

## Keeping a Watchful Eye on the Jolly Guy

Canadian and U.S. Military Track Santa Claus

BY GREG FUCHS

The North American Aerospace Defense Command, NORAD, embedded deep inside Cheyenne Mountain near Colorado Springs with technology deployed worldwide, watches the skies of North America around-the-clock. Its more than 1,500 Canadian and United States military

excavated to house 15 buildings, 12 of which are three stories tall. Each building has its own tunnel and functions independently of the remaining structures. The entire operation is mounted on 1,319 springs, which insulate against earthquakes. The complex operates on a three-level power system that will allow for it to run for one month if outside power sources are cut. Cheyenne Mountain has four water reservoirs with a six-million gallon capacity. The two main doors, made of 3.5-foot thick baffled steel, weigh 25 tons. The center was built to withstand a direct hit from an atomic bomb. The whole affair has the cinematic aura of

Fritz Lang's ghastly *Metropolis* while maintaining a Cold War chic reminiscent of Sean Connery-era James Bond, tempered by *Dr. Strangelove*.

NORAD, whose motto is "deter, detect, defend," recently came under fire from the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States. The independent commission, created by congressional legislation and with the signature of President George W. Bush to prepare a full account of the circumstances surrounding September 11th, accused NORAD of not producing requested documents. The entire scene is dubious. NORAD's mission up until that day was to monitor imminent threats to the Canadian and U.S. borders, never domestic airspace. Yet why not turn over their documents? Furthermore, Richard Ben-Veniste, 9/11 Commissioner, has a notorious resume, bulleted

**We take tracking Santa very seriously.  
NORAD has a team of scientists that study the mysteries surrounding Santa.  
We work pretty closely with him.**

personnel monitor every object that enters our airspace, including those that orbit the earth.

Among the many flying crafts NORAD tracks annually, one is of peculiar interest. Every December 25th for almost 50 years, the flight of Santa Claus, the jolly guy wearing red velvet who delivers gifts to every well-behaved child, has been under careful surveillance by the vigilant soldiers stationed in the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center.

The Pentagon developed the idea for a hardened command and control center as a defense against Soviet bombers, says the website www.NORAD.mil. The concept of the operations center focused more on early warning and ballistic missile threats after the Soviet launch of Sputnik in 1957.

Cheyenne Mountain has been completely



Greg Fuchs photo

with legal counsel for mobsters and scandalous politicians.

I was curious amid this intrigue that NORAD tracked the benevolent Santa Claus. That friendly and good-natured Canadian, Major Douglas Martin, Chief Officer of Santa Tracking, immediately responded to my query.

**Can you answer a few funny questions about NORAD tracking the Christmas Eve flight of Santa Claus?**

Well let me begin by stating that we take tracking Santa very seriously. NORAD has a team of scientists that study the mysteries surrounding Santa. We work pretty closely with him.

**For how many years has NORAD tracked Santa's flight?**

Please see FUCHS page 3

## A Very Merry East Village History

My personal history begins with the shooting galleries, to me a nameless faceless area. Aisles of empty gray structures and streets coincide with a desire for the death of a mass and fabricated identity, and a longing for a merging with new kinds of things, possibly ending with artists. This means a still beginning with artists, all kinds, with

unlimited forms of expression and the ability to unite and communicate, or to at least try.

Then more empirical signposts—the well-attended riots of 1988. In anticipation of an influx of the very moneyed, the administration of then-mayor David Dinkins, with the local Pagone administration. The pair worked with developers to offer the elite newcomers a

more aesthetically beautiful, safe, and sound Tompkins Square.

This deconstruction/reconstruction involved dislocating the homeless from what was referred to as "tent city" and to the enforcement of curfews in the park, as well as tearing apart the bandshell that stood in the center of the park. There now exists somewhere a mobile bandshell, and it is available for a fare share of bureaucracy.

I often see the celebrated and now aged Adam Purple going from phone to phone on his bicycle checking for coins. A woman I know simply by the name of Annette, owner of Planet One café on 7th Street, told me that the gardens that were allowed to exist were the beautiful gardens. But all gardens are potentially beautiful. The gardens allowed to survive were often not the gardens cultivated by the longtime Spanish and Puerto Rican residents of the neighborhood. The remaining gardens are there because

of the miracle of finances and a call from Mayor Bloomberg. The under-funded are often considered an eyesore.

Still, through the hordes of young beauties looking for one another on weekends—decked out like this were the eighties—and the NYU students there exists an East Village consciousness. I don't think I'm being romantic or even overly optimistic. There is a vocabulary that now exists as a result of effort and struggle that once took place, and continues. That

the East Village owns this struggle and culture is unimportant, but that it has all happened here is fascinating.

Logistically, the area is a port where a confluence of immigrants have made their home. The universal war of division and symbolism, no matter what anyone seems to

say or do, continues all over the place, the world. The relief is in spaces for people.

—Merry Fortune

## The Real Whole Foods

BY MERRY FORTUNE

The Whole Earth Bakery is a small abode located at 154 St. Mark's Place between First and A, much closer to A. If you pass it and blink you miss it. Entering you are in a great century, a great planet. There exists an array of culinary progressive ideas, proof of individual thinking in the form of good things to eat. The store's atmosphere itself seems in support of a pleasingly essential but not speedy life.

"Mom and myself, we opened up in 1978," says Peter Silvestri, Whole Earth's co-owner. "August 11th was the first day of business." I first met Mom, a beautiful woman, in the first store that went by the same name of Whole Earth Bakery. That store existed for many years in Soho, not far from the antithetical, somewhat tediously luxurious Balthazar.

"Mom started baking cookies in a flea market in Tom's River, New Jersey," says Silvestri. The cookies made their way into the city when Mom got a spot in the Ninth Avenue Food Festival, and that happened in May, he says. She brought five egg crates of cookies to the flea market in Tom's River one Friday, he adds. She made \$2,000 at the fair that weekend, enough to buy the place in Soho, says Silvestri. "You have to remember the times," he says. "Today you couldn't buy the sidewalk out front [for \$2,000]."

Whole Earth was still using animal products such as kosher cheeses and butter up until five years ago. A trip to California for a Macrobiotics training course influenced Silvestri to begin

Please see FORTUNE page 5

**John Erhardt**  
Haydenville, MA

**Groundhog Day**

Once a year, a homeless man is invited to balance the budget. He faces East in a stovepipe hat.

Afterward we all go out to breakfast. I trust the pancakes to wait their turn.

I trust my disappointed Grandmother to keep signing checks. I trust the books on your shelf will one day wave goodbye.

# BOOG CITY

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**editor/publisher**

David A. Kirschenbaum  
editor@boogcity.com

**copy editor**

Corina Copp

**east village editor**

Merry Fortune

**music editor**

Jon Berger

**poetry editor**

Stephanie Young  
krbygrip@sbcglobal.net

**printed matter editor**

Joanna Sondheim

**small press editor**

Jane Sprague

**columnist-at-large**

Greg Fuchs

**poetry calendar editor**

Rj Gambale

**counsel**

Ian S. Wilder

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**BOOG CITY**

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H  
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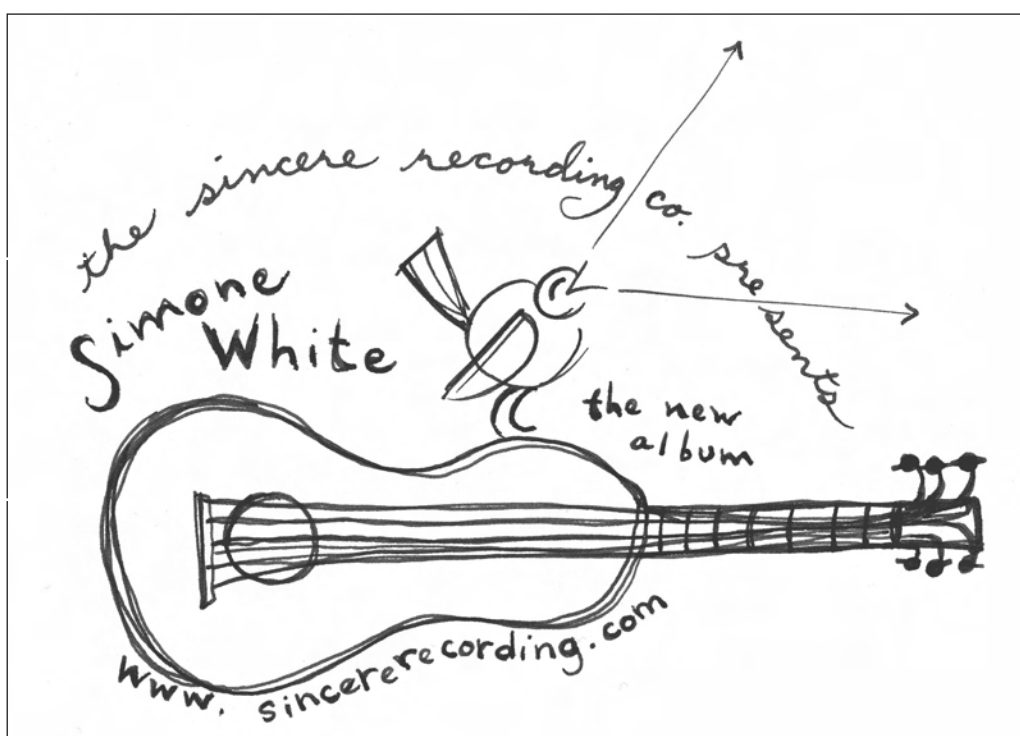
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## Eating Well on a Lousy But Steady Income

**Lil Frankie's** (19 First Ave.) is a good restaurant. You can tell this as soon as they put the bread and olive oil on your table. For as little as \$6.95, you can have a marinara pizza that is large enough for two. For \$5.25 more, you can also get a generously portioned side dish, like spinach or squash. That's a pretty decent meal for less than 10 bucks, including tax and tip, and it comes with the added bonus of being crammed into a popular and charming restaurant.

I went to Lil Frankie's because its parent restaurant, Frank, is always crowded, always, no matter what time of day or night. And not just crowded, but the elbow-banging, toe-squashing staff is too busy to take notice of you when you walk in—that kind of crowded. It's annoying, but intriguing, and so I went to its offspring, which I think has more tables, and apparently less renown. But be forewarned—counter to what your intuition might tell you, Lil Frankie's is actually more expensive than Frank.

Lil Frankie's is a wood-burning oven pizza place, but it also

## Lil Frankie's Pretty Big

serves a pasta du jour, antipasti and salads, some of which look exciting, like the eponymously named salad with beets, potatoes, and fresh fennel, among other ingredients. My friend and I split the Pizza Polpettine (\$9.95), with baby meatballs, tomato, mozzarella, and fresh sage; the spinach gnocchi (\$12.95, served Mondays and Saturdays); and a side of spinach.

The meatballs on the pizza tasted like sausage. I don't know if they actually were sausage, but they tasted like it, and when I reheated the leftovers in my oven the next night, the sausage-flavor had seeped into the cheese and made the whole thing even more savory and delicious.

The gnocchi was okay, but nothing to write home about. I had the option of either a gorgonzola or a tomato and basil sauce, and I opted for the latter, fearful that the gorgonzola would be too overpowering. I made a prudent decision and dug my own ditch. On Sundays and Fridays, rigatoni with eggplant is served, and Thursday is lasagna night. I am convinced the lasagna will be good, and I will soon go back to try it.

As much as the gnocchi bored me, the spinach fascinated me to no end. It was flavorful and topped with what tasted like baked parmesan. Often times spinach sides are too creamy or salty, or simply undoctored. This one was worth the money.

Lil Frankie's makes two desserts—tiramisu and panna cotta. We chose tiramisu because the people sitting on top of us, I

mean next to us, suggested it. We were seated about half an inch from two strangers (nice strangers, I should note), even though three choice tables for four sat empty the entire time we were there.

The tiramisu was good, but it wasn't special enough to warrant the \$7.25 price tag. I've been to fancier places that serve far more complicated and unusual desserts for the same price. The insalata mista should have been cheaper, too. It's overpriced at

**The spinach fascinated me to no end. It was flavorful and topped with what tasted like baked parmesan. Often times spinach sides are too creamy or salty, or simply undoctored. This one was worth the money.**

\$7.95, for nothing more exciting than various greens.

But a nice meal for two could consist of a pizza—there are about 10 varieties, none pricier than \$11.95—a vegetable side dish, and some wine, which is \$6 by the glass. When weather permits, there's outdoor seating in the back where you can smoke. Cash only.

## The Ghosts of Tompkins Square Park are Alive

BY B. FRIDAY

Jim Flynn, songwriter and new author, compiled a collection of 20 mini-biographies from interviews he had conducted with homeless people living in and around Tompkins Square Park, then took out a loan to self-publish it. The result is *Stranger to the System*, whose real life characters still follow me around like delusions days after I've finished reading it.

The book opens with an "old timer," Phillip, who weaves a heartfelt tale about coming of age in the Rockaways in the 1960s. After

having several children with different women, he spends his young adulthood constantly working to provide for everyone. The pressure finally becomes too much, and he uses his life savings to travel. This need to be a free man unto himself after a missed youth ultimately leads to alcoholism and homelessness.

From there, author Flynn takes us on a journey. We meet everyone from Vietnam veterans who go crazy when they're indoors to young drifters who hop freight trains and travel in this romantic way all over the country, to corporate yuppie dropouts and spawns of

junkie prostitutes, who never knew a different way—all the while the mystery of why one would choose this lifestyle unraveling.

Public policy and the history of a pivotal neighborhood are all explored in this masterpiece. The socioeconomic tensions are beautifully illustrated in the last part, where homeless artist Nelson, whose illustrations grace the pages of *Stranger*, gets in a verbal showdown with the Hollywood director responsible for cordoning off a section of the park for an A-list movie shoot.

*Stranger to the System* has a great

emotional pull. These subjects resent society, but they clearly seem to know it is their responsibility to lift themselves out of their present state. Some of the subjects go to rehab throughout the book. Then, to our despair, some decline rapidly again into their addictive behaviors. Their plight and our wishes for them set up conflicts to which all stories aspire.

Story it may be, but remember, it's true. You can go down to the park today and meet many of these characters. Or you can buy *Stranger to the System* and enlighten and entertain yourself. [www.curbsidepress.com](http://www.curbsidepress.com)

## FUCHS from page 1

NORAD started tracking Santa in 1955 due to an innocent mistake. A small newspaper in Colorado Springs ran an advertisement during the holidays suggesting that children phone Santa Claus. The newspaper accidentally misprinted the phone number, which happened to be the hotline into the predecessor of NORAD. On Christmas Eve of 1955 the hotline rang. The on-duty officer Colonel Schaup answered the phone, and, to his surprise, a young child was on the other end asking to talk to Santa Claus. The hotline soon was inundated with calls from children asking for Santa. Colonel Schaup immediately decided that he could not let the children down. He began NORAD's Santa tracking mission. Today you can phone (877) HI-NORAD or go to our Web site, [www.noradsanta.org](http://www.noradsanta.org), to follow Santa's route.

**So how does the tracking actually work?**

Our radars follow Rudolph's red nose.

**How long has Rudolph been a part of the team?**

We believe that he has been with Santa from at least 1949. We have an early infrared photograph of Rudolph guiding Santa's team of reindeer through a particularly thick fog over San Francisco. Without Rudolph they probably would not have made it.

**How many reindeer are in the team?**

Definitely nine.

**Back to the tracking.**

On December 25th a team of Canadian fighter jets welcome Santa over Newfoundland. We escort him to the United States border

where a team of U.S. fighter jets will escort Santa down the eastern seaboard to Florida. Santa flies a north to south zig-zag pattern over North America, and he progresses through each time zone within one hour. We have 24 Santa cameras stationed worldwide. He definitely delivers gifts to children everywhere. He does not discriminate. Children of all faiths receive gifts. I know what we are doing is bigger than life, but we are always vigilant and always alert.

**Have you talked to Santa?**

We talk to Santa every October to help him plan his trip. We also run a test flight for Santa in December of every year. Incidentally, on November 5, 2001, Santa sent us an e-mail to remind the children to go to bed on time. He was worried about us after the tragic events of September 11th.

**Tell me about the test flight.**

It will take place on December 18th. Santa lifts off from the North Pole, where he is met by a team of CF-18 jets. They are similar to the American 18 Hornets. When Santa reaches the Yukon Mountains, a team of American F-15s will meet him, as he approaches the speed of about one mach. At that point Santa will ascend vertically. We like to test his vertical flight capabilities because Santa delivers gifts to the international space station.

**How fast does Santa fly?**

Just over 100 times faster than the Japanese Bullet train, yet we believe his top speed is much faster. We are still not certain if Santa flies in our time continuum. There are many things we do not understand about the mysteries of Santa. Our scientists still haven't figured out how he gets down a chimney. We don't believe the sleigh weight changes

because Santa maintains a consistent pace throughout his flight. This is a stumbling block because one would think the sleigh would get lighter throughout his flight. We suspect that Santa packs some of the treats that children leave for him and the reindeer. Perhaps he brings them back to Mrs. Claus and the elves.

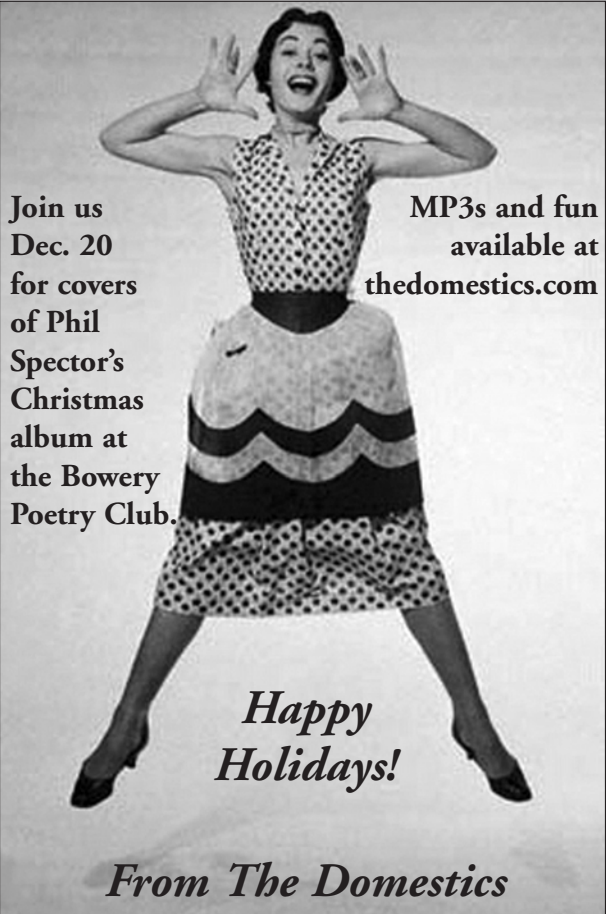
**Has Santa become a target of recent Homeland Security regulations?**

Not at all, but we have to be more alert for those that may try to illegally enter our airspace

by impersonating Santa. However, with the help of our Santa cams and the use of digital face recognition systems, we are able to detect anyone that may try. Contrary to what many believe, Santa does not need to file a flight plan with the Federal Aviation Administration. Anyway, Santa has his own air traffic controller, Hemlock, in the North Pole. Indeed Santa does not need our protection.

**Do you believe in Santa?**

Yes. I take pride in working this detail, since Santa is a Canadian resident.



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Happy  
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From The Domestics

## Domestics are Spot On

### The Domestics—Tight Spot

At last, the Domestics have an album. The Domestics don't record enough. The Domestics don't play enough. The Domestics just aren't around enough—not for my tastes. One thing they certainly are, though, is pop enough. The abundance of hooks, riffs, and vocal tricks prove Alina Moscovitz's pop sensibilities. The songs shimmer, they startle, and they stay in your head weeks after you hear them. The ska intro to "Tightrope Walker" will simply not leave me be, nor will the exciting drum roll that follows. Almost every single part of every single one of the four songs on *Tight Spot* is from some alternative plane of existence where power pop reigns supreme.

There is something clean, almost pristine, in the songwriting of Moscovitz, leader of the Domestics. Sometimes, I wonder if maybe the songs aren't too slick, too professional. In her old group, Bionic Finger, her songs were always smart, the sleekest in the set, and on the album—well, she stood out. But then, she was only one singer/songwriter in a group of alternative-minded post-grrl rockers. In that context, taking song craft seriously was a pleasant way to stand out. Now that Moscovitz heads her own project as the sole writer for the Domestics, the

question running through my head is: How much pop is too much pop?

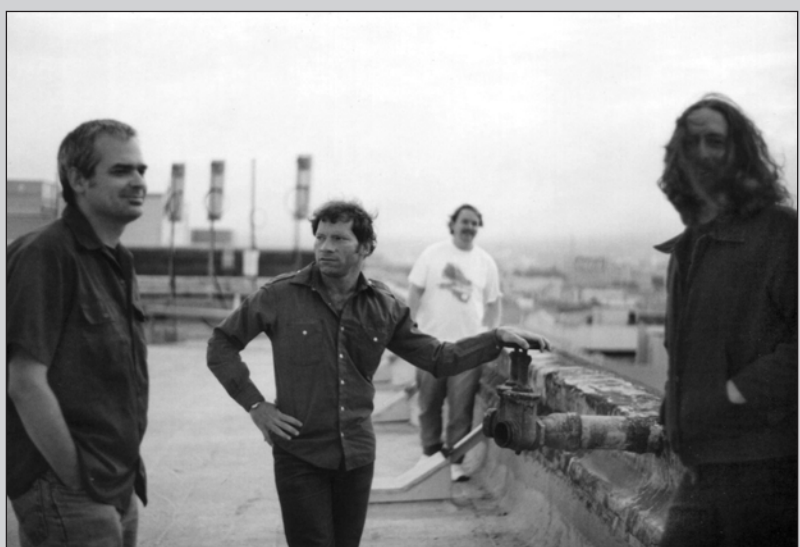
*Tight Spot* responds loud and clear: Too much is never enough. Smart, rocking, sexy, and vaguely feminist, the bite-sized portions of the release (no cut over four minutes, most under three) are immediately accessible and quite tasty. There are hooks a plenty, from the first chorus of "Anorexic Love Song" to the final multiple voices blasting out "get this far" at the end of "Fire Hazard." It's a glorious document, far too small for my satisfaction.

Live, though, the Domestics have a different agenda. Recently, they played Southpaw in Brooklyn. With its 250 seats, the room is probably the largest the band has played. Perhaps it was the size of the club, or a change of personnel (the CD was recorded with Chris Woods on lead guitar, while the show featured guest player Todd Carlstrom), but the show seemed more about volume and rock posturing than servicing the songs—a far cry from the EP. The able rhythm section of Eric Shaw on drums and Evan Silverman on bass rocked hard, and Carlstrom's guitar was great but seemed to



muddy some of the vocals. Some of the incredible hooks that make the recording so accessible were unfortunately lost.

Of course, live and canned music serve different masters. The energy required for a live show could ruin a recording, and the clarity desirable for an album could prove antiseptic in a club. Still, maybe there's a blend of the two that would make this new group even more accessible. Is that possible? If so, they just might conquer the world. [www.thedomestics.com](http://www.thedomestics.com) —Jon Berger



## This Year's Exile

### Continuous Peasant—Exile in Babyville

Good Forks

First off, I love this band's name, which evokes the "continuous present" narrative strategy and the "still fuckin' peasants" line from John Lennon's "Working Class Hero." It's appropriate enough, as singer/keyboardist/songwriter Chris Stroffolino is perhaps better known in indie poetry circles (with several books published) than he is in indie rock circles (he's played keyboards for the Silver Jews).

The band's sound? How's this grab you: Richard Hell singing Leonard Cohen/Beck collaborations with Nick Cave on piano? It's not exactly like that, but it'll do, won't it? The album opens with the guitar, played by Good For You's Peter Nochisaki, and piano jamming with the rain. The piano takes over, generating an insistent rhythm that fails to leave you. There's some pleasant, mopey country rock with occasional harmonies by Vanessa Beggs to sweeten Stroffolino's often acidic lyrics. There's also some faster old school New York punk rock songs where the guitar is more prominent.

A band with a poet singing lead is in danger of sinking under the weight of its lyrics. The lyrics employ a lot of repetition, the melodies are barely perceptible, and there's hardly a chorus to be found. The arrangements are simple. Still, everything hangs together remarkably well. The rawness of the recording generally gives it a directness that's engaging, but it offers a surprising number of subtle touches, marred only by the occasional rushed vocal.

Thematically, the album refers back not only to the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street*, but also, amid the variety of politics Stroffolino explores in his writing, to Liz Phair's *Exile in Guyville*, itself a response to the Stones' record. Where Phair laments a culture of male insensitivity that wants to "fuck and run," Stroffolino sees an insensitivity that has encompassed everyone, discouraging us all from opening up and showing vulnerability. "Always the same if you're not really naked" is the new lament.

There's more to say about the lyrics, which grow on you after a few listens, but I may already have said too much. After all, this is not a spoken word album. *Exile in Babyville* is music as much as it is poetry. The big question, then, should be: will the next album from Continuous Peasant be its *Whip-Smart*, or its *Goat's Head Soup*? It seems reasonable to look for a different return altogether from this year's *Exile*. [www.goodforks.com/cp/home.html](http://www.goodforks.com/cp/home.html). —Steve Carl

## CD Stocking Stuffers Your Loved Ones Won't Have

When the skies go gray and the temperature plummets and the days get shorter and the turkey and stuffing's been eaten and the year's just about to reach culmination, it's the time of the season for getting. Unfortunately, this also means you have to spend a little time thinking about what to give people.

Nothing says loving like a little bit of music, but how can you be sure that your special loved ones don't already have the music you want them to have? A conundrum, indeed. The solution? Buy stuff they've never heard of—so underground that not even you, musical maven that you are, have heard of it. With the affordability of recording technology, it's constantly getting easier to record and distribute an album. Here are two recent releases which are not only sonically entertaining, but also visually so. The artists have created some innovative packaging, and really, when you think about it, what's the best part of receiving gifts? Unwrapping them. Here's some of the best unwrapping available in New York City music.

Brer Brian has released *Springtime on Planet Love*, a brilliantly eclectic CD featuring a cappella instrumentals, old school hip-hop, jazz guitar reinterpretations, kick ass rock, and a three-part, four-minute ode to man's best friend. It is easily the best work that the incredibly musical Brian has been involved with, and, considering that he previously masterminded Them's Good Eatin's *Full-On Sonic Beatdown* and co-wrote the soundtrack to *The Dirty Matrix*, that is certainly saying something.

The packaging is minimal to the extreme. Enclosed in a 6-inch by 7-inch baggie with a cover illustration by Rough Trade's Jeff Lewis, the only other element is the CD itself, with its permanent-marker printed text reading: "BRER BRIAN." Just imagine the look on the recipients' faces as they tear open the baggie to see the non-descript disc, only to plunk it into their player and hear the amazingly eclectic sounds included. How joyously surprised would they be? How thoughtful would they imagine you? This album is a treat and a half. [www.brerbrian.com](http://www.brerbrian.com)

Dibs and Sara's debut album, *Even Maeve Helped*, has the most innovative, low-key cover design I have ever seen. Enveloped in a single sheet of copy paper and bound by half a piece of Velcro, the envelope might have cost the DIY duo as much as three cents a disc. Still, there's an anime cover, song listings, label and website information, and copious thanks for all the support they had when releasing this album, including, presumably, the eponymous Maeve.

The recordings included in this ingeniously packaged EP are sophomoric—understandably so, coming from these NYU undergrads. Many of the songs are goofy to the point of stupidity, but the charm of "The Fruit Song" ("I like fruit, I eat it everyday, it's always good from June until May." Adorable!) and the humor of "Canadian Thanksgiving" (the oft-heard tale of the war between the Lumberjacks and the French over the nature of Canadian breakfast, as related by an honest-to-goodness Canadian!) might well turn you around. There are clunkers—more than not ("Dating for Dummies" and "The Boy/ Girl Song" are clearly written by very young, very silly people), but the whole thing's kind of fun, and nothing is more so than the simply amazing packaging innovation that these young creators have developed. If you're ever interested in releasing your own CD on the cheap, you could learn a thing or two from these kids. [www.dibsandsara.com](http://www.dibsandsara.com)

These are albums you can find for cheap; they're entertaining, original, and it's a safe bet that the receiver of the present hasn't already gotten them—unless somebody you both know has already read this article. I guess you better act fast. —JB

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# Cy Press is Queen City's Best Export

BY JANE SPRAGUE

The history of Cy Press is very short," says editor Dana Ward. He and Brandon Goacher started the press last year in Cincinnati to publish limited run chapbooks and an annual periodical, *Magazine Cypress*.

"We've only just begun," says Ward. "We started, like so many others, to publish 'work we like.' I'm as exhausted by that little formulation by small press editors as anyone, but it's true."

Cy Press embraces a variety of traditions to represent diversity in the

**'When we do the books, I tend to throw out little ideas, but Brandon's visual ingenuity is truly the heart of the whole venture, the thing that gives it real life.'**

books they publish and the poems that find their way into the magazine. Their inaugural publications were 32 mgs. by Susan Landers, illustrated by Gary Sullivan, and *harry's sonnet* by Ward.

Goacher designs the magazines and chapbooks quite beautifully. 32 mgs. is a palm-sized, seemingly simple saddle-stapled chapbook, with a pill-shaped window cut-out of the cover. The window exposes Sullivan's illustration—the face of what might be a sleeping girl, or a little pill, tucked in for the night. Ward's *harry's sonnet* is exquisitely done. Clouds cut into the cover, revealing layers of paper and a sky-blue cloud-streaked sky.

Formally innovative work and excellent design are at the heart of what Ward and Goacher produce through Cy Press. "Brandon and I have been the closest of friends since we were 16," says Ward. "As a painter and a poet, we've had a running 'collaboration,' sometimes simply the exchange of ideas, other times actual projects we've worked on together, since we

first met. When we do the books, I tend to throw out little ideas, but Brandon's visual ingenuity is truly the heart of the whole venture, the thing that gives it real life."

*Magazine Cypress* contains poets working in a wide variety of stylistic and aesthetic modes, including Anselm Berrigan, Brenda Bordofsky, Buck Downs, Del Ray Cross, kari edwards, Sawako Nakayasu, and Karen Weiser. The first issue of the annual appeared in September of 2002, with the second due out this month.

Cy Press' third chapbook, *Serenades*, by James Meetze, publisher of *Tougher Disguises* in Oakland, Calif., is also due out this month. *Serenades* is a book-length poem that unabashedly riffs on the sonnet form, or perhaps a contemporary imagining of the Greek *Epithalamium*. Meetze occasionally inserts Baroque language in lines such as "wimpling the sky," then quickly flips his text to direct statements: "I've never wished I were dead./ I never wish."

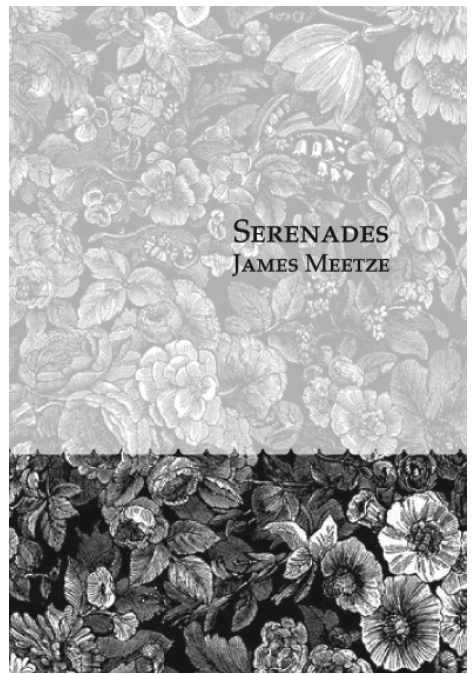
*Serenades* is a direct address to the beloved. Meetze twists and interrogates the sinuous nature of desire as something essential and painfully just out of reach.

The words we court are statuesque like stone lions engaged in courting whatever might pass between them.

Swooning chasers of each other's sexual proximity, eternally jumping upon educated predictions, building a city covered in a gauzy veil.

.....  
The heart is involved in all forms.

The book itself is likewise a textual object of desire: a sort of textual smoking jacket, its black cover streaked by gold and lined with red velvet material; the design of *Serenades* is incredibly well executed and echoes exact



SERENADES  
JAMES MEETZE

lines in Meetze's work.

Cy Press' next publication is *From the Other Side of Kentucky: American Poets and Cincinnati Artists*, a boxed set of 12 cards, with a poem on one side and a black and white visual response to the poem on the other. "Several young visual artists have become interested in the work we publish, and the project *From the Other Side of Kentucky* will work toward making that connection manifest in an actual project," says Ward. This card set provides Cy Press with an opportunity to bridge the large, geographically diverse community of innovative American poets, and the small, burgeoning community of young Cincinnati artists. This project should appear this coming spring.

"In the future I hope our yearly output increases," says Ward. "We plan to continue doing the magazine annually, and hopefully three or four chapbooks a year."

For more information about Cy Press, go to [www.cypresspoetry.com](http://www.cypresspoetry.com)

## FORTUNE from page 1

the store's slow but steady evolution. The switch from ordinary nonvegan ingredients to the now entirely vegan menu began in 1979.

"The first cookie that we actually came up with that was natural and vegan—that was the Bob's Crunch," named after a buddy named Bob, says Silvestri. It's been his experience that when providing organic products, "I can be assured that if someone is bringing me this flour I can test it. They can say that's definitely certified organic, but with dairy products, egg products, you can't be sure."

Silvestri sees the switch to vegan as a selfish impulse of self-preservation. "Heal thyself and feel better, and you'll do better," he says. Then he speaks of animals. "You're using it for commercial use and no matter how well they treat the animal

it's still an abuse of the animal," he adds. "I wanted to unplug from that. In looking at it long term, the idea of being in service to man is that the animal doesn't have anything to say about that. Give them their own choice; leave them alone. Let them decide what they want to do. Chickens aren't like dogs; they don't choose to be with you."

On one extremely cold, wet day, a friend and I stopped into the bakery and were invited to warm up by the oven. I like the machines, and got the privilege of watching one do its thing with a slow meandering motion, kneading various doughs. Silvestri is now contemplating enlisting a computer. Such technological caution impresses me. Handwritten signs

done in light-colored magic marker on white cardboard circles dangle from string. The customers appear to be curious and for the most part interesting types. It seems that the fruit turnovers are a favorite. The staff works very hard and is particularly friendly. Right now there is a poster on the wall—Dennis Kucinich for

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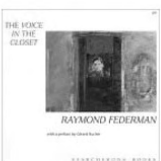
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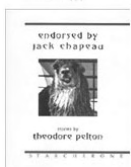
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## Box in a Valise in a Book

**The Blond Box**  
by Toby Olson  
FC2

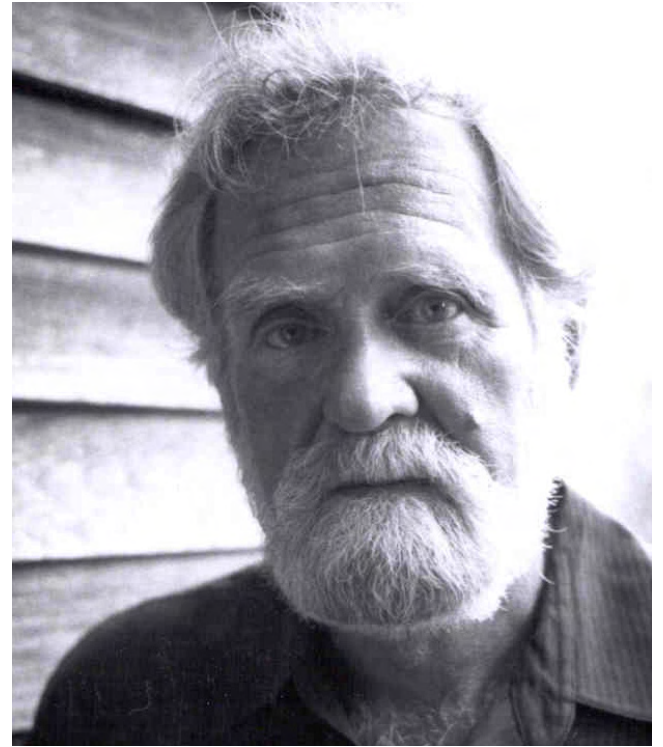
Toby Olson, reverentially using readymades from Marcel Duchamp's life and work, has constructed a depthless novel, as irreducible and mysterious a work of art as, say, *Étant donnés*. *The Blond Box*, like Duchamp's work, oddly tempts parsing, seeming to leave clues to a more pointed narrative everywhere, one about a murder, even.

Due to a scissor-like nexus of chance and predetermination, in 1949, on a dark and stormy night, several characters end up in Courbet, Arizona—at the Last Chance Saloon no less. One is El Malabarista—"The Juggler"—an endearing drunk who sings for his supper, famed in the region for his magnificently tasteful piano playing. Currently El Malabarista is working as an accompanist for a troupe of sex performers on tour in the

southwest. The group's specialty is a nuptial fuckfest starring the well-endowed El Soltero—"The Bachelor."

The night of the novel's opening—delayed in time by the text's various artifices—still echoes in 1969, when Dick DeLay, the author of a pulpy science fiction series, and Sandy Redcap, his diabetic yet indefatigable research assistant, contrive a plot uncannily mirroring the events of two decades past.

The narrative is decidedly non-madcap, despite the setup. And though such a structure tends toward convergence—of the past and present, or the real and fantastic—when resolution does occur, Olson masterfully presents a congress more of proximity than resonance. Olson manages a detached elegance throughout, despite the work's accreting insanity, loping through his interlocking chapters with genteel commas and novelistic observations, which, only upon final inspection, reveal a worldview of impressive flatness. —Eugene Lim



## Wonder Bread and Plastic Roses

**Crop**  
Yedda Morrison  
Kelsey Street Press

Yedda Morrison, co-editor of *tripwire*, a journal of poetics organized around cultural and political themes, writes with purpose in *Crop* at a time when poets may wonder what difference poetry makes. Morrison writes from the kind of wonder that gets up and goes to the writing desk, motivated, it seems, by a poetics engages poetry and the world. "If functional language is an anti-historical language, she's a violent surplus particle. up!"

Morrison injects levity into industrial/post-industrial landscapes with lines like "what say you asspants—am i the double entendre doing breaststroke in the company fruit pot" and "chopping the chewy muscle of the hind limb, she takes the poem back from him," amid repellent images like "lacerated seed packs," "our own cruddy folds," and "breast blisters puffing." Her juxtapositions serve up absurd, at times laughable, truths about economics—a self-implicating, overwhelming issue entangled with gender, value, and labor.

*Crop's* four sections, listed in the "Table of Limits," overlap thematically and lexically. Hence *Crop's* top-to-bottom interrogation of categories: book-as-product, the act of representation, and fixed meanings. "Crop" as in agricultural yield or as a lopping off of the unwanted? A diagram on how to stack the product, or a prosody lesson?

"Cherry-picker" as person or machine? "Breasting" and "Anonymous egger." Noun as verb. Reader/writer "is mapping an ethical framework toward the unadorned pronoun." "To pick one's own." An invitation, it's participatory. Anyone who reads "Bread is not a/ (progressive)/ desire/ to eat & rest/ forgive me" will understand. Morrison's fractured and de-centered pages are true postcards from America. —Jill Magi



that  
get

## Duncan's Worth the Trip

**Letters: Poems 1953-1956**

Robert Duncan  
Flood Editions

The beautiful reprint of Robert Duncan's *Letters: Poems 1953-1956* makes a vital work available again. Duncan was on the verge of "opening the field" and truly beginning his career of poems in the mid-fifties, determined by myth and devoted to disorderly epic form. He would have to deal with vacancy, the blankness of the page itself, before he could do so. He explores this problem in the prose poems and lyrics of *Letters*.

The title of the book refers to an alphabet of eternal verbal characters that Duncan seeks to revivify and purify in the form of the love poem. The title of the book also refers to many of these poems being letters directed toward his contemporaries, despite Duncan's disavowal in the extensive notes and correspondence about the book's publication. Still, his ideal reader is not another poet but an unfashionable middle-aged lady who populates the pages of the book in the poet's own piquant line drawings.

Duncan's subject is "the April stirring/ not to be denied" desire. This desire is promiscuous in the best of senses; it yearns toward the reader, the subject of many of the book's meditations. The speaking self narrates its own derangement in the course of the book. "The man, if he sees or hears at all, is violently altered then, revolted by disowning what he was." Duncan's refusal to make the traces of that experience the organized detritus of the confessional enables him in *Letters* to refashion the vacancy of the page as an exciting, shared space.

—Kathleen Peterson

## Comma Chameleon

**My Paris**  
Gail Scott  
Dalkey Archive

A comma by helping you along holding your coat for you and putting on your shoes keeps you from living your life as actively as you should," said Gertrude Stein about that insidious punctuation mark. Her abstract idea, that commas create narrative structures that limit reader agency, is given concrete expression in Gail Scott's poetic third novel, *My Paris*.

The narrator follows in Stein's footsteps by displacing herself to Paris to write, but she improves upon Stein's attitude, escaping the republican arrogance of those American Modernist expats. She is able to know Paris in its own language and on its own terms, as a bilingual Quebecker, although she feels the vestiges of uncomfortable colonial relationships. The spirit of German theorist Walter Benjamin is along for the stroll as she explores the cafés, the immigrant enclaves, and the political mood of contemporary Paris, his *Arcades Project* becoming a sort of textual tourist guide.

Scott's text is a collage of pithy pseudo-sentences that sparkle and intrigue, although often their only verbs are ambiguous participles. Commas are used only rarely, and then to respectfully separate French words from their somewhat refracted English equivalents. This grammatical irreverence gives a feeling of immediacy to the novel's events—a drunken flirtation, or a glimpse of the Bosnian war. Published in Canada in 1999, *My Paris* has just been brought out in the U.S. by Dalkey Archive Press. Fans will find it satisfyingly clever and daring. The uninitiated will find it a surprising and felicitous discovery. —Corey Frost

# POETRY

## Gigi Oliver

San Francisco

### *Impudent Girl*

Last Thanksgiving was the first time I ever really felt like giving thanks  
Thanks!

Because I finally called my father a cock  
But I wanted to call him a cocksucker  
And it wasn't my father  
It was my stepfather  
And we weren't even in the same room!  
I was out by the elevator shaft, and everybody knows  
That you can hear everything anybody says in the elevator shaft  
Memories of the elevator shaft, all the things everybody said,  
All the events that precipitated all the things everybody said in the elevator shaft,  
Even though the events happened in the apartment, just to be clear.  
I went out to the elevator shaft, and I said cock, because I started out strong  
But I chickened out, and I only thought  
God, I am glad I didn't say the sucker part.  
Then my stepfather goes, "What did you call me!"  
From the other side of the door, inside the Apartment, at 560  
And I thought I should have said the sucker part.  
Damn it!  
He said I was deranged, and I felt childlike,  
Like maybe I shouldn't have called him a cocksucker,  
Cuz, let's face it, I did call him a cocksucker, in spirit.  
I can say I called him a cocksucker.  
I wish I'd called him a cocksucker!  
What does it say about me that I didn't call him a cocksucker?  
I ended up apologizing, and a bunch of other stuff happened, inside the apartment  
Cuz I went back in, out from the elevator shaft.  
I remain satisfied that calling someone a cock(sucker) is something  
You can never really take back.  
As Sally would say, it's already out there.  
I guess that's cheesy to quote anybody, but I might as well quote Sally, to be truthful.  
I apologized, and then I went back into my (old) room.  
There I found Joe!  
I told him I called my stepfather a cock, and how I was on the fence  
About not saying the sucker part, but how I sort of said it under my breath,  
So even though he didn't hear it, could I still say I called him a cocksucker,  
And did Joe think I was bad now? Joe picked me up, and I am not small  
And Joe is not that big, and he twirled me around!  
He laughed and twirled me around and said I Love You!  
And I felt so loved!  
And I thought I love this man.  
And I had two things to say thanks for:  
Courage, and love.  
Happy Thanksgiving!

(My mother, a moment later, came down the hallway to my old room, now I am growing into myself, do you see? and she said, "Joe, we're usually not this crazy." Joe smiled tightly, but winking at me, said "Whatever." Isn't he the best?!)

## Shanna Compton

Fort Greene, Brooklyn

### *Ecstasy for Guy Lombardo*

It's a midnight party countdown baby the old lady sang in the corner Robert Burns rankled his head complaining that's not how it goes and two drummers with a girl a piece and a bottle of Scotch tuned up with the cracker guitarist for the Love Boat theme seems like every Canadian you hear about these days is famous from twenty-one hits to one glorious fragment the musicians ranked themselves on stage and slipped through some minor changes while the girls glossed their lips and said we booked these extensions a month in advance twirling their not-their hair into knots after the thirteenth song he and she are near famous near fatal and veer to avoid disabled crash with a broken arm a smashed glass a ciggie burned through first brush with the cops the wisecrackery submentionable music the sweetest this side of next holiday plans to be televised with muggings n' stabbings and champagne returns to old Bob Burns who mustered the kindness cup is missing its kissing and the old lady sang the song that nobody knows as the lusty striptease of dawn wound down suburban the bikers gunned it the mufflers drilled erectness undoes indirectness and the assbackward drumbeater flustered boly fluck now grab a squeeze and let's get going whatever's for breakfast it bettah have bacon

## Dan Fisher

Oakland, CA

### *The End of the Last Palindromic Year*

If when it began, and I'd known I'd return to the ice-fog banks of government decisions, I wouldn't have concentrated so hard on my abs and the zeros in my paycheck. The dossier came back and confirmed we only laughed in broken syllables. With the inoculation of words so clearly at the back of everyone's minds, as if to sidestep tricky balustrades and leap for the stars over a phantom? We never took advantage of postage stamps, and now that you may be able to shed more than one blood, another check refund just doesn't seem possible. I'd rather have a dog leash than a smoking gun hinting at the culprit who changed my preset radio dials. Muster up the strength to have a sit down, but the floral arrangement with its tulip casing blanches all attempts at a quick recovery. Unwashed pillow cases can't drum up the good times nor can a song for all seasons, your nose knows just to begin it whenever.



## Robert Paredes

Greenpoint, Brooklyn

### *Greenpoint Eclogue*

It is the winter, but like a wall, I count on the impossible  
And walking drunk I throw a lit match in the trash.  
In the winter, we ate with scarlet knives, bleak and handsome  
Almost with our bodies, thinking in questions of the dark Olympian  
Clock burning with soldier joints into our laundry.  
There is a sky like a deep end above me today  
In vain I would wreck my bike 10,000 times  
And go day-long wearing black,  
But the dark glance of the precincts moves the express-way to tears.  
It will be winter and there will be enough to hide  
And old women will be falling down.  
This is how we become afraid.  
In the evening, winter, rent paid  
My neighbors becoming more secretive and broken  
Because we could never say sorry for sticking our hands  
Down my pants, pulling out a slender day's darkness.  
I spanged my way home, my bed finally too warm  
And what came over me was the thrill of your nipples  
Turned outside in. I felt as though I were being  
Pursued by bees. But there are no bees in the winter.  
And now its almost here, my converse in the snow  
Slowly I don't begin in an early morning frame  
Socks wet. I am the same in the permanent world  
As I would be if life were not permanent. Cloud red,  
Humorous and corrupt. An hour with the morning  
Winter in my hand, I become emotional and drag myself  
Parting the Manhattan intersection: Only roads can make me feel empty  
The way I want to feel empty. It is that Christmas is in my pocket  
The white blue wind in my eyes and over the inseparable bones of the river.  
It has to be August somewhere and I have to have angst  
To sleep in, my shoe laces made of cold weather,

# NYC POETRY CALENDAR

## WEEKLY EVENTS

### SUNDAY

12:00pm  
(BPC) Joel Forrester & People Like Us (\$5)  
2:00pm  
(SS) Frequency Reading Series (free)  
*December 7th and 14th only.*  
3:00pm  
(ABC) Our Unorganized Reading (\$2)  
*Open mic.*  
(BF) Back Fence (\$3/\$3 min)  
4:00pm  
(OB) Poet to Poet  
*December 7th and 21st Only.*  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Cornelia Street Cafe (\$6)  
*Featured poets.*  
(ZB) Zinc Talk (\$4)  
*Featured poets*

### MONDAY

6:00pm  
(BPC) Totally Open Poetry Slam (\$3)  
7:00pm  
(Night) Saturn Series (\$3)  
*Featured poet + open mic.*  
8:00pm  
(BB) Wabi Sabi (free)  
*Open mic/performance with house dj.*  
(TB) Library Lounge (free)  
*December 1st, 15th, and 29th only.*  
10:00pm  
(BPC) The O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell" (\$3)  
*Open mic. No show on Dec 22nd.*

### TUESDAY

5:30pm  
(BPC) Roundtable Reading  
8:00pm  
(MC) The Muddy Cup  
*Featured poet + open mic.*  
8:30pm  
(BU) Buttafly  
*Open mic + performance.*  
9:00pm  
(ML) M Lounge (free)  
*Open mic.*

### WEDNESDAY

8:00pm  
(CU) Rev Jen's Anti-Slam (\$3)  
*Open mic.*  
(JW) Java & Wood (free)  
*Open reading.*  
8:30pm  
(SC) Jazz Funk Fusion Open (\$6/\$2 min)  
*Open mic poetry.*  
9:00pm  
(NPC) Nuyorican Slam Open (\$5)  
*Open slam with third week for Hip Hop.*

### THURSDAY

7:00pm  
(BCC) Brown Chocolate Cafe (\$7)  
*Open mic.*  
7:30pm  
(BPC) NYC-Urbana Poetry Slam (\$5)  
*Long-running championship slam.*  
Calliope's Corner (WRHU 88.7FM)  
*Can also be heard online at WRHU.org.*  
8:00pm  
(KK) Kay's Cafe (\$5)  
(VDP) Live Thursdays  
*Open mic/performance.*

### FRIDAY

6:00pm  
(CSC) Pink Pony West (\$6)  
*Featured poet + open mic. No reading Dec 26th.*  
6:30pm  
(BPC) The Taylor Mead Show (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(OCT) Ozzie's Poetry Night (free)  
*Open readings.*  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Jollyship the Whiz-Bang (\$7)  
(NPC) Nuyorican Poets Cafe (\$5)  
*Spotlight poet + slam.*  
11:59pm  
(BPC) The African Party (\$10)  
*No show on Dec 26th.*

### SATURDAY

12:00pm  
(BPC) Respect the Mic (\$5)  
*Open mic.*  
3:00pm  
(TED) The Ear Inn (free)  
*Three featured poets.*  
7:30pm  
(CI) Open Mic/Slam Competition (\$5)

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### MONDAY 1

6:30pm  
(BPC) The MacGuffin (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(13) louderMondays (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(John) Hidden Treasure (free)  
*Open mic.*  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Bethany Brooks (\$5)  
(CL) Large Reading Series (free)  
*Featured readers + open mic.*  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
*Open reading.*

### TUESDAY 2

12:30pm  
(CH) Lunchpoems (free)  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Songwriters workshop (\$6)  
7:00pm  
(Art) A Taste of Art (free)  
(BPC) Gospel of Beauty (\$5)  
8:30pm  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) The Raven's Den (\$5)

### WEDNESDAY 3

5:00pm  
(BPC) Hello South Africa Party  
7:00pm  
(BPC) MFA Reading Series (\$5)  
(NRM) Nicholas Roerich Museum  
*Featured readers.*  
8:00pm  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
(Night) Artists Lounge (\$3/\$1 min)  
8:30pm  
(BPC) Industry Johnny Jones  
9:00pm  
(BPC) Hal Sirowitz (\$8)  
9:30pm  
(BPC) Poetry + Karaoke = Fun (\$6)



### THURSDAY 4

5:00pm  
(BPC) Exploding Text Perf  
7:15pm  
(BPC) NYC-Urbana Poetry Slam (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(NS) Poetry Society of America (\$10)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) YODEL (free)  
*Party from Routledge*

### FRIDAY 5

5:00pm  
(BPC) The Reading Tour  
7:00pm  
(BB) Belladonna (\$10)  
(Harlem) Cave Canem (free)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Girls Girls Girls Crazy  
Sexy Life Girls Working Their  
Way Through College (free)



### SATURDAY 6

1:00pm  
(BPC) Umbra (\$5)  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Ziryab (\$6)  
*Arab-American artists.*  
7:00pm  
(Harlem) Cave Canem (free)  
(PH) Poets House (free)  
9:00pm  
(BPC) Imagine No Handguns (\$20)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Album Release Party (\$5)

### SUNDAY 7

1:00pm  
(BCII) Phoenix Reading Series (\$5)  
(Hal) Wordsmiths (free)  
2:00pm  
(BPC) Poetry on the Bowery (\$8)  
4:00pm  
(BPC) Greet the Griot! (free)  
6:00pm  
(BPC) Oblivio (\$5)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Birthday Reading (\$5)  
9:30pm  
(BPC) First Sundays (\$5)

### MONDAY 8

6:30pm  
(BPC) The MacGuffin! (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(B13) louderMondays (\$5)  
(PCS) Wax Poetic (free)  
7:30pm  
(BPC) PlayGround  
8:00pm  
(11) Reading Between A&B (free)  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)

### TUESDAY 9

6:00pm  
(BPC) Christian Bok  
7:00pm  
(BOB) Acentos (\$5)  
*Featured poets + open reading.*  
7:30pm  
(BPC) Shaba Sher (\$6)  
*Persian Poetry*  
8:00pm  
(BR) BBR Reading Series (\$4)  
*Two featured readers.*  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Plastic East & My TVs (\$5)

### WEDNESDAY 10

6:00pm  
(BPC) Art Wall Opening  
(CSC) Russian-American Poets (\$6)  
7:00pm  
(Church) Brooklyn Poets Circle (\$3)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Experiments and Disorders  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
9:30pm  
(BPC) Bald Ego Party (\$10)

### THURSDAY 11

4:00pm  
(BPC) Teen Advocates World  
Aids Day Poetry Slam  
6:30pm  
(BPC) BPC Spotlight  
7:15pm  
(BPC) NYC-Urbana Semi-Final  
Poetry Slam (\$10)  
7:30pm  
(Hal) wordsmiths (free)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Benjamin Ickies "Gives  
Up" (\$7)

### FRIDAY 12

8:00pm  
(BPC) Lynn Book



(WED) Argonaut Series #38 (\$7)

### SATURDAY 13

11:00am  
(Ford) American Italian Cultural  
Roundtable (free)  
*Italian American Book Fair + readings.*  
1:00pm  
(BPC) Coalition of the Written  
Summit: Staying On a Positive  
Path  
2:00pm  
(149) Nomad's Choir (\$3)  
*Open reading.*  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Italian-American writers (\$6)  
*Featured poets + open mic.*  
7:30pm  
(MM) Girlsalon Literary Night (\$7)



8:00pm  
(BPC) Cumbia y Mas (\$10)  
*CD Release Party/Concert*  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Global Party (\$10)

### SUNDAY 14

2:00pm  
(SS) Frequency Reading Series  
3:00pm  
(BPC) Planehopping (\$5)  
4:00pm  
(WSU) Kairos Cafe (free)  
*Open mic.*  
5:00pm  
(BPC) Bilingual World of Poetry (\$6)  
6:00pm  
(BPC) Lisa Jarnot Graduation  
Reading (\$4)  
(TFC) Spiral Thought (free)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Benefit Party  
*Aid for the Monitor Street fire victims.*  
(Divine) World AIDS Day Reading

### MONDAY 15

8:00pm  
(BPC) MacGuffin's Cast Party  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)

### TUESDAY 16

4:00pm  
(BPC) Alternative HS Poetry  
Graduation  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Writer's Room (\$6)  
7:30pm  
(BPC) The Raven's Den (\$5)  
(BVD) Poet to Poet  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Bringing the Tales Back  
(free)

### WEDNESDAY 17

5:00  
(BPC) "Inventory at the All-  
Night Drugstore"

### THURSDAY 18

5:00pm  
(BPC) Carved Water  
*Book Party.*  
7:30pm  
(BPC) NYC-Urbana Holiday  
Semiformal (\$5)  
(Hal) Wordsmiths (free)  
9:00pm  
(BPC) Daniel Bernard Roumain  
& Band (\$8)  
11:00pm  
(BPC) Chris Berry & Pangea (\$10)

### FRIDAY 19

7:00pm  
(BPC) Graffiti Magazine (\$10)  
*With Beyond Mirth.*  
8:00pm  
(CDS) The Buffalo Readings (free)  
*Featured readers + open mic.*

### SATURDAY 20

2:00pm  
(BPC) Nuyorican Slammasters  
Jamboree (free)  
4:00pm  
(BPC) Holiday Poetry Party Time  
6:00pm  
(BPC) All Out Poetry Jam (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(AAWW) (re)collection (\$5)  
*Featured readers + open mic.*  
9:00pm  
(BPC) The Phil Spector  
Christmas Album  
11:00pm  
(BPC) Paradigm HipHop  
Holiday Spectacular!

### SUNDAY 21

2:00pm  
(CLA) Poets on Sunday (free)  
3:00pm  
(BPC) A Child's Christmas in  
Wales  
7:00pm  
(BPC) Carmelita Tropicana  
9:00pm  
(BPC) Bang Holman (\$10)  
(CC) Chaos Club (free)  
*Open mic.*

### MONDAY 22

8:00pm  
(BPC) Bethany Brooks (\$5)  
(11) Reading Between A&B  
(free)  
*Three featured poets.*  
9:00pm  
(BPC) First Annual Holiday  
Party (free)

### TUESDAY 23

7:00pm  
(BOB) Acentos (\$5)  
*Featured poet + open reading.*  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Special Hannukah (\$6)  
*Followed by Karaoke + Poetry = Fun*  
7:30pm  
(BPC) Eak's Big Holiday Poetry  
Sideshow (\$10)

### THURSDAY 25

7:00pm  
(BWB) Women's Poetry Jam (\$2)  
*Featured poet + open mic.*

### FRIDAY 26

No events listed.

### SATURDAY 27

1:00pm  
(BPC) Urban Word Youth Slam (\$5)  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Afro-Caribbean Writers (\$6)  
7:30pm  
(BPC) Amiri Baraka Book Party  
& Performance  
10:00pm  
(BPC) 6th Sense Presents

### SUNDAY 28

6:00pm  
(BPC) Latino America en el  
Bowery (\$5)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Jeremiah Lockwood

### MONDAY 29

No events listed.

### TUESDAY 30

5:00pm  
(BPC) The Electric Poet (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(BPC) "The Russian Reading"  
(\$5)  
*Launch Party for Magazinnik*

### WEDNESDAY 31

7:00pm  
(GP) Green Pavilion (\$5)  
*Featured poets + open mic.*  
8:00pm  
(BPC) New Years Party! (\$25)



## LOCATIONS

(WED) Where Eagles Dare Studios  
347 West 36th Street #1204  
212.691.6105  
(WTH) Wave Hill  
675 West 252nd Street  
http://www.wavehill.org  
718.549.3200  
(WS) Wabi Sabi at Bar Below  
209 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
718.694.2277  
(WSU) Washington Square United  
Methodist Church  
135 West 4th Street  
212.544.0005  
(ZB) Zinc Bar  
90 West Houston

(SMC) Saint Mark's Church  
131 East 10th Street  
www.poetryproject.com  
212.674.0910  
(SS) Soft Skull Shortwave  
Bookstore  
71 Bond Street, Brooklyn  
http://www.softskull.com  
718.643.1599  
(TA) The Archway  
Pinhurst Ave  
212.923.5461  
(TB) Telephone Bar  
149 2nd Avenue  
http://www.telebar.com  
(TEI) The Ear Inn  
326 Spring St  
http://home.nyrr.com/earin-  
readings  
212.246.5074  
earinpoetry@nyrr.com  
(TFC) The Fall Cafe  
307 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
718.832.2310  
(Tribes) Tribes  
285 East 3rd Street, 2nd Floor  
http://www.tribes.org  
212.674.3778

(Night) Nightingale  
213 Second Avenue  
(NPC) The Nuyorican Poets Cafe  
236 East 3rd Street  
http://www.nuyorican.org  
212.505.8183  
(NRM) Nicholas Roerich Museum  
319 West 107th Street  
212.864.7752  
(NYOC) New York Open Center  
83 Spring Street  
http://www.opencenter.org  
212.219.2527  
(OB) The Orange Bar  
47 Murray Street  
(OCT) Ozzie's Coffee & Tea  
251 5th Avenue, Brooklyn  
718.840.0878  
(PCS) Pete's Candy Store  
709 Lorimer Street, Williamsburg  
www.petescandy.com  
718.302.3770  
(SC) Striver's Cafe and Lounge  
2611 Frederick Douglas  
Boulevard  
(SIU) Saint John's University,  
Council Hall  
8000 Utopia Parkway

(Hal) Halcyon  
227 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
http://www.halcyononline.com  
(KK) Kay's Cafe  
1345-48 Southern Blvd, Bronx  
718.378.3434  
(LB) Labyrinth Books  
536 West 112th Street  
212.865.1588  
(LESTM) The Lower East Side Tenement  
Museum  
97 Orchard Street  
(LT) Lovinger Theatre  
Lehman College  
(MC) The Muddy Cup  
388 Van Duze Street, Staten  
Island  
718.818.8100  
contact@muddycup.com  
(ML) M Lounge  
291 Hooper Street, Brooklyn  
(MM) Meow Mix  
4307 18th Avenue, Brooklyn  
(Nest) Nest  
70 Washington Street  
718-609-1820

(CLA) Central Library Auditorium  
89-11 Merrick Blvd  
(CSC) The Cornelia Street Cafe  
29 Cornelia Street  
(CU) Collective Unconscious  
145 Ludlow Street  
http://www.reven.com  
(CUA) Columbia University Alumni  
Auditorium  
650 West 168th Street  
http://www.newyorkscores.org  
212.563.3250  
(Divine) The Cathedral Church of St.  
John the Divine  
112th Street mid Amsterdam Avenue  
(ER) Elysee Restaurant  
199 Prince Street  
http://www.metaphorical.biz  
(Forc) Fordham University at Lincoln  
Center  
113 West 60th Street, 12th Floor  
212.371.5281  
(CP) Green Pavilion  
4307 18th Avenue, Brooklyn  
718-435-4722  
(JW) Java and Wood  
110 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn  
718-609-1820

(BWB) Bluestockings Women's  
Bookstore & Cafe  
172 Allen Street  
212.777.6028  
(CB) CB's Gallery  
313 Bowery @ Bleeker  
(CC) Chaos Club  
90-21 Springfield Boulevard,  
Queens  
718.479.2594  
(CDS) Casa Del Sol  
672-674 East 136th St, Bronx  
www.casadelosol.org  
(CH) The Center for the Humanities  
365 Fifth Avenue  
212.817.2006  
(Church) Undercroft of the First  
Unitarian Church  
50 Monroe Place, Brooklyn  
(CL) Cafe limani  
148 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn  
http://www.cafeimani.com  
(CK) CityKids  
57 Leonard Street  
http://www.citykids.com  
212.925.3320

(BCC) Brown Chocolate Cafe  
1084 Fulton Street  
(BF) Back Fence  
155 Bleeker Street  
(Blue) Bluestockings Bookstore  
172 Allen Street  
(BN) Barnes & Noble  
Union Square  
212.252.0810  
(BOB) Blue Ox Bar  
16 West 32nd Street, 10A  
http://www.waaww.org  
(BPC) The Bowery Poetry Club  
308 Bowery  
http://www.bowerypoetry.com  
212.614.0505  
(BPL) Brooklyn Heights Public  
Library  
280 Cadman Plaza West  
718.623.7100  
(BR) Bar Reis  
375 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn  
718.832.5716  
(BU) Buttafly  
769 Washington Ave, Brooklyn  
http://www.butta-fly.com  
718.636.1900

(11) 11th Street Bar  
510 East 11th  
(149) 149-155 Christopher St.  
718.932.8007  
joshua.meander@aol.com  
(22) 22 Below Cabaret  
155 East 22nd Street  
212.228.0750  
(AAWW) The Asian American Writers'  
Workshop  
16 West 32nd Street, 10A  
http://www.waaww.org  
(ABC) ABC NO RIO  
156 Kington Street  
212.674.3585  
(ACA) ACA Galleries  
529 West 20th Street, 5th fl.  
(Art) A Taste of Art  
147 Duane Street  
212.964.5493  
(B13) 13 Bar/Lounge  
35 East 13th Street  
(BB) Brownstone Books  
409 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn  
718.953.7328  
(BC2) Bangal Curry II  
65 West Broadway  
212.571.1122

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