.A., Judiciary, and barbaric department of "corrections," just like me. (And then we give out mutual foot rubs.)

Q. Any new tattoos?

A. Just one. It's crude but effective: It reads "Eat This" on my buttocks with an arrow pointing to my chocolate vagina. It's for when the government rapes me.

Q. Do you plan on singing in prison?

A. I already do. ex: I sing my new hit to Jessica Delfino, "I Dream of You Each Night (As I'm Being Raped in Jail)."

Q. Do you plan on using the word "nigger" in prison?

A. I already have. ex: I'm recruiting muscular black musicians to form a noise-metal "Monkees/'N Sync/Sex Pistols" fabricated group of anti-white-male imperialism called "SUPERNIGGER".

Please see HOMA page 5

Renee Gladman
Lefferts Garden, Brooklyn

awaiting
to meet
the depicted
as if the
impulse—to
see—
were inside
me and
something
you did
could pull it out
despite the buses
emerging
without passengers
of my tunnel-
mouth

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Participatory Poetry

Organic Furniture Cellar

Jessica Smith
Outside Voices

By Ellen Baxt

Jessica Smith's *Organic Furniture Cellar* is a choose-your-own-poetry-adventure. Readers are challenged to set aside their commitment to linear, left to right, top down reading and invited to (re)arrange texts of their own choosing. Words fan out across the pages in clusters, sometimes trailing letters behind, creating tracks of meaning chosen, by chance and desire, by the reader.

The poems take their titles from places—cities, streets, geographical landmarks—sites of personal history, marking events which the reader co-authors through an ordering of language. Smith reminds us that memory is unordered and agile. The reader creates fragments of stories brought to mind by sensorial experiences. We piece together narrative lines through the collage of memory, burrowing its own winding path of logic. This path exists, sometimes invisibly, beneath a surface of conventional rules of reading. As the reader steps into the role of co-creator, she carves her own paths of meaning, collecting bits of language and assembling them into images of story. This invitation to playful participation becomes a mandate as it becomes more and more difficult to find meaning reading in a left to right trajectory.

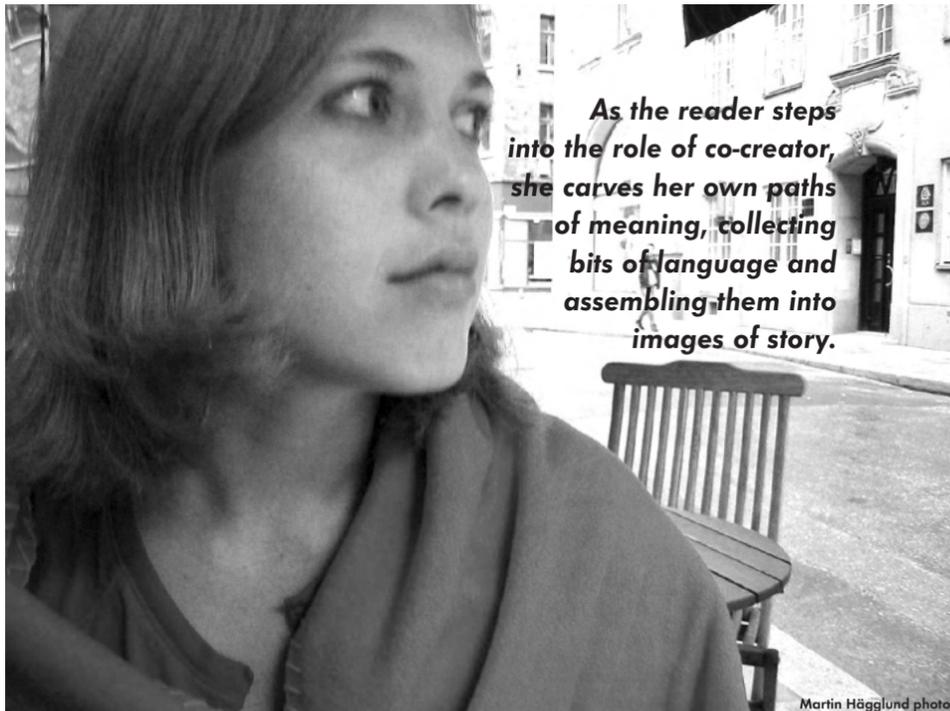
they traded Manhattan I am nine
for beads mountain I braid my hair
historical seams iron ore
spell by sound
I find with my grandfather
NDN
beads ground into the dirt I see the dances

Chronography, the first section of the book, questions chronology as an organizing principle of narration, instead prioritizing place as a focus of associative memory. Each poem has a place name title, subtitled with a date, though the dates are not ordered chronologically. She calls into question the orderly progression of time, as well as the conventionally ordered space of the page. In addition to creating a landscape to be experienced, the poems are instructive, guiding the reader through a potentially unfamiliar system of navigating a textual space.

text archipelagos souvenirs
Montgomery
up a biography:
scattered stories

Smith describes architect Arakawa's "house" in the forward, including a 2,400 square foot cloth lying low to the ground, creating a physical environment in which visitors must lift the fabric "roof" in order to use, see, and maneuver through the space. Using the analogy of a sculptural, elastic "house," she introduces her project of "plastic poetry," which "changes the reading space in such a way that the one who reads is forced to make amends for new structures in his or her virtual path."

Organic Furniture Cellar calls on the reader to participate in the co-creation of plastic poetry. The work is most inviting when Smith trusts the reader to make intelligent, creative leaps through the text, taking from it what we find useful, enjoyable, and personally relevant. At times the work is unsure of its readers' ability to participate as a co-author, and it unnecessarily explains its own mission. It is an adventurous endeavor,



As the reader steps into the role of co-creator, she carves her own paths of meaning, collecting bits of language and assembling them into images of story.

Martin Hägglund photo

which, when not concerned with the reader's participation, is a courageous move toward a new conception of the poetic terrain.

Ellen Baxt has three chapbooks, *Since I Last Wrote and Tender Chemistry* on Sona Books and *The day is a ladle*, published by Press Toe. A section from *Analfabeto/An Alphabet* is forthcoming from Sona Books. She was named *Outstanding Poet by the Lesbian and Gay Community Center's In Our Own Write Project* and semi-finalist in the *Frank O'Hara Chapbook Contest*.

Makeover

Platinum Blonde

Michael Carr
Fewer & Further Press

By John Mulrooney



Michael Carr's *Platinum Blonde* is like a low-level earthquake. Carr's collages punctuated this recent chapbook from Western Massachusetts's Fewer & Further Press, and its cardstock cover exudes a shininess that lives up to the collection's title. The visual matter may be collage, but the matter of the poems tends more toward collision.

These nine poems, with resonances that loop from laundry and easy-off to Jakarta and Dallas, have at their center a shift in "the respect and indemnity earned/ as one of a pair." Although in another poet this might lead to reflections upon division and loss, Carr gives us these with a feeling of quaking under the feet, the arc of shifting relationships and the suddenness of new emotional geography along with the struggle to define it. The fault line of division, emotional, personal, or otherwise, is not sutured in the poems; it erupts and makes a new scenario linguistically and emotionally from the just sudden breakage. In "Bookie," Carr writes of a firearm that is:

... discrete comparatively
to learning what a sucker I was

it's principle allusion asunder with boyish aspirations to soft impeachment

Aspiring to soft impeachment, *Platinum Blonde* is a story of the search for an easy route that will not materialize. Instead we get the creation of new space around where we are standing. The material content of lines sometimes crashes into itself, generating a flexibility of meaning. It is not a wordplay trick, rather the syntactical energies and dissonances pull us away from the comfort of centers and illustrate the moment of shift not as solipsistic disillusionment but as the fearless resolve of one who will not play up "to organizational wishful thinking," as in one section of the collection's opener "Radioscope Helicopter" titled bluntly *Unappeasable Inoperable*.

Inoperableness is a recurring idea in this collection, as is invention, or as he puts it here, 'makeover.'

In "Bookie" our apologies for slipped manners miss their mark, and in "Hills," the collection's other longer poem, we are informed that our pronunciation is wrong. It seems we would like to make nice and have everything fall into place, but something prevents it. The poems evolve a subtle chaos, a set of disruptions that redefine our experience. Pronouns are not static, but neither is much else:

this is the prequel, disrupting the announcement gives it a makeover effect.

...We had to reinvent the inoperative woman.

Inoperableness is a recurring idea in this collection; as is invention, or as he puts it here, "makeover," and this latter idea is evident in the formal choices Carr makes.

Carr's lines are particularly idiosyncratic in the use of prepositions, as in "Do not eat kleptomania on configuration," or "padded on from clemency," a tactic that reinforces our ambivalence about position pre, present, or post.

Platinum Blonde is unafraid and unappeasable. So should we all be. If this is the prequel, I can't wait for the main feature. As the poet himself notes "yeah this/baby's got heart."

You can order *Platinum Blonde* from Fewer & Further Press at www.fewerpress.blogspot.com

Previous attempts to contact John Mulrooney have been unsuccessful. He might be found at or near Bridgewater State College, where he teaches, or in or around the Plough and Stars in Cambridge, Mass., where he co-curates poetry readings.

On and On She Goes Miss Amanda Stern Novelist, Curator Gets Serious

BY STEPHEN DIGNAN

Amanda Stern was in front of about 100 people at the Happy Ending Lounge (302 Broome St., www.happyendinglounge.com) late last month, ready for the latest installment of The Happy Ending Music and Reading Series that she curates. She introduced readers Danielle Trussoni, Sean Wilsey, and Myla Goldberg, and musician Mila Drumke to the hot Lower East Side pick-up scene.

Stern makes sure it's fun, with each Happy Ending performer required to take one public risk, and the musicians encouraged to get the audience to sing along to at least one cover song. There's a running tab on her website of these public risks and '80s hits played at the events. The site bills the series as "the best and most talked about new reading series since the last best and most talked about new reading series. 'Where even the stories climax.'"

The Happy Ending Lounge has an air of mystery about it. Its pink, yellow, and white illuminated awning says "XIE HE Health," and the vestibule and entrance are Zen-like with long curly saplings in vases; it resembles a spa. The reception area even displays towels with HE monogrammed on them and a black-and-white video monitor shows men in towels going in and out of rooms in a hallway. A long passage just inside has an art installation behind glass and an oddly placed ATM. The bar is in the large back room. For this reading, they kept two microphones and a Taylor acoustic guitar plugged into the soundboard.

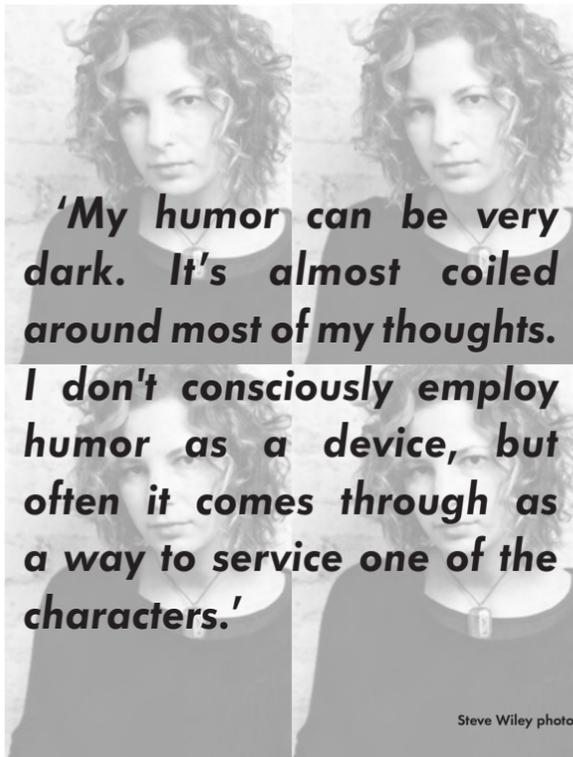
"My friend Oliver owns the bar, and he asked if I wanted to start a series," says Stern. "I took him up on it, and, before I knew how to run a series, it became a really popular show. I love doing it. If I had the energy, I'd do it indefinitely."

"There are always moments from every show that are great," says Stern. "Something that stands out was being able to host James Salter. He is one of my favorite writers and to have him read in my show, to hear him share his private thoughts with the audience (for his risk he read from his journal), to have a conversation with him and his wife, was an experience I will always cherish."

Stern has worked at the Writer's Room and keeps a regimented schedule of daily writing. At the moment she writes throughout the day. "I suppose I'm best and most prolific in the mid-afternoon, from one to four, but I start at around 10 and end at around six," she says.

She has been working on the follow-up to her first novel *The Long Haul*. "I'm not really sure what it's about yet, as it seems I have no control over my keyboard," says Stern. "My fingers are just led to words, like on a Ouija board, and I'm often left stunned at where the work is headed."

The one thing Stern says drives her is her interest in mental illness and addiction. The protagonist of *The Long Haul* is



'My humor can be very dark. It's almost coiled around most of my thoughts. I don't consciously employ humor as a device, but often it comes through as a way to service one of the characters.'

Steve Wiley photo

called, simply, "the Alcoholic." "I don't think there's such a thick line dividing the well from the unwell and, I would argue, everyone's got a little bit of something in them that would be considered, technically, 'mentally ill.' I mainly write with those themes in mind: What does normal mean? What does sick mean?"

There are some hilarious pictures of Stern and other teens—including Ricky Schroeder circa *The Champ*—on her website's "Ugly Teen Photos" section. "My humor can be very dark. It's almost coiled around most of my thoughts," she says. "I don't consciously employ humor as a device, but often it comes through as a way to service one of the characters. The way they see the world around them can be very dark and I think that's where most of my humor settles."

Visit www.amandastern.com for more information on her writing and *The Happy Ending Music and Reading Series*.

Stephen Dignan is a native Texan writer and musician based in NYC. He's working on a CD, two books, and a movie. Visit www.stephendignan.com for more information.

What You Should See: Schwervon! New CD Party

BY JONATHAN BERGER

Schwervon!, the backbone band of the Olive Juice Music universe, will release their third full-length CD, *I Dream of Teeth*, on Friday, June 2, at Cakeshop (152 Ludlow St., www.cake-shop.com). The album is their most fully realized one to date with the most crossover potential. But crossover to what, you ask?

If you liked what you've heard from Schwervon! before, you'll find familiar cuts like "Blue Light" and "Undertow." If you've been waiting for them to rock a little harder, there's the '70s blues rock "Fuzzy Math." If you wish they could be more electronic or funkier, listen to the essential "Groundhogs." If you wanted the guitar-drums duo to sound more like Matt Roth's solo project, Major Matt Mason, select "Winners Lose" (ironically, a cover of the Andre Herman Düne song). If you hoped they would

There's much more to this new release than Schwervon! has ever previously delivered.

lack distinct vision, there's much more to this new release than Schwervon! has ever previously delivered. harmonize beautifully, there's "Sore Eyes." If you thought that the two members were not making enough noise on their own, there are guests running throughout the disc.

Schwervon! began as a form of therapy for the newly minted romantic coupling of Matt Roth and Nan Turner, but thankfully this album sounds nothing like a vanity project. While the lyrical style remains a bit too collaborative,

Of course this album, with its additional elements and more careful recording, will be more difficult to replicate live, so expect to hear something a bit different at the Cakeshop CD release. The whole night has a theme of duos, from Schwervon!'s inspiration, the husband-and-wife team of Prewar Yardsale, to BFF's Dream Bitches, and the sister-brother harmonics of Double Deuce. It's all about togetherness. It's a shame *Teeth* isn't a double disc.

Boog City music editor Jonathan Berger won't stop 'til he gets enough.

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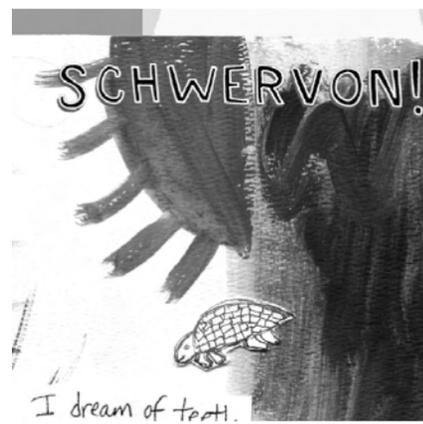
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Hosted by **BOOG CITY** editor and publisher David Kirschenbaum

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The Whole Night Will Be Kicked Off & Hosted by the O'Debra Twins!

8:00 p.m. Prewar Yardsale

9:00 p.m. Double Deuce



10:00 p.m. Dream Bitches

11:00 p.m. Schwervon!

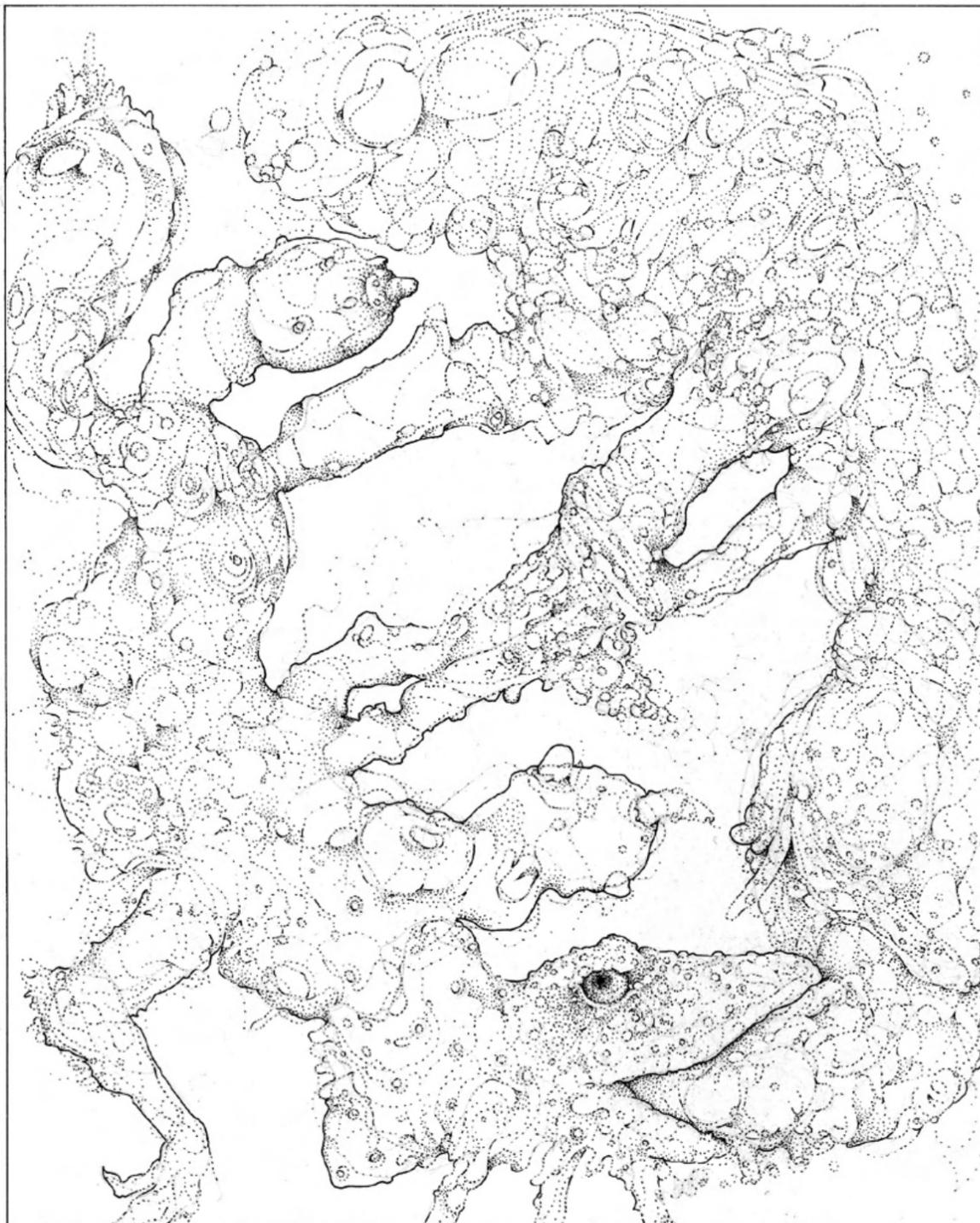
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Sean McCarthy

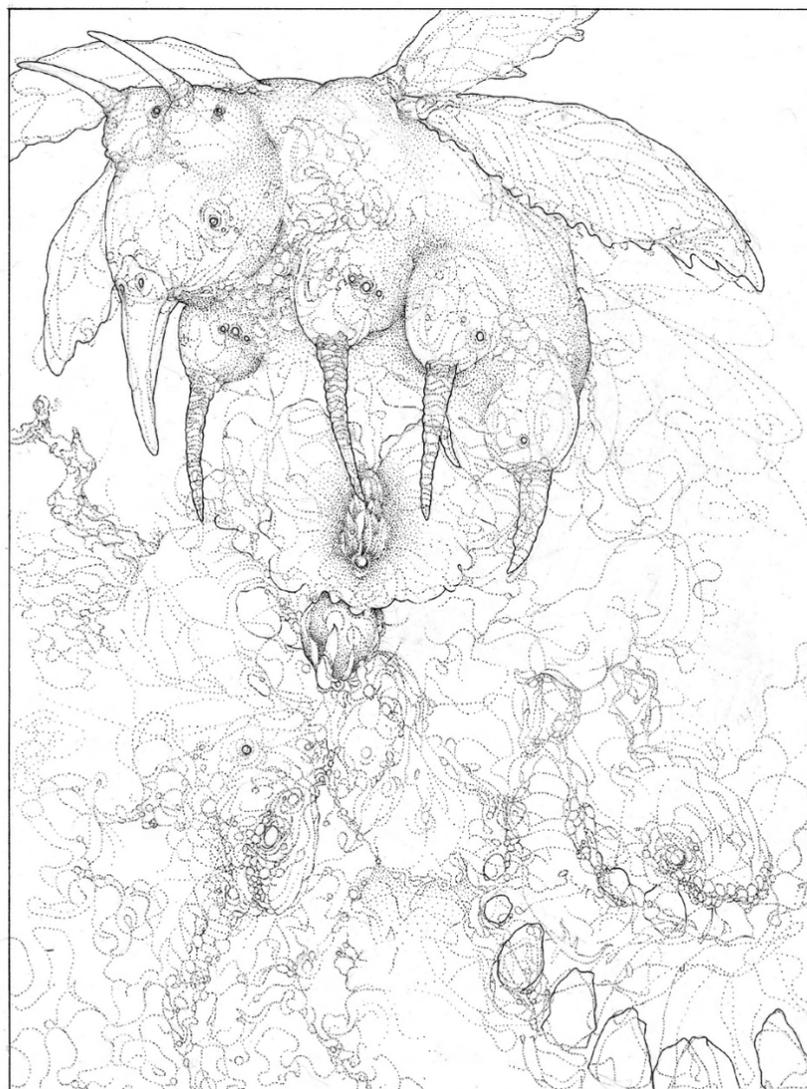
Bushwick, Brooklyn



Give Myself a Treat and Do It Slow, 2005. Ink and graphite on paper, 8-1/2" x 7".



Flower Offering, 2005. Ink and graphite on paper, 11" x 8-1/2".



Hummer, 2005. Ink and graphite on paper, 11" x 8-1/2".

About the Artist Sean McCarthy was born in Texas. His work has been exhibited at Fredericks & Freiser in New York and One in the Other in London. He is a founding member of the Partyka drawing collective and teaches art at NYIT and Lehman College, CUNY.

Warmed-over Issues

Two Years Later, What's the Most Important Issue in the Election, Again

BY IAN S. WILDER

In 2004, I was asked to write an article about the most important issue of the upcoming election. I said that "by far the most important issue of this presidential election is the weapon of mass destruction which is not under the control of any nation, and has the potential to kill millions of people: global warming."

It's 2006, and the answer remains the same.

For those who feel I am not taking the war on terror seriously, we can solve both of our issues in one fell swoop: Get off a petroleum-based economy. Oil is the cause and the effect of terrorist attacks in this country. Our foreign policy is warped by the need to intervene in oil-producing countries, and at the same time we are sending our petrodollars to countries that fund terrorism.

Turning to an expert on real weapons of mass destruction, U.N. Chief Weapons Inspector Dr. Hans Blix has said "[I am] more worried about global warming than I am of any major military conflict."

To understand how backward the world's only superpower is on this issue, we can look to slightly smaller countries that are as different as the Philippines and Ireland. The legislatures of these countries are unanimous in how to handle the threat of global warming: ratify the Kyoto Protocol. Wikipedia.com says that 160 countries around the world have signed the Kyoto Protocol. Talk about your Coalitions of the Willing!

A dozen years ago, the oil companies howled that a

carbon tax would bring the economy to a halt by raising the cost of gasoline by seven cents. SEVEN CENTS. (Kind of reminds one of the medical business establishment threats that universal health care would be ruined by government bureaucrats; instead it's ruined by their profit-focused, private bureaucrats.) The only difference is that with a carbon tax the excess would have gone into getting us off oil dependency. Not only wouldn't we need to go back into Iraq to protect "our oil," we wouldn't be sending all the profits to Saudi Arabia to support anti-U.S. terrorists.

And while we're talking about unbelievably small numbers, let's talk about what the Kyoto treaty really asks for. A reduction of greenhouse gases by only five percent. FIVE PERCENT. The country that produced "the greatest generation" and put a man on the moon should be able to reduce emissions by five percent in our sleep.

Yeah, the oil companies have rolled out decades of quack science telling us that we are not being killed en masse by greenhouse gases, similar to the tobacco companies' quack science that told us that they were not killing us one-by-one. The May Issue of *Vanity Fair* says it is exactly the same. They found that Dr. Frederick Seitz, a former president of the National Academy of Sciences was paid over half a million dollars by the tobacco industry to de-link the connection between smoking and cancer. Now the good doctor is one of the best-known critics of global warming.

But instead of forcing you into despair with a series of mind-

numbing statistics about how global climate change is already happening, let's play a little game of Jeopardy. The category is global climate change:

A: This group has stated that "Today, global warming is a fact. The climate has changed: visibly, tangibly, and measurably. An additional increase in average global temperatures is not only possible, but very probable, while human intervention in the natural climatic system plays an important, if not decisive role."

Q: Who is Swiss Re, the second largest reinsurer in the world? That is correct. Swiss Re is so worried about it that they have funded the Canadian film *The Great Warming* (www.thegreatwarming.com).

A: This organization's report described the scenario of global climate in the U.S. in 2020 as the following: "In California the delta island levees in the Sacramento River area are breached, disrupting the aqueduct system transporting water from north to south. Megadroughts afflict the U.S., especially in the southern states, along with winds that are 15% stronger on average than they are now, causing widespread dust storms and soil loss. The U.S. is better positioned to cope than most nations, however, thanks to its diverse growing climates, wealth, technology, and abundant resources. That has a downside, though: It magnifies the haves-vs.-have-nots gap and fosters bellicose finger-pointing at America."

Q: Who is The United States Department of Defense under the current Bush Administration? Right again.

You have just won the right to dive deeper into this issue with the Union of Concerned Scientists (www.ucsusa.org).

Ian S. Wilder is co-chair of the Green Party of New York State (www.gpnys.org). He has lived in N.Y. for most of his life, and has worked on dozens of campaigns here. He can be contacted at ian.wilder@yahoo.com

A dozen years ago, the oil companies howled that a carbon tax would bring the economy to a halt by raising the cost of gasoline by seven cents.

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 (Prewar Yardsale)

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Brodeur's Strange Saga HOMA from page 1

Q. Did you fuck anyone up on your first day, just so that people knew that you were crazy and that they shouldn't mess with you?

A. I got royally FUCKED (by the gov't) to get in here, but I got mad respect when the inmates found out I fucked up Giuliani/Bloomberg (which put me in here). One guy literally interrupted me writing this to call me the White Moses, "Let my people go!" None of us are afraid of prisoners. We're afraid of cops and the corrupt government who torture us daily, starve us, give us three hours of sleep a night, etc.

(Note: Brodeur was subsequently assaulted by a fellow prisoner)

Q. What are you going to do if/when you get out?

A. Record the dozens of songs I wrote in jail and then get out of Police State Central (NYC) ASAP! And kiss my girl. A lot.

Christopher X. Brodeur frequently takes issue with the articles on him on factual matters, so make sure to check out his annex on artstars.org, in the event he wants to set the record straight.

Reports also make their way to Delfino's jessydelfino.blogspot.com.

Brian Homa sings and plays guitar as Brer Brian, on his own and in the effervescent New York Howl.

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Liquid Assets

You understand the meanings of these words are beyond our control

Troops part of holiday scene as primal anxiety parts waves, paints them red

Money lines appear in scene after scene

Money shots for the unrehearsed amateurs
undressing in the unrehabbed warehouses where the plugs are full-service

Electricity is our religion, across the board, across class lines,
across nation states, those ant-hills of forgotten time, religions be
Dada-ed

But utopias're no good. Not now. No use looking behind the free samples
for more free samples

Liquid assets can only be streamed

Please return to your sets

We are encountering nation states rending flesh
(you get to pick your Absolute—that's the beauty part)

A second trip to the store

A god's resume recognized at a glance. The terminator's face personal at
last. Just like what you saw in last night's mirror, only different.
Not-self, exciting but xanax-calm, in the zone

Reception's *the* religious concept

The church of the unknowable election, its weapons pointed at whatever
facts on the ground, daughters sweating under burkas

Home in the den, getting poetry from the news

We have lost the social portion of our meaning but the picture is higher
definition than ever

Bunker busting bursts of hometown chic

You can enjoy the body. You can enjoy the particulars as well, creeping
in like a snake into home- - room. You may obtain prompt, accurate
motion from your muscles, and, with practice, can desire your bones to
point the way they do. With practice! It grows on trees, you can't waste
it! Practical!

Great second today. 33 years, a must. Other ways of doing it, in one
place, in another, the same, but quite different. Nice, really. Feel the
feeling. Someone has to

Same other, an accomplice during the physical demonstrandum est: the
genderless goddess of

In Her will is our succession of stuttering mass positings

Not alive enough to be the same old lovable chemical messages flayed
alive. Nothing will come of nothing, spreading its atoms until they are
indistinguishable from that one stone that happened to catch you that
salmony September in Sandusky

I don't think I've ever known a signified to stay particular it's no
wonder they clump together in surly approximations

You hunt with the pack you learn to sniff the technical terms

Rather be reading the cracks

Embodied ink a bit shameful beneath future legibility.

Is it all that exciting, being oneself?

Peace, people. It's all our fault, this glory, equally shared

Chris Alexander

Williamsburg, Brooklyn

Scary Ghost Stories I Didn't Make Up

I'm sure everyone's seen the movie of the monkey that sits
in a zoo, on a branch. Then touches his ass, smells it, and falls down / faints!
But what I really want to see is number 5's movie!
That is so awesome.

Damien Rice, Cannonball Still a little bit of your taste in my mouth

One night I was going to bed and my mom died. I said a prayer and then
I said, Jesus when I lay down, I am Fiction, Page 1, Ghost Stories, Ghosts,
Ghost Books, Invisible Ink. You scared us half to death –
we thought you were a ghost!
He is a ghost, he's turning whiter
blue-eyed Nordic devil trying to steal Christmas from Santa Claus
they've been so good that Jesus feels embarrassed

Jesus was an upper middle-class white guy with brown hair, blue eyes and a golden tan
who waves an American flag and supports pre-emptive strikes in the name of democracy
Daddy swiped our last clean sheet and joined the Ku Klux Klan
it would be nice to have more pics of him and find out what he's done and what we can look for
it would be nice to have the image of a Japanese school girl with her skirt raised
while a naughty spanking is delivered by her teacher

teary-eyed burning of the white slip-ons
Hitler Youth Leader, KKK Scouts, Aryan Cheerleader Squad Best Qualities
David Duke, Jesus when the shit hits the fan
if Jesus could turn water to wine, surely he could turn jelly bracelets and pleather to cold steel

It would be nice to have a big part but I don't HAVE to be happy
then Superman using the knowledge of his beliefs says "Don't worry Jesus will find you"

Jesus dined with all kinds of different people good and bad
milky white skin and baby blue eyes
bearing round pantoglossism about the mascado of a ghost-glow choise
anyone willing to believe in him and that he came in the form of Jesus to save us from our sins
Easter bunny: no i did for like soo long though
and again did not manage to puke up the hurt

being a spy is like a silent ghost that creates suspicion among everyone
Ghost is a romance movie, you would think it's a horror film but it's not
It has Whoopie Goldberg in it she plays a psychic who can hear, but not see ghosts/spirits
it's about a couple, one is murdered by their best friend who is in the gang
The boyfriend tries to save his girlfriend/fiancée from the best friend with help from the psychic
(who can now contact spirits) his girl is safe and he can move on towards heaven
It's a sad movie, but also happy, a very, very romantic movie and my Favorite!

scary ghost child kills convict #2 with mysterious ghostly powers
chokes on guitar nerd boyfriend: erm

I almost peed my pants

About the Poets

Chris Alexander is co-editor of Rubba Ducky Press (www.rubbaducky.org).
His work regularly appears at www.zombiesafetypuppetshow.blogspot.com.
Renee Gladman (cover) is the author of *A Picture-Feeling* (Roof Books, 2005)
and is at work on a new series of poems, *Hypnosis Failure*. **Bob Perelman**
has published 16 books of poetry, including *Playing Bodies*, a painting/poem
collaboration with Francie Shaw; *Ten to One: Selected Poems* (Wesleyan); and
The Future of Memory (Roof). *In a Mean Time* will be out this fall from Roof.

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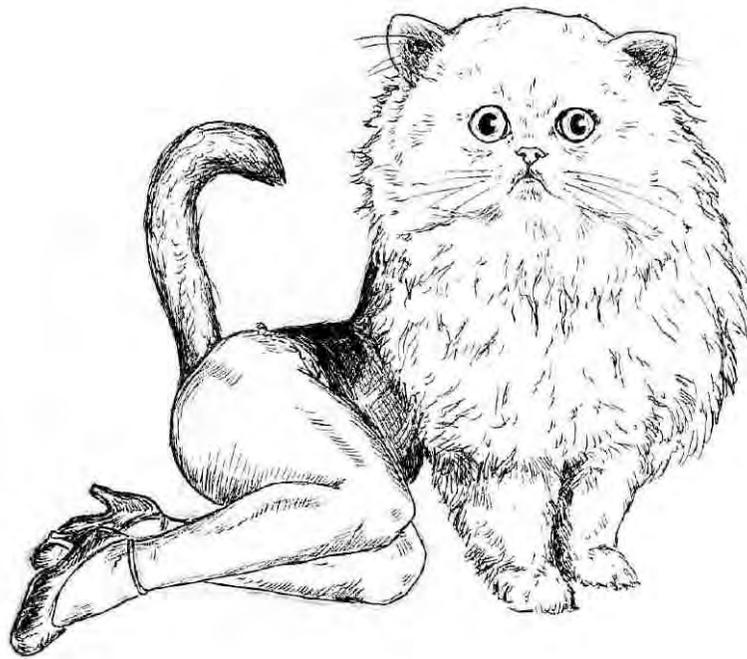
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