Yes, this is your father's steak house, with a twist.

The Lost Faculties

Roundtable Performance immediately following Barbara Eden

Musical Roundtable: Performing similarities across time and genre.

Thursday, April 17th, 2014
8:15 pm
Belmont

Abbey & Baxter-Moore & Hamelman & Helb & Pitilli

* Not officially endorsed by the PCA/ACA (it's a joke).

April 2014
COMPLIMENTARY COPY
It's only

ONE DAY
ONLY

10 emails about drinking and getting drunk, he doesn't know he doesn't belong. He used my work and treated me as invisible, irrelevant.

You didn't mean you think... Oh, but I do. Next year, you're in my sandbox, come on down to play. Those breweries are my space, my friends, my man...

SEE YOU IN NEW ORLEANS!
THE LOST FACULTIES

One Smooth Move

* Not officially endorsed by the PCA/ACA (it's a joke).

Getting the Boot

DEVELOP A DISTINCT VOICE,
BUT MAKE SURE IT SOUNDS
LIKE THIS," THEY SAY.

THE RESULT?

OR: RIPPING OUT THE BEAUTIFUL IMPULSE AND
THEN BEING REPULSED BY THE TIDY CORPSE
LEFT BEHIND.

"One of the best Chop
experiences ever!"

AT THE EXPENSE OF:

VOICES OF PROTEST
advocacy efforts

Instigator
where these stories connect & disconnect.

The story of human Art

Secret History

The lore of truths
The Haunting of Hill House

 Introduced by Jon Scieszka, writer of the Newbery Honor-winning The Truckers, The Haunting of Hill House is a spookily compelling story about a family who is invited to join a mysterious and frightening house for the summer.

April 26 - May 14
sullivan galleries, 33 s. state st., 7th floor
DEATHLY FASHION

What Not To Wear a

feminist construct:

ality

 publishers of original thinking
THE FUTURE:

boredom

unspeakable messes in the lavatory.

a competitive creative environment

mayor's pet projects

Designer Silk Bridal Gowns Retail $2,000 - $5,000

torture and deprivation

jealous assholery

it'll make ya sick to yer stomach.

a lifetime of insipid cheese

"whimsy trap"

... maybe. if we're very very quiet, the future will pass us by. let's hope so.
I don't think I belong here and that's why I belong here.

So... I wrote something new. A couple of things, actually. Real books with actual words in them. Sentences, even arranged.

But, But, But. Who cares? I'm supposed to be the official follow-up novel, I actually got. Who expected that? Certainly not me. The story.

A narrative, but where and suspect? The yawning, I declare.

But, Is it new? If you don't understand it, maybe it's in plain sight.

Meanwhile, at the legitimacy store...

And, for all the consumption...

This consumer mindset AND the disease.

The consumer mindset.

You should do:

Baa.

Not in this post 9/11 society.

Here is what you should do:

Don't do anything.

$ $ $ $ $ $ $

People Mumble.
Fright AMERICAN CULTURE MOTHERF**KER
For many years...
I had heard that a lot of famous actors did not go by their "Real Names"
For example, John Wayne was actually Marion Michael Morrison and Ferded.
British actor Gary Grant was originally known as Archibald Leach. I guess that if that was my name, I would probably get a stage name myself.
It's a punk thing too, it's not like "Joey Roman" was born as Joey, or as a Roman at all.

This is the part where I get to the point of the story.
I eventually heard of a particularly evocative method actor from the sixties to the present. His name was RIP Torn.
I do not actually know if this was his real name or not.
I'm not sure if it matters or not. He's really only years now, but either way, if you meet him, he can say to you, "Hi, I'm RIP Torn." What do you say to that?
Coming out of Hibernation

The sunlight reflecting off my pale white arms blinds me as I emerge from my basement office, after a too-long winter. Living in Mississippi made me soft—the hardened Mainer, survivor of six-month-long winters long gone. With the spring comes the inevitable restlessness, the need for drastic change, something new, immediately. I look for small things, anything to keep me from dropping out of school and moving across the country—again. I cut my hair—it doesn’t work. I consider a new tattoo, remember the buzzing of the tattoo gun over my bony right wrist, and reconsider.

I find the next queer-friendly dance party, get tanked on too much beer, and wait for the inevitable, making out with cute boys or girls. When running away for a new adventure is not an option, romance provides a kind of substance.

The bar is full of loud, straight people sitting and standing around—who clearly hadn’t gotten the dance party memo. I drink until I can’t see them anymore.

In walks my crush of six months, mohawk recently restyled into stegosaurus spikes and single as of two days ago. Previous attempts to woo her involved homemade vegan blackberry pie. I hoped she was impressed.

Another beer in, I make a move. The restlessness ceases, for a moment.