

Winter AntiFolk Festival!

Highlights of February's Years'-Long Tradition

BY JONATHAN BERGER

It's that time of the year, when windows get insulated and earmuffs replaced, and dozens of loyal AntiFolk listeners come out of their brief hibernation and converge upon the East Village to celebrate one another. Ben Krieger, host and booker at the Sidewalk Café, has scheduled yet another Winter



Little Insects

AntiFolk extravaganza, featuring what is considered the best and the brightest in AF action. Here's just a taste of what you can experience at this annual event.

Mon., Feb. 21
Open Mic
7:30 p.m.-2:00 a.m.

The week-long festivities start at the Open Stage at the Sidewalk Café, home to what is claimed to be the longest-running, best attended open mic in New York City. The open mic is the axis around which this artistic community turns, with a collection of regular performers interspersed with brand-new singers—and everything in between. While the event focuses on music, all forms of performance are included and even encouraged. Many of the performers appearing in the week to come will be on hand to play, promote, or peruse the latest acts on the scene.



The Fools

Tues., Feb. 22
Olive Juice Music Night, The Fools
9:40 p.m.

Our favorite music collective, Olive Juice Music, is curating the first full night of the Festival. The label is infamous for its duos, including Prewar Yardsale, The Leader, and Schwervon! (the last two are both on this bill). Another duo is The Fools, featuring Jen Tobin and Uchenna Bright. Tobin and Bright have been a quiet warming presence in the AntiFolk community for years now. Their debut LP, *Lost and Found*, had been bubbling and threatened for some time, taking years to culminate. No one could have imagined the result. A minimalist effort, *Lost* expands on The Fools' formula. Jen Tobin's soft vocals, backed by her own guitar and Bright's bass, are further amplified on the album by drums, piano, and sonic overdubs. The additional instrumentation, including waves and echoes, maintains the hushed effect that Tobin's redemptive lyrics regularly strive for, except for the cuts that rock out. "The Lullaby" and "A Good Day" punch hard. The band's album was well worth the wait but is still a very different experience from the humble live performances The Fools provide, running through unpretentious interpretations of the same songs. Each version of The Fools is well worth experiencing; check out the live show.
www.myspace.com/thefools_lostandfound

Wed., Feb. 23
Little Insects
7:40 p.m.

Starting out as a band, Little Insects became a solo project when leader Omar Delarosa moved from Central Florida to Central Brooklyn. For his Festival show, Delarosa promises to reform



Emily Einhorn

the band by creating a new one from scratch. This is great, because the sonic arrangements on his recordings ("Let Go Of My Sweater" is Brian Wilson dancing with The Jesus and Mary Chain in The Cavern Club) demands further instrumentation than

In recent appearances, Krieger has experimented more and more. Between shows of nothing but samples, purely acoustic gigs, sets featuring lyrics from songs he no longer remembers writing, and sporadic bouts of nude dancing, it seems there's little the man won't try.

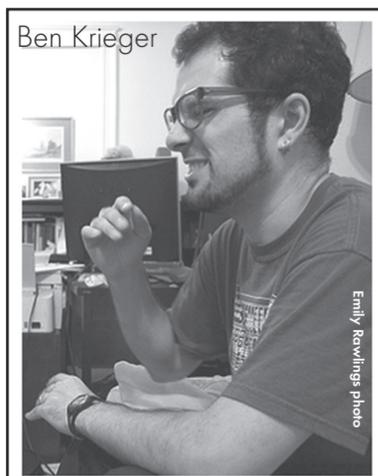
any single artist could provide. It just makes sense that the more hands involved in Little Insects, the bigger the sound will be.
www.omardelarosa.com

Thurs., Feb. 24
Bernard King Presents
9:00 p.m.

Exceedingly few regulars in this community shy away from the stage. Bernard King is that rare exception. Previously a performing poet, King claims to have retired long before becoming a fan of AntiFolk. King continues to write but never publicly presents his material himself. This doesn't stop it from being heard. The spirit of DIY has informed even King's work. On a regular basis, the writer curates a series called Bernard King Presents, in which he orchestrates a variety of local singers and poets to recite selections of his choosing.
www.myspace.com/mercyvilla

Joe Crow Ryan
10:20 p.m.

There is familiarity in the unpredictability of a Joe Crow Ryan show. Always will the artist ask for requests from the audience, with the caveat that "all requests may be approximated." Always will there be a confusing mix of originals and covers (confusing because, except for the classics you're familiar with, it'll be hard to identify one from the other). Always will the artist be playing his banjolele (not a banjo; not a ukulele, but something strangely different). Always will Ryan promote his ever-growing series of recordings under the *This Machine Kills Purists* umbrella (a play on Woody Guthrie's 70-year-old Nazi condemnation). Always



Ben Krieger

will Crow's limited vocal range be overwhelmed by his expressive emotional range, and always will he force you to be entertained.

You may have already caught some of Crow's shows. A frequent underground busker, Joe Crow Ryan can be found many nights in many a train station, singing for his supper, his rent, and his utility bill. For his Festival show, he will be



Debe Dalton

performing as King Crow with frequent collaborator Sarah King (the second King of the evening).
www.myspace.com/joecrowryan

Fri., Feb. 25
Emily Einhorn
9:20 p.m.

A far too infrequent performer, Illinois-bred Einhorn writes incredible material, soulful and funny at once. She performs with such nervous energy that it's nearly impossible not to get drawn in, but she is so self-effacing that she acts like we're doing her a favor to let her sing on stage in the first place. Sandwiched by old hands (nouveau bluesman Lenny Molotov before her, AntiFolk godfather Lach afterwards), Einhorn is, quite simply, astonishing.
www.myspace.com/emilyeinhorn

Please see ANTIFOLK page 2



Joe Crow Ryan

Micah Ballard
San Francisco
A Song for the Deaf

I shall lend them my body
but first put a hit out
on my predatory past, mire vigils
& a failed screen test for a gram
with the occasional others.
The plot is simple, any gun will do
Hayes Valley, Russian Hill, Cow Hollow
Macbeth's witches have no place here
but this is not a taser situation
the feelings wear off
then take on any form to stay alive
part ward of the city, part imposing façade
former guests that return to life
a sign I used to wear, a speaking likeness
somewhat like your own

Debe Dalton
10:45 p.m.

AntiFolk prodigal daughter and banjo master Debe Dalton, who has been living in upstate New York for the last year-and-a-half, returns to the city with new material and a horrifyingly optimistic attitude. Her Northern sojourn left her less time to listen to live music, but, thankfully, more time to compose it.

The dedicated AntiFolk masses are pleased as punch to see Dalton return. In her absence, a plaque was put up at her favorite seat in her favorite club. Now the plaque shows anyone and everyone just where she belongs.

As Boog City went to press, we learned Dalton will miss the festival due to an ice-related fall.

www.antifolk.net/artists/debedalton/

Sat., Feb. 26
Ray Brown
9:00 p.m.

Ray Brown was an East Village performer 20 years ago. He dropped out after the closing of the famed Chameleon Club on Sixth Street. In the last couple of years, he's returned to the scene of his earlier crimes, performing regularly just a few doors down at his current roost, the Sidewalk Café. The seemingly autobiographical material that drives the best of Ray Brown's songs is funny and tragic

The open mic is the axis around which this artistic community turns, with a collection of regular performers interspersed with brand-new singers—and everything in between.

at one time. A dedicated audience member, Brown elicits the same from his crowd. Expect regulars to sing along with chorus after chorus.

www.antifolk.net/artists/raybrown/index.html

Ben Krieger
11:00 p.m.

The once incredibly prolific singer/songwriter/producer has slowed his pace considerably since becoming a father and mainstay of the AntiFolk community. His weekly shows with the improv band Crabs on Banjo have stopped after the release of a three-disc collection last year. Krieger's still got a lot of activities on his plate: siring more spawn, working on the latest in a long line of albums, and curating this very AntiFolk Festival.

In recent appearances, Krieger has experimented more and more. Between shows of nothing but samples, purely acoustic gigs, sets featuring lyrics from songs he no longer remembers writing, and sporadic bouts of nude dancing, it seems there's little the man won't try. For all the freakishness of his performances, though, the underlying songs are strong and emotional and can be quite melodic.

Krieger plays last on the last two nights of the festival in his most recent project, Yossarian Feedback. He will share the stage with such luminaries as Deep Sound Diver and Master Lee, arranging diverse and explosive sonic endeavors.

www.benkrieger.com



picasso in
barcelona

BOB HOLMAN

This is Bob Holman's fifteenth book, if you count CDs, videos, anthologies and translations, which he does. In it, he takes on Pablo Picasso, and it's pretty much a draw. But then, it is Picasso at age 15, so somewhat unfair, and of course Pablo doesn't give us his version of what went on. Still, it smells of poetry, and it rings like truth. The dance mix is guaranteed to get you moving, and the Spanish translation (thanks to Sol Gaitan) will come in handy when you are asking for directions in Barcelona.

picasso in barcelona
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Whose Place

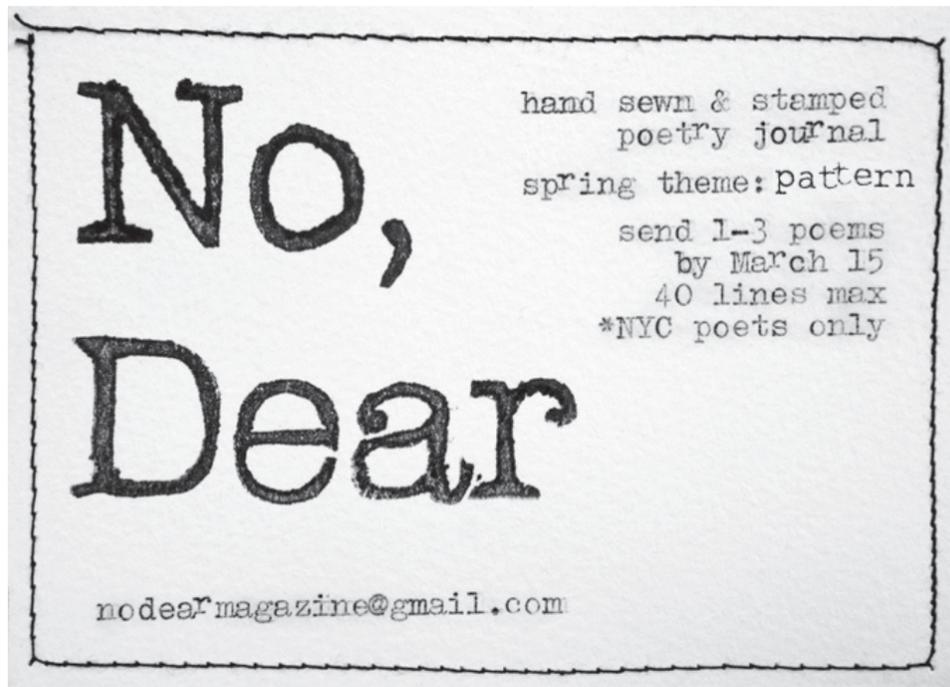
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—Rachel Levitsky



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'Am I Rothko?'

Tim Peterson's VIOLET SPEECH

Certain sentences in here will surprise you with a knock to the funny bone where you thought there was a separation between your body and the air and yet separation is not there there is only the ON-THE-ONE sway of the Sun Drum Trace traces in quick sharp lines. The Reality Studio is looted and we are all beneficiaries of this syllabic riot in the pants of friendship.



BY FILIP MARINOVICH

Dear Tim Peterson <Trace>,

I greet you at the beginning of a great speech ear.

Ear: AH. Era. (As in: "I think I spy the Confrontational Era rising with the violet spy of the dawn's crepuscular light. ...")

Tim Peterson <Trace>, a poem. Trace writes a poem: *VIOLET SPEECH* (2nd Avenue Poetry): my favorite kind of poem: a long poem. Alchemy: turning what's violent into a flower, a color, electromagnetic radiation, finding beauty and humor and surprise in the shit fit of "civilization": a necessary survival skill and joy in the 21st Century Dark lit up by Trace with violet flares of Grace. Total generosity: he lets us sit in on the making-of-the-poem, the making-of-that-which-is-a-making, and leaves us plenty of outer space for response play. He offers dialog and an invitation to party, not the "private property" verse so expertly satirized by the dad scientist lines of *VIOLET SPEECH*:

"The application of stone to the blossom, rather than mere cladding, creates an Orpheus sort of day. ..."

Oh Aquarian Water Bearer Time: resistance is refreshing for all of us so dehydrated by commodity saltwater scurvy of our lost piracy, you pour us a pitcher of fresh water resistance-training poetry. We need festive difficulty, pro-jester verse, a workout in the not-knowing gem-gym, not coddling "accessibility" and "directness" dreck.

Fusing eviction legalese, art history language, lalang trickster jokerstyle Yes outing the Noes from their closets. LALANGTONGUE OF JOUISSANCE'S PRECUM COCKPIT PILOT SMILE. LALANG IS AN ENACTER/ SYMPTOM ENACTER JOY/ NOT A DESCRIBER. RITE! Inspired joker construction jester gestus atlas flapping its violet paper wings in Brechtian Aquarian SpaceAge demonstration of alien defamiliarization of humalien nerves cut up and yet reconnected in the continual battle against dehumanization poetry is if it has any "all-around poetry chutzpah" at all. Living in a Demoncracy is not all it's cracked up to me. There is community, too. A community cue-chalk-full of commodity fetish blues, hold the relish. Please hold your applesauce till the end.

I'm continuing my reading list method of absorbing eating sucking (much like a wasp who tries to suck a Rothko canvas dry) all the poets of the astrological sign the sun is currently in. Currently: Aquarius. (As in "The Age Of ...") Currently shooting past the great laboratory resurrection monster Brecht-n'-Stein, Spicer, Woolf, Burroughs, and Joyce on the star pop charts of my heart is the poet Tim Peterson <TRACE>, an Aquarian in a dawning Age of Aquarius, zeitgeist incarnate poet incarnadine juice on the loose. Electric: for The Water Bearer comes bearing not only water these days but also electromagnetic energy. We thirst for electric gnosis and are dehydrated by lead-fetter-office of cubicle ice age. Peterson is here to Trace the bleak yet giddy yet already empty present "THE TIME BEING"=The Tim Being. WE ARE THE ALIENS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

It is a task of poetry to offer resistance to a reader. Every reader one of us is infected with commodity relish: playing freeze tag with name-brand bad magic. Trace's silver Brillo pad prose blocks will scrub you clean with HEE HEE HEE. Trace's word-at-a-time MINDFOX will eat your pet cat and you will love it. The ninth life is NIGH! The prevent-defense is no longer an option. We have burned the furniture of our furnished room earth, and "THIS IS THE SPACE AGE WE ARE HERE TO GO"—Burroughs, companionalien Aquarius. TIM: Scherzo composer alchemizing lalang compost into violets with a jouissancery hand. Burning down the authority chancellor fast with a wave of the jazz. Alien waif pad: roomy as all smell. Your sense memory will see you now: only you have no memory: there's so many futures to enact SO THAT WE GET THERE WE CAN WE CAN. Can't we? "PROUDLY SAY 'WE' AMIDST THE JEERS OF THE AUDIENCE"—The Russian Futurists.

I said to Mayakovsky "How lonely does it get?" Mayakovsky hasn't answered yet: but I hear him coughing in his rocket: all night long. Say! don't let dictators kill you: not in the rocket of Tongue.

But what am I jawing on about? Trace SAYS IT JEST:

"The dirt is swarming with small-flowered hybrid lawyers."

Queering law-guage:

VIOLET SPEECH: It's the hope you smoke between the tropes:

"After blooming, we produce capsules that when they open grow into poems."

"Rothko boxes dead heads."

Dude, Rothko played "Saint Stephen" 22 times last night in Cleveland for the encore. Oh those were the doze, my friends. *Violet Speech* kills nostalgia dead, allowing the friendly cyborg of interplanetary and/or-gasm to arise and have a say in timespace. We humans have been busy accumulating solace. Trace makes us fearful of how we are, in such a funny way. Certain sentences in here will surprise you with a knock to the funny bone where you thought there was a separation between your body and the air and yet separation is not there there is only the ON-THE-ONE sway of the Sun Drum Trace traces in quick sharp lines. The Reality Studio is looted and we are all beneficiaries of this syllabic riot in the pants of friendship.

"Am I Rothko?"

I am having an Identity Isis.

"Identity is so messy, like an essay."

"Are you a factory poet?"

Conformist-poet-within, take notice: you are hereby served your barking papers.

Violet! Speechifyingly yours,

Filip Marinovich A *VIOLET SPEECH* ACT

P.S.

ATTENTION CITIZEN COMRADICALS: Time to eat the COMCASTRATED information of our moment's news. Poetry is hues that stay cues to enter awake bathed in violet breaklight. Tim Peterson <Trace> is not just a multi-series curator. (Don't friend him just for that. Friend him for his genius teaching poem. Invite yourself and be party to a new text of such festive resistance to the commodity fetish gene blooming dead violetter office inside each one of the anters vast of one's interior life's amputated antlers.)

He is a real poet. A terrific poet. *VIOLET SPEECH* is a great long poem. Would you like me to define my terms? I would like you to arrange your herms. Please read the poem s l o w l y . Skip a flannel discussion one night and stay in in panel pajamas and climb up the high ice ladder of lines and bleed a little it will do

Alchemy: turning what's violent into a flower, a color, electromagnetic radiation, finding beauty and humor and surprise in the shit fit of "civilization": a necessary survival skill and joy in the 21st Century Dark lit up by Trace with violet flares of Grace.

you good, scar tissue radio citizen Martian.

"Yet in private moments, of which there are now none, I keep zooming focus back to the bed of violets, poring over their legal briefs in long slow drafts that provoke the essence of volatile lived norms."—Tim Peterson <Trace>

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Brandon Duff Greenpoint, Brooklyn

Brandon Duff is an oil painter. He studied graphic design and drawing at Arizona State University and moved to Paris in 2009, where he worked on several exhibitions at La Nuit Blanche/Fiac. He now resides and works in a studio in Greenpoint. More work can be viewed at www.brandonduff.com.

Artist Statement

I am a visual hoarder who builds paintings around a stored catalog of images and past experiences. I am largely influenced by modern French and post-war British art. The way I paint is rather instinctive and figurative, with an emphasis on the female form. I tend to use contrasted imagery in order to make apparent those aspects of my work I find most important. In particular, light and dark imagery is especially interesting to me. However, it is beauty itself that moves me and thus is my main focus.



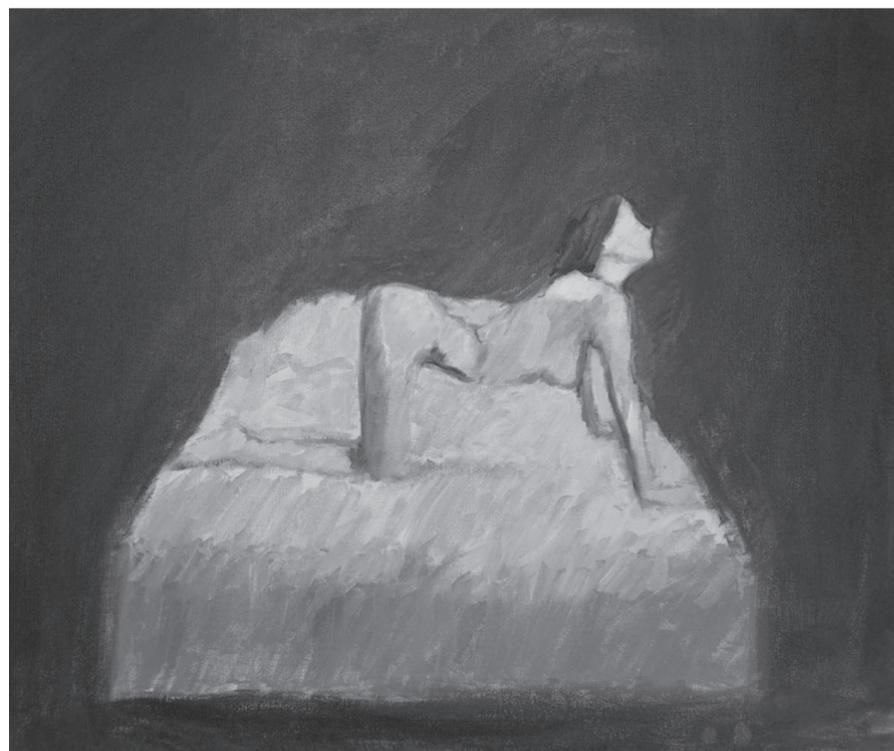
Light and Figures 30' x 30' oil 2011



Figure in Room 18" x 24" oil 2011



Female and Dog 6' x 7' oil 2011



Female Figure 18" x 24" oil 2011

Portrait of Male 18" x 24" oil 2011



Kick and Streak 24" x 18" oil 2011



Female Figure 48" x 24" oil 2011



Portrait of a Female 24" x 18" oil 2011

Eileen Myles The East Village *Killer's Cry*

Now the
cat
won't sleep
with me
& I can't
water the
plants
this causes
an enormous
yawn &
tears
come
to my eyes
& the heating's
tapping
down
I wonder
if he
knows this
or that
word in
French
I hope
I wake
up. She
will only
give me
bad news
& he & I
will go
to Mexico
because
this is
my life. I
am filled
w good
things despite
her bad
news
I'm sure
she doesn't
view me
badly
That is
her job.
It's
mine to
look
for the simplest
& easiest
words w
no apparent
edge
everywhere
it's too
warm
why should
I be
difficult.

Something
bit my
cat's
neck
there's a
pout of
skin
a cut
sitting
there. Prob-
ably
a coyote
That's
why he
won't
sleep w
me. They
will all
look
sad when
I bring
him in
because
my dog
just died.
Tonight
I looked
at her
pawprint
in plaster
& it looked
like anyone's.
Where are
her long
nails.
In the
box, ashes
now. Her
name embossed
on a
plaque. It
embarrasses
me her
death where
even her
dying
was wonderful
refusing
dog food
only
steak then
we carried
her into
the
room.

Jackie Clark

Jersey City, N.J.

Jackie Clark vs. *The Ocean*

I'd rather not shoot back the shot
I'd rather not drop the rock
I'd rather not introduce myself to the moon
Who knows what the headhunter would make of you
All that noise, all that totality

Jason Morris

San Francisco

Decibel Check (An Index)

for Ryan Coffey

me being pro extra
heard they both words
I would spit & maul & give it sails
key market liquor grocery
my Safeway
complex complex, ie.,
Agoraphobia
but of a specific agora
Eschatology becoming
more realistic later in life
sure it's a big word for
someone writing in the dark
so sing the mental
guard dogs songs
to charm the chained beasts
& teach them
amid the Safeway signage
ok now me to be pro extra
for real
& yet why me so I
fragmented & pleasant
online or in dreams
perform itself wrongly
visible, active
ready to be contacted
findable & present
to the world as it seems

About the Poets

Micah Ballard (cover) was born in Baton Rouge, La. From 2000-07 he directed the Humanities Program at New College of California, and he currently works for the M.F.A. in Writing Program at the University of San Francisco. Recent books include *Easy Eden* (Push Press), *Parish Krewes* (Bootstrap Press), *Poems from the New Winter Palace* (Arrow as Aarow), and, forthcoming from City Lights in the fall, *Waifs and Strays*. **Jackie Clark** is editor-in-chief of *LIT* magazine. She is also the series editor of *Poets off Poetry* on www.coldfrontmag.com, a monthly series where poets write about music. Greying Ghost Press and H-NGM-N recently published her chapbooks, *Office Work* and *Red Fortress*, respectively. She blogs occasionally at www.nohelpforthat.wordpress.com. **Susanna Fry** continues to map her geography through walking, writing, and practicing kundalini yoga in Philadelphia. She is the assistant director of The Critical Writing Program at the University of Pennsylvania. **Ruth Lepson** is poet-in-residence at the New England Conservatory of Music. Her books are *I Went Looking for You* (BlazeVOX [books]), *Morphology* (with artist Rusty Crump, blazevox), *Dreaming in Color* (Alice James Books), and *Poetry from Sojourner: A Feminist Anthology* (U of Illinois). In recent years she has been collaborating with musicians and performs with the group, low road, that sets her poetry to music. **Jason Morris** grew up in Vermont. Poems and essays have appeared in *Eleven Eleven*; *Big Bridge*; *Jacket*; *TRY!*; *Forklift*, *Ohio*; *The Tsatsawassans*; and elsewhere. *Spirits & Anchors*, a chapbook, is available from Auguste Press, and *From the Golden West Notebooks* is forthcoming from Allone Co. He tends bar and edits *Big Bell*. **Eileen Myles'** *inferno* (a poet's novel) was out this fall from www.orbooks.com. She lives in Manhattan but frequently visits Brooklyn. **Joel Sloman** was born in Brooklyn in 1943 and grew up there. In 1966, he became the assistant director of The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery, under its then director, Joel Oppenheimer, and edited its journal, *The World*. He is the author of *Virgil's Machines*, *Bus Poems*, *Stops*, and *Cuban Journal*. His most recent publication is a chapbook, *Off the Beaten Trak!*

Susanna Fry

Philadelphia

Submerged

How long does it take to crave a routine?

What do you remember about the outside? The emptiness?

How will you leave here, empty-handed and engulfed
in sticky sunlight or begging for change?

Before we continue, I must know;

Did you think
I was different than you?

I brought salt.

Convinced that this was enough
I left for days to contemplate a flowering universe.

But you stayed where you were, scribbling in a notebook
about the clothesline out back and the scent of spring bedding.
It was I who got lost
in the forest and spied on the white swan sitting
on the edge, the shallow pond.

I who whispered in your ear about the dead turtle eggs.

Do you remember the sound the pines make in summer? Shhh. Shhh.
The way that they ignite the backyard at sunset?

The pattern of birds' wings is what I am trying to memorize.

You've captured memory in tiny boxes, a small collection of time.
What has it brought you?

What will happen to my fingernails?

Will my mind withstand the hallway of mirrors that you keep hanging on the walls with your
hammer and nails measuring the same spot over and over again trying to perfect the view?

We are not separate. I am inside and like you terrified. Instead of climbing, we numb ourselves
with feathers.

In the way I once believed in the ocean I now believe in dirt.

operating on a circannual rhythm

returning to the nest of feathers & features & the mere compulsion
to pick your scab is learned behavior
the gutted-out school bus on the roadside
is so me it's how i feel on this drive back
the way it collects clogs our view unwilling to hide itself
when the air thins out we'll take this mack truck
we leave because we can it's as simple as this chemical landscape of wires
rotted cars cows plastic bags pine needle backdrop
I promise to remember the buses on the roadside
lonely cattails rudimentary yet forgiving
beat-up birds red-winged cackling
at us as we sail past
once again long-haired airy
route 80 is unchanging
the motel white brick
surviving just as promised we see
blue mountains unravel into cloudy sky & lace fixes itself alongside gasoline tanks
we remain onward a few thousand miles
rolling down the window on this drive again
yellow fields off than on window wipers keeping
time to hills & you & the radio
this pastime of slime & throaty advertisements
everyone is so American these days
with their billboard sentiments
wearing their racism on their bumper
cars weaving in and out of an unspeakable whiteness
weary I jerk you off while we pass trucks & minivans
you fiddle with the rearview mirror trying to hand
me a landscape I can understand but I think we should pull
off the road and hike up the hill pitching your tent
under the canopy of birch trees not driving this distance again.

Joel Sloman

Medford, Mass.

A Bark

Some rowers on the river in pink and yellow
a dozen plastic vehicles, mostly tricycles, some small,
but most big enough for a kid to ride
Of course, "No Dogs Allowed"
I'm not a dog, so I can run around anywhere I like
like a drunk or like a ballet dancer
Too seldom do I take advantage of this freedom

The birds are running errands from tree to tree
There's a dog across the river. It barks it explains
This is where water should be but not today I guess
Some chewed acorns litter the table

People look halfway down the street at fire trucks
First let me state, Welcome!
Now here are the rules
Violators will be sorry

There is a mixture of sounds in a matrix of rustling
Not a bouquet, but a flower
Not a flower, but a color
Civilization is poignant, and a bitch
I'm a member of the club
There's a pit in my stomach
filled with mold

Ruth Lepson

Cambridge, Mass.

Pay Attention

Pay attention, folks. I don't like folks who don't pay attention. They just take up space,
to say it for the lowest common denominator. That's America today, folks. The lowest
common denominator. Hey, miss, why are you leaving? I didn't leave when you came.
Never mind, folks, it doesn't bother me at all. They left me when I was young, I'm used
to it. Young man, come up here, you can help me. This is as close as I get to having
an assistant. I'm no team player. That's why they didn't let me into the army. I told them,
I'm no team player; then they wouldn't let me in. I've been around the world, folks,
several times, and let me tell you the trick I'm about to show you is not a nice one. Not
a great one. I've got a couple of those. By a couple I mean two. But unless you're a
manipulator you can't tell the difference, so I'm telling you. Blink for one second and
you'll miss the trick. I learned this one in Europe, from a master. He's smarter than all
the professors at Harvard, but he doesn't have a plaque on the wall. I told him, you're
great, the best I've ever seen. I figured if I was nice to him he'd show me a few things
and he showed me the best trick I'm going to show you tonight. I'd go anywhere in
the world to watch a manipulator—not a magician, mind you; they're boring. I've been
accused in the papers of using double decks, but I'm no magician. I'm a manipulator.

Ivy Johnson

Chapbook Release Party

Tues. Feb. 22, 6:00 p.m., free

Celebrating the release of Ivy Johnson's First
Chapbook, *Walt Disney's Light Show Extrava-
ganza*, out now from Boog Literature. Featuring
readings from Ivy Johnson, Paige Lipari, and
Brandon Miller, and music from Yoko Kikuchi.
Plus cheese and crackers, and wine and other
beverages.

ACA Galleries 529 W. 20th St., 5th Fl. (bet. 10th & 11th aves)

For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) • editor@boogcity.com

Sidewalk Presents...

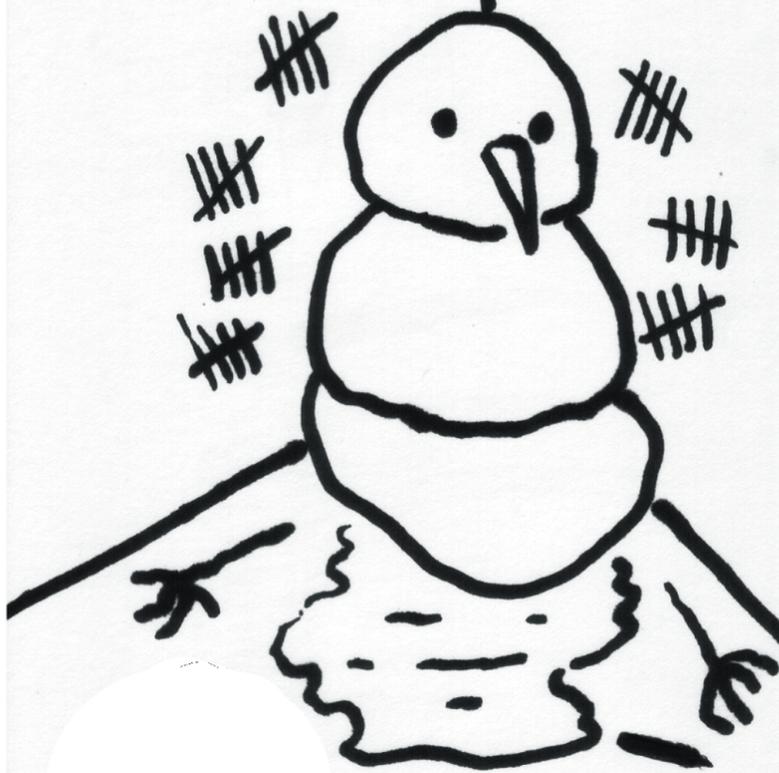
The Winter Antifolk Festival 2011

February 21-27

94 Avenue A (@ 6th St)

NO COVER

kindly observe the 2 drink minimum



Monday, February 21
The Monday Night Open Stage
Sign-up at 7:30pm

Tuesday, February 22
Olive Juice Music Night
7:00-OJ Kickoff Event
7:40-Leslie Graves
8:20-Dan Fishback
9:00-The Happy Rappies
9:40-The Fools
10:20-The Leader
11-Schwervon!

Midnight-Chill Out Dance Party with DJ MMM

Wednesday, February 23
7:00-Domino
7:40-Little Insects*
8:20-Amanda Nicole
9:00-Charles Mansfield
9:40-Ben Pagano*
10:20-Crazy & the Brains
11:00-The Telethons
12:00-Clinical Trials

Thursday, February 24
7:00-Myles Manley*
7:40-Jon Berger
8:20-Jordan Levinson
9:00-Bernard King Presents
9:40-Adam Bricks
10:20-Elizabeth Devlin
11:00-Brook Pridemore
12:00-Joe Crow Ryan

Friday, February 25
7:00-Scott Rudd
7:40-Fenton Lawless
8:20-Lenny Molotov
9:20-Emily Einhorn
10:00-Lach
10:45-Phoebe Kreutz
11:30-Isaac Gillespie & the Due Diligence
12:15-John Houx

Saturday, February 26

7:00-Bible Gun

7:40-Laura Brenneman

8:20-Bird to Prey

9:00-Ray Brown

9:40-The Barnyard Boys*

10:20-Dan & Rachel

11:00-"The Penultimate Blowout" with

Yossarian Feedback, JJ Hayes, Berth Control, Timothy Dark, Deep Sound Diver & more!

Sunday, February 27

BLACKOUT NIGHT - CLOSING CEREMONIES

Candlelit performances with no stage lights or power

Each set will begin with short readings by Gina Mobilio and Dan Costello

Intermission Music by Joe Crow Ryan

7:00-Blueberry Season*

7:40-Charles Latham

8:20-Cal Folger Day

9:00-The Everybody Knows

9:40-Dave Deporis

10:20-Beef & Jerky*

11:00-Talking Stick Presents with Master Lee, Rick Patrick, Puppies Holding Hands and more!

www.sidewalkmusic.net

*first-time festival performer!