

GRAFFITI VERITE'

GV DOCU-SERIES

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FILM REVIEWS of **GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC:** **The Iridescent Equations of SPOKEN WORD**

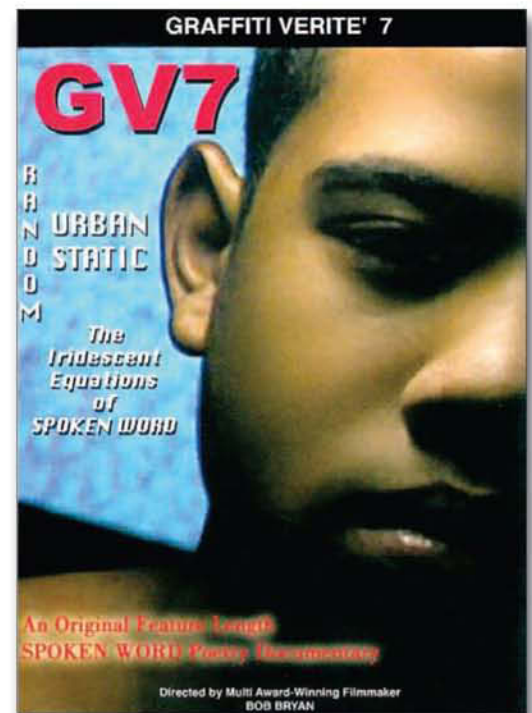
Directed by Multi Award-Winning Filmmaker Bob Bryan

GV7 **RANDOM URBAN STATIC** is a two hour DVD featuring fifteen performance oriented poets from the United States. Included in the mix are two time national slam champion Sekou (*tha misfit*), LA Slam Masters Mollie Angelheart and Natalie Patterson, two time Grand Slam Champion Bridget Gray, and many others. Poets and their performances are cut with interviews that connect performance poetry to hip-hop, question the importance of race and sexuality in performance poetry, and discuss the reasons behind performance poetry. The performances range from the wild and outloud, with Common Ground (Angelheart and Patterson together) getting right in the viewers face, to the deeply personal, whether it be The Lindz weeping or Nick Lopez's nasal performance and introverted headturning, to the humor of Tony award winning Poetri and even the obscure and bizarre Eric Haber.

What was interesting, and what makes Bob Bryan's film less of a production and more of an actual documentary was that there didn't seem to be a message across the poets. Each poet was represented as an individual, with their opinions, beliefs and experiences allowed to interact and contradict. The movie opened up a discussion and didn't try to pigeonhole any poet into a "performance" mold.

Where one poet insists upon the poem working on the page, another poet insists that performance poetry is entirely focused on performance to the point that she doesn't write her own work down (Mollie Angelheart). Where one champions directness and accessibility, another celebrates the bizarre and random. One defends the hip-hop connection to performance poetry, and another advocates breaking away from that connection and some of the negativity it brings to performance poetry. This discussion opens up the idea of performance poetry as an evolving movement with many voices, and not necessarily a static entity with no potential for growth or change.

As an educational tool, this DVD invites students and teachers into the conversation and provides them with an idea of what is happening in the world of performance poetry without being too overwhelming or too



flashy. It also connects the poetry to the academy, as certain poets (Tim'm T. West *and* J. Walker) speak about their educational backgrounds and how that has influenced what they do in performance.

While some of these poets are slam poets, this documentary also shows other aspects and venues for performance work, whether it be Hunter Lee Hughes shaking his entire body to his poem, Nick Lopez reading over a film, or even Jessica Healy taping her poems to bathroom stalls.

Thanks for the chance to review it and good luck with this DVD,

-- Joshua Gage, Writer

Bob Bryan's documentary, **GV7** is more than words, more than poetry... it's that elusive glimpse into the creative life we all seek. Mr. Bryan captures the raw poetic world brilliantly in this film. He allows us to see beyond the words, beyond the ego, beyond the artistic surface. Don't expect a film like Slam. Let me be clear: these are not actors; these are true poets. Expression and heartfelt passion are sustained from start to finish. These poets love poetry and deliver, deliver, deliver.

The film is filled with vignettes of not only the poetry, but of the poets themselves. The resulting impact is extremely compelling and enriching. *How many times have we seen only half the story? How many times are we left with soul-less pre-packaged MTV "art"? The poets in this film are the living embodiment of the soul.*

Having just finished the film, the grin is still on my face. *Poetry is alive. Poetry is still from the heart. Poetry is here.* Take a peek.

-- Luis A. Lopez, Author

GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC, is the perfect insight for one to grasp how the work from the artist comes about. Poets are extremely cultured people, and to have many a group from different genres only makes it so that anyone can get at least one message

from the film. Poets jobs are to inspire, and this documentary definitely captures the emotions of the Spoken Word Artist, for the viewer to watch with goosebumps.

Being that I know most of the artists personally, this was a great way for me to even know more about them, than they had previously shared. I almost feel as if I better understand them not only as artist, but as people.

So many times in the past I have met people who have never gone to a poetry venue, and want to know more about the culture and the artists. "*What is it like being a poet?*" they ask.

This film (**GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC**) takes the words right out my mouth! For every time they ask me, "*What is it like?*" I wish I could just give them a copy of this film, and introduce them to our culture. Anyways, I do thank you for the doc, it was truly dope. Many Blessings!

-- Marc Marcel, Spoken Word Artist

I was lucky enough to be offered an opportunity to review **GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC**, the dvd. The spoken word poets reading their work in different locations takes you immediately into their separate worlds. The intimacy of having these artists describe how they became inspired, and what their writing process involves, is like sharing a secret.

The distinct views and voices are enhanced by the constantly changing background images. City parks, building facades, small office spaces, show us where we live, and how human it is to tell stories, to express emotions, to speak out; not only to write, but to use our voices to say what can be, should be, and has to be said out loud.

The Art known as graffiti, shown boldly as a backdrop in several spoken word pieces, co-signs this need for expression. My young nephews and nieces were blown away by the fact that a film like this could be made. They have their own art and their own social commentaries (*usually spray canned*), but said this type of film validated how

they felt, and why they did what they did. *Who better to impress?*

Inside a creative mind / heart is something that must be, and will be seen, communicated, and ultimately understood. This film is turning “urban static” into a clear message: Art and Artists, will, one way or another, reflect the world around them. **GV7** says here it is, take a look around and listen to what you see. Congratulations to this filmmaker and advocate of what needs to be said. Thanks for letting me do this at all. the future is here.

-- VYvonne M. Estrada, Poet

Doesn't *the title speak for itself?* This is the blog of writer Christopher Chambers. We talk about culture. We talk about politics. We grind our molars over crazy black folks. We rail against insouciant white folks. Or any folks. Oh, we discuss my books, too. Enjoy..

Real Good Rhymes

Spoken word. OK, some uninitiated folk, some folk who watch parodies of the same on Mad TV or Def Comedy Jam or perhaps see it performed badly at some coffee bar will snicker. But the documentary, **GRAFFITI VERITE' 7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC: The Iridescent Equations of Spoken Word** illustrates and expounds on the singular thesis that this art form is indeed bon mots. **Poetry.** Subject to the discipline and devotion of craft. Indeed, the only additional element is the performance mode of the poet. Performance implies a primary purpose of “for the people,” rather than serving a brooding ego or exorcise personal demons.

Directed by filmmaker Bob Bryan, the focus here on the craft, rather than the personal quirks of poets Natalie Patterson, Poetri, Sekou tha misfit, Hunter Lee Hughes, Vejea Jennings, Common Ground, Bridget Gray, Mollie Angelheart, J. Walker, Nick Lopez, Tim'm T. West, Rachel Kann, The Lindz and Eric Haber.

Yes, their personalities and inspirations shine through, but the essence of craft is what Bryan captures, honestly and admirably. Craft in the poets sharing their philosophies on why they do what they: “People do not listen. They only hear static, the noise.” Or how humor, irony become allegory for deeper problems, such as a jaded ode to the south’s own caloric noose on the black man: Krispy Kreme Doughnuts.

If you don’t know anything about spoken word but the HBO versions, or think you know something about poetry but wish to know more, check out Bob Bryan’s **RANDOM URBAN STATIC**-and learn, understand what’s been there all along. Devotion.

With music by Nebula One, produced by Loida Bryan, Miles Bryan and Nicholas Bryan.



-- Christopher Chambers, Author

This film written and directed by Bob Bryan is more a documentary of the Spoken Word than of its poets. The collective work of featured poets has a universal message. The spoken word is the voice. “Voice is your power, voice is who you are, your voice is a gift” says a young woman (Poet Bridget Gray) as the film begins, “don’t let anyone take your voice.”

Intellectually engaging, the film replaces the need to read the police roster of any newspaper, east or west, to learn of the tragedies of American urban landscapes. Redefinitions of the social, political, and personal struggles of our lives reverberate with each poem. The featured poets describe the psyche as more than ranting, rhymes, and storytelling; there are tears, laughter, and frustrations that surface on route to wanting to be understood.

The film depicts the Spoken Word as activism at its best. It means to reach the hearts and minds of the audience because poets confront personal pain

and healing is collective. Stay honest, one poet said. That is why the Spoken Word is performed. Its intent is to reach the others to heal the self. In the process, others are healed (Poet Sekou, *the Misfit*).

I felt I would know all the Spoken Word poets now and forever. This universality was reflected in the pain of the poet with depression, the female poet who was raped by her brother, and the poet who just suffered for his whole class of African American youth whose lives are squandered by a society that ignored them, a society that cannot reach them so they remain useless members of their communities. The recitations are brilliant sparking words which connect our thoughts. We are at one time or other suffering with depression, some addiction, lack of employability, being rejected, not fitting in with the others, being pipped posing as true love, and on and on. There is no glamour in this suffering, its merely the reality of living.

The film depicts the Spoken Word as urban art. Where else can one see rampant pain all on one street? Being from Brooklyn and living in LA for five years, I've accumulated a vision of humanity that is broad in scope. The Santa Monica homeless, the New York City homeless have a lot in common, they both live on this earth. The Spoken Word unites us in the league of humanity. If you reject it, get off the train! If you're not on this train, where exactly are you going?

This film is for widely read poets who will witness the fluidity of storytelling. Viewers who do not read poetry may just not get it. They may judge the film as a 'bunch of rappers.' This is not so. Poetry, rap, and songs are all the mosaic of the Spoken Word, decidedly an important genre which is beautifully represented in Bryan's film.

"...It was a great high to review the film. I have attended spoken word functions in LA because several of my friends from USC are poets. I resonate with poets. I realize that without poetry there is no soul and without souls, we are mere machines."

-- Dr. Maria R. Burgio, Author

The most talented spoken word artists, or rhymecologists proffer clever, vocabulary acrobatics as observations about the way we live in the world. They spit unexpected couplings, laying them down, end to end, from the beginning to the send. They lay bare naked truth for you to hear, see and feel.

The tightest lyrics provoke thought, pain and laughter. And when the performance is over your mind and heart are worked out from riding the gymnastic gyrations of verbal uneven parallel bars. **GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC** is a documentary I watched over the past few nights. It sits you down, up close and personal with 15 spoken word artists and lets you listen and watch as they open up about the creative process and what compels them to rhyme.

It's a sincere chronicle. But the most engaging moments of the film feature the artists themselves reciting their work. Hearing artists talk about art or the "artistic process" narrows the power of the rhymes for me. Because the more I hear about the artist's personal story, and about his or her own conflicted inner dialogue, the more I am taken out of the moment and have straggling remnants of back story floating around in my head as I watch them perform.

-- Carmen Dixon,
BLACKSPIN



"I had a short argument with my friend Baudelaire, "The Poetry Curmudgeon," about whether he or myself, "Pancho at the Movies," would be the most appropriate to review **GRAFFITE VERITE 7: RANDOM URBAN STATIC**,

a documentary by Bob Bryan on the Spoken Word scene in Los Angeles. *I won*, as usual, which only goes to show that a wily Chihuahua can easily gain an edge over an overconfident German Shepherd. But our dispute highlights the fact that Spoken Word is too broad a movement to describe in overly specific terms, other than to state the obvious fact

that it involves relatively short arrangements of words, spoken before a live audience, and with a strong emphasis on the dramatic, even cinematic, intensity of live performance. Spoken Word might best be viewed as the entire “*scene*” developing from such performances, a scene that naturally encompasses a great variety of artists and artistic expressions.

RANDOM URBAN STATIC, in fact, does an excellent job of presenting the full range and vitality of this scene. The documentary is structured around the work of some fifteen Spoken Word artists in the Los Angeles area. Bryan’s selection of artists, male and female, black, white, and Hispanic, is broad, but unforced, and effectively illustrates the natural diversity of the movement. And Bryan does not present the artists mechanically, one after the other, but skillfully cuts between individual performances, presented in the home, on the stage, and often outdoors, with an unfuss, but effective use of the camera. The performances themselves are accompanied by well-edited interviews, which provide personal background while at the same time illustrating the artistic origins and aesthetic context of common Spoken Word themes and techniques.

Spoken Word is commonly seen as a kind of poetry, and indeed there is much in it that is familiar from poetry in the traditional, literary, sense. But like literary poetry it can be better appreciated through an understanding of the various emphases possible within the broader genre, though it must also be pointed out that there is no strong demarcation between these various emphases, within the same poem, or the same artist. Some Spoken Word, for instance, is built on the private intensity of the confessional lyric. Other performances are conducted in the mode of public oratory, or lean on the long bardic tradition of the telling of tales. Still other Spoken Word constructions foreground the artifices possible in sound, rhythm, and rhetorical figure. In this latter type, in particular, one can see the very strong influence of the themes and techniques of Hip hop and rap. Rachel Kann, one of the best of the artists included in this documentary, points out that, though Spoken Word has a very long history, its current incarnation grew out of, and maintains a strong and fruitful

communication with, the Hip hop scene.

The conventions and techniques of the confessional lyric are well represented in the work of Nick Lopez and Natalie Patterson. Though their words are presented publicly, and with a more obvious emotional tone than the hushed accents of the page, these artists nevertheless create the impression that they are speaking from the heart to themselves alone, to their own journals, or at the most to a small circle of intimate friends, about subjects of a deeply personal interest. Lopez, for instance, speaks in quiet tones about the pain and perplexities of unrequited love. Patterson speaks of the similarly personal issue of the female body image, and about the need to accept the self, regardless of one’s natural shape. But beyond subject matter, it is the artistic pretence of intimacy itself that is the main aesthetic principle organizing this kind of work. Obvious ornament is kept to a minimum; the language is meant to be plain and direct, and often the explicit theme is the importance of discovering and remaining true to an authentic self, despite the various pressures which might corrupt that authenticity. Interestingly, this pretence of intimacy has a paradoxical relationship with the sometimes histrionic aspects of Spoken Word performance. Many artists comment in their interviews on the tension between the audience’s expectations of dramatic intensity, and the artist’s need to maintain the truth of internal experience.

At a quite different pole is that branch of Spoken Word in which the speaker emphasizes their public relationship to a broader community, and their ethical or political responsibility to that community. There are different ways, of course, to conceive of this relationship. An artist may make use the self, in a Whitmanesque fashion, as an implied community representative, in order to celebrate, reassure, or educate. Sekou, tha Misfit’s “*One Teach Two*” is in that spirit; as is some of the work of J. Walker. Alternatively, an artist may adopt a more challenging prophetic tone, using Spoken Word as a platform to upbraid a community for its own failings, in an attempt to bring it back to a more enlightened path. We see this frequently in black Spoken Word artists, such as Bridget Gray and Tim’m T. West, who feel a strong identification with the traditions of rap and

Hip hop, but also see their work as a challenge to the violence and sexism which they see as common in that tradition, as well as a serious threat to the broader black community. An artist may also use their work to explore the relationship between different kinds or levels of communities. “*We the People*,” for instance, by The Lindz, explores the parallel worlds of the suburban white and the urban black, in an attempt to measure and assert their common interests. Of course poets often feel a strong identification with different communities, or both self and community, at the same time. Tim’m T. West, for instance, is both black and homosexual; Bridget Gray is both black and a woman. *The tension between these separate identifications is often the driving force of their art.*

Not surprisingly, the technical elements common in this community centered branch of Spoken Word are similar to those employed in religious or political oratory. There are frequent tropes of exhortation, anger, and persuasion. The speaker’s “I” will sometimes expand into the communal “we.” Metaphor and symbol are employed sparingly, and those that are used are direct and familiar, and chosen to immediately engage, rather than confuse, the audience. Probably the most prominent poetic device is anaphora, the artful repetition of initial words and phrases, a figure well known from biblical verse to Whitman, and common in pulpit and campaign trail today.

The long tradition of oral story telling is well represented in Random Urban Static by the artist Poetri. In this branch of Spoken Word the focus is on the artful presentation of short narratives, which may or may not be based on real events, and which may foreground entertainment, edification, or both.

These stories can be told in the third person, but they are very commonly first person anecdotes with the speaker as the main character, and make good use of many common narrative devices, including surprising plot turns, dramatic irony, sentiment, and self-deprecating wit. I would have liked, in fact, to see more of Poetri; he has a real talent for humor, and a modest and ingratiating presentation.

Finally, the more elaborately and enthusiastically artificial possibilities of Spoken Word are well illustrated in this documentary in work by Sekou (tha misfit), Bridget Gray, and Rachel Kann. Sekou and Gray’s pieces show a productive kinship with the technical devices of Hip hop. Sekou makes extensive use, for instance, of interior rhyme, both for rhetorical emphasis and as a decorative filigree. He also employs well the repeating refrain, both to tie his work together as a whole, and to foreground witty and developing variations, and he frequently highlights the rhythmic pulse of his words with his own background beats. Gray’s work is similarly rich in rhyme, and she extends this richness with a beautifully developed, though never excessive, elaboration of the cadences of natural speech. Rachel Kann, on the other hand, while making good use of all these artifices of sound, exploits thoroughly many of the poetic devices that seem to be deliberately avoided by those Spoken Word artists intent on direct communication alone, including elaborate metaphor, non-linear development, and an eccentric use of symbol and mythology. In her we see that Spoken Word, despite its reputation as a “popular” form, need not exclude the deranged experiments of the Symbolists, the Modernists, and the Beats.

Of course there are many more ways to fail in poetry than to succeed, and Spoken Word is no exception to this rule. Performance poetry can be dull, repetitive, unstructured, overly histrionic, artificial in cadence, riddled with cliché, and flattened by such hackneyed metaphorical constructions as the “*adjective, concrete noun, of abstract noun*,” (Reminiscent of Ezra Pound’s *mocking, in the Imagist Manifesto, of the phrase “the dim lands of peace.”*) But most of these common types of failure hold little interest in themselves. It might be more instructive, however, to see how certain types of insufficiencies can be seen as correlated to the specific ambitions of the Spoken Word movement as a whole, and to the specific sub-genres encompassed within it.

The confessional strain in Spoken Word, for instance, seems to me often hobbled by an extensive concern with authenticity itself, a concern that is

only intensified by the directness of performance, as opposed to the page.

Of course it is true that, as a dog, I have little sense of what it means to be an “*authentic*” human being anyway, nor do I really care. On the other hand I suspect that humans themselves are quite fuzzy on this notion, and even if such a quality is important to one’s personal life, it is not clear to me how it really matters to the poetry one produces. What I do see, though, is that an excessive concern for this quality is sometimes accompanied by a mumbling plainness of language, and a painful and isolating self-consciousness.

Those artists who seem most self-conscious about the use of metaphor, for instance, often unconsciously compensate for this nakedness with an excessive dependence on a highly Latinate vocabulary, partly because this is an easy way to produce interior rhyme, and partly because Latinate terms have a superficially thoughtful and analytic air, though they in fact add little of either depth or artfulness. Furthermore, those artists whose main concern is to uncover an inner self untouched or unconcerned by external influences, might well find nothing at all, only to trumpet the common simulacra of sincerity.

The communal strain of Spoken Word, on the other hand, can be crippled by extensive concern for its social function and political effectiveness. Again, as a dog, I might be forgiven for my cold-hearted indifference to these worthy social aims, though I can well appreciate the use of these themes as organizing tropes for poetry. But I’m skeptical in any case about the actual social effect of this branch of poetry, even by its most sincere proponents.

I do see how this poetry might occasionally have a profound effect on individual members of its audience, but the more it seems to be concerned with its broader utility, the more it seems to lean on

preachiness, self-righteousness, propaganda, and self-congratulatory anger, while at the same time reinforcing, rather than challenging, the prejudices of its audience.

Indeed, if this type of expression succeeds too well at its explicit aims, that success might well be scarier than its failure.

Finally, the more self-consciously artificial branches of the Spoken Word movement can also have their characteristic deficiencies. The interior rhyme frequent in Spoken Word, for instance, can sometimes seem excessive and distracting. Within Hip hop itself, which is governed more thoroughly by a regular rhythm, rhyme tends to perform the same rhetorical and unifying function that it does in traditional poetry. But without this regularity rhyme can easily degenerate into a mere decorativeness, devoid of the counterpoint of rhythm and meaning. Similarly, prominent refrains, and the use of background music or beats behind the words, can often become crutches rather than supports, impeding rather than encouraging a deeper thematic development. The more avant-garde experiments within the movement can also easily degenerate into random irrelevancies, riddled by a self-consciously “*cosmic*” imagery, imagery which often seems as familiar, and as old, as the cosmos itself.

Well, no surprise here. Art is long; life is short, and one usually has less than three minutes of strutting time upon the Spoken Word stage. It takes an admirable courage even to approach that stage, especially when the chance of lasting success is so slim, and when such apparently admirable aims as authenticity and love of community can prove to be hidden traps for art. Spoken Word originally developed as an alternative to the perceived restrictions of written art, as a way to bring back life, spontaneity, a spirit of celebration, and a common truth to the dusty world of verse. I don’t really think it has done any better than its literary counterpart. But neither would I say it has done any worse.

-- “PANCHO AT THE MOVIES,”

DVD Reviewer



SCOPE received the DVD and have already watched it.... *Powerful!*

Now I want to see the whole **GV DOCU-SERIES**. I noticed some of them are available on Netflix, and I plan to order them. Here is my plan: I will do the review as soon as possible for my journal and possibly other avenues. But I am also a community college teacher and I am thinking of asking my school library to order a few of these. This is great work!

-- Emmanuel Sigauke, Editor
MUNYORI

“**I** have to admit that I had no idea what to expect, when I first agreed to review **GV7 RANDOM URBAN STATIC**. However, what I found was a film that highlighted all the characteristics of me. Long before I ever ventured into the world of film and journalism, I was a hip hop artist and poet, and of course I still am. It was indeed my frustrations with the Las Vegas’ media’s lack of interest and support of local artists that propelled me towards becoming a journalist.

GV7 does an excellent job of illustrating how and why poets do what they do. I especially like the idea of highlighting the various types of poetry, and discussing what I myself have found, that some poems are for song, some are for the page, and that some are for both. As a rapper first, poet second I loved the that hip hop was a highlight of the film.

It is very hard to string the intricate details of a creative process and the masterminds behind it into a compelling linear story line. Filmmaker Bob Bryan did that flawlessly. By using the verite style of story telling, he allowed the poets themselves to explain all that the viewer needed to know.

With this being my first introduction to the **GV SERIES** I am very excited and motivated to inquire into the prior 6 installments. I am hoping to leverage this review into an interview with the filmmaker and the poets who make **GV7** such a wonderful piece.

-- VIVIDNURBAN MAGAZINE

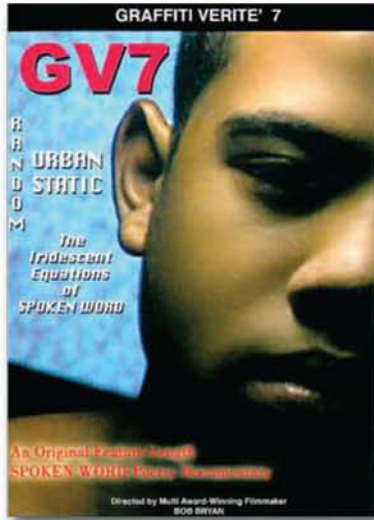


GRAFFITI VERITE' 7 takes us on a journey to experience spoken word artists in a different setting. Usually these artists are revered on the stage. *This piece takes us into a more intimate place showing us these artists* while they, write, rant, or simply talk about their experience. This *added an enhanced texture to relationship between the artist and the audience.*

GV7 shows us the different aspects of spoken word not just as a form of poetry but as an avenue of emotion. Bob Bryan displays a plethora of personalities, lifestyles, and experiences that have a common link—*the need to express and connect with an audience.* We are introduced with intense words that emphasize the powerful grass roots effort of spoken word and its strong impact that it has on individuals as opposed to mass approach. The movie grows past it's monotonous start into deliberate visuals which accompany the performances.

The documentary shines best when highlighting the relationship between hip hop and spoken word. It implies a social consciousness in spoken word missing in commercial hip-hop. He also exposes spoken word as a safe haven to those opposed or excluded in hip-hop's hyper masculine image. Although this is a *niche film*, it is easy to have a warm reception to the poets and their *point-of-views*, if you have the attention span to watch two hours of poetry.

-- Sade Wilkins



The **GV DOCU-SERIES** is currently available online @ **Amazon.com Instant Video** where DVD's can also be purchased for Schools and Libraries domestically and abroad.

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