

## Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven, But Nobody Wants to Die Pioneer Theater's Gianna Chachere on Cinema In, On, and Around the L.E.S.

BY GREG FUCHS

The Two Boots Pioneer Theater (155 East Third St. and Avenue A, [www.twoboost.com/pioneer](http://www.twoboost.com/pioneer)), which screens an eclectic selection of films that are veritably homeless in our increasingly exclusive cinema economy, has a new director of programming. Gianna Chachere assumed duties at the end of last year when Matthew Seig, co-producer of *A Great Day In Harlem*, among other films, left the Pioneer to work on a new documentary.

Chachere returned to the Lower East Side after several years in Los Angeles, where she directed the screenplay competition of the Slamdance Film Festival, and then created, with *Gas Food Lodging* writer-director Allison Anders, the Don't Knock the Rock Film Festival. Chachere lived for almost 10 years near the corner of First Avenue and First Street before moving

to California. She now lives in Brooklyn, the borough that has inherited many of the iconoclastic Lower East Side residents and much of that spirit.

Chachere's duties at the Pioneer range from the curatorial to the janitorial. One night as I sat in the lobby, I watched her empty the garbage with the theater manager, then coordinate an introduction with the guest host. Chachere is simultaneously the director of the Howl Film Festival. She is not moonlighting, nor are her interests in conflict. Chachere is positioned within a flourishing underground arts center that began almost 20 years ago, with two filmmakers' mutual love of good food and Louisiana culture, and was heightened by their need to make some dough.

Independent filmmakers Phil Hartman, director of *No Picnic*, and Doris Kornish, director of *Not*

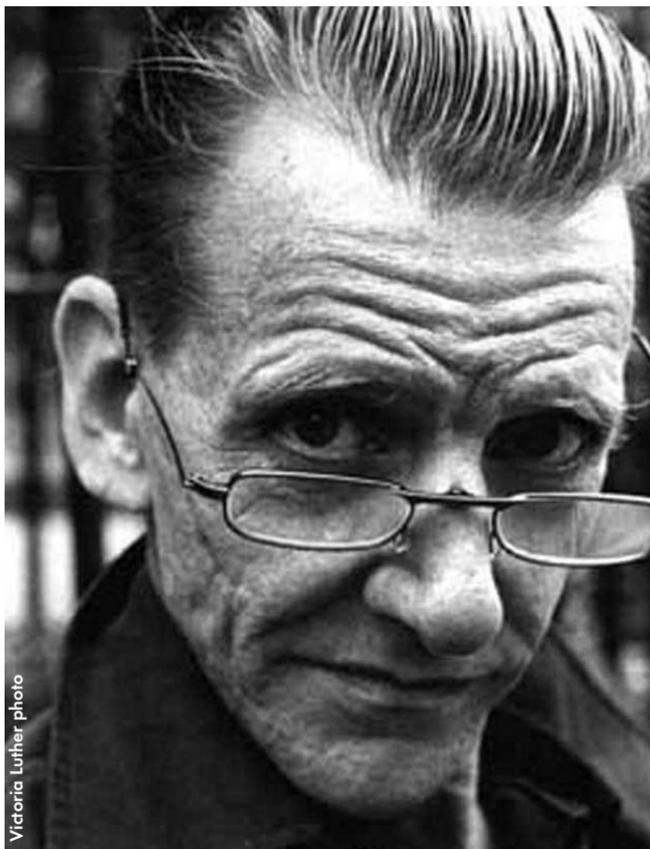


*Nude Though: A Portrait of Rudy Burckhardt*, opened Two Boots Restaurant in 1987. Out of this marriage of Italian and Louisiana cuisine has grown a local chain of pizzerias; yet almost more interesting are the Pioneer Theater, Two Boots Video, the Den of Cin, the Federation of East Village Artists, and the Howl Festival. "The Two Boots complex on Avenue A is starting to rival Lincoln Center in the sheer diversity of its kooky entertainment," writes *Village Voice* camp culture expert Michael Musto.

Chachere and I have been friends for more than 15 years. I thought about friendship and community after spending a week talking about her new job. Though we have known each other for a long time, there are many things still to be discovered. Yet I must be vigilant in maintaining my sense of wonder. Too often I allow myself to become cranky and nostalgic as I grow older. Likewise, the guiding

**'Look, I could book *Lost In Translation* and fill the house, but that is not the kind of movie we want to screen regularly. We want to show more challenging work by artists that do not get a lot of exposure.'**

## Hammertime: Carl Watson Takes on Detective Mike



BY MERRY FORTUNE

For instance] The relationship between soap-flake commercials and crime shows. The fact that there's a murder on the news today actually makes your clothes feel cleaner, doesn't it?"

—Mike Hammer

from Carl Watson's play *Valentine's Day Tragedy*  
*three arguments for the existence of the elusive whatsit*

One of the great things about this small part of town is that you really have an opportunity to get in on the outside of the inside. There is relief from having things packaged and handed to you and being told what to think. There is pleasure in discovery.

Carl Watson is a long-time Lower East Sider via Indiana. He's the author of many books of poetry; a collection of short stories, *Beneath The Empire of The Birds* (Apathy Press, 1997),

and a novel *Hotel of Irrevocable Acts* published only in French. I had the pleurably disconcerting experience of getting to see a semi-staged reading of Watson's most recent play at the Fusion Art's Museum (57 Stanton St., [www.artnet.com/ag/galleryhomepage.asp?gid=15375](http://www.artnet.com/ag/galleryhomepage.asp?gid=15375)), a not-for-profit space owned by Deborah Fries and Shalom Neuman.

Fusion Arts welcomes a diverse audience mix of attentive waywards and seekers. It's a comfortable, bright space welcoming non-commercial, eclectic artists who wish to present their work. Some performers and mixed-media artists who have been featured include musicians Tim Barnes, Odd Assembly (Adam Fisher, Art Bailey, and Steve Moses), and Marc Sloan; mixed media artists Ismael Cosme, Jocelyn Fiset, Julius Klein, Susan Young, and Peter Zilahy; and poets Steve Dalachinsky John Farris, Jim Feast, Anyssa Kim, Yuko Otomo, Wanda Phipps, and Susan Scutti. The museum will feature a tribute to Jerome Rothenberg's anthology *Shaking The Pumpkin*, one of the first compilations of Native American poetry in America, in April.

*A Valentine's Day Tragedy: three arguments for the existence of the elusive whatsit* was presented at Fusion Arts in three out-of-chronological-order acts. "If the acts were in order, Act Two would come first followed by Act One, and then Act Three," says Watson. The story line, though not the main point, is simple—boy traversing-the-alternate-universe-with-red-hot-suitcase enters a bar, meets girl he may or may not have met before. There is also the funny appearance of a Greek Chorus in the first scene here in the modernity of Watson's white page, referred to as a "geek chorus."

MIKE: What was it Shakespeare said, "all the world's a stage and we are but poor players strutting our stuff ... some crap like that."

BOBBY: I'll drink to that.

BETTY: You've been drinking to it all afternoon.

BOBBY: Well I'll drink to it again then. I'm an American. I can do anything I want.

BETTY: I don't want to do nothin', I just want to own somethin'.

BOBBY: At this point you'd be lucky to own your own mind.

VELDA: Seems like everywhere you go these days there's a geek chorus making you feel bad about your life.

This boy and girl, who shall be known as Mike and Velda, shack up and enlist a therapist. No patient/therapist tactic or psychology, pseudo or otherwise, is left unturned. Velda discovers her dark side while Mike goes crazy for death, confessing to murders he didn't commit. The drama of common relationship is as much a presence or character as anything or anyone else. Somehow and only somewhat contained in that exterior of "play" or novel, or poem, is another most apparent character and that is the great mystifying duality of our present condition, that well-defined but still unruly ego-driven ancient self.

There is a plain speak and unruly transgression which characterizes all of Watson's existing body of work. Existing therein, underlying and underscoring, the working-class and underlying working class habits of booze, bars, romance and lust, confusion, motorcycles, songs, family, and identity. The "I"

Please see FORTUNE page 7

Eleni Sikelianos  
 Boulder, Colorado

from *The California Poem*

I was a waitress in a white dress,  
 an avocado goddess in the land of Phocis  
 Queen of the Drought in the kingdom  
 of Prop 13  
 I set forth  
 It was 4 blocks to the beach  
 What did I see there?  
 a kegger with lots of young men  
 preparing to drink

# BOOG CITY

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# EDITORIAL

## Dear George W.,

A year ago this month you started a war. A year from now you may start another. (It's probably not politically expedient now, given the current climate, for you to start a new one in an election year, though who knows if Karl Rove's polls may tell you differently soon.)

It's what America does now; we go to war for reasons that become more and more specious each day. Reasons that change on a daily basis—from slight lies to white lies to what might be lies to, yeah, they were lies, so, whatcha gonna do about it?

Well, here's what we're gonna do about it, George. We're going to march in New York City and around the world on March 20, the one-year marking of this war of yours, and let the world know we still don't want it. In the words of activist group United for Peace & Justice, "Not one more day, not one more death, not one more lie."

Then George, when you come to our city this August with your convention of death, please be prepared for the cameras to be displaced from your coronation. As

Letters to the Editor:  
letters@boogcity.com

# NEWS

## Go West!

### Same-Sex Marriage Comes to New Paltz, New York

After years of government clamp-downs on puppeteers at anti-globalization and peace marches, it's time for the puppeteers to turn the government around. Arm-of-the-Sea puppet theater member Jason West last year shook up New Paltz, N.Y. with his run on the Green Party line, defeating 16-year incumbent Democratic Mayor Tom Nyquist. Many know Arm-of-the-Sea puppet theater for its performances at the Clearwater Festival, but Mayor West has become even more well-known as the second mayor in the United States to marry same-sex couples.

Earlier in February, San Francisco's recently elected Democratic Mayor Gavin Newsom became the first one to perform same-sex ceremonies. Newsom had narrowly defeated the Board of Supervisors president, and Green Party candidate, Matt Gonzalez in a run-off election. San Francisco's gay community was one of the most hotly fought over constituencies in that race, with Gonzalez holding the late gay political trailblazer Harvey Milk's position on the board of supervisors, and being loaned Milk's famous bullhorn to campaign with. The race sparked nowhere near the media attention of the recent same-sex marriage ceremonies, despite it being the first time a Green Party member has been within striking

Gil Scott-Heron has put it so eloquently:

"The revolution will not be televised,  
will not be televised,  
will not be televised, will not be televised.  
The revolution will be no re-run [George];  
The revolution will be live."

Looking forward to your visit.

as ever,  
David

## Props to Copp

A quick shout-out to Cori Copp, our outgoing copy editor.

When I had plans last May to relaunch *Boog City*, Cori told me over drinks at the Bar Reis in Brooklyn (following the Aaron Kunin/Elizabeth Willis reading) that she'd be into helping out. As any small press editor will tell you, you hear this a lot from people, most of whom suddenly become too busy with their own lives once you approach them to donate their time.

But Cori wasn't one of those people. She's read through most every word that has appeared in this paper since this past August; caught too many things that I, a copy editor by trade, missed; and provided a sounding board, too.

She's moving on to other projects now, and this is just to say that she and her efforts will be missed.

distance of becoming mayor of a major American city.

West has put the issue in the context of other civil rights battles. "We as a society have no right to discriminate in marriage any more than we have the right to discriminate when someone votes or when someone wants to hold office," West told Associated Press reporter Todd Dvorak. "The people who would forbid gays from marrying in this country are those who would have made Rosa Parks sit in the back of the bus."

New Paltz Town Clerk Marian Cappillino has refused to issue licenses for the same-sex marriages based on New York State Health Department regulations. Mayor West offers the couples an affidavit in place of the withheld licenses. "Just the looks on their faces, just the absolute joy of finally being able to be equal," West told Associated Press reporter Michael Hill. "That is the highest moral calling I could possibly imagine."

Based on the withheld licenses, Ulster County District Attorney Donald Williams had the New Paltz Police charge West with 19 misdemeanor counts of performing unlicensed marriages. "The laws of New York State are gender neutral...The department of health has taken it upon itself to discriminate in the issuing of marriage licenses," read Mayor West's statement. "Tomorrow I intend to plead not guilty. I have broken no laws, and I intend to proceed with ceremonies on Saturday unless otherwise advised by my attorneys."

Republican Governor George Pataki had requested that his likely 2006 gubernatorial opponent, Democratic Attorney General Eliot Spitzer, seek an injunction against Mayor West. Spitzer has declined to seek an injunction against either West for performing marriages or Ulster County District Attorney Williams for arraigning West for performing them.

—Ian S. Wilder

The author is counsel for Boog City and co-chair of the Green Party of New York State (www.gpnys.org)

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# MUSIC

## Schwervon! Sidesteps Sophomore Slump

BY JON BERGER

When Nan Turner and Matt Roth began playing out as Schwervon!, they were doing something original—or so they thought. While familiar with the work of the Spinanes and early Mojo Nixon, the music world wasn't filled with many rock duos at the turn of the millennium. But Roth, who performs solo under the moniker Major Matt Mason USA, and Turner, then from Bionic Finger, wanted to play together. The sound they made, with Turner on drums and Roth on electric guitar, was enough to satisfy, so they kept at it.

"Very briefly," Turner explains, "we asked Tony Rubin to play bass, but we liked playing as a couple better."

Little did they know they were coincidentally and concurrently part of a movement of minimalism in music. Along with bands like the White Stripes, Quasi, and the Black Keys (to say nothing of their Olive Juice Music compatriots prewar yardsale), these days, there are two-man groups everywhere. Most of them seem, like Schwervon!, to be only half men.

"We started playing right around when we started dating," says Roth. "I think it was probably a form of therapy to relieve some of the tensions of our relationship. Then it turned into a pretty good outlet for other things, as well."

Their first release as Schwervon! (Roth and Turner have their own records available from Olive Juice), *Quick Frozen Small Yellow Cracker*, was a mini-album that gave a taste of what the group is about. Featuring their virtual anthem, "Dinner," and their literal anthem, "Schwervon," the album is the work of two talents who are working to meld their individual styles into a cohesive whole. There's good power, good riffs, good playing. It's all good fun, but 2001's *Cracker* was uneven, clearly a first effort.

Now, after some international touring and a return to the studio, the dynamic duo has released their first full-length, *Poseur*, with markedly better effect. While clearly from the same group, the songs sound more like songs, as if the pair have, through time and experience, been better able to collaborate together to make unique and interesting work. "Our process now is very organic," says Turner.

While much of *Poseur* continues to deal in the non-sequiturs that makes AntiFolk thrive, the album's songs make sense, dealing with a wider range of subjects, though, as Roth admits, "It's all pretty self-centered stuff. It's how we're relating to our musical environment." What's more, it mostly rocks hard.

"Bad Music" starts the album, clearly discussing their musical environment. "I've been listening to some bad bad music/ I've been listening too long" Roth sings thirty seconds into the release, before continuing, "I've been listening to some sad-time music/ and I'm so tired of this song." He ends the chorus with a typical laconic "Yeah."

Schwervon! takes a macroscopic view with "Foxhole Religion," in which Turner sings "I'm not a believer/ I'm all for sinning" before admitting, "cuz when I'm shit-scared/ I want a God up there." It's sort of about the necessity of faith; though, with the typical Schwervon! meandering lyrical path, it's about many other things as well.

The song "Red Tongue," while not part of the group's regular set list, is slow, hypnotic, and, frankly, enchanting. As per usual, the lines that Turner sings in the verses and the lines Roth speaks in the chorus have only the slightest relationship to one another, but the cumulative effect is still intense.

Many songs familiar to the devoted are included—"Swamp Thing," which brings the Troggs to the swamp; "One of These Days," a sardonic look at the future; and "Poseur," pretty much a love-gone-wrong song.



Eric Lippe photo

The album ends with another song that is not part of their live show, "The Hard Kind." Early on, Turner begins, "I want to get caught with my pants down/ writing bad songs./ Would you make me soup?" In those lines, she looks both at the world of music and the world of ... the world. Like the other song recorded in the Olive Juice studio, "Red Tongue," it is more experimental and lower octane, and promises a different direction for Schwervon! in the future.

The album's damned fun. I can't seem to get it out of my CD player. It's less than a month old, but lots of folks are talking about it. With the continuing global invasion of two-piece rock-and-roll combos, how long will it be, as Roth sings in the title track, before their "punk rock anthems are climbing the charts again"?

Or, to put it another way, is Turner really talking about the band in "Red Tongue" when she says "I was a secret that couldn't be kept"?

**With the continuing global invasion of two-piece rock-and-roll combos, how long will it be, as Roth sings in the title track, before their 'punk rock anthems are climbing the charts again'?**

**The Domestics**  
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**9:30pm**

MP3s at [www.thedomestics.com](http://www.thedomestics.com)

## 1, 2, 3 Look at Misterlee

Beware. The weather is changing. The skies remain blue longer. The snow is melting, but we all know the groundhog saw its shadow, and we have weeks more of winter. So what do these changes in nature portend? The symbols and signals are clear; it's the coming of Misterlee.

In early April, just as the season will truly change, the U.K.'s Misterlee will be coming to a downtown venue near you (Sidewalk, April 2, and Knitting Factory "Old Office," April 3). Misterlee, a vocalist surrounded by sounds (including guitar, bass and violin) is part of the AntiFolk school, having played with acts like Hamell on Trial and Sebadoh.

And it looks like, for the none of you who have heard of the artist before, there are changes in the works. While 2002's *Chiselgibbon* featured the eminently poppy "Rubberband Shoeshine" and an eclectic mix of ska, jazz, punk, and hummable melodies, the newer material seems to work on a wider sonic palate. The material swerves and switches halfway through, changing styles and vocal approaches, going from Tom Waits growl to Tommy James warble to Mick Jagger howl. It's unclear just what Misterlee is going on about, but there's doubt that whatever he's singing, the man means it.

While Misterlee has promised a lot of excitement and variety from the recordings, it may well be the tip of the iceberg. The man encourages "explosive free form improvisation," so God only knows what we'll get at the show. Who knows what diversity will be experienced when Misterlee attacks New York? Perhaps nature does. All of us mere mortals will just have to wait to see. —JB

Visit [www.misterlee.co.uk](http://www.misterlee.co.uk) for more information

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# CARVE Mag Cuts Like A Knife, Feels So Right

BY JANE SPRAGUE

CARVE

Verb: To make an object or design by cutting and shaping a hard material such as wood or stone in order to make an object or design. To cut cooked meat into slices. In surfing, snowboarding, or skateboarding, to ride a given surface (wave, snow, pool, pipe or pavement) in an apparently effortless yet entirely stylish and individualistic manner.

So begins the précis for CARVE. If poets cut and shape words, ideas, sounds and images into visual (text) objects, then editors are engaged in a similar project of shifting, shaping, making something whole to best represent their vision. Perhaps poet-editors, a common mantle in the world of small press publishing, are the sculptors of metal. The hardcore welders who must both cut, grind and seam. And grind again to smoothness, or roughness, to taste.

Boston poet Aaron Tieger (*Sea Shanties of Old Vermont*, Ugly Duckling Presse), started CARVE magazine after the "70 at MIT" poetry festival in April of 2003. "Driving Michael Carr home, we were talking about the lack of small print magazines for poetry in Boston. He said, 'Somebody should start one.' I went over to my longtime friend/musical collaborator/skating buddy Chris DuBois's house for dinner and mentioned that I was thinking about starting up a magazine. He said 'Do it! I'll help you with the layout!' And thus, CARVE was born." In collaboration with DuBois, "Team CARVE"

## Press to Play: Publishers Storm Ithaca

Small Press Culture Workers: A Conference on Small Presses," produced by Palm Press ([www.palmpress.org](http://www.palmpress.org)), was held in Ithaca, NY last month. Publications by Palm Press include *Poetry*, *Politics and Translation: American Isolation and the Middle East* by Ammiel Alcalay and *things of each possible relation hashing against one another* by Juliana Spahr.

As the publisher of Palm Press and curator of the West End Reading Series, I conceived of the conference as a forum for poets, publishers, and editors of small, independent presses and journals to gather and investigate the economic and cultural force of small press publishing in the United States. As someone largely concerned with the task of her own education, I grow weary of rarely being able to find books by small presses in our local independent bookstores. I decided to import the poets, as I am wont to do, for a day of community and advocacy for poets living and working here, who, while supportive of my efforts, weren't exactly in-the-know on the small press front.

The work of the day was to examine the cultural work made possible by artists and editors committed to building and sustaining community, while implementing innovative editorial aesthetics and publishing strategies—through talks, papers, and a group reading as part of the West End series. Presenters included Charles Alexander, Michael Cross, Joel Kuszai, Jennifer Savran, Jonathan Skinner, Juliana Spahr, and Mark Weiss, and Brooklynites Allison Cobb and Jennifer Coleman of *Pom<sup>2</sup>*, and Brendan Lorber of *Lungfull!*. Panel events were held in the "Mural Lounge" of the Clinton House, an old Georgian thing, circa 1830, replete with fat pillars and a defunct hotel bar decked out in a sexy mural depicting half-naked frolicking goddesses, satyrs, and other Grecian Odes. The bar served as the book fair table. Publishers bellied-up tap-side and hawked their lovely wares.

Poet/Presenter Cobb provided a brief field report:

"Pulling together 'culture workers' to talk about concrete strategies for, if not overthrowing the system, at least carving a space for discussion, action, thinking against and outside the system, the first panel, Juliana Spahr (Chain, Subpress), Mark Weiss (Junction), and Joel Kuszai (Meow Press, Factory School) talked about methods and models for small press publishing, including Joel's almost tongue-in-cheek proposal for an international criminal syndicate of small press publishers. Brendan [Lorber] linked economic troubles with publishing *Lungfull!* to the end of the Paleolithic era and the rise of agriculture, leading to the formation of states, eventually capitalism, eventually."

Drawing approximately 60 attendees from cities including Albany, Baltimore, Binghamton, Ithaca, New York City, and Syracuse, and upward of 75 people to the evening reading, the conference was deemed a success, a smashing good time, and the first of what promises to become an annual event. Conference papers and talks will be posted to [www.palmpress.org](http://www.palmpress.org) in the near future. —JS

also includes Emily Belz, Joakim Schmidt, Marc Tieger, and Crispin Tresp.

Tieger defines his editorial process as a method of "hound(ing) people for poems, including posts to various blogs, and listservs. Ask people who they know. Strive for some kind of gender/regional balance." Printed on 8.5" x 11" folded and saddle-stapled sheets, CARVE 1 features cover art by Brenda Iijima, and includes poems by Aaron Belz, Noah Eli Gordon, Anna Moschovakis, Nick Moudry, and Sara Veglahn. Kent Johnson's "Revised Letter from Jack Spicer" forms a kind of wry endnote to the inaugural issue—it effectively throws down a cheeky gauntlet for CARVE poets and readers:

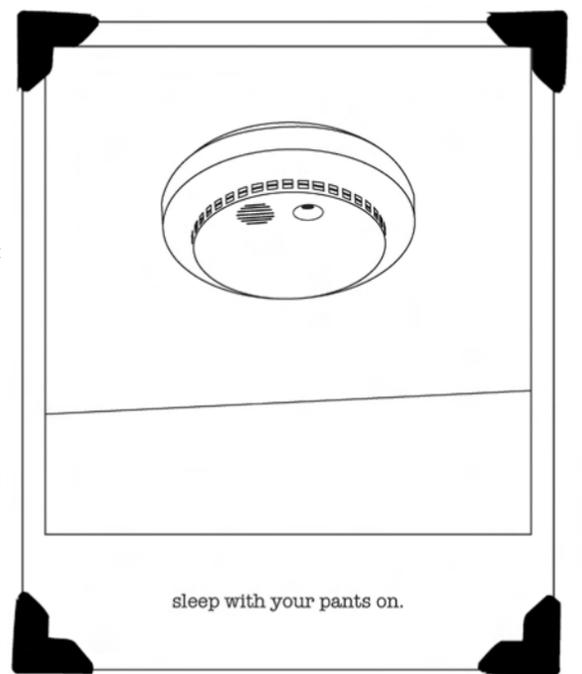
I have realized, suddenly, with a start, that I failed to include an important point in the first version of this... Anyway, as I said, All fucking by Poets takes place in Hell. And you will still need to learn how to write better. My enthusiasms... The scene now is Boston, just like it always was, so you should move there. Love, Jack.

This tongue-in-cheek challenge and Spicer spirit pervades CARVE 1, a powerful argument for making the trek to Boston to scout out more, more, more. From Veglahn's finely cadenced prose poem, "Act of contrition"

There are portraits of saints inside the saints wishing harmonies with a map point. Easy to stay to stay, yet removal by a pause of glass and tossing salt over the shoulder does not spin you into light. Tell someone: the intricate patterns grow thinner—each step is the step of imitation...

to "The Whalebone Essays," a collaboration between Eric Baus, Gordon, Moudry and Travis Nichols: "O what a strange land this is I think I'll/ call it America time stops here/ when you leave it's true we woke up/ in a dream in love with a girl who was far/ far away I got lost looking for thermal/ underwear it's hard to write with a longing/ in your bones & not have it come out gee". CARVE aptly engenders a mellifluous body of work that captures a spirited and remarkably diverse Boston "scene." (Though it bears noting that not all of the poets in the magazine live or work in Boston proper.)

On a recent visit to Ithaca, NY, Tieger spoke of the Boston scene as one largely defined by a community of blogging, of many readings and independently curated series to attend, in addition to the bevy of excellent writers in his geographic domain. Magazines such as Jim Behrle's [canwehaveourballback.com](http://canwehaveourballback.com), Daniel



**Kent Johnson's 'Revised Letter from Jack Spicer' throws down a cheeky gauntlet:**

**'The scene now is Boston, just like it always was, so you should move there. Love, Jack'**

Bouchard's *The Poker*, Bouchard, William Corbett, and Joe Torra's *Pressed Wafer*, and the indomitable MIT Press make a compelling case for an extended inquiry into Boston poets, publishing, and community.

Tieger is steadfast in his commitment to the tactile experience of CARVE. "There was never any question of making CARVE a webzine," says Tieger. "Print is aesthetically pleasing and in some ways a more egalitarian means of communication than the web. Plus there is tangibility to the object that I find necessary to my own complete enjoyment of a publication."

Tieger also has plans to change CARVE's structure. "After issue Two I am switching from the one or two poems [by] many poets format to four to six poems [by] four to six poets (similar to 6x6), in an effort to provide a greater scope and cohesion of a poet's work," he says.

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# PRINTED MATTER

## See Me, Creeley, Touch Me, Heal Me

BY TOM DEVANEY

*If I were writing this*

Robert Creeley  
New Directions

I am ahead. I am not dead./Shovel it in," writes Robert Creeley with verve and dark bravado in the last stanza of "Supper." Creeley's starkly robust new collection, *If I were writing this*, from his publisher of forty years New Directions, is a moving engagement and lively reckoning of friends, family, and literature itself. The mode and mood of the collection is elegiac; Creeley corresponds with his contemporaries, living and dead: Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Keith and Rosmarie Waldrop, Kenneth Koch, and Helen, his sister, to name some.

Creeley won Yale University's Bolligen Prize in 1999. He also received a Before Columbus Lifetime Achievement Award in 2000, and a Lannan Lifetime Achievement Award in 2001 following his acclaimed collection, *Life & Death* (1998). The poems in *If I were writing this* are a majestic and down-to-earth amplification of Creeley's well-known expressive minimalist aesthetic. At their most engaging, the poems offer an alchemy of innocence and experience, recalling William Blake. From "Supper" Creeley writes:

Days on the way,  
lawn's like a shorn head  
and all the chairs are put away  
again. Shovel it in.

Eat for strength, for health.  
Eat for the hell of it, for  
yourself, for country and your mother.  
Eat what your little brother didn't.

Be content with your lot  
and all you got.

Be whatever they want.  
Shovel it in.

The poems to friends who have recently died gloss both their work and Creeley's own. In one of the two poems for Ginsberg, "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer..." Creeley writes:

Hurry on, friend.  
There is no end  
to desire,  
to Blake's fire,  
to Beckett's mire,  
to any such whatever.

The poem "Possibilities," shows Creeley's ability to flawlessly fuse the optimistic (innocence) and shockingly stark (experience) mind-set when he mentions his dying mother, echoing Charles Reznikoff:

My mother dying sat up, ecstatic,  
coming out of the anesthetic, said,  
"It's all free! You don't have to pay  
for any of it..." It's there  
if you can still get to it?

These later poems are emotionally charged and engaging. In "Conversion to Her" he writes:

Covered with skin  
one lives within.



At  
their most  
engaging,  
the poems  
offer an  
alchemy of  
innocence  
and  
experience,  
recalling  
William  
Blake.

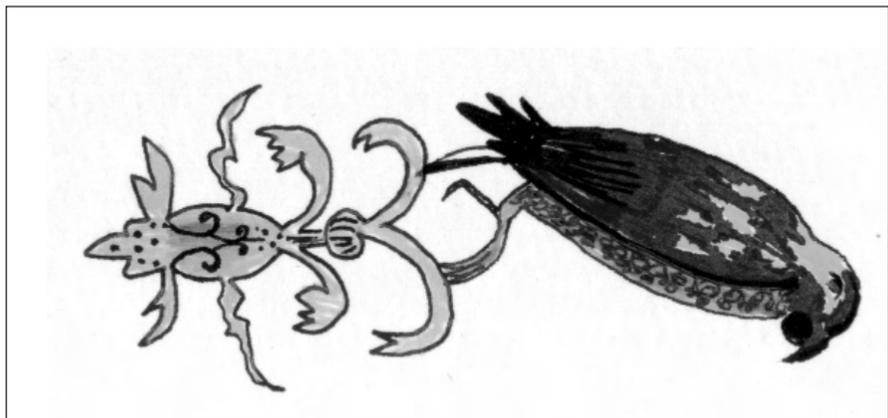
Women are told  
to let world unfold.  
Men, to take it,  
make or break it.

In his introduction to Charles Olson's *Selected Writings*, he writes, "We are not here involved with existentialism, Camus may speak of a world without appeal, but the system of discourse he makes use of is still demonstrably a closed one." To say little of the metaphysical, for Creeley, physical experience offers its own guide of the perplexed. He ends "Conversion to Her":

One cannot say, Be as women,  
be peaceful, then. The hole from which we came

isn't metaphysical.  
The one to which we go is real.

—Tom Devaney



Brenda Iijima art

## Eve of Destruction

*Vanishing Point*

David Markson  
Shoemaker & Hoard

David Markson's *Vanishing Point* is the third novel in a now identifiable series begun in 1996 with *Reader's Block* and continued in 2001 with *This is Not a Novel*. If this final installment is the last, it will conclude a trilogy which lends itself to successful comparison with Beckett's work, in terms of their mutual intellectual rigor, terminal aesthetic, and gallows humor.

Like the previous two novels, *Vanishing Point* consists of brief, sculpted sentences recounting the essential and trivial facts in the lives and, often, deaths of artists. Markson's litany of injustices suffered by writers and painters makes for memorable pathos, but the net is cast wide, including also the absurd, ironic, and simply quirky ("Karl Marx never in his life saw the inside of a factory," "Ravel weighed less than one hundred pounds," "Wittgenstein almost never wore a necktie.")

But the book's devastating power is not from Markson's knowledge of biography, it's the skillful choice of material which reflects a particular reader's life-long attention. One of the work's pleasures is analogous to meeting someone through their library—a collection not too large nor comprehensive, but one that reflects the complexity, idiosyncrasy, and randomness of the collector's being. Such a process would be imperfect, but Markson has, in effect, idealized such an experience and furthermore, set it in motion through time. The result is a stunningly ambiguous, moving, and complete portraiture.

Markson's own sense of his accomplishment might be guessed at from his use of a De Kooning epigraph. Citing Cézanne, Picasso, and lastly Pollock, Markson quotes De Kooning as saying, "Every so often, a painter has to destroy painting." The audacious parallel is clear, and—with *Vanishing Point*—justified; Markson has (again) destroyed the novel, done away with the traditional novel's foundations of plot, and out of its ashes created something which, while wholly unfamiliar, upon examination reveals the

## Found in Translation

*Sin Puertas Visibles: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry by Mexican Women*

Edited and Translated by Jen Hofer  
University of Pittsburgh Press

Poet and translator Jen Hofer provides a mobile door in which to enter her ambitious anthology, *Sin Puertas Visibles*. The bilingual collection not only offers a sampling of what 11 Mexican women happen to be writing today, it also includes poetic statements from each, as well as Hofer's embedded manifesto on translation, disclosed in her introductory pretexts. The book is a delightful read for those enamored by language and its possibilities in translation.

Hofer likens translation to a "two-way mirror" that simultaneously provides a view out and a view in between two cultures. "It is in the incongruent gap between language and language that the strangeness of understanding begins to occur," she writes. Readers on both sides of her literary bridge have an opportunity to read outside of their own culturally bound contexts, to discover what happens at the midway meeting point.

Mayan festivals, imaginary birds, simmering vegetables, anonymous streets, jungle flies, city cathedrals, fallen soldiers, hungry lions, decaying trees, flying serpents, concrete labyrinths, metal flowers, and roofless houses circulate within the walls of Hofer's selected poems. Her bold translations reflect the exceptionally crafted mirrors of their Spanish originals, and allow the reader to relish in the space bordering both doors of thought and "thought shadow." The here of where we stand determines our entry.

*Sin Puertas Visibles* features the work of Cristina Rivera-Garza, Carla Faesler, Angélica Tornero, Ana Belén López, Silvia Eugenia Castellero, Mónica Nepote, Dana Gelinas, María Rivera, Ofelia Pérez Sepúlveda, Dolores Dorantes, and Laura Solórzano.

—Nicholas Leaskou

**Memorial Poetry Reading for Enid Dame**  
**Sunday March 21, 6 p.m.**

**Cedar Tavern**  
**82 University Place**

**(bet. East 11th and East 12th streets)**  
**NYC**

**For further information: (973) 680-4442**

# POETRY

**Eli Drabman**

Oakland, Calif.

## from The Ground Running

[Experience will be shapely] enough to fill the time, ashen sloughs thick against the old cravings, leak outs begetting as if the end of those sparks be the presence of a fire-who,

a fire-what, a fire when cover is blown, the wires all melted across the synthetic lawning-belt, its green and unforgiving energies expiring, *TILT*, your rubber-plants regret their old utility, and tea-flowers take a step toward further rancidity, it is glorious, they say, slow whispering in the roots, this growth inside a shell before the time finds itself again at odds, starving, without gaze enough for every shimmer, every rich and blooming thing, greening, starving for a plump, red shape to rest one's om upon.

[Horn, the grey & bleating] object-moving supernatural shout, is rusted and falls to pieces each time the change is named—O—couldn't have felt so important if we were actual, sitting here drinking, nearing somehow the glinting through white and blue smoke & convincing serial investigators to disrespect the evolution of the breath of the species: a surging of needles in bubble & scronk, or what, as he fumbles for to prick up his plastic axe, creeps slightly through an open door, so shocked to fail near the sweetest begging lips covered with ash, no nearer yet alive to hung fingers tapping (a wet arc of brass) I've blown it so, to give the ghosts a home.



**Tina Celona Brown**

Springs, East Hampton, N.Y.

## When It's Not Empty, It's Sneering

I know what a bad poem is.  
You wrote it.

I am a balloon out of which  
You have let the gas.

My hair is the color of fire!!

Mom walks in, but she's naked.

She's *insouciant*.

She's a ham  
And Dad's the maraschino cherry.  
I'm the lime Jell-O  
Which makes you the pineapple.

I am a girl out of which  
You have let all the boys.

Clutching your poem.  
You have let all the gas.

**Simon Perchik**

East Hampton, N.Y.

\*

A click and its likeness  
can't change, curled  
the way rain yellows  
though you hold on  
almost make out the grin  
that could be yours

—it's been years, minutes  
and even with your arms apart  
you have forgotten the smell  
the fleece-lined gloves  
filled with dry leaves  
half paper, half iron  
half pinned to this snapshot  
still bleeding from a thumbtack  
and your shoulders

—you don't recognize the hand

left holding up the sky  
to look for the other  
bringing it a morning  
ripped from wings and mountainside  
that can't close or open  
or dry :the rust  
still waving, gutting the cheeks  
whatever day it was.

\*

You spoonfed the dead  
half deaf, half lame, half  
with rocks to defend yourself

though you wipe her lips  
on the one dark lapel  
cut adrift, leaning against

the other the way each mourner  
will rest and for a while  
try to remember her name

guess at it stone by stone

**David Hadbawnik**

San Francisco

## Some Notes

### on Actaeon from About a Dog

"For they say that the goddess immediately changed him into a deer and drove mad the fifty dogs hunting with him, who then in ignorance devoured him. After Actaeon died, his dogs searched for their master and came howling to the cave of Chiron. He made an image of Actaeon which stopped their grieving."

—*Gods and Heroes of the Greeks*

I.

hot piss on bay leaves, bark  
jostle of muscle, blood  
suddenly stag in our midst  
where a man was  
we turned, almost as one body  
(wouldn't have happened if we were  
one or two) but the recognition  
on us, at that moment, lost  
& we turned hot for the chase  
didn't stop till we'd torn 'im  
apart. Each carried part of his  
having seen her inside  
like a pearl of that vision  
a promise. Became  
wild after that, cut loose  
from the pack mad with it  
>>>



translucent on eye was it  
man or woman  
pig or cow  
that he saw?  
Diamond shapes  
dug in the sand  
tide ruptured around me  
pink skin, tender flesh  
turned-up nipple in pool, black flip  
of hair/fur  
flashing eyes

go ahead he sd  
in answer to some  
other question  
I've got my religion  
here  
like a scatter of birds  
in the air  
who'll fuse it together?  
re-fuse

the worn-out  
lusterless pearl  
of that vision  
gassy as caves  
alive with some  
secret color  
light never sees?

II.

right away I could tell  
by the smell of her butt  
she wasn't like the others, the queer  
huntress didn't mind my  
nosing around in fact  
by her pink skin giggles  
it was clear she kinda liked it  
but enough of games  
she had a lover to meet  
a beautiful thin-hipped boy  
on the glade by the lake;  
alas this didn't go too well  
either his hair  
his beautiful curly brown hair  
was caught in the briars  
brown blood on her fingers  
an accident or a curse?  
I found him like that  
trapped hare  
thin white body broken  
she wailed & entreated the gods  
& his brain sprouted  
green through his skin his arms  
in which he had held her  
now held the wind  
his cock opened  
like a giant hibiscus  
sending white seed-lines  
down into earth  
his legs simply fused  
& held firm in place  
there he stayed shivering  
till his skin barked shut  
I shat under him, as blessing

with the water circling overhead  
till her mouth opens wide

—you throw coals into her throat  
and from the snipped lapel  
stuffed with sea-winter, cliffs

spoon by spoon the secret pact  
where the last to survive  
keeps something on foot still singing

something she can use—a comb  
a bracelet, an old love song  
louder! shoes, a small suitcase.

\*

Embedded and this statue  
still tightening its grip  
tries to revive the horse  
expects its crumbling reins  
to smell from leather  
and crowding—you squint

the way the general  
looks for a small thing  
encased in a season  
exactly where he left it

waits in the rain  
for your black umbrella to open  
make room for you  
and under the darkness  
hold the Earth steady

while his horse works its way  
closer to this rain still wet  
from the climbing turn  
into ice and longing, lost

—its front hooves mid-air  
shaking the stone loose  
for its likeness even in moonlight  
almost breathing, already  
side by side that could go on  
if it had to.

# FORTUNE from page 1

is always in flux, flaunting its great identity crises. Constant rhetorical, philosophical and subversive, hysterical free analytical debate ensues in the form of story or song, play or poem. Being familiar with the illiveness of I and its ego state offers great license to an artist. This windiness, as in breeze, somehow makes the characters appear more like trapeze artists or messengers and the subsequent ride is liberating if you happen to be into that sort of thing.

"The names [of the characters] are taken from the film *Kiss Me Deadly*, a Mike Hammer mystery story," says Watson. "If you've seen it you know that it is about nuclear apocalypse. There is a great 'whatsit', a black box that contains radioactive material. Everybody is trying to get at it. In the end it is opened up." Watson says he's influenced by Tennessee Williams, film noir, David Mamet, Greek tragedy, and Jean-Paul Sartre, and his ideas for the staging of the play offers further insight into Watson's writerly proclivities. "I like very simple, minimal, and language-oriented presentations. I'm not into physical humor or physical devices, although there would have been a lot of sound cues and even video interruptions had I had the ability to put them in ... I do like a certain kind of absurdist quality of interruption and distraction which I think is integral to modern life ... and I do like layering things and having drifting motif and

signifiers ... There was [even] supposed to be a musician who sang a little song introducing each section."

Watson's work, though not effused with optimism, has offerings of tenderness in its quaint and sophisticated layers and revelations, as well as in its skillful intellectual sincerity. As much as you can detect any anguish the characters may feel at being alive, jumping out at you is Watson's love of, and feel for, words and their inherent and certain absurdities.

Jerry Seinfeld, via Nick Zedd, ala Sam Shephard, Watson is as fearless and respectful of the lurid, unspeakable metaphor as he is of the deliberately guiles obvious. "My intention is to use that metaphor and load it with other issues," says Watson. "Both Mike and Velda have these self destructive passive-aggressive tendencies which are related to a kind of Wagnerian love-death, and high romantic ideals that just can't play out in this world and they get perverted into all kinds of weird fantasy narratives."

MIKE: You left the house. (leading her on) And ... where did you go?

VELDA: I went out to the beach. I was watching the surf. But the sea was making weird patterns. Then I realized, it wasn't water so much as it was a dark pool of electricity. There was a corpse just off-shore which was causing a distortion of the wave patterns, that is the information was being altered, the data stream, everything on the beach was being changed in some

way. I remember thinking if this is my dream, then the corpse must in some way be me. So I waded out into the water. And it was me, when I found it, but when I dragged it back to the sand it wasn't me any longer; it was something else.

MIKE: What was it?

VELDA: An octopus, a dead octopus. It was horrible, disgusting.

MIKE: Do you wonder about where the image came from? The octopus image? Do you have the feeling that it didn't come from you, but that it was given to you?

VELDA: How do you mean, Mike?

MIKE: From me. I gave it to you, in a previous conversation. We talked about this last week. It was my dream. And now you think it's yours.

Not for the squeamish or closed-minded, Carl Watson's body of work is one of the great, mainly undiscovered writerly treasures of the U.S.A. and all the rest of the world. It is a simple-complicated "body" as alluring and tenuous as its flesh and blood metaphor. On its intellectual road-kill journey it pulls along everyone and everything—all in unabashed naked-psyche form.

# FUCHS from page 1

force behind the kooky downtown Two Boots arts center should be more concerned with maintaining a fertile climate for creative energy than for preserving a lost Lower East Side.

I have always known Chachere to be full of ideas, funny, and vivacious. What I learned from our conversations is that she is also professional and prudent when it comes to increasing receipts and filling the seats at a small neighborhood movie theater.

## How was the John Waters party?

I told Michael Musto that he looked like Henry Kissinger in profile. Musto fired back that I looked like Mercedes Ruehl.

## Do you have a motto?

Always leave them wanting more.

## What is the mission of the Pioneer?

To be a venue for independent films that have no other home, that have little to no distribution. We want to connect the community of local filmmakers to a larger world of filmmakers, by the history of filmmaking in the neighborhood. New American Cinema was born in the Lower East Side. Think of John Cassavettes, Robert Downey Sr., Robert Frank, Alfred Leslie, Jonas Mekas.

## How can a local filmmaker screen her work at the Pioneer?

Take me out. Then send me a really nice follow-up letter. If that doesn't work then contact Phil [Hartman].

## What is your favorite film?

It is hard to narrow it down to one. How about two? *Performance* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, although that is not really a film.

## Would you marry a filmmaker?

No, I would sleep with one, although reluctantly.

## What is the origin of your interest in film?

After taking acting classes I decided I wanted to make a film. Really it goes all the way back to being a fat and lazy child. I would rush home after school to watch the three o'clock movie. Remember that? Movies like *Splendor in the Grass* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. That was really great—can you believe someone was programming films like that on television in a small market like New Orleans. I should find out who that person was and talk to them, maybe ask them to do a program with me at the Pioneer.

## What is the size of the Pioneer?

One hundred seats. We have one screen that is 12 [feet] by 8 feet. We screen two films a night, plus a midnight movie on Fridays and Saturdays.

## Did you arrive at the Pioneer with months of programming already slated?

No, no, no. I pretty much began programming immediately. It's a day-to-day process. Everything that has been shown since I've been here, I've selected.

## Do you have specific economic goals?

No, not really, but we are trying to make money. We're a commercial theater; it is not a non-profit. Although it might be interesting if we became a non-profit. I could look for money elsewhere other than just having to fill the house. That poses other problems however. Look, I could book *Lost In Translation* and fill the house, but that is not the kind of movie we want to screen regularly. We want to show more challenging work by artists that do not get a lot of exposure. One of our local favorites is Larry Fessenden.

It is a challenge to develop an audience with one screen. If we had another screen, then I could book a film that draws a crowd and put a more experimental film on the other screen and gradually try to develop an audience for it.

## What is the Howl Festival?

It is a multicultural arts festival celebrating dance, film, music, performance, and poetry all located within the Lower East Side. The film festival is only one part of a larger event.

It is built upon the same ideals as the Pioneer, to preserve and promote the arts that have grown in, around, and out of the neighborhood. There are neither awards nor jury. It is completely open, you only need to submit a film. We screen the films at the Pioneer, Loews, Anthology Film Archives, and other venues. Phil [Hartman] modeled the Howl Festival after the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. I'd like to open a Pioneer Theater in New Orleans. However, people like Larry Meistrich of Film Movement say there is no market there for an art-house theater.

## Who is Larry Meistrich?

He started Shooting Gallery, which was like a smaller Miramax. He was a producer. Now he distributes films. He's distributing *Unbought and Unbossed*, which we're going to screen at the Pioneer. *Unbought and Unbossed* is about Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman to run for President of the United States. It's a terrific film; she challenges our notions of who can be president. Wearing a paisley empire dress, she reminds us that running for president is a basic right that all of us have as citizens of the United States.

I want to include it in the political series that I'm developing. Among other films, we're

going to show *The Hunting of the President*. It's all about the vast right-wing conspiracy to discredit the Clintons, what was real, what was false, what was just boring.

## What other things do you have planned?

I am open for suggestions. I'm going to work with Ves Pitts. He had a funny idea to get filmmakers and other local celebrities to work the concession. We're developing a sex series. Valentine's night we screened dirty animations. A few days later M.M. Serra of the Filmmaker's Co-op screened New Cinema films of Barbara Rubin, Carolee Schneeman, and Barbara Hamer, for a night named "Free Love." I want to start a porn night and have the stars or filmmakers host the evening. I also want to have a Les Blank festival.

## That was my idea.

Now you sound like my brother David [editor

of the *New York Independent Film Monitor*]. Okay, you can curate the Les Blank Festival.

## Do you still want to make movies?

I want to make one about our home, New Orleans. Describing the way people party. We all have to party. We all should party. I want to explore the populist celebrations in New Orleans.

## I would like to photograph you in the Pioneer Theater.

You should photograph me taking a nap underneath the seats. You remember the dishwasher we worked with in Baton Rouge who slept underneath the kitchen tables?

## Yes, Curtis. He used to limp around the kitchen saying, "Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die."

I want that to be my motto. Can that be my motto?

# poets for PEACE

Assembling for the Peace March  
"The World Still Says No To War"  
Saturday March 20, 11:00 a.m.

Reminiscence  
50 West 23rd St.  
(bet. 5th and 6th avenues)

Look for Poets for Peace Banner

We will begin walking to the main rally  
at approximately 11:30 a.m.

Main rally held at:  
Madison Square Park  
23rd Street & Madison Avenue

All poets welcome!

For more information: [www.poetsagainstthewar.org](http://www.poetsagainstthewar.org)

# New York City Poetry Calendar March 2004

SPONSORED BY THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB WWW.BOWERYPOETRY.COM, WITH INFORMATION PROVIDED BY JACKIE SHEELER AT WWW.POETZ.COM

WHERE NO BOROUGH IS LISTED EVENT IS IN MANHATTAN. BK=BROOKLYN, BX=THE BRONX, QN=QUEENS, SI=STATEN ISLAND. BPC=BOWERY POETRY CLUB

**Sat. 6 8:00pm** No Place to Fall: An Evening of Songs by and Stories about Townes Van Zandt on the eve of what would have been his 60th Birthday: All Proceeds to benefit the Bowery Mission for the Homeless, featuring David Amram, Steve Bear, Charlie Burnham, Hope DeBates, Gideon Freudmann, Gordon Gano, Bob Holman, Vicki Hudspeth, Michael Hurley, Richard Julian, Paul K, John Kruth, Frank London, Dan Nosheny, RD Roth, Peter Stampfel, Syd Straw, Tandy, and Frank Tedesso, BPC, \$25 **9:00pm** Open mike + open slam: slam winner gets \$100!, Cafe Imani, BK, \$5

**Sun. 7 11:00am** Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 **1:00pm** Featured poet(s) and an open mike, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min. to restaurant **2:00pm** Readings on the Bowery, Eloise Bruce, Michael Waters, Linda Gregg, Rachel Weintraub, Hosted by Four Way Books, BPC, \$8 gets you a \$2 credit at the coffee bar **2:30pm** Frequency Reading Series, Painted Bride Quarterly: Jersey Issue Release Party, The Four-Faced Liar, free **3:00pm** Two featured poets & an open mike, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min • Our Unorganized Reading, **Open mike**, ABC No Rio, \$2 **4:00pm** World of Poetry Bilingual Series: Jen Hofer & Myriam Moscona in conjunction with Aufgabe, BPC, \$6 • Jazz poetry, open mic poetry & jazz, Sista's Place, BK, free • Poet to Poet/Orange Bear, **Featured poet(s) and an open mike**, The Orange Bear, \$3 + \$3 min **6:00pm** Three featured poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** NYU MFA 2nd Sunday Reading Series, BPC, \$5 • Zinc-TRS, Kevin Varrone, Andrea Baker, Zinc Bar, \$4

**Mon. 8 6:00pm** Totally Open Slam/Bingo Gazingo: sign up @5, BPC, \$4 • louderMondays, Sean Thomas Dougherty, openSLAM follow, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID, 2-for-1 drinks all night **7:00pm** Ken Waldman: Alaska's Fiddling Poet, BPC, \$5 **7:30pm** Poetry & acoustic music open mic, The Village Ma, free • KGB Bar, Deborah Landau and David Lehman, KGB Bar, free **8:00pm** The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 • Wabi Sabi, **Open mic**, Spoken word artists invited to perform over a soundscape of experimental/ambient/dub chill beats improvised by the house dj. Musicians perform solo, limit of 3 songs (no djs), Wabi Sabi, BK, free • Reading Between A&B, Claudia Rankine, Mark Bibbins, Ted Mathys, 11th Street Bar, free • Telephone Bar, Ice Gayle, Peter Olson, Mary Ellen Cammarasano, Adam Freedman, Library Lounge at The Telephone Bar, free • The Poetry Project, Amra Brooks and Simone White, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **9:00pm** Chaos Club, **Open mike** in Queens, Chaos Club, Queens Village, free **10:00pm** Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

**Tues. 9 9:00am** Bowery Poetry School, BPC, \$5 **5:30pm** Dante's Inferno: a roundtable reading, BPC, free **7:00pm**, Acentos, **Featured poet & open reading**, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this page) **8:00pm** **Featured poet & open mike**, The Muddy Cup, SI **9:00pm** Open mike, M Lounge, Williamsburg, BK, free • Untie the Tongue, **Featured poet & open mike**, Grand Central Bar, BK, free

**Wed. 10 5:00pm** Sean Thomas Dougherty and Gerry Lafemina, BPC, \$5 **6:00pm** Intercultural Poetry Series, Russian-American poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** Brooklyn Poets Circle, **Featured poet & open mike**, First Unitarian Church, BK, \$3 • Word is Bond, **Featured poet(s) and open mike**, Art for Change, free **7:30pm**, **Open mic**, Carlitos Cafe y Galeria, free • Poet to Poet/Queens, Heather Lev + **Open**, Barnes & Noble, Bayside, QN, contribution **8:00pm** **Open Reading**, Java and Wood, Greenpoint, BK, free, • Rev Jen's Anti-Slam, **Open mike**, Collective Unconscious, \$3 • The Poetry Project, George Schneeman: Painter Among Poets, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **9:00pm** Nuyorican Slam Open, The Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 **10:00pm** The Hank Shocklee Experience \$7/5 (free for LOTM)

**Thurs. 11 7:00pm**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, **Open mike**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, BK, \$7 • Urbana Slam, Urbana Slam hosted by Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz, Taylor Mali & Shappy, BPC, \$5 • Poets House, Bordighera Poetry Awards reading & reception:, Gerry La Femina, Paola Corso, Jane Tassi, Daniela Gioseffi, Alfredo dePalchi, Poets House, 72 Spring Street, 2nd floor, free

**7:30pm** Poetry Society of America, Acclaimed/Emerging: Jorie Graham and C.K. Williams with Joshua Beckman, Tishman Auditorium, The New School, \$7/\$5 for Members and Students • wordsmiths, Elaine Sexton and "7 carmine" launch party with Jeet, Thayil, Melissa Hotchkiss, Yerra Sugarman, Michelle Valladares, Peg Peoples, Aaron Smith, Theresa Burns, and Joy Katz, Halcyon, BK, free **8:00pm** Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5

**Fri. 12 6:00pm** Pink Pony West, Sharon Griffiths & open, Hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **6:30pm** The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 **7:00pm** Tunnels, BPC, \$5 **7:30pm** Ozzie's Poetry Night, open reading, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free **10:00pm** Frank Messina's OCTOPOET "Where Rock Stars, Jazz Legends & Poets Collide," Bowery Poetry Club, \$12 • Nuyorican Poets Cafe, **Spotlight poet & slam**, Followed by a midnight open mike, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 (each show)

**Sat. 13 Poets House for Children**, Each Saturday the Children's Room welcomes young readers (ages 4-10) and their adults to discover the magic of poetry, Poets House, free **12:00pm** Respect the Mic, open, BPC, \$5/\$3 students **1:00pm** Women on War, Marie Ponsot, Sapphire, Daniela Gioseffi, Donna Masini, Marilyn Hacker, Meena Alexander, Brenda Gannam, Jackie Sheeler, Karen Swenson, Pwu Jean Lee, Grace Shulman, Nathalie Handal, BPC, \$5 **2:00pm** Nomad's Choir, **Open reading**: 18 Poets, 1 Musician, 1 Feature & Disco Dancing, \$3 **3:00pm** The Ear Inn, Octavio Gonzalez and New School Poets, The Ear Inn, free **4:00pm** Segue Series, Brian Kim Stefans and Michael Gizzi, BPC, \$5 **9:00pm** Open mike + open slam: slam winner gets \$100!, Cafe Imani, BK, \$5

**Sun. 14 12:00pm** Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 **2:30pm** Frequency Reading Series, Jaime Corbacho, Dan Nester, Chris Connelly, The Four-Faced Liar, free **3:00pm** coloring book publication party, with boice-Terrel Allen, Emmanuel Xavier, Nancy Caronia, Lorie Caval, Olga Economos, Anne Marie Fowler, Michael Hoerman, Stefan Kiesbye, Vincent Toro, BPC, \$5 • Back Fence, Andrea Reed, Nora Gaines, and an open mike, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min • Our Unorganized Reading, **Open mike**, ABC No Rio, \$2 **4:00pm** Kairos Cafe, Open reading, Washington Square United Methodist Church, \$3 **5:00pm** Pass the Words: Justin Jamail & Andrew McCarron, BPC, \$5 **6:00pm** Three featured poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) • Spiral Thought, **Featured poet(s)** TBA and open mike, The Fall Cafe, BK, free **7:00pm** Zinc-TRS, Brenda Coultas, Kim Lyons, Zinc Bar, \$4 **8:00pm** Comstock on Parade, BPC, \$5

**Mon. 15 6:00pm** Totally Open Slam/Bingo Gazingo: sign up @5, BPC, \$4 **7:00pm** louderMondays, louderEDGE format features: Charles Rafferty. Bring your poems in progress, louderEDGE **openMIC**, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID **7:30pm** Poetry & acoustic music open mic, The Village Ma, free • KGB Bar, Mathea Harvey and John Yau, KGB Bar, free **8:00pm** The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 • Reading Between A&B, Three featured poets (acclaimed/emerging), 11th Street Bar, free • Wabi Sabi, **Open mic**, Spoken word artists invited to perform over a soundscape of experimental/ambient/dub chill beats improvised by the house dj. Musicians perform solo, limit of 3 songs (no djs), Wabi Sabi, BK, free • Hidden Treasure, Stephanie Lipsey & Open Mike, Johnny O's, BX, free • The Poetry Project, C.A. Conrad and Latasha Diggs, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **10:00pm** Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

**Tues. 16 3:30pm** Taylor Mali Workshop, BPC, \$5 **5:30pm** Dante's Inferno: a roundtable reading, BPC, free **6:00pm** The Writer's Room, Poetry & prose from the Writer's Room, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:30pm** Laugh, BPC, \$5 **8:00pm** **Featured poet & open mike**, The Muddy Cup, SI **9:00pm** **Open mike**, M Lounge, Williamsburg, BK, free • Untie the Tongue, **Featured poet & open mike**, Grand Central Bar, BK, free **9:30pm** Karaoke + Poetry=Fun: The Daniel Nester/Regie Cabico Hellzapoppin' Wild Party, BPC, \$6

**Wed. 17 6:30pm** The plays of one Jedediah Clark, BPC, \$5 **7:00pm** Word is Bond, **Featured poet(s) and open mike**, Art for Change, free **7:30pm** **Open mic**, Carlitos Cafe y Galeria, free **8:00pm** Shaman chants/ Epic songs, BPC, \$7 • **Open Reading**, Java and Wood,

Greenpoint, BK, free • Rev Jen's Anti-Slam, **Open mike**, Collective Unconscious, \$3 • The Poetry Project, Laura Elrick and Barrett Watten, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **9:00pm** Nuyorican Slam **Open**, Today is third Wednesday, which is only a Hip Hop open mike, The Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 **9:30pm** Joe Carey & Amecca, BPC, \$5

**Thurs. 18 7:00pm**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, **Open mike**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, BK, \$7 • **7:15pm** Billy Collins features at the 5th Annual Urbana Limerick Slam, BPC, \$20 **7:30pm** wordsmiths, Amanda Stern, Chris Martin, Daniel Nester, others, Halcyon, BK, free **8:00pm** Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5 **10:00pm** Say Word!?: "Third Party Third Thursdays" This Show Rocks Till LATE!!, BPC, \$5

**Fri. 19 5:00pm** Douglas Rothschild's Poetry Game Show, BPC, free **6:00pm** Pink Pony West, Jean Lehrman & open mike, Hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **6:30pm** The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 **7:30pm** Ned Sublette: Songs of Sentiment, BPC, \$10 • Ozzie's Poetry Night, open reading, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free **9:00pm** The Living Theater: love & politics w/ Judith Malina & Hanon Reznikoff, BPC, \$10 **10:00pm** Nuyorican Poets Cafe, Eve Packer poet & slam, followed by a midnight open mike, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 (each show) **11:00pm** Paradigm Spillout, BPC, \$5

**Sat. 20 11:00am** Poets House for Children, See Sat. 13, Poets House, free **12:00pm** Respect the Mic, open reading, BPC, \$5/\$3 students **2:00pm** Maria Gillin Party! Italian Women in Black Dresses, BPC, \$5 **3:00pm** Kathy Collisson, Greg Rappleye, Jack Riddle, The Ear Inn, free **4:00pm** Segue Series, Abigail Child and Anselm Berrigan, BPC, \$5 **6:00pm** Greek American Writers, Features followed by an open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** Soft Skull Speaks: on the Bowery, BPC, \$5 **7:30pm** (re)collection, **Featured readers** plus an open mike, The Asian American Writers' Workshop, \$5 **9:00pm** **Open mike + open slam**: slam winner gets \$100!, Cafe Imani, BK, \$5 **10:00pm** NY Poets \$100 Slam w/ **feature** Helena D Lewis, BPC, \$10 **11:59pm** Private Party: Ray Levy One Night Only, BPC, \$5

**Sun. 21 12:00pm** Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 **1:00pm** **Featured poet(s) and open mike**, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant **2:00pm** Poets On Sunday, Andrea Carter-Brown & open with music by pianist Michael Hinton, Central Library Auditorium, Jamaica, QN, free **2:30pm** Frequency Reading Series, Ada Calhoun, Paul Dickinson, Shanna Compton, The Four-Faced Liar, free **3:00pm** PMD International, BPC, \$5 • **Two featured poets & an open mike**, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min • Our Unorganized Reading, **Open mike**, ABC No Rio, \$2 • Cornerstone Center, **Open reading**, OSA Lutheran Church, \$3 **4:00pm** Jazz poetry, **open mic poetry & jazz**, Sista's Place, BK, free • Poet to Poet/Orange Bear, **Featured poet(s) and open**, The Orange Bear, \$3 + \$3 min **5:00pm** Black Clock Pub Party, featuring Rebecca Goldstein, Shelley Jackson, Rick Moody, Bradford Morrow, Darcey Steinke, BPC, \$5 **6:00pm** Three featured poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** Zinc-TRS, Mark Salerno, Macgregor Card, Zinc Bar, \$4

**Mon. 22 6:00pm** Totally Open Slam/Bingo Gazingo: sign up @5, BPC, \$4 **7:00pm** louderMondays, Neo-Spinner Tour; openSLAM follows, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID **7:30pm** Poetry & acoustic music open mic, The Village Ma, free • KGB Bar, Mark Svenvold and Arthur Vogelsang, KGB Bar, free **8:00pm** The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 • Wabi Sabi, **Open mic**, Spoken word artists invited to perform over a soundscape of experimental/ambient/dub chill beats improvised by the house dj. Musicians perform solo, limit of 3 songs (no djs), Wabi Sabi, BK, free • Reading Between A&B, Sarah Manguso, David Biespiel, 11th Street Bar, free • The Poetry Project, Jerome Sala and Darcey Steinke, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **8:15pm** 92nd Street Y, George Bilgere, Michael Donaghy & Rachel Wetzsteon, Introduced by Billy Collins, Unterberg Poetry Center at the 92nd Street Y, \$16 **10:00pm** Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

**Tues. 23 5:30pm** Dante's Inferno: a roundtable reading, BPC, free **6:00pm** Graduate Poetry Series,

Poets from local MFA programs feature, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** PSA: Jonathan Safran Foer intros Paul Muldoon, BPC, \$7/5 Acentos, **Featured poet & open reading**, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this page) **8:00pm** **Featured poet & open**, The Muddy Cup, SI **9:00pm** **Open mike**, M Lounge, Williamsburg, BK, free • Untie the Tongue, **Featured poet & open mike**, Grand Central Bar, BK, free

**Wed. 24 7:00pm** Word is Bond, **Featured poet(s) and open mike**, Art for Change, free • **7:30pm** **Open mic**, Carlitos Cafe y Galeria, free **8:00pm** **Open Reading**, Java and Wood, Greenpoint, BK, free • Rev Jen's Anti-Slam, **Open mike**, Collective Unconscious, \$3 • The Poetry Project, Renee Gladman and Lisa Robertson, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **8:30pm** Life on the Outside — book party for Jennifer Gonnerman, BPC, free **9:00pm** Nuyorican Slam Open, The Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5

**Thurs. 25 6:30pm** Brooklyn Poetry Outreach, signup at 6pm, **featured Brooklyn poet & open**, Hosted by Ken Siegelman, Poet Laureate of Brooklyn, Barnes & Noble, Park Slope, BK, free **7:00pm**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, **Open mike**, Brown Chocolate Cafe, BK, \$7 • Urbana Slam, Urbana Slam hosted by Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz, Taylor Mali & Shappy, BPC, \$5 **8:00pm** Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5 **10:00pm** ROIR Rocks, BPC, \$8

**Fri. 26 6:00pm** Pink Pony West, **Featured poet & open mike**, Hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **6:30pm** The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 **7:30pm** Ozzie's Poetry Night, open reading, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free **8:00pm** Daniel Bernard Roumain, BPC, \$5 **10:00pm** Sari Sari International PoSlam, BPC, \$5 • Nuyorican Poets Cafe, **Spotlight poet & slam**, followed by a midnight open mike, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 (each show)

**Sat. 27 11:00am** Poets House for Children, See Sat. 13, Poets House, free **12:00pm** Respect the Mic, open reading, BPC, \$5/\$3 students **2:00pm** Praise Day for HD: The Vision of the Walls, BPC, \$5 **3:00pm** The Ear Inn, Patricia Eakins, Robert Siek, Felicia Sullivan, The Ear Inn, free • **4:00pm** Segue Series, Steven Rodefer and Nada Gordon, BPC, \$5 **6:00pm** Afro-Caribbean Writers, **Featured poet(s)** followed by an open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **9:00pm** **Open mike + open slam**: slam winner gets \$100!, Cafe Imani, BK, \$5 **10:00pm** "Beatboxer Entertainment Presents" Mixin Madness & Spoken Word Ecstatis til 4am, BPC, \$10

**Sun. 28 12:00pm** Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 **3:00pm** AUTUM, BPC, \$5 • **Two featured poets & open**, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min • Our Unorganized Reading, **Open mike**, ABC No Rio, \$2 **6:00pm** Latino America en el Bowery: Un Sombrero, Un Perro Y Una Confesion, BPC, \$7 • Transfixor, A queer reading series, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) **7:00pm** Zinc-TRS, Jim Behrle, Jen Benka, Zinc Bar, \$4 **8:00pm** Balaklava/EEPS "The East European Reading," BPC, \$5

**Mon. 29 6:00pm** Totally Open Slam/Bingo Gazingo: sign up @5, BPC, \$4 **7:30pm** Pete's Big Salmon, Russell Edson, Daniel Nester, Pete's Candy Store, BK, free • Matt Rohrer, David Shapiro, KGB Bar, free **8:00pm** The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 The Poetry Project, Talk Series: Rahna Reiko Rizzuto, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **10:00pm** **Open mike** hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

**Tues. 30 5:30pm** Dante's Inferno: a roundtable reading, BPC, free **8:00pm** Washington Square Arts, a performance reading about being homeless on the streets for years and surviving, BPC, \$5 **9:00pm** Untie the Tongue, **Featured poet & open mike**, Grand Central Bar, BK, free

**Wed 31 7:00pm** Amir Vahab, BPC, \$12 • **Featured poets & an open mike**, Green Pavilion, BK, \$5 min + \$3 donation • Word is Bond, **Featured poet(s) and open mike**, Art for Change, free **7:30pm**, **Open mic**, Carlitos Cafe y Galeria, free **8:00pm** **Open Reading**, Java and Wood, Greenpoint, BK, free, • Rev Jen's Anti-Slam, **Open mike**, Collective Unconscious, \$3 • The Poetry Project, Ruth Altmann and Bill Kushner, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members **9:00pm** Nuyorican Slam Open, The Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 **10:00pm** The Little Miss Big Mouth Show starring Sara Valentine, BPC, \$7

ABC No Rio 156 Rivington Street 212.674.3585 Art for Change 1701 Lexington Avenue (@ East 106th/107th) 212.348.7044 | eliana@artforchange.org • The Asian American Writers' Workshop 16 West 32nd Street, 10A (@ 5th/Broadway) www.aaww.org • Back Fence 155 Bleecker Street @ Thompson • Bar 13 35 East 13th, 2nd floor, @ Broadway/University Place www.louderARTS.com • Barnard Hall 3009 Broadway (@ West 117th Street) 212.854.2116 or 212.854.2721 www.barnard.edu/english/wpreadings.html • Barnes & Noble Bay Terrace 23-80 Bell Blvd., Bayside, Queens • Barnes & Noble Lincoln Triangle 1972 Broadway @ 66th Street, Third Floor 646 342 4090 | www.artforanimals.org • Barnes & Noble, Park Slope 267 Seventh Avenue @ 6th Street, Brooklyn 718-832-9066 • Blue Ox Bar East 139th Street & 3rd Avenue, Bronx geminipoe@hotmail.com • The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery @ Bleecker www.bowerypoetry.com • the Bronx Writers Center, Blue Ox Bar Third Avenue & East 139th Street, The Bronx 718.409.1265 | www.bronxarts.org • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street \$7 | www.oralfixations.g3z.com • Cafe Imani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue (@ Greene Ave. in Brooklyn) www.cafeimani.com | 718.574.6565 • Carlitos Cafe y Galeria 1701 Lexington Avenue (@ East 106/107) 212.348.7044 | eliana@artforchange.org • Java and Wood 110 Manhattan Avenue (Greenpoint, Brooklyn) 718-609-1820 • The Center for Book Arts 28 West 27th Street, 3rd floor (@ 6th Ave/Broadway) 212.481.0295 | www.centerforbookarts.org • Central Library Auditorium 89-11 Merrick Boulevard, Jamaica 718.990.0778 • Chaos Club 90-21 Springfield Boulevard (Queens Village) 718.479.2594 | davault@aol.com www.thevault.org • Collective Unconscious 145 Ludlow Street (Stanton & Rivington) www.revien.com • The Cornelia Street Cafe 29 Cornelia Street jackie@poetiz.com www.poetiz.com/poetry/pinkpony.htm • The Ear Inn 326 Spring St, West of Greenwich 212.246.5074 | earinpoetry@nyc.rr.com home.nyc.rr.com/earinreadings • 11th Street Bar 510 East 11th Street (@ Avenues A/B) www.readab.com • The Fall Cafe 307 Smith Street, Brooklyn 718.832.2310 | spiralthought@juno.com www.home.switchboard.com/SpiralThought • First Unitarian Church 50 Monroe Place (@ Pierpoint & Clinton), Brooklyn 718.855.2404 | 718.377.1253 • The Four-Faced Liar 165 West 4th Street 212.366.0608 | shaferrhall@hotmail.com • Grand Central Bar 659 Grand Street, Brooklyn (@ Manhattan/Leonard) www.himinwin.com/work/jd/untietongue\_print.jpg • Green Pavilion 4307 18th Avenue, Brooklyn 718-435-4722 • Halcyon 227 Smith Street, Brooklyn, @ Butler/Douglass wordsmiths@worldnet.att.net | 718-260-waxy www.halcyonline.com • Kay's Kafe 1345-4B Southern Blvd - The Bronx between Jennings St. & Louis Nine Blvd. 718-378-3434 ebonwashingt@earthlink.net www.PoetLITICAL.com • KGB Bar 85 East 4th Street @ 2nd Avenue 212.505.3360 | kgpbrooklyn@yahoo.com • Library Lounge at The Telephone Bar 149 2nd Avenue @ 9th Street www.telebar.com | telreadings@yahoo.com • M Lounge 291 Hooper Street, Brooklyn (Broadway & South 5th, Williamsburg, Brooklyn) sashazuk@hotmail.com • The Moroccan Star 148 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn (@ Henry & Clinton) • The Muddy Cup 388 Van Duzer Street, Staten Island 718.818.8100 | contact@muddycup.com | daysafeld@aol.com • 92nd Street Y Unterberg Poetry Center at the 92nd Street Y 1395 Lexington Avenue www.92y.org | 212.415.5500 • Nomad's Choir 149-155 Christopher St. • Johnny O's 2152 Westchester Avenue, The Bronx 718.792.6078 | LeunamZemog@aol.com • The Nuyorican Poets Cafe 236 East 3rd Street (B&C) 212.505.8183 | www.nuyorican.org • The Orange Bear 47 Murray Street @ Church dunnmiracle@earthlink.net • OSA Lutheran Church 178 Bennett Avenue @ 189 Street off Broadway robinglasser@yahoo.com • Ozzie's Coffee & Tea 251 5th Avenue, Brooklyn (@ Garfield) 718.840.0878 | the7thcoming@aol.com • Pete's Candy Store 709 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn petesbigsalmon@hotmail.com | www.petesbigsalmon.com • Poets House 72 Spring Street, 3rd floor www.poetshouse.org | 212.727.2930 • The Prince George Tea Room 14 East 28th Street (@ 5th/Madison) 718.783.8088 | www.nywriterscoalition.org • St. Mark's Church 131 East 10th Street (@ Second Avenue) www.poetryproject.com | info@poetryproject.com 212.674.0910 • Sista's Place 456 Nostrand Ave (Entrance on Jefferson), Brooklyn Ngomazworld@aol.com • Tishman Auditorium The New School 66 West 12th Street • The Village Ma 107 Macdougall Street www.brodian.com • Wabi Sabi\* at Bar Below 209 Smith Street, Brooklyn 718-694-2277 • Washington Square United Methodist Church 135 West 4th Street Robinzgr2@aol.com • Zinc Bar 90 West Houston @ Laguardia/Thompson users.rcn.com/lungfull | lungfull@rcn.com