

BOOG CITY

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

ISSUE 54 FREE

ART
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Reviews of Club Mate, Creaky Boards, Tamara Hey,
Frank Hoier, M. Lamar, and More New Releases

Long Live the King Jack Kirby's Trip from the L.E.S. to Comics' Icon

BY MARK LAMOUREUX

Kirby: King of Comics

Mark Evanier
Harry N. Abrams

Jack Kirby's Fourth World Omnibus (Volumes 1-4)

DC Comics

Ever wonder why the Marvel superhero films seem, for the most part, to be soulless CGI spectacles somehow entirely divorced from the heart and soul of the classic print stories? The reason for this is because the real-life heart and soul of the characters, Lower East Side-born and bred Jacob Kurtzberg (who got his start as a teen drawing cartoons for the

Superman's Pal is also the work of a man approaching middle age and a man struggling to deal with the extensive social changes that were taking place in the world in the late sixties and early seventies; Kirby's reaction was surprising and fascinating.

Boys Brotherhood Republic's mimeograph newspaper, just a block away from where the Nuyorican Poets Cafe now stands), better known to all as Jack "The King" Kirby, departed for worlds unknown in 1994. What remained was clever marketing, showmanship, and pithy one-liners—the domain of Kirby's former assistant-turned-boss Stan Lee. For a glimpse into the story behind this Shakespearean role-reversal and some of the other semi-tragic details of The King's reign, check out the recently published biography *Kirby: King of Comics* by Mark Evanier.

What Evanier, also a former Kirby assistant, gives us is a wide-eyed timeline with embellishments, never straying too far from the surface of things, and never straying too far from borderline hero-worship. That's an understandable flaw given that Kirby was a heroic man and artist relentlessly exploited by a young and quickly growing industry with all of the attendant snakes that slither toward the smell of easy money. Of this, Evanier provides an adequate account; it is clear he is bent on setting the record straight.

Kirby: King of Comics is essentially a coffee-table book. It is the right size and contains the requisite amount of eye-candy. That none other than the King of Comics provides this eye-candy is the text's greatest strength, which, like most other aspects of Kirby's legacy, comes straight from the man himself. Evanier has assembled a formidable array of classic artwork, strips, covers, and little-known Kirby stories (the highlight is Kirby's self-proclaimed favorite piece, "Street Code," in its unlinked entirety, with a full-page centerfold of urban blight that stops the heart) that are well worth the price of admission. With this kind of material as his backdrop,

Evanier barely needed to write a thing.

Fans looking for a glimpse into Kirby's private mind and the intricacies and peculiarities of his character will be better served turning to the work itself, such as DC Comics' recently released four-volume omnibus of Jack Kirby's Fourth

Mark Evanier and Jack Kirby.

World saga. Always ahead of his time, Kirby said this project would be best suited by being bound like a book and sold in a "regular bookstore," decades before the graphic novel format took hold.

In 1970 Marvel had finally pushed Kirby too far, and, in response to a lousy contract with no raise in salary, benefits, or job security, he left for the competition, DC, who offered him complete creative control of whatever titles he desired



Courtesy DC Comics

to take on. What initially transpired is a testament to the man that Kirby was: since he didn't want to cost any of the existing DC guys a job, he took control of the only DC title without a consistent creative team, a laughable Superman spin-off called *Superman's Pal Jimmy Olson*. He could have taken anything, but, like many of his characters, Kirby himself had an almost messianic commitment to doing the right thing.

In his inaugural issue of *Superman's Pal*, Kirby laid the foundation for what would be a multi-issue epic, and, arguably, his masterpiece.

With complete creative control, the saga he produced was 100% Kirby: full of his unique vision and his unique idiosyncrasies. It is also the work of a man approaching middle age, a man struggling to deal with the extensive social

changes that were taking place in the world in the late sixties and early seventies. Kirby's reaction to these changes was surprising and fascinating. Like everything ahead of its time, however, Kirby's epic did not sell and reached a premature end, never to be completed in Kirby's lifetime, just another tragic turn in Kirby's roller-coaster life.

Some of the saga's lack of success could be that Kirby was telling an older man's tale in a format that was geared toward adolescent boys. The gravitas and subtlety of the story went far beyond the bounds of what was common in the medium at that time. Also in *Superman's Pal*, Kirby made significant changes to the Man of Steel in connection to his overall story, portraying him as a sort of ultimate square, the straight man to his new cosmic hippies and ethnically diverse "kid gang" (Kirby was the progenitor of some of the first African-American characters in comics history). Superman is lonely and isolated, at times unable to adapt to the changing world around him. He visits "Supertown," a city in New Genesis, Kirby's Valhalla for the tale, and attacks a misshapen giant he believes to be an adversary, but is, in reality, a simple automaton helping a sculptor move his artwork around. The aged sculptor chastises him that "Just because protonoids aren't things of beauty is poor reason to persecute them."

Superman could be seen as Kirby facing the agonistic nature of the comics medium, and the limitations of its usual morality. Many of the protagonists of the tale can be seen as a facet of Kirby himself: Orion, the grizzled veteran of the cosmic war between Apokolips and New Genesis, the son of the epic's primary villain, and a hideous monster beneath his helmet due to the savagery of his heart could be seen as Kirby now at peace with the war; Mr. Miracle, escaped from a sinister



Courtesy DC Comics

Orphanage on Apokolips and master escape artist, could be seen as Kirby in the present, having escaped the fetters of Marvel for a better deal (the tale's most poignant moments happen between Mr. Miracle and his companion, reputedly based on Kirby's wife, Big Barda, a ham-fisted female warrior who subverted the mold of female comics protagonists of the day, and who is constantly bailing Mr. M out of trouble.)

Much of Jack Kirby's Fourth World may seem dated to the contemporary reader (Kirby was by no means a racist, but his jive-talking depiction of black characters is archaic. He meant well, but suffered from the biases of his generation), and Kirby's innocence and enthusiasm could be misinterpreted in a post-Alan Moore's *Watchmen* world as dumb in the head, but Kirby was a man of ideals and an eternal optimist. These two qualities offer the modern reader a glimpse into the fascinating psyche of an exceptional artist and writer during a time in which it was thought that writers and artists could realistically change the world for the better.

Jeff Downey

Amherst, Mass.

from Pasture

Will repair to parts
Unknown this time tomorrow
Read the mountebank's note
If you dun
Converge upon me
Armed and allege
The heat kept in
An oven is asbestos, hollowed ash
For soap I made do with running
Fingers through
The hair of citizens
Before agency entered them
Bills in a bad way
Realized that future
Security meant lackaday
An elixir at least to moonlight

POETRY

Kate Broad

Prospect Heights, Brooklyn

Girlfish

Salvador, Brazil

In the motel mirror on the ceiling
starfish arms radiate yellowed and dead.
Sad mutant fish! Everyone touches you.
Your tubes wriggle obligingly
in mirrors and museums.

When you go down on me,
I think about Marx—short bearded man
telling me what to do!
Starfish project their stomachs
to capture larger prey, but I

don't have enough. Sliding change
under bulletproof glass, think
what can be done to me.
I can only see light and dark, I protect
only small, unlikely things:

another hand, a missing leg,
a sea of epithets unraveling
in my hair. Maybe all bodies
are really other bodies, the poem
a poem of debris. Of motorcyclists

and coffee carts, homeless and chameleons
and sweepers in the park
who don't care about curtains
or how many limbs however many
people make together, over

and over, paired
and re-pairing,
put down among the rocks,
picked up by a thousand grubby hands
clinking their change on the glass.

Paige Taggart

Ditmas Park, Brooklyn

ligaments inside the light room arched up

clouds underneath your
umbrella hood shook
the whole stillness into
merriment and rocked
the hinge open into
a belly mostly
it's a towel and a lithograph
the two swung empty onto
the day bed

he rides memory
back home puts
his back against
a long wall and
spreads his portrait
into making alone

home is inside
the girl who
wants to be there

Elisa Gabbert

Boston

Poem With a Mind Game

My heart doesn't hurt, it just feels
like it hurts. You say I seem "unphased"—

that's exactly how I feel. Try this
trick to see shapes in higher-

dimensional space. Was it a lucid
dream, or was believing that

part of the dream? The plot of
Groundhog Day as cultural currency?

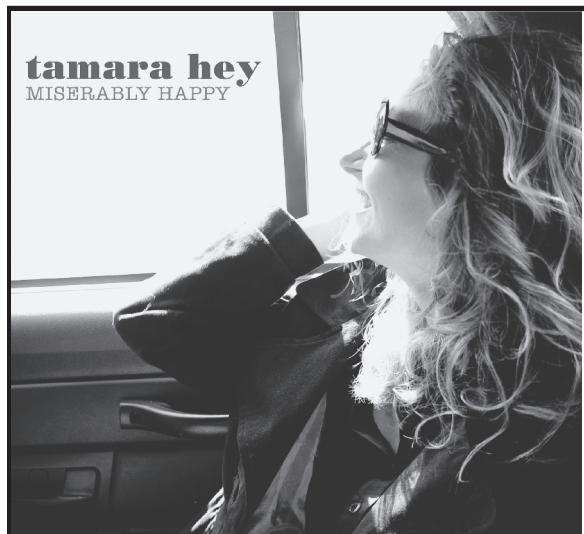
This room has no focal point,
no TV. I feel like I love you.

Or I love you, verbatim.
My heart hurts exactly.

About the Poets

Kate Broad has work out or forthcoming in *EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts*, Freshwater, Karamu, and *The Wellesley Review*, and is available online at www.katebroad.blogspot.com. **Jeff Downey**, an editor for the newly formed *Microfilm Magazine*, is from the panhandle of Nebraska.

Elisa Gabbert is the poetry editor of *Absent*. Her chapbook *Thanks for Sending the Engine* is available from Kitchen Press. **Paige Taggart** has an e-chapbook, *Won't Be a Girl*, out from Scantilly Clad Press. Her handmade jewelry can be found online at www.mactaggart.etsy.com.



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URBAN FOLK



Hey! Listen to This

Miserably Happy

Tamara Hey

By Jonathan Berger

Tamara Hey deserves better after spending well over a decade toiling in the East Village music scene. She's unassuming and polite, and you can't tell that she's one of the best songwriters in town. Her work is excellent; with memorable melodies and literate lyrics that stay with the listener long after an album's faded. Her recordings (there are two prior albums) have always been good, with wonderful arrangements influenced by husband Henry Hey. (Between the happy loving couple and her producer Art Hays they should create a project called The Hey Hey Hays.) In an alternate universe, these three are a hit-making machine. There songs like Miserably Happy's opener "You Wear Me Out" (a testimonial to numerous reasons a couple can thrive, many having nothing to do with love) top the charts

>>>

Frank Ishman photo



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URBAN REVIEWS FOLK

and get people humming while discussing the witty images and thoughtful situations. We may well have a window into that alternate reality; it's called country.

The last few years have seen Hey make pilgrimages to Nashville, where she's practiced collaborative songwriting with country professionals. Always able to collect inspiration from others, Hey has produced in *Miserably Happy* a series of songs that add a serious country songwriting lilt. While her sound has always been a spirited amalgamation of influences, she remains her own animal. An impressive and thoughtful creator, Hey's a songwriter's songwriter, composing insightful stories with characters far distant from her own personality, but who nonetheless ring quite true.

"Somebody's Girl," for example, is a tale of an optimistic woman looking for a love as if it were a lifelong, spiritual quest. The long-married Hey may be able to reach deep into memory for inspiration; the song does not read as a recent diary entry.

The perceptive "Round Peg" seems to more clearly delve into history as source material. The title character, a high school friend of the singer, lives truer than the narrator whom Hey portrays.

The song features a variety of hooks, from an intro that's reminiscent of the Stones' "The Last Time" to a chorus sounding vaguely like "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," and a bridge that could possibly be from The Cars' canon. "Round Peg, I cut you out with everything else good ounce by ounce ..." the narrator recalls in the bridge, before stating, "I want to be you, laughing out loud but I'm bitter at the center and no fun to be a round."

"Isabelle," another ode to an old friend, regularly repeats, "Isabelle, I thought I knew you very well." This song sits in judgment of the woman in the title, who is so submerged in her current relationship that she's willing to close the door on intelligence and friendship.

It may well be that same character Isabelle who sings "David #3," an ode to the wrong guy. "I hate your stupid laugh, I hate your Red Sox hat. Despite all of that ..." She never clarifies the title, which presumably refers to how the title subject is not the first mistake the narrator has made. "Every night I dreamed about Mister Perfect," Hey sings before adding in a Bangles-like chorus, "I looked everywhere around 'til I found ... David number three."

Hey's story-telling chops have always been strong (prior album cuts like "Oscar and Bud" and "Up in the Air" clearly attest to that), but her studying at the altar of country has clearly served her well. Next up for the artist: she's working on children's songs. Good as she is now, with the successful steps taken on *Miserably Happy*, who knows what tomorrow might bring?

For more information visit www.tamarahhey.com.

It's the Songs, Not the Singer

BEN SADOCK
YOU ARE THE BENEFICIARY OF US

You Are the Beneficiary of Us

Ben Sadock

By Jonathan Berger

Much is Ben Sadock not an excellent singer, but what he sings can be excellent. His debut release, *You Are the Beneficiary of Us*, opens with an exciting one-two punch. The first song tells us that "You and me, and Mister T pity the fool," thus introducing the clever wordplay and logistical language that will follow. Soon after, Sadock runs off with the following lines: "Turn around and then you'll find it's cool to be cruel, but it's cruel to be kind, and I kind of like being kind of cool ..." The references! The rolling of words and rhythms! The regular alteration of repetition! This is a Master class in lyricism. What follows is better still.

"Let Me Into Your Life" features a chorus straight out of *The Simpsons*, and a closing lyrical sequence so exquisite, it bears direct quotation:

"Despite the sinful life you've led, remember what the Good Book said: Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, but if you go, you surely will steal my heart and kill me too 'cause I can't live without you. Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and I can't change the way I feel. So you can do-doodly-do whatever you want to, but if you break my heart I will die, and then I

will haunt you, 'cause I want you to let me into your life before it's over ..."

Other notable cuts are mid-tempo numbers "Wise Women" and "Glory Be," each in their own way odes to alcohol. "The Most Important Thing" brings a curious jazz-funk to the proceedings, adding to a fitting sense of experimentation to the album, while "You Don't Know" recalls The Zombies.

Ben Sadock has proven an able partner, working occasionally with John Kessel (in *The Cigarettes*) and Herb Scher (of *The Herb Scher Talk Show* fame). His musical and lyrical skills make him a potential MVP as a collaborator. Sadock knows what he's doing with the writing, and the playing. As bass player and keyboardist, he keeps the 13 songs on the release moving right along. His singing is nowhere near as strong, much like a clear role model, Paul Simon. His high voice occasionally warbles a bit too much ("Alone" reaches heights best left, well, alone), but his songwriting and musicality are so strong, they make You Are the Beneficiary of Us a pretty fine release, not unlike early solo Simon records. If only he had his own Garfunkel.

For more information visit www.myspace.com/bensadock.

Living the Life on a Noisy Floor



Brooklyn is Love

Creaky Boards

By Justin Remer

At this point, the opening track from Creaky Boards' new album *Brooklyn is Love* is more famous for what it isn't than what it is. It isn't the song "Viva La Vida" by Coldplay. A few months before the album's release, Creaky Boards' leader Andrew Hoepfner posted a video on YouTube where he suggested that Coldplay had plagiarized the melody for "Viva La Vida" from the seemingly aptly named Creaky Boards' "The Songs I Didn't Write." After a storm of YouTube hits, write-ups in the blogosphere, and random TV mentions, suddenly Creaky Boards was sort of famous. Of course, the two songs don't really sound that much alike. (Joe Satriani, who later claimed "Viva La Vida" was ripped off from him, has a much stronger case than the Boards, I'm afraid.) What most earnest bloggers seemed to miss from the tongue-in-cheek Creaky Boards' video is that Andrew was just making a preemptive strike against those who might think he ripped off Coldplay when his album did come out.

What gets lost in all this hullabaloo about plagiarism charges is Creaky Boards' music. I mean, after all, the Boards sound virtually nothing like Coldplay. Andrew Hoepfner has always been forthcoming in his love for Brian Wilson and Phil Spector, and pretty much everything he writes and records comes out filtered through those sensibilities. "The Songs I Didn't Write" more closely resembles a track recorded using Spector's Wall of Sound than like anything in any current Top-40 list. It's also the kind of song that gets pleasantly imbedded in your brain and won't come out, so the song is worthy of the extra exposure it's gotten, even if the controversy's kind of irrelevant.

And what about the rest of the album? Oh right, that. Yeah, um, it's good.

Front-loaded with potential hits like the New York-centric "Now I'm in the City" and "Brooklyn," the album eventually meanders somewhat disappointingly between excellent-A-material and still-quite-decent B-material. You see, for a while, Creaky Boards was my favorite live act in New York (they're still near the top), rocking out shows that were all killer and no filler, so maybe my hopes were a little too high (or just too different) for this album to completely satisfy.

Instead of the album equivalent of a high-energy live show, *Brooklyn is Love* is a somewhat sloppy personal statement and labor of love. The liner notes show that, apart from certain augmentations and overdubs, singer-songwriter Hoepfner played most of the instruments on the album, instead of the exciting live band. The songwriting, too, seems extremely personal and even diaristic, sketching a self-portrait of an artist transplanted to New York from Michigan, dealing with the joys and heartaches of a new town, relationships, and (on the nearly seven-minute closing track "SOS") Andrew's struggle with Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.

Let Me Into Your Life features a chorus straight out of *The Simpsons*, and a closing lyrical sequence so exquisite, it bears direct quotation:

"Despite the sinful life you've led, remember what the Good Book said: Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, but if you go, you surely will steal my heart and kill me too 'cause I can't live without you. Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and I can't change the way I feel. So you can do-doodly-do whatever you want to, but if you break my heart I will die, and then I

What is This?

It's been some time since *Urban Folk* has seen print. Once the self-titled premier NYC publication on acoustic music, *Urban Folk* ceased publication close to a year ago, with a tearful farewell issue (available for download at www.scribd.com). The corpse wasn't yet cold when UF publisher Jonathan Berger convinced Boog City to house the music mag. (BC ed. Not much convincing, it was mutual.) It's a good thing. In the many months since *Urban Folk*, founded in '04 by Dave Cuomo, disappeared, much has happened in the City: People played, bands were formed and broke up, Indie Sounds went exclusively digital, the economy collapsed and the Democrats are back in power (which may be the same thing). There is no better time than now for *Urban Folk* to rise again. The effect on you? Boog City's music section has expanded, its focus changed (slightly). That's it. So sit back, relax, and read about the future.

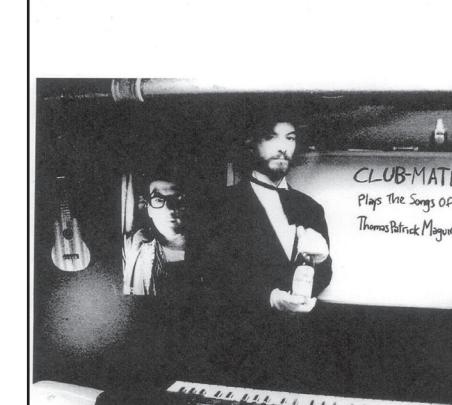
—JB

None of this is foreign to what the familiar should expect from Creaky Boards. Their last album, *Where's The Sunshine?*, hit many of the same themes and features personal stories from Andrew's life. But that album utilized cleverness in the lyrics as a buffer that is missing from such seemingly raw self-examinations as Brooklyn's "I'm Touching the Electric Fence." And while what I described might seem like a shedding of affectation, the new album actually soars on tracks like "Brooklyn," which uses cleverness to take Andrew's own story of moving to New York and spin it into an epic impressionistic essay on art, gentrification, and riding the subway. It's the kind of bold move that characterizes earlier songs, like *Where's The Sunshine?*'s excellent "I Came to This Town to Get High," which uses a somewhat misbegotten trip to Savannah, Ga., as the basis for a similar overblown musical epic.

Brooklyn is Love comes in three versions, two of which I've heard. I have not heard the version available on the download websites, which includes two bonus tracks not on the CD or vinyl; I've heard those songs live, though, so they're probably worth a download. The vinyl version is slightly shorter than the CD—probably due to the constraints of vinyl capacity—but do not fear, the vinyl version comes with a coupon for a free mp3 download that reproduces the full CD. Frankly, I prefer the vinyl version, because what gets removed is a selection of between-song audio collages that add to the scrapbook/diary feel of the album, but feel a little out of place overall. Since I've already admitted that I'm just there for the songs—and since Creaky Boards may be influenced by the sixties, but I would never rightly describe them as psychedelic—the exclusion of those segues from the vinyl makes for a leaner, more focused record.

For more information visit www.myspace.com/creakyboards.

It's the Singer and the Songs



**Club Mate Plays
The Songs of Thomas Patrick Maguire**

Club Mate

By Justin Remer

Neil Kelly of the noise-jam band Huggaboomstik, using the name Club Mate, has taken 19 songs from the three albums by New York singer-songwriter Thomas Patrick Maguire, plus an as-yet-released song, and remade them in eclectic ways. Since Maguire's original recordings of these songs are lo-fi and minimal—usually featuring just his plaintive voice accompanied by some Nirvana-ish strums on an acoustic guitar, sometimes accompanied by a drum track—there seems to be plenty of room to flesh out the arrangements. Yet Kelly does more than that; he refashions each song into a genre experiment.

Maguire's songs are taken out of the realm of nineties style alternafolk and repurposed as reggae ("Now That Things Are Not So Well"), drugged-out space rock ("Hospital"), and even self-consciously goofy New Kids on the Block silliness ("Toin Coss"). Using someone else's material seemingly frees Kelly to follow whatever musical whim he wants to, and the results are surprisingly solid and consistently entertaining over the course of the disc's 70 minutes. The end result is still as homemade and lo-fi as the recordings that inspired it—

Frank is backed on most of the album by a band full of singer-songwriters, all friends and friends of friends. On lead guitar (doing those searing solos) and bass are the co-billed Weber Brothers, Sam and Ryan, a pair notable not only for their own raucous work but for being the current backup band for rock legend Ronnie Hawkins, the guy who recruited the outfit that would become The Band. For Lovers & Dollars, the Webers recruited multi-instrumentalist Timothy Bracken to play drums, while Frank brought in Andrew Hoepfner of Creaky Boards to do piano and organ. There are also a couple of guest appearances by Feral Foster on harmonica and Eli Smith on banjo.

Lamar goes in for the sensual seduction: "My weapon's yours to feel," he generously offers. But make no mistake: he is an aggressor. He declares in the song's first line, "Defeat is not an option." All in all, this 7-inch is a solid introduction to the music and personality of M. Lamar. It certainly will be a helpful tool to decide where you stand on the love-him/hate-him divide. But I'd even recommend those folks put off by the upfront taboo shattering of side one to still give the sultry cut on the flip side a chance.

For more information visit www.mlamar.com.

Too Much of a Good Thing?



**Benji Cossa's Vault Volume II,
Jewels and Gems**

Benji Cossa

By Jonathan Berger

Benji Cossa is some kind of sick musical savant. Each song on his 19-track collection *Jewels and Gems* is in a slightly different style, ranging from white boy soul in "Good Times" to the '60s garage rock of "For a Good Thing."

Cossa's homemade recordings are charming, but the home studio quality coupled with reedy vocals make it hard to discern many lyrics. Evidence abounds in this years-in-the-making disc of Cossa's musical prowess, but his lyrical skills remain opaque. "I Don't Know You Anymore," where Cossa waxes balladic amid a variety of skewed tropes, gives clues that he's good with words. It's one of the many hooky cuts on this album, some previously released on earlier compilations. It's only one of Cossa's recent releases. He produces multiple albums a year, so I look forward to delving into the recent *Between the Blue and the Green*.

For more information visit www.benjicossa.com.

Dirty Dirty Dirty Taboo-Shattering



M. Lamar 7" EP

M. Lamar

By Justin Remer

M. Lamar is not for all tastes, which is not necessarily a bad thing. Recently, I was at an M. Lamar show, and someone commented with annoyance that Lamar's music was like a "vicious buzzing" in the poor listener's ear. Singing in a register better suited to a female soprano like Leontyne Price, and taking inspiration from the theatrically imaginative but polarizing Diamanda Galas, he plays minimalist piano and spews provocative lyrics about sex, race, life, and death. In other words, do not file this under "easy listening."

On his new white vinyl, 7-inch ("Though 9-1/2 would be more appropriate," Lamar quips in his publicity), he presents three songs.

Side one plays at 33-1/3 rpm and features two of Lamar's more infamous provocations. "Dirty Dirty Nigga" is a rebel's strike against the conformity of the past. Lamar talks about his grandmother working as a cleaning lady and his mother telling him to stay clean. He instead decides to be a "dirty dirty dirty nigga," an intention he declares as he clanks down hard on the piano, violent but also appealingly funky. (As Lamar later sings, "I don't even clean my ass/Cause I want the funk to last.")

"W h i t e Pussy" sounds like the coming-on of the piano player in a brothel located somewhere in 1920s New Orleans and Hell: "They eat the pussy ... They drink the pussy ... White pussy for sale." Both of the side one tracks repeat the provocations of their titles again and again as he wails and pounds the piano.

The track on side two, which plays at 45 rpm (a fact which I missed at first, and led to a moment of puzzlement as a much deeper voice than expected came out of my stereo speakers), offers—probably intentionally—a different side of M. Lamar. "The Conquest" seems to conflate the war-stricken state of the world with M. Lamar's philosophy in the bedroom. Far less cynical and in-your-face than side one, "The Conquest" maintains the atmosphere of Lamar's other tracks but isn't satisfied to repeat a mantra-like verse. Instead,

'Balloon' video

Schwervon

By Jonathan Berger

Dan Costello occasionally likes to write about music he finds via new media. As an international adventurer, he sometimes can't get to the computer, so your Urban Folk editor is filling in. Schwervon, the center of the Olive Juice music world, has just released *Low Blow*, their fourth album in the U.S. The U.K.? Don't ask. While a new Schwervon! release is cause for celebration under any circumstances, the musical duo (O.J. head honcho Matt Roth on guitar and life partner Nan Turner on drums) have made it a larger event by producing promotional videos. One is Dr. Katz-style animation to supplement a spoken-word piece from the album, and the other is the full-on, live action ecstatic video for "Balloon."

The latter is a joyous convocation of the entire Olive Juice Music community, including cameos from virtually anyone who is anyone in the O.J. world (name checks abound for fellow artists like Cthulhu Sex's Oliver Baer, Joe Crow Ryan, Preston Spurlock, Thomas Patrick Maguire, the entire Kelly clan, and that vicious album cover cat, Gummo). The video includes harmonic singing from the two band members, with visuals of a house party and a roof gone wild with innovative, excited dancing.

The video captures the energy and unity of their musical community, making it an incredible document of an incredible scene. This video is not the first Schwervon! has created, and it won't be the last for this album; but it is perfectly representative and, in that regard, glorious.

To see the "Balloon" video visit www.youtube.com/watch?v=PaApk2CQH70.

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For more information visit www.mlamar.com.

Costello's Web



'Balloon' video

Schwervon

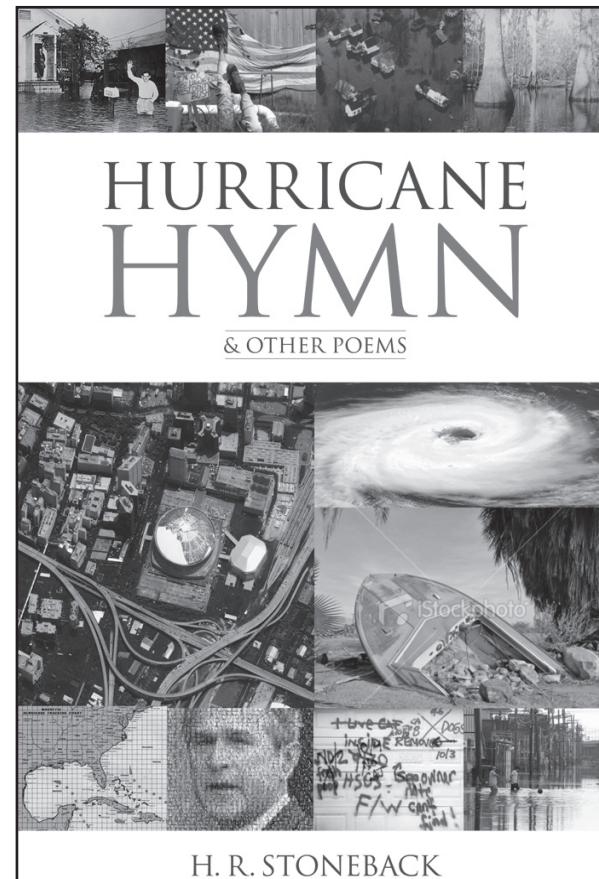
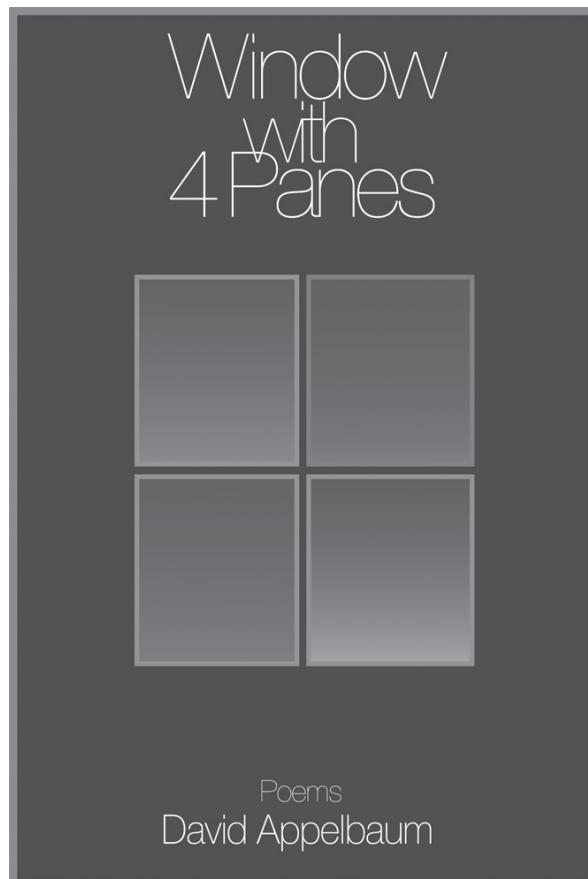
By Jonathan Berger

Dan Costello occasionally likes to write about music he finds via new media. As an international adventurer, he sometimes can't get to the computer, so your Urban Folk editor is filling in. Schwervon!, the center of the Olive Juice music world, has just released *Low Blow*, their fourth album in the U.S. The U.K.? Don't ask. While a new Schwervon! has created, and it won't be the last for this album; but it is perfectly representative and, in that regard, glorious.

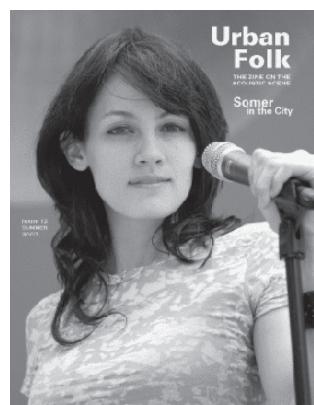
To see the "Balloon" video visit [www.youtube.com](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PaApk2CQH70)



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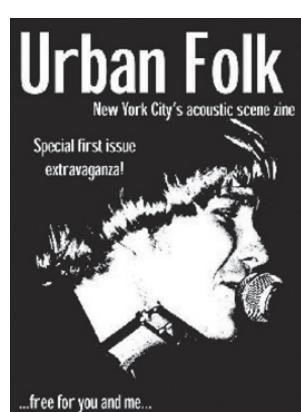
www.scribd.com has pdfs.

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Segue Reading Series @ Bowery Poetry Club

February 21, 4:00 p.m.

*308 Bowery, just north of Houston
\$6 admission goes to support the readers*

ART

Lauren Bon Los Angeles



Photo Courtesy Ace Gallery



Photo Courtesy Ace Gallery

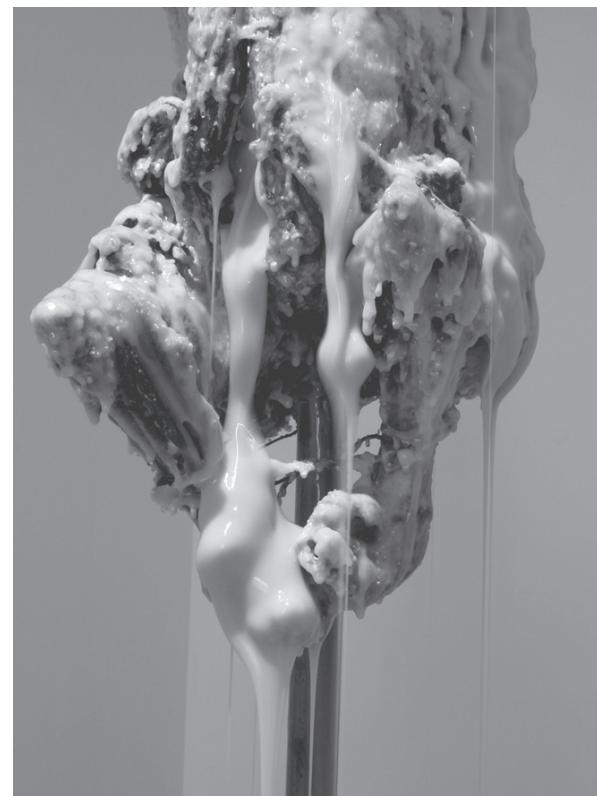


Photo Courtesy Ace Gallery

About the Artist

Laura Bon grew up in New Haven, Conn. She has lived in Roswell, N.M.; Los Angeles; Tel Aviv; London; Belgrade; and elsewhere. She has performed Modern Dance with Bat D'Or; made Italian theater masks (Comedia Dell' Art) in Paris; and apprenticed for Martha Graham Co., Isamu Noguchi, and Magdalena Abakanowicz. Her sculptures and installations have been shown widely. She is represented by Los Angeles' Ace Gallery, where these images were photographed in 2007 for her exhibition Bees and Meat.

"Bees and meat are connected in a wide-ranging series of myths and stories dating from prehistory to the present. These concern aspects of the metabolic as symbolized by the honeybee emerging from the rotting flesh of an animal. This concept can first be seen illustrated in cave paintings, such as the one painted in 15000 B.C.E. in Valencia, Spain. Later we know of the cult of the apis bull in ancient Egypt through hieroglyphics. The story of Sampson slaying the lion and discovering honey in its torso is from the Old Testament. Of particular importance to this installation is the myth of Aristeaus, classical mythology's beekeeper who loses his queen bee for his role in Eurydice's demise and later is reconnected with the bee in the suspended carcass of a sacrificed lamb. This myth is best known from the Roman poet Virgil's epic, Georgics."

BOOG CITY

Issue 54 free

editor/publisher
David A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com
urban folk editor
Jonathan Berger
urbanfolkzine@gmail.com

copy editor
Joe Bates
art editor
Brenda Iijima
poetry editors
Julia Cohen, Mathias Svalina
poetry@welcometoboogcity.com
printed matter editor
Paolo Javier, Mark Lamoureux
mark_lamoureux@yahoo.com
counsel
Ian S. Wilder

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BOOG CITY

330 W. 28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
www.welcometoboogcity.com
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

letters to the editor

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East Village

Directions: F/V to 2nd Ave., L to 1st Ave.

www.sidewalkmusic.net

www.antifolk.net

No cover, all ages welcome.

Kindly observe the 2 drink minimum.

Tuesday, February 17

- Ariel Bitran - 7:00
- Stephanie Nilles - 7:30
- Aaron Invisible - 8:00
- Isto - 8:30
- Dave End - 9:00
- Wet Bandits/Sticky Bandits - 9:30
- Brook Pridemore - 10:00
- The Everybody Knows - 11:00
- Clinical Trials (feat. Somer) - 12:00

Wednesday, February 18

- Wilder Worldwide - 7:00
- The Zombie Nationalists - 7:30
- Isaac Gillespie - 8:00
- Brian Speaker - 8:30
- Yoko Kikuchi - 9:00
- Rav Shmuel - 9:30
- Joe Crow Ryan - 10:00
- Toby Goodshank - 10:30
- New York Howl - 11:30

Thursday, February 19

- Chloe Philip - 7:00
- Domino - 7:30
- Touching You - 8:00
- Peter Dizozza - 8:30
- Rachel Trachtenburg - 9:00
- Jason Trachtenburg - 9:30
- Dan Fishback - 10:00
- Creaky Boards - 11:00
- Soft Black - 12:00

Friday, February 20

- Bernard King Presents - 7:00
- Dan Costello - 8:00
- Eric Wolfson - 8:30
- Herb Scher - 9:00
- Debe Dalton - 9:30
- Diane Cluck - 10:00
- Frank Hoier - 11:00
- Don McCloskey - 12:00

Saturday, February 21

- Wizard Rock Women! - 7:00
- Preston Spurlock - 10:00
- The Relatives - 10:30
- Phoebe Kreutz - 11:30
- Huggabroomstik - 12:30

Sunday, February 22

- Julie Hill - 7:00
- The Warbles - 7:30
- Nate Awesome - 8:00
- Deborah T. - 8:30
- David Greenberg - 9:00
- Jordan Levinson - 9:30
- Adam Bricks - 10:00
- Mike Bagliv & The Open End - 10:30
- Josh Fox & the Royal Drag - 11:30

Monday, February 23

- The Open Stage with Ben Krieger
- sign-up at 7:30

Tuesday, February 24

- Aaron Jones - 7:00
- Duck - 7:30
- Laura Brenneman - 8:00
- Jon Berger - 8:30
- Liv Carrow - 9:00
- M. Lamar - 9:30
- Brian McPherson - 10:00
- Ish Marquez - 10:30
- A Brief View Of The Hudson - 11:00
- Amos - 11:30

Wednesday, February 25

- Manson Famly Picnic - 7:00
- Alex P - 7:30
- Grey Revell - 8:30
- The Telethons - 9:00
- Outlines - 9:30
- Elastic No-No Band - 10:30
- Shilpa Ray - 11:30
- Crabs on Banjo CD Release & Farewell Show - 12:30

Thursday, February 26

- Kenny Cambre - 7:00
- Ben Sadock - 7:30
- Dinosaur Feathers - 8:00
- Susan Hwang - 8:30
- The Venn Diagrams - 9:00
- Ben Sheperd - 9:30
- Mr.Patrick - 10:00
- Schwervon! - 11:00
- The Lisps - 12:00

Friday, February 27

- The Fools - 7:00
- The Young Dads - 7:30
- The Best - 8:00
- Charles Latham - 8:30
- Steve Espinola - 9:00
- Erin Regan - 9:30
- Lach - 10:00
- The Wowz - 11:00
- Ching Chong Song - 12:00

