

BOOG CITY

A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER FROM A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS BASED IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE, EITHER PHYSICALLY OR SPIRITUALLY, AND SOMETIMES BOTH ISSUE 6 APRIL 22, 2002 FREE

Orion
2002

NEUFELD 9/11 COMIC • BASEBALL POEMS AND PROSE • THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE



Beat Fest 2002 @ the Bowery Poetry Club!

308 Bowery (btwn Bleeker and Houston)

www.bowerypoetry.com

tel: (212)614-0500

Thursday, April 11: BEAT SLAM PRELIM! When: 10 PM Tickets: \$5

Win a cheap bottle of red wine, a dog-eared copy of *Howl* and a beret! On second thought, **WIN FIFTY BUCKS** and buy whatever wine you want! Sign up and read a poem by a Beat author and one of your own - you'll be judged by the finger-snaps of our audience. You'll be rated 25% on Beat Appearance, 25% on Beat Attitude (Beatitude!) and 50% on Literary Merit! High scorers will proceed to the Knitting Factory (actually, since we're so cool, EVERYONE will proceed to the Knit on Saturday night). Hersch Silverman, the *Unsung Beat*, will be in attendance and warble the way it aughta be. Beat Slam follows a hardcore Semifinal Slam at our regular Thursday *Urbana* series and a featured reading from Canadian wordslinger Alexis O'Hara, 7:30, \$5. Also, **Laurel Barclay of Daddy will acousticize us!**

Friday, April 12: THE BLACK BEATS! When: 7 PM Ticket: \$7

A presentation curated by Piper Anderson and Andreas Jackson. The Beats often acknowledged their relationship to Black jazz musicians, but except for LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka), the Black Beat poets were often left out of the anti-canon. Hear works by Bob Kaufman, Ted Joans, Gaston Neal and others, including the Umbra poets, David Henderson, Tom Dent, Calvin Hernton, Steve Cannon, and Ish Reed. Confirmed acts: Fuse: A live band featuring hip-hop from the bricks and live funk from exit 9, who will provide sonic backdrops for featured poets in addition to their own interpretations of LeRoi Jones's work ... Jerry Gant: New Jersey's own Ghetto Optometrist, who will pay homage with his performance painting and poetic skills to the work of Ted Joans. D.J. Half-n-Half: This eclectic turntablist/producer will create re-mixed soundbytes from various Black Beat writers. Brought to you by Andreas Thai-yan for Medialectic.

Saturday, April 13 Event: BEAT CHICKS LIVE! Chick Chat! When: 4 PM FREE !!!

An open forum led by Ann Charters, Ronna Johnson, Regina Weinreich, Joyce Johnson, Hettie Jones, and Janine Pommy Vega. Freewheeling discussion with major audience interaction: Where were the women of the Beat Generation? Here! Here they are!

Event: BEAT CHICKS LIVE! The Reading! When: 8PM Tickets: \$8

It's centerstage for Jill Johnson (*Door Wide Open : A Beat Love Affair in Letters, 1957-1958*), Hettie Jones (*How I Became Hettie Jones*) and Janine Pommy Vega (*Mad Dogs of Trieste : New & Selected Poems*) who give us the word direct, while Ann Charters (*Beat Down Your Soul: What Was the Beat Generation?*), Ronna Johnson (*Girls Who Wore Black : Women Writing the Beat Generation*) and Regina Weinreich (*The Road as Tradition: The Spontaneous Poetics of Jack Kerouac*) contextualize via celebratory Intros. An Historic Event!

Sunday, April 14

Event: Book Party: Herschel Silverman's *Lift-Off* When: 2-5 PM Tickets: FREE

Water Row Books and Long Shot Productions are proud to announce launch of *Lift-Off: New and Selected Poems* by Herschel Silverman. This collection offers a 40 year retrospective of this unsung Beat, from his late 50s/early 60s Beat poems to his most recent (2001) experimental *Lift-Off* poems. Allen Ginsberg said of Herschel Silverman: "There is inventive energy, New Jersey beauty and charm in his compositions. His writing is marked by soulful perception of life around him and language as it falls from his mouth; it includes the complete comedy of his particular obsessions." Herschel Silverman will perform poems from *Lift-Off* accompanied by legendary clarinetist Perry Robinson. He will also sign copies of the new book, which will be for sale. Hooray!

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB

inside BOOG CITY

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War, What is it Good For,
Absolutely Nothing



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The Mysteries of Life



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Javelin P

"The Cheerleader"

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Issue six, April 22, 2002 free

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Schwervon, Schwervon

thanks

My family

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EDIT

It Always Returns to Baseball

My first baseball memory is of my dad teaching me how to catch when I was five in the summer of 1972. "Keep your arm away from your body when you go to catch the ball," he said. So I stuck my left arm away from my body, it forming a right angle with my torso, and watched as my dad threw the hardball to me and it hit me dead in the nose.

I grew up in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, so we were a Mets home, though I also rooted for the Yankees. It was a good time to be a Mets fan. Their pitching staff was stacked—Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, and Jon Matlack fronting the starting rotation, Tug McGraw the closer (though back then they called him a fireman). Jerry Grote behind the plate, Ed Kranepool, Felix Millan, Buddy Harrelson, and Wayne Garrett around the infield, and Cleon Jones, Rusty Staub, and an aging Willie Mays in the outfield.

I had bright red hair back then, strawberry-blonde my mom called it, so I identified with the two redheads on the Mets, Garrett and Staub. My folks got me a replica Rusty jersey, and I wore the whole uniform, shirt and pants, to the first day of second grade. A few weeks later, a stack of my 1973 Topps baseball cards were fluttering from my second grade teacher Mrs. Flayton's hands, out our classroom window, and onto the P.S. 249 stickball courts, because I wouldn't stop playing with them.

That October my brother and sister went to the playoffs to see the Mets and Reds. It was the game after

Pete Rose and Buddy Harrelson did battle in the infield, and my 16-year-old sister kept yelling, loud as could be my brother says, "Rose, you got thorns up your ass." When the Mets won the series, my brother and sister went to join the pack of fans and jump on the field. My brother made it on no problem, but my sister's legs got caught in a seat and my brother jumped back from the field to help free it, before they began their haphazard dash around the Shea Stadium infield. We grew grass from Shea for the next few months, though my sister and brother insist to this day that they didn't tear it out, only grabbed a piece that someone else had removed and dropped. Uh huh.

Thanks to Douglas Rothschild, our General manager/manager for the Boog City baseball issue. Douglas and I played softball together on the Spiders, a New York City poets team of the mid-90s that, at one time or another, featured as part of its lineup David Cameron, Joe Eliot, Rob Fitterman, Bill Luoma, and Brian Kim Stefans, among others. Doug picked it at first base then, and now he picks it real swell here.

Baseball and poetry—ya gotta believe.

Letters to the Editor:
letters@boogcity.com

Where to Find

BOOG CITY

The East Village

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| alt.coffee | CBGB's | Nuyorican Poets Cafe |
| Angelica Theater | CB's 313 Gallery | The Pink Pony |
| Anthology Film Archives | Cedar Tavern | See Hear |
| Barnes & Noble (Astor Place) | C-Note | Shakespeare & Co. |
| Bluestockings women's bookstore | Continental | St. Mark's Books |
| Bowery Poetry Club | Lakeside Lounge | St. Mark's Church |
| Cafe Pick Me Up | Life Cafe | Sunshine Theater |
| | Living Room | Tonic |
| | Mission Cafe | Tower Books |

Also Available In

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Manhattan | Williamsburg | Philadelphia |
| Here | Clovis Press | Kelly's Writers House |
| Hotel Chelsea | Earwax | The Khyber |
| Knitting Factory | L Cafe | LaTazza |
| Poets House | Sideshow Gallery | |
| Revolution Books | Spoonbill & Sugartown | |
| WBAI | | |
| the Westbeth Theater | | |

submit to the hockey issue

Celebrate National Hockey Month—isn't every month national hockey month?—in style by slapping your art and/or words to the Boog City hockey issue. Any and all considered. Deadline: April 21 Email to: cover@boogcity.com

OUR OTHER NATIONAL PASTIME

War, What Is It Good For, Absolutely Nothing

Spring is the season that reminds me most that I'm an animal. All I can think about is making love. I want to do it all the time. The weather is warm, and the sky is blue. All over Manhattan people eat lunch outside in the parks. The coats come off, and the skirts get short and the T-shirts tight. No time like the present to put an end to all terrorism and war, right? That's what the ardent Christians, boobs, and corporate schills otherwise known as the executive branch keep telling us in no uncertain terms. They will not stand for any two-bit terrorism.

GREG FUCHS

Kind of funny when you think that President George W. Bush is the son of a first-rate terrorist, former President George H.W. Bush (see War, Gulf). Even funnier when you think of the abundance of first-class terror we've committed as a nation since we kicked the last red coat off the continent and got down to the business of exterminating its indigenous inhabitants.

Funnier still, when we recognize that our current mode of ending terrorism and war is by committing the same. That's like saying you're going to convince your lover to quit smoking by smoking even more than they do. Then again, Vice President Dick Cheney said that the government's war "may never end. At least, not in our lifetimes."

The only solution is to just stop. I mean really stop; to cease and desist our so-called War on Terrorism. Instead of bullying the world, why don't we just set a good example? We're the world's most influential and powerful nation, maybe if we fall toward peace the rest of the world, like dominoes, will fall toward it as well. Guess you've reasoned that I'm no Machiavellian proponent of realpolitik. I'm an idealist. But dig it, if the means to an end is killing people by droves then perhaps, just perhaps, our ends can't be too good. Do you think Machiavelli or Dr. Kissinger ever considered that rotten means might actually expose their ends to be just as rotten?

Spring is the season of liberty, the one that presages the truly American season of summer, the season of baseball, barbecues, the beach, beer, and fireworks on Independence Day. What better season than spring to denounce war, our other national pastime, by exercising our constitutional privileges of civil disobedience and freedom of speech. Join the National Youth and Student Peace Coalition March in the shadow of the Washington Monument on Saturday April 20, 2002 to support the victims of September 11 by opposing the U.S. War on Terrorism.

The organizers of the march, says www.A20StopTheWar.org, pledge that the only way for the U.S. to attain peace at home is to help maintain justice internationally. They oppose U.S. government attempts to pass legislation that sacrifices U.S. citizen's civil rights, democratic principles, and domestic needs in the name of "anti-terrorism" or "home safety." This includes the limiting of civil liberties, a more institutionalized racial profiling, anti-immigrant policy, increased military spending, decreased education and social spending, fast-track trade negotiating authority for the executive branch, and any steps toward the militarization of outer space. They are opposed to an open ended war on terrorism. They are, as young people and students, especially vigilant against any attempts to deny civil liberties on high school and college campuses. They oppose disproportionate military recruiting of young people of color and the working class. The National Youth and Student Peace Coalition March challenges the U.S. government to represent its citizens, not our business minority. If the U.S. truly represents liberal democracy and self-determination, then we should fight to uphold that throughout the world. During our 200-plus year history, more often than not, the goal of our military interventions has really been expansion, U.S.



imperialism. We've gathered land and controlled labor worldwide to consolidate capital and increase profits.

Of course, the Machiavellian would believe the old chestnut—what's good for business is good for U.S. citizens. I don't. Since it's spring, and my animalistic urges surge with as much pressure as the Claritin Generation's allergies, I'm reminded of the old hippie slogan, Make Love Not War. Pure, simple, genius propaganda, the kind that makes Madison Avenue creative directors wet with jealousy and infuriates warmongers who just shrug it off as idealistic hippie nonsense. It's the season to sow new seeds and wild oats. What better place to reawaken some 1960s-style antiwar sentiment than in the cool grassy base of our national phallic symbol? Right there, on the front lawn of democracy, demand that the avatars of state violence—Ashcroft, Bush, Cheney, Powell, and Rumsfeld—put an end to their waste of lives, money, and resources. War is the culmination of civilization. It is the ultimate expression of business and technology. If we make bombs we've got to drop them on someone. War is for killing. Sex is the expression of human as pre-literate beast. It is for creating—transformation at its most elemental. Assassination and bombing are absolutely no ways to transform the world into a terrorless place of peace. They are terror by definition and only serve to embolden the victim. Naomi Hazan, a deputy member of the Israeli Knesset, in response to questions

about the new intifada recently summed up the futility of war. "The Palestinians will never defeat the Israeli military, and the Israelis will never defeat the will of the Palestinians," says Hazan.

Our warmongering lawmakers have been careful during the last three decades to minimize the deaths of U.S. soldiers. This

has kept most U.S. citizens from questioning too loudly the foreign policy and military actions of our government. If we maintain our swagger as the police of the universe, it won't be long until this trend of minimal U.S. casualties is reversed. We obviously didn't learn our lesson on September 11, 2001. We just kill more humans; more animals like you and me. There are reports estimating 3,700 Afghan civilian deaths—more than the number of U.S. citizens killed in the destruction of the World Trade Center. More people will just want to kill us. When is enough enough? President Bush, step-up to the plate and score a big one for the home team. Stop using our big stick for war and make love. In the words of Hazan, "you don't choose your enemy, you make

peace with your adversary." If you can't make it to Washington, D.C. April 20 then I ask you stay home to make love and let it be known. Before you get down to business call the White House at (202) 456-1111. Let the phone's receiver fall at your pillow and leave the sounds of the wild on the President's voice-mail.

Instead of
bullying
the world,
why don't
we just set
a good
example?

Excerpts were leaked from a classified Pentagon nuclear weapons strategy document and posted on the Internet last week. The secret report, provided to Congress on Jan. 8, says the Pentagon should be prepared to use nuclear weapons against China, Russia, Iraq, North Korea, Iran, Libya, and Syria. The weapons could be used in three types of situations: against targets able to withstand nonnuclear attack; in retaliation for attack with nuclear, biological or chemical weapons; or "in the event of surprising military developments."

The last category, "in the event of surprising military developments" diverts from business as

usual.

Here are some words from the report that would be useful to deconstruct:

nuclear posture
moderate delivery accuracy

Submit

300-500 words maximum,
pasted into the body of e-mail.

Email to lexicons@boogcity.com

The Baseball Issue

Manager's note:

When asked for things baseball, it is best to remain within the context of the game itself. & as such i have chosen to make a line-up out of the poems i have received....& as with any line-up you may disagree—that is what baseball is “an argument between two sides” (Oppen). Who hasn't gone to a game & sd or heard someone else say “Why is he starting HIM?” or “I can't BELIEVE this line-up.” & curiously, people disagree about the most obvious things. For example, i have intelligent friends who don't seem to see that Don Zimmer's primary function is the same as George Moriarity on John McGraw's Giants. Moriarity was listed as a pitcher—for eight years he never threw a pitch. But McGraw was superstitious & the developmentally disabled were at one time in this country's history of pride & prejudice thought to be good luck charms ... But i digress. Below is a line-up card. Feel free to question any decision i have made & substitute in any poem you think will do a better job. Better yet, get your own team & we'll go nine.

— Herr Professor Docktor Røtschjld



Pre-game Show

Don Byrd and Pierre Joris Two Guys Talkin' Baseball: Unpublished Extracts

DB: We should begin with the most pressing issues. The Mets and the Yanks are both still alive in the playoffs. What are the chances for a subway series? What is the profound connection between American poetry and baseball?

PJ: Chances are good—no use speculating, however, as the interview will appear when the 2000 World Series is history. The kind of news that doesn't stay news, no matter how intense watching the Mets can be. Not sure if the connection is profound—or at best it is so for only a few poets. But it certainly is there. At a number of levels. For me, who had never practiced or watched any sports, except extremely casually, I guess it is both a measure and means of my nomadically donning American identity. One of the first sound pieces of advice I got when I came to the U.S. in 1967 (after having started to write poetry in English—American that is—two years previously) came from Robert Kelly in the first weeks I was at Bard. In order to catch the rhythms of the language & get an ear, I should listen to baseball games on the radio, Kelly told me. I did this, and it was fascinating—for a while, then my total ignorance of the game and a few other auditory events of those years sidetracked me. In '68 there was too much else going on, though I did watch my first games on TV, and then, the next year, '69, Bruce McClelland, who hails from St. Louis and was thus a Cardinals fan, took me to my first game at Shea Stadium—a Mets-Cardinals game (shades of what's going on right now! [the 2000 National League Championship Series])

Can't remember who won, but that had me hooked into the '69 Mets, and I'm still a fan. During the '70s in London, Paris, and North Africa I would, in good expat fashion, follow the box scores in *The International Herald Tribune*, and then, when I moved back to the U.S.A. in the late '80s, I started watching regularly (the boredom of Binghamton made it easy). Five years ago, when my son Miles was 3, I started playing with him, and then going down to Shea a few times a year ... I'll break off here; the first game of the league championship series is coming on. ... Let's go on, now that we know that we have a subway series. Well, poetry and baseball. First the magical geometry of the field and stadium attracted me, there's something kabalistic about that diamond, and something nomadic about the lines of flight (no circumscribed “end zone”, no net-bound goal, no standardized and sized rectangle) which permit the possibility of beating gravity, of at least getting into orbit ... It's a topography that goes beyond the Euclidian geometry of even the diamond. I'm not sure, however, that I would go with Spicer's contention that the poet thinks he's a pitcher but that she really is a catcher—too dichotomous between active and passive, as an image, somehow. The poet is not a radio receiver either, though she must be in touch with some diodic deities, and both receive and transcribe, transform what the diodes, or their sisters the transistors, say. Neither all active nor all passive, the middle voice, again. It seems to me that baseball has become a private pleasure (vice?) for poets—its commercialism

and the general debasement of the game in terms of an image of the public American psyche are reflected in the absence of strong writing on baseball in this generation (at least as far as I know) in contrast to great writing back on and out of it in the '50s and '60s—just think of Spicer, Blackburn, Fee Dawson, Bob Coover, Joel Oppenheimer, or George Bowering to name but the few most obvious suspects. It's strangely nostalgic to go to Grossinger's IO #19 (the “Baseball Issue”) of '71 or '72—strangely because that moment was already nostalgic for a bygone baseball age, so we are bound to be doubly so. But I love it!

The Fans

Ed Smith

Manville, NJ

Bleacher Bums

For us bleacher bums
Baseball is religion in
The hot August Sun.

1. Center Field

Bill Luoma/Peacenik

Fort Greene

Attacks Called Great Art

American Imperialism will come back by itself, shoot the post and kill the fence. Destroy them and Feathers fly up and pow apart from the bird

they were, Fly up and pow apart from the bird they were. White with rubber

letters and no back to back Series titles over the Baltimore Orioles in 1971 and 1979. Titles over the Baltimore Orioles in 1971 and 1979. With a

trademark pinwheel windup. a savage slugger with a trademark pinwheel windup:

With a trademark pinwheel windup. Baltimore Orioles in 1971 and 1979; In 1971 and 1979. 11, 11; 11: Is it true of the normal heart; Itself? Will it

come back too? Flight 11, Flight 11. Meanwhile the Army puts down Black

rebellion. Muslims, Shot down: License to Kill. Principally adults; Political payback stimulus package: It's something new to see, especially a crisis

as shocking as legislation that does almost nothing to address the actual

problem. Its purpose aimed at advancing a pre-existing agenda. I miss you. Past half-century, when Hitler's tanks and storm troopers...of subterfuge

and masquerade by people without experience on passenger jets: On jets.

Maliciously piloted after masquerading without very much experience. Thought he might take away from an opening day would have killed him. Have killed him.

Philanthropic events under the name. This remarkable Saudi official; With

Saudi officials. And private dinners with Saudi officials. And 39 Other relatively sane persons. For ideological as well as emotional realization,

leaders stir up all sorts of dangerous war games and reactionary legislation,

which must find it the easiest of all to empathize with reactionary cold war warrior. Can happen here: Against unionists. 1920 Troops 2-week inter-

vention against unionists, against unionists; 1920 Troops 2-week interven-

tion against unionists. Baseball card out of a cereal box changed that, was the Pirate of choice. A Stargell baseball card out of a cereal box

changed that. Their sights on writers and poets etc ... were very willing

to surrender. Enough courage to support principles that cast them in the role of peaceniks among the generals, crisis and their action plan to a

hostile Congress. A hostile Congress, in spite of all their faults and

their allegiance to American empire building, Able to muster enough courage to support principles that cast them in the role of peaceniks among the

generals. Of all their faults and their allegiance to American empire building, them in the role of peaceniks among the generals. President

Bush, standing beside Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi of Japan. It had

little impact on the pop charts. The 1979 World Series championship; They call it "Despair" and were apparently held back by pangs of conscience

what we sometimes call principles; Personal ambitions. Of 1962. Of 1962; By pangs of conscience — what we sometimes call principles. To the Cold

War warriors of 1962; A man whose son died in the war walks in the Soldiers

Banning the Koran Afghanistan. Ushering the Taliban into power. Hippie back to old hippie. Back to this day. Oldest MVP to this day: then 39.

Major league's oldest MVP to this day. Freedom. 9 R H E

Baltimore 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 6 0 9 12 0
Pittsburgh 0 4 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 6 17 1

Baltimore Pitcher(s) Pittsburgh Pitcher(s)
Dennis Martinez Sammy Stewart (2nd) Steve Stone (5th)

Tim Stoddard (W. Stargell). And screaming. This world kicking

and screaming. The stroke that took Stargell. For men to gather at the wells to drink 11, 11: 11. Axis of Evil a Cover for Corporate

Corruption. Manifestations. Go to Home see all Archived Shows and No.

Buy the Taliban; ruled by the Taliban, being ruled by the Taliban:



Photo by Melissa Zexter

Taliban, by itself. Come back by itself. Feathers fly up and pow

apart from the bird they were. ORANGES. Re: what can poets do?

With cancer. and other Afghan cities were deeply engaged in social activism and rising mass movements, for gaining the right of freedom of expression

and conducting political activities: She started a campaign against

the Russian forces and their puppet regime in 1979 and organized numerous processions and meetings in schools. In Kabul; represented the Afghan

resistance movement at the French Socialist Party Congress. Activities.

She left the university to devote herself as a social activist to organizing and educating women: Yet. My poem is finished and I haven't mentioned orange

yet. Mike's painting. Day in a gallery I see Mike's painting: I call it ORANGES.

It's twelve poems. Key Words in The New World Order. Israel's Approved Ethnic Cleansing Part 1: Israel's Approved Ethnic Cleansing Part 2:

Israel's Ethnic Cleansing: From Security to Insecurity State Normalizing

Repression, Growth, Compatriots: Ratner Memo to Bush, Ratner Memo to Bush, Memo to Bush: Memo to Bush: HELP! Improving the display, excellent option

is to interact by email: can choose help in a menu bar across the top

and learn of many capabilities: You via email. And Jeffrey St.: And St. Cockburn and who terrorizes price is worth civilization. We are young.

Wrong with you. Face every day in this game. On your face every day

in this game. Much of Stargell's career and remained a close friend. And remained a close friend: Suffered from high blood pressure and kidney

failure. Was one of the few people to know how much Stargell suffered.

More of the same along with their money. The Buyout Kings of Washington in the aftermath of the attacks. One hand is authentic. Or with the end of

the theme song enroute to the 1979 World Series championship. Their follow-up

A failure. That took Stargell. We must love one another or die. Probably

the only benefit. For the error, bread in the bone, are things that have been broken. But there is a storm blowing from Paradise. And the storm

keeps blowing the angel backwards into the future. And this storm, the

future, and this storm. But there is a storm blowing from Paradise. And the storm keeps blowing the angel backwards into the future. And this

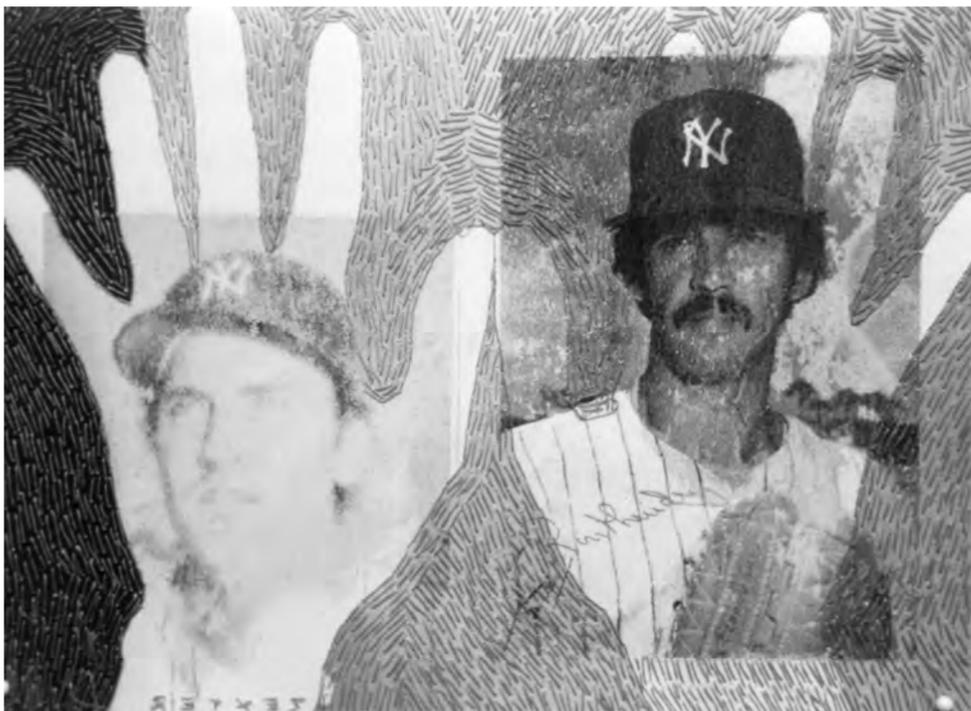
storm, He said, "Into the future." And this storm of this administration

is strong. Enough. Perez career stats and highlights (specific items): Approved special for New York that would deplete revenue years into

the future, our uncertainty; somewhere He said, "History is an angel

being blown backwards into the future." He said, "They denounced books. They had never read. They could never understand." Read them, leap

forward with fire in their hearts, to become masters of ideas and life:



2. Second Base

Andrew Schelling

Boulder, Colorado

The Spiral Path

When I was a kid around Boston, a foul ball over the backstop was a Chinese home run. Said with a sneer. New Yorkers thought it meant a cheap left field shot, over the wall, through a smoky pub window on Lansdown Street. Dear Fenway Park, green as a witch's tit someone said, or a pint on St. Patrick's Day. We should cut spiral guides for the dead in the scoreboard slatework. The Irish dead. Like Jeffers, before Una shot herself, taking off for a six month Ireland trip to poke thru Neolithic burial sites. That's when he saw limestone warrior grave slabs tossing like waves on the slow heaving Ulster turf. The spiral path.

Here's how I heard it. Turn of the century, a Polish team had an Irish club down to Salem. They went 17 innings deadlocked and came to their last baseball. Everyone shiver'd. Could hear wild dogs back in the cities and against the ridge a cromiech eaten by lichen was tilting. Up came the shortstop, Chaney. Two strikes. He fouled a fastball over the backstop and off it went in the twilight. No one could find it. So the umpires gave the Irish the game: home team supplies the baseballs they ruled. Glendalough, Monasterboice, Kilmacduagh, Clonmacnoise. Black beech and oak roots. Underground monoliths chiseled with spirals and shila-na-gig cunt signs. From cairn to cromlech the Irish dead running the basepaths. After that any ball hit out backward was a Chaney's home run. In St. Louis they tell the same story, though by the thirties "various shifts in dialect" had occurred on the spiral path. The path itself changed.

We called it a Chinese home run.

3. Right field

Angela Bowering

Vancouver, British Columbia

What Child?

Babe, they called him, and he does have a baby face. The eyes are the eyes of damaged babyhood; one of them dead-cold, flat; the other grief-stricken. He holds the grooved wood handle of the Louisville Slugger loosely, one hand long, thin-fingered, the other thick-fingered, a butcher's hand—too long a time spent handling meat. The slugger is held in the place where his penis would rise, as it did—a prodigious womanizer he was, according to the rumors. He used it like a Louisville Slugger, bashing women when he wasn't bashing baseballs, making his runs for home that way. The thick hair on his left wrists is surprising. It makes him look like a man instead of a slug. The rest of him is slumped baby fat, his fat neck hardly able to hold up his baby-boy head with its silly New York Yankees cap flattening to one side, frayed at the edges. He is an overgrown baby, this Babe with his fat little thighs. What happened to that baby who looks out of those eyes that together tell his story? Baseball bat, phallus, and bottle. Painkillers, pain inflictors.

The black and white stripes of that classic uniform, Platonic ideal of all baseball uniforms—nothing else can touch it—is repeated in the wall behind him, half black, half white. Yin Yang. A woman in one eye, telling of pain; a killer in the other, Mafioso-dead. The corners of the mouth pulled straight out and down: Tweedle-Dum, Tweedle-Dee, Humpty Dumpty mouth, a dimple in his chin to win a fortune, Cro-Magnon brow ridge over a baby face, the man they named a chocolate bar for. The silhouette of Sweeney. No power in that body, that face. Where did it come from—the hatred that hit the ball? Out of that damaged babyhood? The jawline soft, sliding into soft, fat neck. Buried so deep in that flabby body only hitting the ball, fucking women—what would be called assault with a deadly weapon if it were translated into violence against men—hatred and grief buried layers deep in unloved baby fat.



4. First Base

George Bowering

Vancouver, British Columbia

1927

When I was a boy I resisted cheering the memory of this man because he was the most famous American that ever lived. Fuck him, shouted the Japanese soldiers hidden in the trees. I hated his team, and I still do, even when they are no good. When the other boys went to the new theatre to see Roy Rogers, I went and sat on a wooden bench in the Legion Hall to watch Gene Autry. Now Gene Autry owns a team no one could like. This man is looking back at me the other side of this keyboard as no one else ever could, I keep my eyes averted. He is wearing a wide pinstriped suit with no insignia, why is that? His cap has the N with the Y inside. Young Nerds, I say when I see a kid wearing such a cap. Or a babe. Babe is a name of a very small kid. Or sometimes the name of a woman. Ruth is the name of a woman. Why would a Babe be sitting there with those eyes and that planetoid face and that brand new Louisville Slugger? Babe Ruth was from Baltimore and so was Gertrude Stein. In the famous picture by Pablo Picasso, Gertrude Stein has shoulders like Babe Ruth's, but the eyes are only dark, they do not seem to see anything outside. If I don't look out I will look too long at Babe Ruth's eyes and never come back into myself. His hands, too, look enormous. They say that he could eat a dozen hotdogs and carry them all at once. Now when I think about all the other players who quit playing before I was a boy, I cannot find one as interesting finally as Babe Ruth. I have always said that 1948 was the greatest year in the history of human civilization. Why did Babe Ruth have to die that year? Why couldn't 1927 have been the greatest year in the history of civilization? When I look at the Louisville Slugger as well as the eyes I am glad that I am not a baseball in 1927.

5. Catcher

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

San Francisco

Baseball Canto

Watching baseball, sitting in the sun, eating popcorn,
 reading Ezra Pound,
 and wishing that Juan Marichal would hit a hole right through the
 Anglo-Saxon tradition in the first Canto
 and demolish the barbarian invaders.
 When the San Francisco Giants take the field
 and everybody stands up for the National Anthem,
 with some Irish tenor's voice piped over the loudspeakers,
 with all the players struck dead in their places
 and the white umpires like Irish cops in their black suits and little
 black caps pressed over their hearts,
 Standing straight and still like at some funeral of a blarney bartender,
 and all facing east,
 as if expecting some Great White Hope or the Founding Fathers to
 appear on the horizon like 1066 or 1776.
 But Willie Mays appears instead,
 in the bottom of the first,
 and a roar goes up as he clouts the first one into the sun and takes
 off, like a footrunner from Thebes.
 The ball is lost in the sun and maidens wail after him
 as he keeps running through the Anglo-Saxon epic.
 And Tito Fuentes comes up looking like a bullfighter
 in his tight pants and small pointy shoes.
 And the right field bleachers go mad with Chicanos and blacks
 and Brooklyn beer-drinkers,
 "Tito! Sock it to him, sweet Tito!"
 And sweet Tito puts his foot in the bucket
 and smacks one that don't come back at all,
 and flees around the bases
 like he's escaping from the United Fruit Company.
 As the gringo dollar beats out the pound.
 And sweet Tito beats it out like he's beating out usury,
 not to mention fascism and anti-semitism.
 And Juan Marichal comes up,
 and the Chicano bleachers go loco again,
 as Juan belts the first ball out of sight,
 and rounds first and keeps going
 and rounds second and rounds third,
 and keeps going and hits paydirt
 to the roars of the grungy populace.
 As some nut presses the backstage panic button
 for the tape-recorded National Anthem again,
 to save the situation.

But it don't stop nobody this time,
 in their revolution round the loaded white bases,
 in this last of the great Anglo-Saxon epics,
 in the territorio libre of Baseball.

6. Left field

Kevin Gallagher

Luis Tiant Fan Club Alum

Although Freddy will always be sour
 that his sister went and traded his Topps
 Ted Williams and Roberto Clemente
 for a box of stupid matchbox cars,
 he still fondly remembers having
 a hot dog and a beer every inning
 every Sunday he could at Fenway Park
 from seventy-three to eighty-five.
 After warming up a few innings
 he'd stand in the middle of the row
 and scream "Dominos!"
 then laugh as one person
 after another had to pop up
 to let him get by for another pair.
 He'd return to scream,
 "Hawt dawgs hea, fi-dollas!"



Art by Melissa Zexter

7. Designated Hitter

Owen Hill

Berkeley

Revenge of the Units

I won't tell you my name
 but last fall
 I killed my landlord
 well it wasn't just me
 it was the whole household
 two students a clerk
 a secretary
 and I'm unemployed
 the facts are just facts
 nothing special
 everything leaked of course
 the rent was high
 the landlord about 35
 own several buildings
 he called apartment
 units
 I'm getting abstract here
 I know
 but he had that way about him
 that people have now
 when they're 35
 and they own several units
 in fact
 it was that word
 unit
 and the way
 he said it
 that got under
 our collective skin
 it became
 an inside joke
 we even referred
 to ourselves
 as units
 and when we adopted
 a stray cat
 we named her
 "unit"
 in October
 when the reefer died
 and the kitchen flooded
 on the same day
 we decided to forget
 to pay the rent
 soon we were asked
 to vacate
 the unit

looking back
 I suppose
 these are petty reasons
 to take the life
 of even a landlord
 after all
 millions sleep
 on concrete and would give
 their eyes
 for even a faulty
 unit

but we
 didn't think
 about that
 our project
 was executed
 in the spirit of:
 what the fuck! who'll
 miss him!
 there just wasn't
 that much to lose
 it was simple
 we told him
 we had his money
 so he drove on over
 we said come in sit
 down his head
 was like
 a well groomed ball
 I picked up my bat
 and swung thinking
 of the 1963 world series
 Mickey Mantle
 hitting one deep
 to the opposite field
 off Don Drysdale
 an act of strength
 in a losing cause
 We had it all
 planned out
 after that
 we cleaned up
 the unit
 got rid of his car
 and began looking
 for a place
 to live.

BOGSDIE

from

SO LATE INTO THE NIGHT

II: Derek and the Boys

What did I promise next? Our apartment is really small, so let's grab a break.

We'll leave not just the nabe but Manhattan And go to the Bronx. Yankee Stadium! Take The 4 to 161. The first great moment is when the train rises from the ground. The fake Roman Coliseum startlingly looms — White, columned, huge, imperious — a tomb

For the futile hopes of other teams

Who for a century have suffered blows

From the booming bats of the Bombers, and reams Of great pitchers. Mantle, Ruth, DiMaggio, Gehrig, Jackson, Whitey Ford. They've creamed Teams in two dozen World Series, whipping foes Who had a few good men of their own.

The '99 team was great — Williams, Cone,

And my fave, Derek Jeter, the shortstop,

Who can not only hit to the max

But has a grin sweet as a lollipop.

All the girls yearn for Derek, he's so sex-

Y, but it's also true he doesn't drop

Balls, he makes the plays with grace, he acts

Swell to his parents, calls the manager Mister

Torre, not Joe. But his main asset? His keister.

Of course, Jeter's more than just a cute ass.

At 25, he's one of the premier

Players, and improving all the time. A mass

Of stats proves this — good arm, hitting a "mere"

.349, flashy fielding, speed. Doodads

Like these nicely ornament his rear.

Oh, there I go again about Butt-Man.

No, really, I'm a truly serious fan.

Women love a man who can bunt. New sea-

Son — new hits, new runs, new errors. That bat

Could be put to better use. As you can see,

Baseball's full of adages and advice that

Can help a person organize and se-

lect their — dare I say? — "life." That's why I've gat

thered these useful lines from a lifetime

Of musing on the national pastime.

Listened to first game of spring training.

Yanks lost but who cares? Getting that rhythm

Back, Sterling and Kay announcing, maintaining

The thread. Spring training for fans too, sit 'em

Rie, but country enough to make it seem Relaxed and with all the time in the day. The teams get ready by playing easy catch. I draw my scorecard and practice how to watch.

Playing is a different story. Our team —

The Dead Dogs — was truly the most ragtag

Gang you can imagine. Our Supreme

Inepnesses cheerfully, gracelessly dragged

Themselves in merry directions. Beam-

ing kids pitched in as ghost runners for lag-

Gard smokers, and a dog was our most game

Outfielder. But we did have a name,

And that's what mattered. Our priorities

Certainly weren't skill or attentiveness, as

We only played one game a year. Sotheby's

Will never auction off our razzmatazz.

We had fun and banquets and need more o' these.

But I suppose that's it and we are has-

Beens as athletes and I'll likely not

Be the next Yankees third base hotshot.

Any manner of going to a game does please.

Alone or in a crowd, good seats or so high

Squinting shows little more than a frieze

Of ballplayers in place. When I'm by my-

Self I tend to count pitches — to seize

The chance to be compulsive. I'm pli-

Ant in a group. In manifold fashion

Can one indulge a baseball passion.

I always keep score, though. It's automatic.

I draw a scorecard amid the throng

Rattling uptown on the train, emphatic

That I save the game this way, a snapshot long-

er lasting than an actual static

Photo. Have my own system, get stuff wrong

Plenty, so wait for official decision

To mark hits and errors with precision.

I once inveigled Maggie into a jaunt

Up to Yankee Stadium. It was Watch Day,

Bleacher seats a buck-fifty and we want-

ed those timepieces. In fact we were way

So poor that a free watch was worth the saunt-

er to the Bronx. I knew nothing. To my dismay,

I'd never had a boyfriend who liked the sport —

A requirement that would, you'd think, abort

Any budding romance, but here I am,

Seventeen years later, with a man

With whom I've gone to exactly one game,

On our first date, in 1980, me a fan,

Him knowing this. Sweet and thoughtful? Damn!

That his name would mean throw? I forgo Ze funny French way of leaving off ze last Letter. As dumb American, I'm typecast.

I once saw John Olerud hit a triple,

A big slow guy lumbering toward third base

But seeming not as fast as a cripple.

He'd hit double, homer, single so his race

Was to fill out the cycle. A ripple

Went through Shea when they realized. His face

Belongs on Mount Rushmore, with its flat planes

As American as the Great Plains.

"Cuba is known for music, tobacco,

Sugarcane and baseball — four essential

Elements," said Gilberto Dihigo,

Son of Hall of Fame's Martin, quintessential-

ly versatile, lone Cuban in the Hall, though

Tony Perez goes in this year and eventual-

ly Omar Linares and who knows who

Else once we can go back and forth to Cu-

Ba more than can be done now on impulse

Or even by design. They have those old

Autos that make my American pulse

Beat wildly. They have shabby streets and gold

Dawns and winter baseball to convulse

Me with joy. Cuba is a stronghold

Of imagination and desire for

Northerners gazing at that postponed shore.

Yankee centerfielder Bernie Williams

In trying to lure Juan Gonzalez

To the Bronx spoke not of the millions

Of dollars he could make, but of the solace

In "going medieval" — bat showing billions

His punishing power. What would cause volleys

In my heart would be him quoting Ethelred.

That would be the ultimate godhead.

I ran into Marlene the Medievalist

On the train, she'd been to Kalamazoo

For their convention. Do they go ballist-

ic — or is it catapultistic? You

Make obscure jokes and dance, herbalist

And witch, student and professor too.

Our T-shirt plan: a blunderbuss footing

At a dictionary: Skeat Shooting.

She prefers the Middle Ages to the more

Popular Renaissance because less glitter.

People's lives seemed more like ours, the poor

Solidly present in the liter-

ature, the way the Jewish Bible (or

"Old Testament") has warts and all — bitter

Feuds, failures, falseness. In the New Testament

Yanks finished June with first losing record In four years. It's been grim. No pitching. Ledee traded to Indians — a heckler's Dream to get Justice, my sort of bitching: Admiring his looks! Have yet to check'er Out for ASSETS. I'm just fidgeting Here, when what you want is the panorama Of baseball, in all its glorious drama.

But the big picture is made up of the small — Each inning, each pitch, each readjustment. At the plate, the winning run walked in one ball At a time. It's like a DNA judgment Done in the laboratory, crawl by crawl, Till at the end the man's proved innocent. Baseball's only tedious to watch before You know what you're looking at or for.

Baseball is made up of two elements:

Short, sharp, particular moments — a catch

Ken Griffey elevated and bent

Back over the leftfield wall to snatch,

Opening Day '85 — and their complement:

Undifferentiated time in batches,

An alt-universe where life rolls along

With simple, non-personal rights and wrongs.

Yanks beat the Sox big last night — I'm afraid

I'm going to be providing a running

Commentary on the season. Don't upbraid

Me, please. I'll try to work in Jim Bunning

And his politics, for distraction, or grade

Science writing in the Times: cunning

And compelling. Bunning: conservative.

There, now back to Jeter's curvative.

Derek Jeter's not the original

ButtMan, by the way — Willie Randolph has

Filled in nicely for years. A pigeon'll

Appeal with plumpness of the breast, as

A man with fullness behind, digital

Manipulation perhaps not as daz-

Zling as the usual computer picture.

"What was the ecstasy, what the stricture?"

Tomorrow (Tuesday) I will meet Derek

For real. (Thanks, Danny!) What will I wear?

I'd be less nervous to meet Bill Veack

Or Curt Flood — more excited too, I swear.

Hope I get my giggling done before — a wreck

If I embarrass myself. I couldn't bear

To have to tell everyone. Plan a remark,

Ei, that's the trick. No "uh ... uh" or mouth in park!

OK, folks, now that I've met Mister

Derek Jeter, All-Star Yankee shortstop

Down to the pace of a game, feigning Calm at first then feeling accustomed. The players poised and light on their feet, We fans beery, unfocused but replete.

Even this early in the season
It's satisfying to have baseball.

Hey! Especially this early! Knees 'n' Arms 'n' lungs need the soft air to loll
In, stretch in, wake up muscles. The reason
To go down South now, of course, is tall
Sun, grass thick as snow, the reminder
And idea that life soon will be kinder.

Bought the first daffodils of spring today.
Not from the green market, so they're hothouse
Probably — the market is strict on what ways
Goods can be included: no flowers doused
With dye, no butter from commercial dai-
ries cut to look Amish (scandal that roused
The scene a couple years back). These daffodils
Bring heart and troubles to a quick standstill.

Baseball's all about seeing. It's robust
If you catch the subtleties, like spring out West —
Not dramatic, you let your eyes adjust
Or you can't see the wildflowers. Or, I guess,
Like reading Chaucer: Your mind snaps in focus
And it's abruptly clear, and then the rest
Slides in smooth as pie; you see Jeter or Ledee
Crouch an inch and know they anticipate

The coming pitch and where the hitter
Is likely to punch it. I remember Lou
Piniella was called the best slow outfielder
In baseball 'cause he knew so well where to
Position himself. As a spectator,
Once you understand that each small step you
See represents a mass of strategy,
You've moved toward getting the sport's complexity.

It's like appreciating sex, which is
Like digging jazz — at first cacophony,
Unrelated sensations and sounds that fizz
At and around you. Your poverty
Of attention means they swirl and whiz
Past unorganized. It's a monotony
Of information when unsorted — fun,
But not as good as when you know a ton.

Summer eve, the colors simple green
And blue. The stretch of grass like spring hay,
The blue of uniforms and the sky gleam-
ing overhead. The smell's not quite prai-

Why do I so often read his gestures jan-
Gled? I felt set up instead of pleased.

He's tricked me, I thought obscurely, he's

Not here for love of the game, and John
Before him wasn't, nor Maggie my best friend.

I once asked Ted if love could come with none
Of the baseball signs in place. Sure, it's not the end,
He said. Look at my wife — she took it on.
Still, it would be swell to share this. Could he bend
Or could I move to his basketball? Go
Be a wife dutiful and yielding? No.

OK, so we've cruised up to the park,
Bought our tickets (your usual seat?
I'm asked), walked in to where the arc
Of sky and the insanely green field meet,
Scimitared by the curve of the dark-
White roofless arches. Summer heat
Clouds us as we climb to our children-
Of-paradise seats in this great cauldron.

Please notice that while using the -eeet
Rhymes (above), I refrained from including one
That would seem natural, that is: Derek Jet-
Er. What is a Jeter? One who jetes? Done
How, and why, do you suppose? With the feet?
Does it mean something in Rumanian?
It would be too cheap a shot to put here
Another remark re Derek's divine rear.

When Derek wouldn't dance at a club
With Mariah Carey, his old girlfriend,
His name became a verb: to jeter, bub,
Is to dis someone, blow them off, end
Things coldly. This begs the question, the nub
Of which being what did his name portend
Before he was bigger than it. Slang,
Bob pointed out, first of all needs a gang

Of speakers — "that's why linguists invent-
Ed prisons, as a laboratory for young crack
Men... without having to see them." This fragment
Wrong, no doubt, as Hershon's poem's hack
Was funnier and more incisive. We went
To a game together a couple years back.
He was sharp there too but as he's my
Publisher I'll let the suck-up be more sly.

Jeter's name is everywhere in France —
No, I'm not seeing things! — It's on notes
That say "merci de ne rien jeter dans
les W.C.," which means please don't throw
Anything in the toilet. What's the chance

An idealized portrait is what's present.

What's missing in medieval lit is play,
I suppose because, as Hobbes said, their lives
Were "nasty, brutish and short" (what I say
About my husband's unpleasant ex-wives).
They need baseball! It's just that auto-da-fé,
Sadly, was the entertainment that thrived.
It's hard to change the past retroactively
Unless you can close your eyes effectively.

In a somer seson, • when soft was the sonne
The coche, gedraeg and heretoga • to the gamen-felde of baseball gonne
A haueene of habite • halewed by sweete hey,
A meine riche in the reame ... • pytchers rowting reke their swevene.
I was were forwarded • and went me to reste
And sit by the midward-felde-gome • thrid aestandan side
I seigh a licht pytcher on a heigh-place • throwing ymaked palesye
To a betræpper there-inne • alrebest in bataile.
A faire felde ful of folke • fonde I there bytwene
Of alle maner of cnyssan, • the mighty and the mayme
Brucaning and cocking battes • as the coche asketh.
Some putten them neh the pytcher • for a claene anlepe pleyde.
In squatting and in swinging • swonken ther thikke alblast ful harde
Bifore a dampned noumpere • who deman to domesdaeg:
Hnitan aeres! Hnitan tueyne! • Hnitan alast! And oute!
Neist cnyssan hitte harde • to luft-felde: Home irnun!

Among the watchers, • the wawe like a wal waiters.
They standen and sitten • like a strand.
Neist a cnyssan of more conyng • clyppes to the comyns.
He bihotes to brothely • by-taht for the gedræg.
But the pytcher biloukes • the bryche segge in a bire,
With a fairehead of a falling sloder • fast to the egge of the plat.
A maistri withoutdyn mene • in midouernon,
Bitwix cleo-partie • with no hopand of speding.

Which distractions are a part of the game
And which not? Cellphones and the stock market
Should be put away posthaste. You came
To leave your daily life, so park it
Back at the office and watch. No blame
Attached to drifting off on a cloud, target-
ing an opposing player for invective
Or putting past games in perspective.

Who's that guy pitching today for Boston?
Knuckleballer Tim Wakefield. Hilarious
To watch those balls jiggle toward home, lost in
Space like puppies in a pond. Precarious
In an unpredictable wind, tossed in
Almost gently. Batters find them nefarious,
Curse as they swing and miss or else top
The balls meaninglessly to the shortstop.

In person, shook his hand (has he kissed her?)
I can't holler Hey Butt-Man from the top
Row — it's not the same, I'm like a sister
Now, or a mom more like. Protective. Tiptop.
He does have a megawatt smile. Obliging.
McCarver laughed at my eager engaging.

One theory of crushes is that they needs must
Be adjacent decades: if you're in your
30s, you date in 20s or 40s. Just
Because he's cute doesn't make my impure
Thoughts about Derek OK — my lust
Eliminated cuz he's so young. The lure
Of his ass less since he suggested
His future is business. Baby, you've bested
Most of the world in the money angle.
Are you going to spend your life counting?
You — everyone — should want to wangle
Time for learning about yourself, mounting
— No, not the ladies — the heights of tangled
Desires: revolution, poetry, pounding
Toward Parnassus. You'll have the leisure
To not be boring, so don't be a geezer.

Yesterday the All-Star game, invented by
My friend Beth's grandfather, in '33,
Arch Ward, who was a Chicago sports wri-
ter. She had no interest in baseball — we
Hitchhiked, raged against the war and got high.
She was the first person I knew to be
Raised in an apartment, which I thought coarse —
Equal to divorce. Her parents were divorced.

I watched two innings of the All-Star
Game, saw Jeter get two hits and score first
Run and predicted him MVP, far
Ahead of his third hit and AL burst
Of runs. Your boy's MVP, said Mar-
Vin, who works for my landlord downstairs, terse-
ly, and who I then met but had never spo-
ken to before. How does everyone know?

Photo by Melissa Zexter

ELLINO RANUEN

8. Shortstop

Marcella Durand

Lower East Side

the optickal gifts of ted williams

There is galaxies of space
btwn yr brain stem & yr
optic nerve your bra-in-in
your brain and op-ti-c, optic-
op-ticne-rv-opti-criv-nrv-glx-
galax-sp-sp-ace-opt-icpa-ce
sp-ax-spac-e-opti-cnrv-glx-of
gl-ax-glaxali-sopt-ic-nrv-of-of
spce-ce-lax-alax-gal-ax-spc-eax-e
ste-m-smtm-sbrnstm-bmrsain-stm
galaxys-xys-stm-of-spaxe-of-space
galaxies of it.

Pitching Coach

Tom Devaney

Philadelphia

The Mad Batters

Wait For Their Pitch

I am a big fan of the poem "Dream of a Baseball Star," by Gregory Corso from the book *The Happy Birthday of Death* (New Directions, 1960).

The poem is about the demanding, sometimes rambunctious, immodest, (in his way) truthful, and unpretentious Boston Red Sox slugger Ted Williams.

Strangely, the more I read about Williams the more some of Corso's more perplexing and interesting traits (in the work and life) made sense.

Ted Williams and Gregory Corso could be at once a pain-in-the-ass, yet achingly down-to-earth "characters" who both had a native talent, which was strikingly colloquial and blunt, as it was cultivated and graceful.

Making the connection helped me to appreciate something Patti Smith wrote in her candid and perceptive obit on Corso. She writes, "[Corso] was part Pete Rose, part Percy Bysshe Shelley. He could be explosively rebellious, belligerent, and testing, yet in turn, boyishly pure, humble, and compassionate."

Poet as baseball player, baseball player as poet, why not! Writing of Ted Williams in a moment that is both totally comic and totally serious, Corso writes:

'Randall Jarrell says you're a poet!' I cried.
'So do I! I say you're a poet!'

Here Corso mimicingly seconds the often mightily keen, but in some cases sorely solemn critic Randall Jarrell. Characteristically in the poem, as he was known to do in life, Corso shouts out and back to Jarrell to affirm and to trump his otherwise correct, but less than rollicking claim.

On batting Ted Williams writes, in a way that reminds us what was best and worst in Corso, "There's only one way to become a hitter. Go up to the plate and get mad. Get mad at yourself and mad at the pitcher." (See also, among his other poems, Corso's "The Mad Yak".)

Although Williams was the last player to bat .400, when he hit .406 in 1941, and hit an astounding 521 home runs, he was often booed at home for refusing to tip his cap to Red Sox fans. Ever self-assured, it is clear, both men needed to be told less than most that they were who they were—they knew it, and knew they were good, (at least at what they were good at).

Robert Creeley wrote that one of the last things Corso said to him was that "only a poet could say he or she was a poet—only they knew. Whereas a philosopher, for instance, needed some other to say that that was what he or she was—unphilosophe!—poets themselves had to recognize and initiate their own condition."

In the poem "Dream of a Baseball Star" Corso writes, "I dreamed of Ted William's/ leaning at night/against the Eiffel Tower, weeping." He continues:

He picked up his bat with blown hands;
stood there astraddle as he would in the batter's box,
and laughed! flinging his schoolboy wrath
toward some invisible pitcher's mound
—waiting the pitch all the way from heaven.

It came; hundreds came! all afire!
He swung and swung and swung and connected not one
sinker curve hook or right-down-the-middle.
A hundred strikes!
The umpire dressed in strange attire
thundered his judgment: YOU'RE OUT!
And the phantom crowd's horrific boo
dispersed the gargoyles from Notre Dame.

And I screamed in my dream:
God! throw thy merciful pitch!

How much does baseball and poetry have to do with each other? I do not know. I do know that there is a excessive actuality and deep empathy in Corso words for Williams,

9. Third Base

Ann Elliott Sherman

East Bay

Baseball Contraction

oxymoronic
hope laden
overtones of spring, birth
notwithstanding, the bottom line
feudal lords of sport
have a new business
plan now the bloat
has failed-fake delayed
hara-kiri.

it's as close
to the revered green
grass as the other
fully unauthorized
shell game in the lot
outside the Fan Zone.

Left-Handed Starting Pitcher

Carol Mirakove

Williamsburg

Why I Am Not a Baseball

I am not a baseball, I am a basket
ball. Why? I know I would rather wear
pants, than shorts. Well,

for instance, Bill Luoma
is watching a baseball. I sit next
to him as I've just bought
him a drink to say thanks for introducing me
to John. I swivel a lot on my barstool & finally
exclaim, "I don't get what's up with poets
and baseball! It's so BORING."

"Yeah, we know. It reveals to us
how boring our lives really are."

"Oh," I go & the wheels turn &
I deduce, "Then, in my fascination
with the superstylings of Kobe Bryant,
I'm participating in more of the lie?"

We both laugh &
Bill says, "Yeah, I guess so."
"Excellent!"

I go to www.kobebryant.com & am redirected
to usa.adidas.com.

Bullpen

Sharon Mesmer

Brooklyn

Dream of a Beat Poet Baseball Star after Gregory Corso

I dreamed of Gregory Corso
poised on the pitcher's mound
at Yankee Stadium,
laughing.

He was in the uniform of Roger Clemens,
broken bat in hand,
the bat inscribed with the words, writ in gold,
"I dreamed of Ted Williams
leaning at night
against the Eiffel Tower,
weeping."

"Quit your weepin', Williams!" he cried,
as he flung the bat toward first
(Bernie Williams wondered what he meant),
the strophe of the moment a rocket
across the scorecard of history.

Hundreds come to see him (all Americans for one night),
he threw poem after poem
straight at the heads of every Met:

"Birthplace Revisited,"
"Zizi's Lament,"
"I Held a Shelley Manuscript."

And at the end, as the crowd stood and roared,
and Joe Torre and Bobby Valentine cried
(each for different reasons),
and Derek Jeter's champagne sweat
sluiced him into the Hall of Fame, he bellowed,
"Should I get married? Should I be good?
Astound the girl next door with my velvet suit
and faustus hood?"
("What a faustus?" wondered David Justice.)

And I screamed in my dream:
Herald the clumsy iambs of Luis Sojo!
Hooray the dactyl that brought Paul O'Neill to the plate!
Yea Sojo's caesura up the middle!
Hosannah Brosius and Posada scoring Petrarchan sonnets from third!
All hail poetry's perfect game!

Right-handed Pinch Hitter
David Hadbawnik
Ballgame Sestina #1

Tonight I am ashamed & angry to be American not at what emotion I have seen & felt here in city, at park, but at lack of same among this heterogeneous swell of people, none of them knowing which way to turn nor look, when called upon, as now, to act.

Perhaps they think it all an act would feign play their part as Americans some "reality show" they'd turn on at night on Channel 4, the distance felt but not crossed, & gee it's swell just to be alive, at a ballgame, same

as ever. But is it? Is this the same field, the same play, same act between white lines – swell & murmur of crowd, All-American shortstop scratches crotch, snap of bat felt he explodes to his left to neatly turn

a double-play; and a nation turns to watch & ahh & feel the same. But what new death has felt its way towards us, what final act lurches on the stage – proud to be American! our hearts our throats swell

at every anthem, our churches swell with new & fervent members, strangers turn to friends & friends to enemies, Buy American becomes the slogan – but it's all the same. The way the flag acts & reacts upon them, its supple surges felt

in a hundred waving hands, hands that felt up Candice Kopetzki, 1983, the swell of young breasts, hands that fumble open bras or act tough; this hand, your hand, the left turn onto the favorite street "home" everything the same —isn't this what it means to be American?

I cannot act in this play. Our turn to see the rivers swell with tears, blood, same as others. I have never felt so American.

—9.18.01
 Written after attending the first ball game at Pacific Bell Park, San Francisco, after the season resumed following the events of September 11.



Photo by David Kirschenbaum



Post-Game Commentary **Basil King** Park Slope **Pastoral**

1982 – 83. Martha was working at Sloan-Kettering. I came along with the staff to Shea Stadium to see a ball game. Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, French Fries, Beer, Cokes, Pepsi. The docs, nurses, administrators and the rest of the staff all sat in the bleachers. The cooking was done in back of the bleachers and Sloan-Kettering paid for everything.

The players were on the field warming up. As they exercised they performed a Martha Graham dance. It was then that I saw Martha Graham, with her arms raised out in front of her. She was stretching her back, and had her left leg extended behind her. She was looking fierce and was about to cut through space. She turned to Nijinsky who was leaping as he had done many times before. He put his hand on Merce Cunningham, Viola Farber, and Ralph Lemon. The stadium was slowly filling up. Japanese tap dancers and students with the fans were slowly filling the stadium. It was 1983 and I began my "Pastoral".

First I sited two trees. Like the two female figures in Giorgione and Titian's "Pastoral, my trees are unclothed. Two unclothed trees holding up Blue. Between them is a wide avenue. It is down this avenue that the Pitcher will throw his pitch. Blue and Grey will come later.

Liberty show me your breast. It is always better to let Grey dome later. Grey integrates. Manet taught us that. Manet understood Wattau: Wattau taught the French to be cheeky. French painting has always had good table manners. Beethoven wrote into his Pastoral, "Democracy is yet to come."

I've asked myself are there two different women in the Giorgione / Titian painting? Or is there one? Art historians say Giorgione painted the women and Titian painted the men. So be it. Everyone knows that Braque and Picasso worked simultaneously on numerous paintings. But no one is sure if Titian finished "Pastoral" after Giorgione's death. Or if the two of them worked on "Pastoral" simultaneously. Giorgione was Titian's teacher. So be it.

I think there is one red headed woman in "PASTORAL". She posed unclothed standing half turned in front of a tree holding a jar, in her left hand. She posed unclothed sitting on the grass with her back to us holding a flute in her right hand. All prostitutes in Venice were required to dye their hair red. Titian often painted redheads. Both females have their heads turned and neither looks directly at either man.

The Pitcher turns to first base, checks third, looks at the catcher, turns. Beethoven wrote into his Pastoral, "Democracy is yet to come." The runner returns to first base. It's war, nerves twitch, who will falter? The

Pitcher? the runners? or the man at the plate? The Pitcher stretches, kicks his leg and releases the ball. Beethoven wrote into his Pastoral, "Democracy is yet to come." Liberty showing one breast sails down the avenue and strikes. The batter having swung and missed steps away from the plate. Following the avenue that has been made by avoiding the two women we see the buildings on the hill above the two men. The batter recovers his dignity and returns to the plate.

The Pitcher raises his arms. I draw a left leg. The batter looks around the field. The green fields employ anatomy. Pastoral, the male torsos are clothed. French painting began with Wattau. Pastoral, the men's torsos are clothed. The Pitcher's arms are above his head. Pastoral, the city between the trees is an avenue where I strut my art. The Pitcher does not look at the batter, and I draw a right leg. The Pitcher's body is coiled, and I draw a back. The Pitcher releases his intentions, I draw his face. The Pitcher is trying not to think, not yet, he will wait. He

must control himself, and the batter, and every man positioned on the field.

Sixth inning, no outs with a man on third. The Pitcher's team is winning 6-4. The Pitcher reads the catcher's sign. He waves his head turns to third base and looks at the runner. The third baseman looks like a bull frog squatting over the base. The runner returns to the bag. The Pitcher leans over and takes another sign. First base, third base, an avenue stretches before him. He see three people sitting

having lunch in the middle of the avenue. A second woman in a shift stands in a pool toying with the water. Behind her the avenue continues for an indefinite length.

An engraving after Raphaels Judgment Of Paris encouraged Manet to use the same arrangement for his three central figures. Like Giorgione and Titian, Manet lived in a city. Manet in Paris and Giorgione and Titian in Venice. manet has two men clothed and seated. The third member of the trio is a naked women. She holds her right hand on her chin, her right elbow rests on her right knee. A mature woman she is no Olympia, she services no one.

Is someone taking a photograph of her? It's hard to tell because she looks out and we are forced to look at her. Her white body, her intelligent face, her knowing eyes. oh, darling disparate you are housed in matter, and like Bizet's Carmen you know: Purity is the curse of the twentieth century.

If I remember it was 1982 – 83 and Martha was working at Sloan Kettering. I came along with all the staff to their annual picnic at Shea. Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, French Fries and Beer, Coke and Pepsi were served in back of the bleachers.

The players were on the field warming up. Jack Spicer sat down next to me. "You should be inside writing, you should be inside your city, inside your heart. You can't have my city, my city is far away. But your city sits on this seat next to you. Be by it and love it. Be by it and field your imagination. Learn to throw it without a curve."

Jack loved baseball. Jack never got to see my baseball paintings. But Tom Seaver did. He toured with "Diamonds are Forever", a show that included my "Pastoral". He told me that when he first saw " Pastoral" he couldn't figure out what I was doing and it bothered him. Then one day he said, "I know what he's doing. He's using his imagination. I do that when I pitch".

"Diamonds are Forever" toured around the world for three years and when the show was over, Tom bought "Pastoral".

Fielding Dawson

Fielding your death left me with an emptiness that I didn't expect. we had known each other fifty years. We were room mates the first year I was at Black Mountain. We didn't agree about Olson or Pollock. we sometimes didn't talk for years at a time. You were Fee, you were Guy Fielding Dawson, You were Fielding the writer who went into the prisons. You hit the longest ball at Black Mountain. You were the patrician who was furious when the Episcopal church changed the language in the Book of Common Pray. You were so many things. I want to write about you. Your language, as perpetual as light, as devouring as "BAZ, do you know what a French dog says? Neuf, neuf." But I can't. Not now. Its all too confusing. What I've done instead is write this about baseball and painting. Things that were dear to you.

Art by Basil King

Working through

BY STACEE SLEDGE

This is the story of a musical couple in Bloomington, Indiana, who played in bands throughout their younger years, left the business for college and child-birth, then found themselves pulled back in via an 8-track in their basement and two toddlers who slumbered soundly through late-night rock and roll.

At once familiar yet completely original, the *Mysteries of Life*, led by husband and wife team Jake Smith and Freda Love-defined its sound early on, and has found ways to keep it inventive without straying from the core style. With focused lyrics and sensitive pop arrangements, Jake writes with a deft hand, enmeshing the intelligent turn of phrase with a warm groove.

When Freda and Jake met in the early 1990s, Freda's Boston band, the seminal *Blake Babies*, also featuring Juliana Hatfield and John Strohm, was in the slow process of breaking up.

"Jake and I met during the period of time when John and I had moved back to Indiana, but the *Blake Babies* were still together," Freda says.

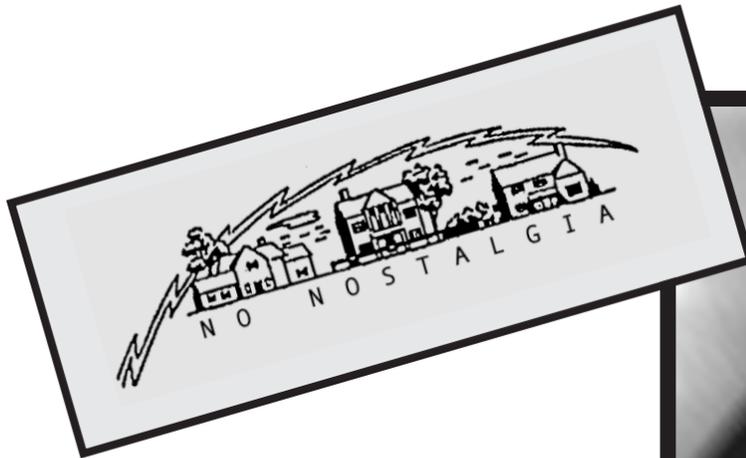
"John introduced me to Jake. They grew up practically across the street from each other, and John took me out to see the band Jake played in at the time. We were floored by his bass playing, his singing, and his stage presence. So when we started conceptualizing *Antenna*, we thought of Jake right away."

"I was playing in a 'mod' band in Bloomington," says Jake, "but it wasn't really going anywhere and I was getting ready to go back to school at IU. When I heard John and Freda were looking for a bass player, I decided to check it out, and we hit it off right away. Freda was too good to be true—the smartest, hottest, nicest, funniest, coolest, most talented woman I'd ever met. Sign me up!"

Antenna released the critical success, *Sway*, and then hit the road with *FIREHOSE* and *Cracker*. Freda eventually burned out and left the band.

"When I initially left the band, I really thought I was through with music. But in retrospect, I just needed a break and some kind of reevaluation. We hurried to get *Antenna* going after the *Blake Babies* broke up, and I never felt like I got a handle on our musical purpose. All the touring we did mostly confused and exhausted me."

After an extended break, Freda returned to the *Antenna* fold. "I came back because I missed playing with Jake and John—they were, and still



are, among my favorite people in the world in every way, including musically."

The non-stop touring again took a toll—this time on the entire band—and Jake and Freda decided it was time to leave music behind for good.

"*Antenna* had been hard, and we ended up feeling pretty disconnected to the kind of music we were making," says Jake.

"It was partly a kind of aesthetic uncertainty, combined with road-weariness," adds Freda. "and, perhaps most significantly, a desire to start a family. We felt pretty certain at the time that we wouldn't try to pursue a career in music and we both immediately went back to school."

Jake and Freda had quit their partying ways before things got out of hand.

"We didn't have the

more transgressive and exciting to have a baby, then to smoke crack and throw sinks out of hotel windows," he jokes.

The couple married in December 1993, right after the dissolution of *Antenna*. Despite their best intentions, the musical break didn't last long. "Jake was effortlessly coming

up with some beautiful new songs," says Freda, "and within a few months we had accidentally formed the *Mysteries of Life* in our living room. We were very content with the concept of establishing ourselves as a local band, having babies, and finding a new way to make a living."



'Jake was effortlessly coming up with some beautiful new songs and within a few

good fortune of smoking crack and throwing sinks out of hotel windows," Freda says.

"One of the challenges of being in a rock band in the '90s was not becoming a walking cliché," says Jake. "In a strange way it felt much

"It felt really good to switch gears and try and find a way to make music that felt more comfortable and fun," Jake says of that time.

"Then, ironically, we got signed to RCA," explains Freda. "Maybe we should have told

the Mysteries of Life

them to leave us alone, but we couldn't resist." The first full-length Mysteries of Life release, *Keep a Secret*, and its follow-up, *Come Clean*, were released in 1996 and 1998, respectively. There's a near seamless continuity between each Mysteries of Life record, though small changes exist that make each new work a progression.

Keep a Secret had a stripped down feel, while *Come Clean* was more a transition from, explains Jake, "very modest lo-fi band to Big Budget Studio Act, while still keeping our identity."

RCA brought in wunderkind producer Brad Wood (Liz Phair, Smashing Pumpkins, Pete Yorn) to re-tool a few *Come Clean* tracks. The resulting album was a critical smash (Ira Robbins of Trouser Press named it his #2 pick for 1998), but RCA failed to put its support behind the band, and a wide audience eluded them. Shortly after the release of *Come Clean*, the label unceremoniously dropped the Mysteries Of Life from its roster.

The couple continued to make music, while Jake moved on to graduate school and

a teaching position and Freda taught Yoga and continued her college coursework. On top of their Mysteries of Life duties, Freda and Jake regularly sat in with a handful of local bands. Freda also hit the road in 2001 with the reformed Blake Babies.

Putting their less-than-satisfactory experience with the major label behind them, Jake and Freda (along with Bloomington friend and ex-Vulgar Boatmen leader Dale Lawrence) created their own label, No Nostalgia. The first release is the latest, self-produced Mysteries of Life project, *Distant Relative*.

There are some new-to-MoL sounds on *Distant Relative*. "The new sounds are partly by design and partly by necessity," explains Jake. "We didn't have a big major label budget, so we were forced to work when we could on friends' computer studios. Not having the luxury of time in a big studio also meant we decided to loop some things—drum beats etc. But this was also the plan going into it. I'd been listening mostly to rap, dub, and techno, and decided that it wasn't fair for rap producers to have all the fun, and wanted to play around with some new approaches. The last things we recorded ("I Just Bet" and "Distant Relative") are the most radical departures, but also the places I felt like we were just hitting

our stride—I wanted to start making a whole new album at that point."

The Mysteries of Life have had a considerable amount of critical success, but popular success has been harder to come by. When asked if mass appeal is important in the bigger picture, Jake answers: "It would be easy to say that doesn't matter, but I think it really does to a certain degree. I would have been really happy if, say, *Come Clean* had struck a chord with lots of people. But you have such little control over that kind of thing. One thing you figure out on a major label is just how little control you have over things on that mass level. Mostly we'd just like to achieve a level of success where we could keep making records."

Jake and Freda both enjoy the close-knit musical community surrounding Bloomington. "The local radio station WFHB is so great, and there are lots of like-minded folks around here. The lead singer/songwriter in the Vulgar Boatmen is our good friend and also our biggest influence, which is nice!"

The future for the Mysteries of Life will involve more of the same. "We plan on recording more and playing more shows," says Jake.

"Some of my favorite musicians and artists have found ways to com-

'One of the challenges of being in a rock band in the '90s was not becoming a walking cliché.'

Also, we like the idea of being a kind of 'school' or 'collective' with our pals the Vulgar Boatmen and our friends who work with us on the label and Web site. We're also planning to try and do some creative work on local radio here."

Parenthood, music, school, teaching. How do they manage to do it all? "I got a palm pilot for Christmas, which helps," Jake says with a laugh.

months we had accidentally formed the Mysteries of Life in our living room.'

bine writing about what they do with their work-people like John Cage, Jean-Luc Godard, Brian Eno. I like trying to balance multiple roles and careers—writing about music and making it. It's not very original: All rap DJs are also historians and scholars.



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Drawing Conclusions: Cartoonists Take on 9/11

9-11 Emergency Relief
\$14.95, Alternative Comics, 2001

World War 3 Illustrated, Issue #32
\$3.50, P.O. Box 20777, Tompkins
Square Sta., NYC, NY 10009

Given the speed of the age, the covers of both of these 9/11-response anthologies may already look at least somewhat quaint. Frank Cho's "superhero" firefighter, with American flag waving in the background, nearly kept me from picking up *9-11 Emergency Relief*. Peter Kuper's *World War 3 Illustrated* (WW3) cover, depicting a raised hand with two ghost fingers—the Twin Towers—goes too far in the other direction: the deep, glowing red of the hand, the darkish sky and mottled clouds all signify "haunting"—but they don't actually haunt. Art Spiegelman had the right idea; I saved that copy of the first *New Yorker* printed after the WTC attack for his Ad Reinhardt-inspired black-on-black twin towers cover alone. Not only was it a great example of postmodernist quoting, it actually captured, without going overboard (if that's possible), the totalizing

bleakness New Yorkers were feeling at that moment.

The covers of these anthologies aside, what happens between them is more of a mixed bag. Mac McGill's "IX XI MMI" in WW3 is without question the most successful piece in either collection. Nearly wordless and intricately inked, McGill's six-page expressionist howl absolutely captures the horror of the event in a way not even the photographs and footage of people jumping had. Other highlights include, from *9-11*, Josh Neufeld's poetic rescoring of Kander and Ebb's "New York, New York" (see above) and Joyce Brabner and David Lasky's "Under the Peace Arch", mostly a recounting of Brabner's visit to Israel/Palestine, and, from WW3, Peter Kuper's reevaluation of his own pre-9/11 apocalyptic art in "War of the Worlds", Ryan Inzana's historically

intricate "The U.S. and Afghanistan: Where We Went Wrong", and Seth Tobocman's inside front cover image of building rubble become open maw.

The worst pieces, most of which appear in *9-11*, range from the sentimental fascism of Tom Derenick's "GOD BLESS US ... GOD BLESS US ALL" ('nuff said!) to the embarrassing insipidity of James Kochalka's untitled seven-pager, which begins "a day that will live in SUPER infamy" and ends with the author deciding not to pluck a mushroom growing from his bathroom tile: "I think I'll let it live."

That said, both of these collections are worth looking through to see how artists ranging from the inept and clueless to the brilliant and graceful grapple with one of the toughest subjects out there: politically complex horror.

—GARY SULLIVAN



SONG FOR SEPTEMBER 11TH

by JOSH '01
Lyrics by JOHN KANDER & FRED EBB

THE CHEERLEADER

JAVELIN P



Philip Good

Ease Nassau

Word Terrorism

He wandered
into the airport
and the wanderer
got wanded by
a wander

Chris Martin

San Francisco

Turkey Day

The hollow eyes of the church squint as the sun cables through. Women in hospital garb walk the streets. I have many reasons to be happy. One of them is Karl Krause, poet of the thirty-five cent statue. Another is salted nuts, fortune telling arcade machines, discounted goods past the expiration date. In spite of all this, even the pigeons outside my window can't seem to get excited. There is a film of gloom on the world as winter sleepily settles in. The trees are burlesque, half-nude in their wiry spindles. I'm supposed to be calling my sister in New York. I'm supposedly a great optimist. I'm staring at the action-figure Jesus on my mantel, his arms just wide enough to hold a matchbook.



"Spring 2002" lino cut print serie #1 Karine Duteil

Stephen Paul Miller

East Village

I Was on a Golf Course the Day John Cage Died of a Stroke

As in Frank O'Hara's best known poem,
"The Day Lady Died,"
After much everyday foregrounding
A poet should perhaps discover
An "underground" celebrity's
Death through the media
But I search for little
meaningful things,

Not exactly an appropriate tribute to John Cage.
Yesterday, the day John Cage had his
stroke,
I saw Merce Cunningham wheeling
his hip to hail a cab west
on Broadway and 11th

I wonder if he was going to St. Vincent's Hospital.
Then this afternoon, about the
time John Cage died, my friend
Mae Fern and I were
walking through the Staten Island Greenbelt.
We lost our way and decided to
find our car by hiking on a street
alongside the nature preserve.

Mae Fern is from Arkansas and I
asked her about the presidential election.
She said she grew up
in Arkansas with Bill and Hillary

always in the background
but as somewhat
peripheral figures.
It was funny to leave Arkansas
and learn more about them
On a grander scale than
ever seemed possible at home.
Hillary had spoken to her high school and
she seemed "cold" and "mean" to her,
Yet she felt that the Clintons
had done some good things
Such as set up the 11th grade
exceptional students' art enhancement
Program. She said it was very "liberal,"
and she cited John Cage as an example
of the work they did. "John Cage
was there?" I asked.
"No, but we performed
John Cage pieces like
the one with about ten radios."

"Oh yeah, no one ever finds
a radio station, right?" "Right."
I remember John Cage in 1977 in
his Bank Street basement loft,
before he moved to the Avenue of the Americas,
(he called the basement space "Merce's nightclub"
and said if he ever had a view
he'd "drink it up") typing
a one page poem for a one
page poetry magazine that

Ken Deifik and I were putting out then.
He told me about a Merce Cunningham
piece to be performed at the Minskoff Theater
which consisted of the excess parts
of other pieces. I said
I'd like to see it. He gave me a ticket
to a matinee. When I
got there I was sitting next to him.
"Did you hear that Carter
pardoned the draft resisters?"
I asked.
"Oh, you mean the boys in
Canada?" he replied.
I really wish I had shown
him more of my poetry.
I don't think I ever sent
him my book, Art Is Boring
for the Same Reason We Stayed
in Vietnam.
I never told him that
I didn't work as he did
based on an urge not to repeat
that he nourished-
I never told him I wanted to
deprogram chance.
Once we were walking to his
favorite West Village Xerox store
when he asked which
poets had most influenced me.
I told him that he had
because he taught me
to try to write so as not to ruin "nothing."
"That's very hard," he said.
Once we were driving down
34th Street when it began to
get ominously dark.
"Sometimes" he said
"one forgets New York
is just a seaside town."

B O O G C I T Y P r e s e n t s

The Baseball Issue

Sunday, April 14, 7:00 p.m.



Z i n c B a r

90 W. Houston (off La Guardia Pl.)

hosted by

Baseball issue editor and Zinc Bar curator
Douglas Rothschild

and

BOOG CITY editor
David A. Kirschenbaum

Poetry, Music,
Popcorn, and Bubble Gum

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and words from

BOOG CITY columnist Greg Fuchs,
Eliot Katz, Kimberly Wilder, and Ian Wilder

hosted by **BOOG CITY** editor

David A. Kirschenbaum

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email editor@boogcity.com

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
<p>7 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p>8 7-John Hodel (Folk) 8-Curtis (Solo Acst) 9-Sugar Thief (Rock) 10-Jessie White (Acst/Alt) 11-Ada Rovatti & Elephunk (2 sets)</p>	<p>9 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-Jess King (Acst Pop) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p>10 \$5 Cover Till 11PM FRANKIE WOOD PRESENTS: 7-Eric Wyatt and friends (R&B) 8-Love Pirates (Rock) 9-Mad Juana (Rock) 10-Charley Buckland and the Murder of Crows (Country/Blues/Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p>11 \$7 Cover Till 11PM MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7- Madeline Zero, 7:45-The Rohnol 8:30-Kadafi, 9:15-Stalone 10-Kirmon 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hip-Hop and Old School</p>	<p>12 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Blues/Pop) TRIFECTA SHOWCASE NIGHT: 7-Lisa Lost (solo) 8-Revlover (Rock/Pop) [\$1] 9-The Untitled [\$1] 10-Prison Rodeo [\$5] 11-Noxes Pond [\$1] 12 to Wee Hrs-DJ RIVERCAT</p>	<p>13 Cover \$7 till Midnight 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-Toni Tujillo 7:45-TBA 8:30-The Sleeves 9:15-West 10-Mudville Diaries 11-Pinwheel 12 to Wee Hrs-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAM-BONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>	
<p>14 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p>15 7-Amy Emerman (Acst) 8-Carla Buffa with Ma Bird of Swallow (Alt/Acst) 9-Irene Mastrangeli (Acst) 10-Barry Seth & Paul Dante (Acst Rock) 11-Mr. Vivo (Latin Jazz)</p>	<p>16 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop/Rock) 10-Laurie Cagno (Pop/Rock) 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p>17 NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-Sara Wendt (Acst) [\$4] 8-Pat Ossowski (Acst Rock) [\$4] 9-Rainbow Fresh (Acst Rock) [\$4] 10-Citigrass (Bluegrass) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p>18 NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-TBA [\$4] 8-Kelli Owens (Rock) [\$4] 9-Marianne Pillsbury (Rock) [\$4] 10-Ward White (Rock) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hi</p>	<p>19 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Acst Blues) NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-Sly Gerald (R&B/Blues Rock) [\$5] 8-Andy Fitzpatrick (Acst) [\$5] 9-Swallow (Alt Rock) [\$5] 10-Stephanie St. John (Alt Rock) [\$5] 11-Gravy (Rock) [\$5] 12-TBA [\$5] 1 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin" with DJ Rivercat</p>	<p>20 5 to 7-Gil Coggins Legendary Jazz Pianist NEW CENTURY'S BEST OF 2001 7-George Jefferson Airplane (Rock) 8-TBA [\$5] 9-Into Red Giant (Alt Rock) [\$5] 10-Mark Simms and 825 (Nashville Gothic/Alt Country) [\$5] 11-Loaded Dreams (Rock) [\$5] 12 to Wee Hrs-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAM-BONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>	
<p>21 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave Trio</p>	<p>22 7-David Jacobsen (Acst) 8-Elliott Carlson (\$5)(Acst) 9-Aunt Slammie (Roots Rock) 10 to 1-Bloomdaddies (2 sets- Fusion/Rock)</p>	<p>23 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-Thing Three 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>	<p>24 7-Chris Stewart (Acst) 8-Gabriel's Hold (Rock) [\$4] 9-KFM (Rock) [\$4] 10-Helper (Rock) [\$4] 11 to Wee Hrs-"DOWN BY THE C" DJ LEVI spins Downtempo, Jazzy, Soul</p>	<p>25 \$7 Cover Till 11PM MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-Erik Hendin 7:45- Zero Chance 8:30-The Standard Model 9:15-John Virag 10-Nexta Kin 11 to Wee Hrs-DJ Beetroot spinning European Hi</p>	<p>26 5 to 7-Jessie Murphy (Blues/Pop) 7-Mike America & The Free World (Acst Rock) 8-Taylor Barton & GE Smith (Acst Rock)[\$5] 9-Junior Fudge (Roots Rock) [\$5] 10-The Mudlarks (Swamp Rock) [\$5] 11-The Garrison Project (Roots Rock) [\$5] 12-Mr. Vivo (Latin Jazz at midnight) [\$5] 1 to Wee Hrs-"Twangin" with DJ Rivercat</p>	<p>27 Cover \$7 till Midnight MARQUIS TALENT PRESENTS: 7-John Garnivicus 7:45-The Actualities 8:30-Gabrielle 9:15-Sean Lee 10-Oscura 11-Das Phroog 12 to Wee Hrs-"PURDYMOUTH SATURDAY NIGHTS" w DJ HAM-BONE spinning Good Time Drinking Stuff</p>	
<p>28 5 to 9:30-OPEN MIC w/ RICK JOHNSON 9:30 to Wee Hrs-BLUES JAM w/ Brother Dave TrioA</p>	<p>29 7-Wanda Phipps (Acst Rock/Spoken Word) 8-Susan Ruel (Acst) 9-Sandra Bazzarelli (Rock) 10-The Northerners (Rock) New band is like the Allman Bros. with a new age edge- popular jam band on the local college circuit 11-Ada Rovatti & Elephunk (2 sets)</p>	<p>30 5 to 9-OPEN MIC w/ MEG BRAUN 9-James Katz (Acst Pop) 10-TBA 11 to Wee Hrs-OPEN JAZZ JAM w/ NICK RUSSO TRIO</p>				<p>April 2002 Calender 157 Avenue C (10th St.) NY, NY 10009 212 677-8142 E-mail: cnoteny@aol.com</p>	<p>For Weekly Calendar send your email address cnote@aol.com</p>