

## New Director, New Era Begin at Poetry Project

BY GREG FUCHS

The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery (131 East 10th St.), legendary for nurturing many radical American voices, including Kathy Acker, Richard Hell, Ed Sanders, and Patti Smith, has a new artistic director. Quietly this summer, Anselm Berrigan accepted the duties from Ed Friedman, who announced in February that he would step down to spend

*I've got a job to do—keep the place going, extend its good parts, adapt to the 21st century, and figure out exactly what The Poetry Project community is right now.*

more time with his family and to provide the next generation its opportunity to direct the Project. Following a search that lasted throughout the winter, Berrigan was offered the job by the Project's board of directors in April.

This appointment is logical and refreshing. Like all of the Project's directors, Berrigan is a charming, iconoclastic, and sophisticated poet. After studying with Allen Ginsberg at Brooklyn College in the 1990s, Berrigan worked as the program assistant and coordinator of the Monday night reading series at the Project. His readings in New York City have become increasingly popular and he's published three terrific volumes of poetry with Edge Books of Washington, D.C.

Berrigan literally grew up on, in, and around the Project premises. His folks—Ted Berrigan, Alice Notley, and Douglas Oliver—were active participants in the Lower East Side poetry community, as well as influential in the development of the Project as a safe place for young writers to experiment. Berrigan's brother, Edmund, did his first poetry reading there before his ninth birthday.

Yet at the age of 31, Berrigan is seven years younger than the Project, situating him in a radically different milieu than his predecessors. While war continues to rage, there is much less money to support alternative art institutions. Hopefully Berrigan will be able to tap into some of the youthful idealism that has



Anselm Berrigan, St. Mark's Church courtyard.

Greg Fuchs photo

recently spawned movements like the independent media renaissance to keep the Project vital for another four decades.

On Sunday night I met Berrigan at the Grassroots Tavern, a comfortable old dive on St. Mark's Place that has become a regular post-Poetry Project reading meeting place, to ask him what he thinks about this community.

We are old friends, so the tone of our meeting was casual. When I walked into the bar, MC5's "Kick out the Jams" screamed out of the jukebox. Berrigan sat directly across from the door at our favorite table, watching a football game.

**When was the fire that burned the Project?**

I'm a little fuzzy on that. There was a fire in 1977. I was five years old. I remember there being benefits all over the Lower East Side for the church when it went up in flames. A certain early punk writer was rumored to have started it but I can not divulge that information on the record. The fire did burn up all the pews.

**Give me the short history of The Poetry Project.**

In the early 1960s there were a couple of reading series on the Lower

East Side. One at the 10th Street Café, and the other at Les Deux Magots, which attracted lots of younger writers, some associated with various groups—Beats, New York School, Black Mountain, Umbra—as well as other more independent and unaligned poets.

For whatever reason these reading series came to an end. One then started at Café Le Metro, I think where the Telephone Bar is now, hosted by Paul Blackburn [poet, host, and documentarian]. After about three or four years Le Metro's ownership put an end to

Please see FUCHS page 5

## NANCY SEEWALD

is

### Eating Well on a Lousy But Steady Income

On the eve of my deadline I was wandering around the East Village with a friend, hungry, my blood-sugar level dropping, and with no good idea where to go for dinner. It was approaching the eight o'clock hour and most restaurants were getting crowded.

When we arrived at **Bona Fides** (60 Second Avenue), we decided to check out the menu. It was empty, dimly lit, moderately priced, and right in front of us. I'm usually overly deliberate and methodical when choosing where to eat, because I can't afford not to be. If I'm going to spend more than 10 bucks on food, I want it to be better than what I can cook up at home (which is admittedly little), or I just get what I can for \$4 at the more-gourmet-than-usual pizza place down the street from my home: a meatball parmigiana hero.

I assumed Bona Fides would serve up a plate of bland pasta at an inflated price, but I was under pressure from my editor and

## Little Italy on Second Avenue

my dinner companion, so in we went. There are an abundance of relatively cheap Italian restaurants in the East Village, and many of them are clustered along Second Avenue, within blocks, even feet, of Bona Fides, and so my expectations were particularly low.

Bona Fides is not new. It opened in 1990, but for some reason, even though I've walked passed it hundreds of times, I never noticed it. We were immediately served bread; the butter, though in prepackaged pats, was farm fresh, reckoned my friend, who declared it far better than Land o' Lakes.

Then bruschetta arrived and it was actually delicious, garlicky, and flavorful, and gratis. I figured if they bothered to make something free taste good, they must have actually paid attention to quality.

Options are fairly standard: there's seafood, veal, a few pastas. I had chicken fiorentina (\$11.95), which was a special. The white wine sauce was very flavorful, but the side of spinach could have used some kick, or at least salt. My friend had the ravioli with smoked mozzarella and asparagus in a pink sauce (\$10.95). It was perhaps too flavorful—the smoked mozzarella was overpowering. But the fact is that they bother to flavor the sauce at all. I've eaten what tastes like canned sauce at some other Italians in the 'hood. Dessert was tiramisú (\$4.95), and it was delicious, though not soaked in enough liqueur for my liking.

The inattentive service allowed my imagination to wander, and I pretended I was in Europe. Most of the workers were European, so this wasn't hard. Another bonus—the only person to receive a cell phone call took it outside. And there's a garden out back.

The total bill, with tax and tip, came to \$51, which is way above my budget, but without the wine, it would have been \$12 less. Sometimes such expenditures cannot be avoided. I just swore to myself that I would live in a state of deprivation for the next 10 days.

**Chris Pusateri**

Seattle

Coitus

Going inner  
Such doldrums drift  
Horizontal on the lava. It  
Came about, its fig leaf weaned  
Pubis licking, tired a bit. Some  
cupboards bare,  
Breath perspired and coat hooks  
These lungs teathed deeply  
Have had that act, these  
Selfsame fingers, flailing,  
Ungainly.

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# EDIT

## The Kinda Sex Issue

For the past two years, we here at Boog City have been doing fundraising shows for the paper, where we have a number of New York City musical acts reinterpret an album (or albums) by an artist. We've done Nirvana's *Nevermind*, the Ramones' *Rocket to Russia*, and, most recently, Elvis Costello's first two records, *My Aim is True* and *This Year's Model*.

I was going to wait four months for the next one because, however much I love them, they're a bit of a bear to coordinate, what with the numerous acts playing the shows—13 different ones at the Elvis event this past July. But then I said, to hell with it! We all really enjoyed the Elvis show and wanted to do another one soon.

I looked over the acts we'd already interpreted and realized a gender was missing. That made it a little easier; the next artist covered would be a woman. After much thought and a narrowing down of lists, I picked the first two Madonna records, the self-titled debut and *Like a Virgin*. (See our ad for the show on page seven.)

This is also why, in the back of the paper, you'll find a bunch of sex poems tracked down by our poetry editor Jim Behrle. It's the first time since Boog's initial collection back in 1992, *Zaftig: An Anthology of Sex Poetry and Prose*, that we've gathered sex-related work at any length.

I'm happy to include in this issue an interview with Anselm Berrigan, The Poetry Project's new artistic director. I first met Anselm back in 1995 in San Francisco, where he was living after having graduated the previous spring from SUNY-Buffalo, where he had studied poetry. My then-girlfriend Candace Walsh was a fellow student with Anselm in Buffalo, and while she and I traveled through Northern California, we grabbed brunch with him one morning.

Since then I've published a bunch of his work, he's read at a number of readings I've put together, and he helped edit an issue of my old magazine *Booglit*. I've known Anselm to be a stand-up guy, someone who says he's going to do something and does it, who offers a kind ear to a query, and as a Yankees fan whose thoughts are unclouded by his rooting interest. (I say this as a Mets fan, too.)

When Ed Friedman announced earlier this year that he was stepping down as director of The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church at the end of the 2002-2003 season, there was great speculation as to who would be his successor. When word came down that it was Anselm, it was amazing to me that in a community which, like many, engages in much Monday Morning Quarterbacking, there was no second-guessing. This says a lot about the choice; it says even more about Anselm Berrigan.

Letters to the Editor:

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# The Owl Press Takes Off

BY JANE SPRAGUE

Poet Albert Flynn DeSilver began publishing and editing The Owl Press (Woodacre, Calif.) in 1997. Originally publishing his own self-described "rag-tag Xerox books," DeSilver wanted to "branch out and see what would happen if I gave the press a flighty name, lifted an ancient logo, and published someone else in a perfect-bound glossy format. That someone else was Edmund Berrigan, and the book turned out beautifully (*Disarming Matter*, 1999), far beyond my expectations, and The Owl Press was in flight!"

The Owl Press books include: *Hymns of St. Bridget & Other Writings* by Frank O'Hara and Bill Berkson, which explores "the full run of poetry and prose the two poets wrote in collaboration between 1960 and 1964," says DeSilver, in addition to *Zoop* by Carol Szamatowicz and *The Address Book* by Brendan Lorber. DeSilver maintains that poetic collaboration and innovative experiments are the most interesting projects to him as an editor.

*The 3:15 Experiment* by Bernadette Mayer, Lee Ann Brown, Jen Hofer, and Danika Dinsmore is a good example of this editorial commitment. "In June of 1999 in Boulder, Colorado, under the tent at Naropa University [were] Danika Dinsmore, Lee Ann Brown, [and] Bernadette Mayer," says DeSilver. "The topics of their panel included time, consciousness (altered), collaboration, community, and ritual. I wanted to know, hear, read more." The book is based on "The 3:15 Experiment," a collaborative writing project where participants agreed to set their clocks for 3:15 a.m. for the entire month of August, wake, write, and submit the raw material to the 3:15 Experiment website.

"I was irresistibly delighted," says DeSilver, "by the impassioned reverence for that middle hour of 3:15—how it so wonderfully bloomed forward the raw truth no matter how groggy the writer—all in the form of no form, all in the form of dream drenched poem, in the form of eclectic song ... each entry equally capable of reconfiguring your poetic clock, and bringing you back to the wide-eyed instant, the irrepressible moment, the divine urgency of the 'here and now' in all its raw beauty." *The 3:15 Experiment* is a collection of writing by four of the experiment's original and most consistent participants: Mayer, Brown, Hofer and Dinsmore.

DeSilver edited the most recent publication, *Evidence of the Paranormal* (2003), an excellent example of the "broader poetic possibilities" when collaboration extends to work from multiple poets as well as works of art by a visual artist, each linked to the working concept of the book. *Evidence of the Paranormal* is an anthology of poems and visual art bound to questions raised by evidence of mysteries surrounding the paranormal and normalcy. Poets, including John Ashbery, Clark Coolidge, Lisa Jarnot, Joanne Kyger, Hoa Nguyen, Alice Notley, Ron Padgett, and Anne Waldman, respond to artist Will Yackulic's eerie line drawings and spare cursive writing.

The art and poems in *Evidence* probe the jagged edges between everyday occurrence, chance happenings, pop culture, Sasquatch, aliens, pulp fiction, news of the weird, hauntings, and the endlessly strange possibilities of the page. Edmund Berrigan's epigraph provides an apt introduction, or induction, into the Twilight Zone realm of the book:

The Paranormal is Terrific  
The paranormal make furnace fetishes  
beyond the will of a shoveler

## New from O Books: iduna by kari edwards

104 pages, ISBN # 1-882022-49-1, \$12.00  
O Books: 5729 Clover Dr Oakland CA 94618

"If benign linearity marks the last vestige of Cartesian consciousness, Vitruvian space and Spinozan ethics, then iduna signalizes its catalectic adieu. For there is no return after this. kari edwards has written and conceived a bold, complex text that pushes lyricism to the brink of an interstice, between the Dictionary and its scream. Auto-translative, self-contaminatory, iduna never renounces its splendid linguistic excess, fabricating a textural world of legibility and illegibility, gravitation and non-gravitation, that powers its dweller (for one must dwell in iduna) gesturally around and among its morphs and torques. If Deleuze and Guattari are correct when they aver that writing 'has nothing to do with signifying. It has to do with surveying, mapping, even realms that are yet to come' then iduna provides a special map to a certain dream of Coleridge's: the frontiers of a post-cognitive."

— Steve McCaffery

"Paratexts and processing suggestions stream through kari edwards's iduna... The constant drive to make use of formal possibilities at the level of page and opening brings graphic format into substantive play...A machinic drive echoes in this work as a human, subjective voice struggles to come through the registers of current language events, noise, news, records, communications. The shape of a human outcry presses through the mass of mediated material. Form embodies possibilities enabled by the instructions of forced justification, font shifts, hard returns, tabs, chunked blocks, and other basic elements of text processing...Before we can ask what something means when we read it, we must ask what it means to read — and edwards poses that as a high-stakes question providing the point of departure for current poetic production."

— Johanna Drucker

"Having evacuated the endemic patriarchal script, edwards writes her own rules of the game in the wee hours when the sky turns green and binary logic decamps posthaste. Under the ruins of gender, iduna is a wild garden where 'sexuality begets language.' The anarchic profusion of voices, discourses, idiolects, fonts and typographies that seem to rain down upon the page becomes the new 'formlessness' which is the political signature of this resistant and absorptive text." — Chris Tysh

also by kari edwards: a day in the life of p., from: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2. \$12.00

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Printed by the Committee to Eliminate Gender

I am dumb enough to know coal  
is a poor whore, so I sleep not  
where I work but where I dream.

Brenda Coultas' "The Town Log" unleashes "a quivering blob of jelly" as Yackulic's image of an emergent earth/grub person on the facing page conjures memories of B-Movies like *The Blob* and *Return of the Body Snatchers* unleashed on a real town. Joanne Kyger traces a delicate drop in the domestic sphere when a glass breaks and shatters more than shards, more than ghosts: "Every afternoon about four, the door swings/ open on its own. Come in."



Will Yackulic art

Evidence includes work by poets spanning generations, and it delves into matters oddly familiar, yet repeatedly beyond the scope of ordinary examination.

Forthcoming titles from The Owl Press include a

**The art and poems in Evidence of the Paranormal probe the jagged edges between everyday occurrence, chance happenings, pop culture, Sasquatch, aliens, pulp fiction, news of the weird, hauntings, and the endlessly strange possibilities of the page.**

Brendan Lorber's "Sapientia" may be read in as many ways as the art paired with it, possibly as an entire city being sucked into the vortex of some alien motherhood or black hole. His "sun/ is made of glass/ reddening tapioca tea/ & blackening gimlet," is also "illumination The infinite/ fare required to travel light/ as pure light."

limited edition chapbook, with original woodcut covers, by Noel Black, a poet from Colorado Springs. Books may be ordered from Small Press Distribution, [www.spdbooks.org](http://www.spdbooks.org), or directly from the publisher at: The Owl Press, P.O. Box 126, Woodacre, CA 94973. [www.theowlpress.com](http://www.theowlpress.com)

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## Anselm Berrigan Takes Over Poetry Project at St. Marks



Through certain machinations a government grant of \$200,000 was established to help expose disadvantaged youths to art. This loosely written grant was supposed to set up what we'd now call youth programs.

In the fall of 1966, The Poetry Project officially opened. The culmination of six to seven years of readings in the neighborhood instigated an increasing interest in poetry.

### **Who was the first director?**

Paul Blackburn is given credit as the founder; he never administered or hosted. He did record a lot of readings. Joel Oppenheimer was the first director.

### **Where are the tapes?**

In the University of California-San Diego archive.

### **Who else has directed the Project?**

Anne Waldman for 10 years, then she became increasingly involved with establishing The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University in Boulder, CO. Then Ron Padgett, Bernadette Mayer, and Eileen Myles—each for a couple of years. Ed Friedman took it over in 1987.

In the early days, the Project was a more loosely run organization. It was an experiment, living from grant to grant and year to year. The



## FUCHS *from page 1*

the readings. According to David Henderson [poet, biographer, editor] the poets would come, order one cup of coffee, then fill their cups with wine that they had smuggled into the café. It just wasn't profitable.

I guess this is becoming the long history. A lot of this information can be found in Daniel Kane's *All Poets Welcome: The Lower East Side Poetry Scene of the 1960s* (University of California, Berkeley, 2003).

### **Long is fine, but let's focus on The Poetry Project.**

There weren't a lot of readings at the time, at least not in New York. Michael Allen, the pastor at St. Mark's Church, was supportive of the artist community of the Lower East Side. The church was made up of people that understood those involved in The Factory and the hippies. There were already readings occasionally held in the church but no regularly organized series.

Allen believed that there was a spiritual basis to the art that was happening, not in a generalized metaphysical way but in a specific activist way. The church at the time saw social critique as part of their mission.

## Anselm Berrigan To a broken surface

Dumb fuck interlocuter  
May the F never come  
May the F not be an A  
Heading the other way  
If it does come  
May the transit worker  
Soak up rum, and his orange  
Vinyl bouquet float gently  
Up to the surface  
May the bird flipped behind  
Your back be set free

*from Zero Star Hotel, published by Edge Books  
(Washington, D.C., 2002), www.aerialedge.com*

## the Church in-the-Bowery

INTERVIEW BY GREG FUCHS

*It's a real challenge to figure out how to help a non-profit poetry organization survive in this day and age.*



It used to be that in the early days most people associated with the Project lived in the neighborhood. It was cheap—not a predictably safe pedestrian nightlife spot.

The Project still has ties to local businesses and artists in the neighborhood, but many members now live in Brooklyn, actually all around the city. Some don't even live in the city.

**What is your curatorial philosophy?**

To put on good readings. Host poets that will fill the room. Bring an audience that will listen to one another. I'm interested in cross-aesthetic, -cultural, and -generational pairings, not for the sake of juxtaposition but because there is so much writing going on—I think it's important for us to experience it. We shouldn't just go to readings because we like the artist.

It's important artistically and politically, not in the sense of poetry politics but in the sense of how people negotiate their lives. And it's practical because, as George Steinbrenner would say, "I've got to put fannies in the seats."

**Are you excited about your new job?**

Yes. Once you cut through all the bullshit it's exciting. It's a real challenge to figure out how to help a non-profit poetry organization survive in this day and age.

As it's the Project, it's enjoyable because I know it so well. It's challenging because it exists as an alternative to conventional American poetry. It's not that easy for a conventional organization to survive. To present oneself as an opposition makes it a little harder.

**Is the Project still opposed to conventional poetry?**

In terms of the poetry it presents, yes.

It is less important to be an alternative than to complement other organizations around town. We share a similar spirit with the Bowery Poetry Club, Gathering of the Tribes, Nuyorican Poets Café,

Segue Foundation, or Teachers and Writers.

On the most basic level, the Project offers a place for people to speak. It is a creative and social space, a place where people can meet and share information, or even organize. It's up to those who attend the Project to help define it.

Often, the poetry heard at the Project takes on the kind of political and global issues that indy media covers. One can agree or disagree on the effectiveness of this, but the fact remains that the work being heard at the Project is increasingly aware of political issues on a local, national, and global level, and is especially savvy about the ways in which the U.S. is directly involved.



community was small. It became associated with the New York School aesthetic although that wasn't initially intended. It just developed that way.

In the 1980s it became a not-for-profit corporation with a board of directors and by-laws. Fundraising and membership building became more strategic because the money ran out. Initially it was a Great Society program, but as federal money for arts programs diminished in the Reagan years the Project had to look for other sources of funding.

**How do you see yourself fitting into a tradition of Project directors?**

I don't. I see it as I've got a job to do—to keep the place going, to extend its good parts, to adapt to the 21st century, and to figure out exactly what The Poetry Project community is right now.

It's certainly not what it was in 1966. I recognize and respect its tradition but I don't feel beholden to it.

Greg Fuchs photos

# POETRY

## Aaron Tieger

Cambridge, Mass.

4/23/03

1:50 a.m.

And the bastard poem  
will not shut up. More  
it growls More  
it hums. Katherine  
Natalie whatshername  
Amy: it wants to suck  
every blush every come  
every fight

every fuck.

The bastard poem  
don't care about morning  
work: job  
nothing this  
work. Jerking off  
only makes it

worse.

The bastard poem  
wants to fuck  
me dry but  
I am dry. It's hot  
in here. Everything  
is spelling wrong.  
I just want

to let the fucker go

and write it down  
on the morning train.

## Bruna Mori

Los Angeles

Lucky Star

Removing his handgun from her custody, he unbuttoned her riding jackrabbit, one slow buttress at a time immemorial. While he did, he opened his eyelet to see her facility. Somehow she sensed it, and opened her own. Her lipogenesis parted as she surrendered to him. Her armament going tightly around to his backbiting, she pressed her breaststroke against his chestnut oak. His movable was delicious. He skimmed his finger man lightly down her alabaster skiplane to touch the silken swill of her breezeway. He groaned and deepened the klieg light, his handcuff clutching her closer. He reached for and found the rose-tinted pearl. The moxibustion of her turnstile in his Laplander drew a restraint from his boiler that was wonderfully painful. She felt her feather evaporate in heat prostration. He felt he must possess this flame-haired godparent or die. He turned so she lay on the soft grater under him. His movement never left hers and roared its neglect as he felt her armature tighten, holding him close, seeking from him the very Thiokol he most wanted to give. She mumbled softly as his handicraft moved up to rest lightly on her hippodrome. Passion-glazed gear locked and held, as he slipped his handful into her shoat. She struck out at him, but he caught her handicap. Bringing her other clasped up to join it, he easily kept them both captive, stretching her armlock high above her headgear. He ground his liripipe hard, reopened a cutting, tasting his own bloodline. Her breeder reactor ached, and destitution rose in her. But long denied, he stole away all thrall. He kneaded her, hard, hoping to crush a whipping from her, wanting to punish her soft liquidator. Answering the urine of his tonnage with her own, she could hear herself moaning with the desperado raging through her. Demanding, firm, his liqueur plundered her, taking her breechcloth, stealing her very sound barrier.

## kari edwards

San Francisco

from: a diary of lies

-/-/-

the blank two hours was too long ago yesterday, a hundred years around the bend tomorrow, a half of a perfect solitude, half of a perfect bunny, half of a perfect bobbi, half of a perfect me, for my eyes only, for any one who would say yes. I was their performing acrobat, refueling wounds, barrier relief stunts. I watched. I landed. they claimed a new land and the pilot said -

we will be arriving at your family of origin dream waist high grass flashlight bodies rubbing cum soaked sheets and pretty pussy dreams . . . please fasten your seat belts.

I tried to imagine hell's rule book, its headquarters. what went on at that exclusive retreat? was it on the map? was there a choice to pretend to in shocked over those drips of blood, those scares, and that black silk flowers drawn ever so gently across the flesh that was held in place with steel thorns?

the copilot was playing father superior again with that vaseline coated wooden cross, using self disinfectant to maintain regularity. I had to hurry up and decide, long before nero pranced next to the regal reminisces of a bloody cunt queen.

no matter what I say or how I come across my sexual exposure has been limited to walking into someone house, someone I don't know, and meeting them in their bathroom. it seems that whenever I walk into a complete stranger's house I always find them in the bathroom doing something that someone does in bathrooms. the one nice thing about meeting a stranger in their bathroom is I can always tell what kind of sex we will have by what they're doing in the bathroom at the time. sometimes I can tell by the types of decorations they have on the back of their toilet, but mostly it has to do with what they are doing. take, for example the time I came across one of those individuals you could hear saying as they woke up on their birthday: "I made it . . . I'm a teenager, I have pimples, I'll have to watch between my legs so I don't get embarrassed or show too much." anyways, I walked in on this person, who was as proud as a snake lounging in the sun, and, by the time I left, this person had to relearn their left from their right. I was told by a social worker friend of mine, who sometimes goes into stranger's bathrooms with me, that they heard the one who said "I made it . . . I'm a teenager, I have pimples, I'll have to watch between my legs so I don't get embarrassed or show too much," had started to eat food they had never eaten before, like taco flavored jello and cayenne licorice

I was so happy after that, I felt like I had done my job for humanity, so I asked for a mental pension, which I must tell you, I never received. that's why I went home. I just woke right up again the very next night walked into to someone else house, walked right in to see some kind of christmas was taking place, with this feeder line that ran from the kitchen to the bathroom, with a oily viscous material running through it. as I entered the bathroom there, like a mongoose begging for its life, was this larger than life sized baby, sucking on the nipple of the tube that went to the kitchen. I should have guessed I had came across a hot head, which I have done before, with mixed results. well, by the time I left I swore off bathroom visits for a while, thought I would try something with a remote feel, find it, wrap it up and keep next to my waffle iron. like I keep saying after a nap and a few cups of coffee, I get to see more versions of something.

anyways when I woke up again, all I could think about was my next bathroom rendezvous, besides I knew I already had too much on my counter. I couldn't wrap up another body part and keep it there, and anyways, my waffle iron had been broken for the last three years.

## Hannah Nijinsky

Upper East Side

Lager

Tin t-tin tankers, pub t-tap glitter  
"If you've thought it, it's been done." Barkeep wipes away coins  
Across the horizon of spectacles  
Utah lesbians homeless in Manhattan theoretical  
adolescents disciples in a booth cooking oil skinned  
literary curio catalogued in New York fata morgana  
"If I had my way I'd cut off your tits and send you to war."  
May the Lord bless you and keep you countenance contribution  
conflagration  
Amsterdam Avenue crosstown Broadway  
blankety blank  
blankety blank

# Anthony Robinson

Eugene, Oregon

## Soft Porn Hotel Room

They chose the day

They chose the sex

They chose hexagonal tiles

The first book of poetry and the calamine lotion

Mingle like beastly orgasms.

I've given you my best piece of butter.

Whosoever readeth this dissolves

Becomes a piece of the fabric the fabric which

The fabric witch rendered my garments enchanted.

*Me encanta, mi muñeca.* Porcelain and tendon-laden.

Dost my baby, my baby

Burst open into spring ? without without

They chose the evening and the coffee shop.

They chose the bar and the sensible shoes.

They fell the sexy the form the trip.

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## Boog Does Madonna

Nine NYC musical acts reinterpret Madonna's first two albums, live, in order, track-by-track:

the Baby Skins • Toby Goodshank (Moldy Peaches)  
the Isotoners • JOANASPOLICEWOMAN  
Kansas State Flower (Major Matt Mason, the Leader)  
Yoko Kikuchi • Pantsuit (Schwervon, Bionic Finger,  
Danger! Giant Ranger) • Ruth Gordon • So L'il

The Bowery Poetry Club  
308 Bowery  
Wed. Oct. 1, 8:30 p.m., \$10

## GOD SAVE MY QUEEN a tribute

by DANIEL NESTER

ISBN: 1-887218-27-1 | Trade Paper | 140 pp. | 7x7 | \$13.00 | Music/Memoir/Poetry

In *God Save My Queen* a short essay or riff accompanies, in order of album and track, every song recorded by the British rock band Queen, in chronological order. Part memoir, part prose poetry, part rock book, Nester's first book is genre bending at its poignant and hilarious best. It will, it will, rock you.

Daniel Nester's work has appeared in *Open City*, *Nerve*, *Mississippi Review*, and *The Best American Poetry 2003*. He is the editor in chief of the online literary journal *Unpleasant Event Schedule* ([www.unpleasanteventschedule.com](http://www.unpleasanteventschedule.com)), former editor in chief of *La Petite Zine*, and contributing editor of *Painted Bride Quarterly*.

"Daniel Nester is a transcendent trickster, a Gogol of Rock 'n' Roll. This book is not, like so much contemporary literature, merely a realistic snapshot of life, but an ambitious effort to find in music the rhythms of life itself." —Darin Strauss, author of *Chang and Eng* and *The Real McCoy*

"*God Save My Queen* is funny and sorrowful and strange, just like 'Bohemian Rhapsody' was before the buffoons stole it away, just like being young and alive was before we got old and alive. Nester has wrested it all back for us in this antic, tender book." —Sam Lipsyte, author of *The Subject Steve* and *Venus Drive*

"Nester has invented the perfect form for his obsession—poems inseparable from the songs they replay, liner notes to a never-ending epiphany." —David Trinidad, author of *Plasticville*

"Nester's brilliant tour de force *God Save My Queen* wickedly exploits the romance of rock 'n' roll to explore the shifting contours and constraints of contemporary sexuality—not to mention the way he takes the pulse of that relentless back-beat of Time itself! ... Trust me; you've never seen anything like this ambitious and compelling book." —David St. John, author of *Study for the World's Body*

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# NYC POETRY CALENDAR

## WEEKLY EVENTS SUNDAY

2:00pm  
(SS) Frequency Reading Series (free)  
3:00pm  
(BF) Back Fence (\$3/\$3 min)  
Featured poets + open mike.  
(ABC) Our Unorganized Reading (\$2)  
Open mike.  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Cornelia Street Cafe (\$6)  
Featured poets.

## MONDAY

5:00pm  
(BPC) Art 21  
"Loss & Desire"  
7:00pm  
(B13) Bar 13 (\$5,\$4 w/student ID)  
Features, slams, themed reads, and always  
an open mike.  
(Night) Saturn Series (\$3)  
Featured poets + open mike.  
8:00pm  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
Open reading.  
(WS) Wabi Sabi (free)  
Open mike/performance with music  
improvised by house dj.  
10:00pm  
(BPC) The O'Debra Twins "Show  
and Tell" (\$3)

## TUESDAY

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

## WEDNESDAY

6:30pm  
(BPC) Roundtable Reading  
8:00pm  
(JW) Java and Wood (free)  
Open reading.  
(CU) Rev. Jen's Anti-Slam (\$3)  
Open mike.  
(SMC) The Poetry Project (\$8)  
Open reading.  
8:30pm  
(SC) Striver's Cafe and Lounge  
(\$6/2 drink min)  
Open mike + No Restrictions Ensemble.  
9:00pm  
(NPC) Nuyorican Slam Open (\$5)  
Open slam with third week for Hip Hop.

## THURSDAY

7:00pm  
(BCC) Brown Chocolate Cafe (\$7)  
Open mike.  
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  
(TA) Archway (free)  
Open reading.  
(KK) Kay's Cafe (\$5)  
(VDP) Live Thursdays  
Open mike/performance with Kerry  
Brown jazz trio.

## FRIDAY

6:00pm  
(CSC) Pink Pony West (\$6)  
Featured poet + open mike.  
6:30pm  
(BPC) The Taylor Mead Show (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(OCT) Ozzie's Poetry Night (free)  
Open readings.  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Rick Shapiro (\$10)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Big Africa Party  
(NPC) Nuyorican Poets Cafe (\$5)  
Spotlight poet + slam.  
12:00am  
(NPC) Nuyorican Poets Cafe (\$5)  
Open mike.

## SATURDAY

3:00pm  
(TEI) The Ear Inn (free)  
Three Featured Poets.  
4:00pm  
(BPC) Segue Series (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(CI) Open Mic/Slam Competition (\$5)

## SPECIAL EVENTS

1 WED  
5:00pm  
(BPC) Soft Skull Sneak A Peek (\$5)  
Organs of Emotions.

2 THURS  
10:30pm  
(BPC) Jeremiah Lockwood & the  
Sway Machinery (\$5)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) The New Soil Band (\$5)

3 FRI  
No Events Listed.

## 4 SAT

3:00pm  
(BPC) "Teacher! Teacher!" (\$10)  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Ziriyab (\$6)  
Arab-American artists.  
(BPC) Alice James Books 30th  
Anniversary Benefit Spectacular (\$20)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Limited Liability Tour  
7:00pm  
(Nest) Pretty Ugly Future Lounge (\$10)  
A benefit for three NYC poetry organizations.

## 5 SUN

11:00am  
(BPC) Joel Forrester & People Like Us (\$5)  
2:00pm  
(BPC) Poetry on the Bowery (\$8)  
4:00pm  
(BPC) Oblivio (\$5)  
"I Am Not Jackson Pollack."  
(OB) Poet to Poet (\$3/\$3 min)  
Featured poets + open mike.  
(CSC) Entertaining Science (\$6)  
6:00pm  
(BPC) Party Down with Anyssa Kim  
9:30pm  
(BPC) First Sundays

## 6 MON

8:00pm  
(BPC) Bethany Brooks (\$5)  
(CL) Largo Reading Series (free)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Simmons/Evans (\$25/\$20 advance)  
With Anthony Braxton Quintet at 11:15.

## 7 TUES

6:00pm  
(CSC) Cornelia Street Cafe (\$6)  
Songwriters workshop + open mike.  
7:00pm  
(Art) A Taste of Art  
(BPC) Good Foot Reading (\$8)  
Include magazine.  
9:15pm  
(BPC) Hal Sirowitz (\$6)  
9:30pm  
(BPC) Poetry + Karaoke = Fun (\$6)

## 8 WED

6:00pm  
(CSC) Russian American Poets  
7:00pm  
(BPC) Art Start Benefit  
(Church) Brooklyn Poets Circle (\$3)  
9:00pm  
(BPC) New Radio Night (\$10)

## 9 THURS

11:00am  
(BPC) Columbia in the House  
5:00pm  
(BPC) One Last Look Book Party  
7:00pm  
(SS) AllGirl Readings (free)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Deborah Day (\$8)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) The New Soil Band (\$5)

## 10 FRI

8:00pm  
(Church) The Poetry Project (\$8)

## 11 SAT

2:00pm  
(149) Nomad's Choir (\$3)  
Open readings.  
2:00pm  
(BPC) Coalition of the Written Summit  
Part 2: Poetry Promoters, Pimps or Proprietors.  
(Ford) American Italian Cultural  
Roundtable (free)  
6:00pm  
(BPC) World of Poetry Bilingual  
Reading Series (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(MM) Girlsalon Literary Night (\$7)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Chris Berry

## 12 SUN

3:00pm  
(BPC) PoDance Fest  
Featured poet + open reading.  
7:00pm  
(TFC) Spiral Thought (free)  
7:00pm  
(BPC) Hungarian Party  
Sets at 7:30 and 8:45.  
9:00pm  
(BPC) The Cherry Electric

## 13 MON

3:00pm  
(BPC) Scottish Reading Series (\$5)  
8:00pm  
(11) Reading Between A&B (free)  
(BPC) The Death of King Arthur

## 14 TUES

4:00pm  
(SJU) Just Once: New and Previous  
Poems (free)  
7:00pm  
(BOB) Acentos (\$5)  
(BPC) Shaba Sher: Persian Poetry (\$6)  
8:00pm  
(BR) BBR Reading Series (\$4)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Los Vinos (\$5)

## 15 WED

12:30pm  
(CH) Lunchpoems  
5:00pm  
(BPC) Bosnian & Russian Poetry Party  
(BPC) Dixon Place in the House  
(BPC) Starpeople (\$5)  
6:30pm  
(NS) Poetry Forum (\$5)

## 16 THURS

7:00pm  
(BPC) Little Miss Big Mouth (\$5)  
7:30pm  
(BPC) NYC-Urbana's Semifinal #1 (\$10)

## 17 FRI

7:30pm  
(OCT) Ozzie's Poetry Night (free)  
Open mike.  
(LESTM) Noche Multicultural (free)  
Readings in English and Spanish.

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## LOCATIONS

(11)  
11th Street Bar  
510 East 11th  
(149)  
149-155 Christopher St.  
718.932.8007  
joshua.meander@aol.com  
(AAWW)  
The Asian American Writers'  
Workshop  
16 West 32nd Street, 10A  
http://www.aaww.org  
(ABC)  
ABC NO RIO  
156 Rivington Street  
212.674.3585  
(ACA)  
ACA Galleries  
529 West 20th Street, 5th flr.  
(Art)  
A Taste of Art  
147 Duane Street  
212.964.5493  
(B13)  
13 Bar/Lounge  
35 East 13th Street  
(BCC)  
Brown Chocolate Cafe  
1084 Fulton Street  
(BF)  
Back Fence  
155 Bleeker Street  
(BOB)  
Blue Ox Bar  
East 139th Street & 3rd Avenue  
(BPC)  
The Bowery Poetry Club  
348 Bowery  
http://www.bowerypoetry.com  
212.614.0505  
(BPL)  
Brooklyn Heights Public  
Library  
280 Cadman Plaza West  
718.625.7100  
(BR)  
Bar Reis  
375 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn  
718.832.5716  
(BU)  
Buttafly  
769 Washington Ave, Brooklyn  
http://www.buttafly.com  
718.636.1900  
(BWB)  
Bluestockings Women's  
Bookstore & Cafe  
172 Allen Street  
212.777.6028  
(CC)  
Chaos Club  
90-21 Springfield Boulevard,  
Queens  
718.479.2594  
(CH)  
The Center for the Humanities  
365 Fifth Avenue  
212.817.2006  
(Church)  
Undercroft of the First  
Unitarian Church  
50 Monroe Place, Brooklyn  
(CI)  
Cafe Imani  
145 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn  
http://www.cafeimani.com  
718.574.6565  
(CK)  
Citykids  
57 Leonard Street  
http://www.citykids.com  
212.925.3320  
(CLA)  
Central Library Auditorium  
89-11 Merrick Blvd  
(CSC)  
The Cornelia Street Cafe  
29 Cornelia Street  
(CU)  
Collective Unconscious  
145 Lullow Street  
http://www.revjen.com  
(ER)  
Elysee Restaurant  
199 Prince Street  
http://www.metaphorical.biz  
(FW)  
Fort Wadsworth  
End of Bay Street near School  
Street  
(Ford)  
Fordham University at Lincoln  
Center  
113 West 60th Street, 12th Floor  
212.371.5281  
(GM)  
Guggenheim Museum  
5th Ave 89th Street  
(GP)  
Green Pavilion  
4307 18th Avenue, Brooklyn NY  
718-435-4722  
(JW)  
Java and Wood  
110 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn  
718-609-1820  
(Hal)  
Halcyon  
227 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
http://www.halcyononline.com  
718.260.WAXY  
(KK)  
Kay's Cafe  
1345-48 Southern Blvd, Bronx  
718.378.3434  
(LESTM)  
The Lower East Side Tenement  
Museum  
97 Orchard Street  
(LT)  
Lovinger Theatre  
Lehman College  
(MC)  
The Muddy Cup  
388 Van Duzer Street, Staten  
Island  
718.818.8100  
contact@muddycup.com  
(ML)  
M Lounge  
291 Hooper Street, Brooklyn  
(MM)  
Meow Mix  
269 East Houston Street  
(Nest)  
Nest  
70 Washington Street  
(Night)  
Nightingale  
213 Second Avenue  
(NPC)  
The Nuyorican Poets Cafe  
236 East 3rd Street  
http://www.nuyorican.org  
212.305.8183  
(NS)  
The New School  
66 West 12th Street  
(NYOC)  
New York Open Center  
83 Spring Street  
http://www.opencenter.org  
212.219.2527  
(OB)  
The Orange Bear  
47 Murray Street

## 18 SAT

2:00pm  
(BPC) Man of Infinite Desire (\$10)  
6:00pm  
(BPC) All Out Poetry Jam  
Featured poet + open mike.  
(CSC) Greek-American Writers (\$6)  
7:30pm  
(AAWW) (re)collection (\$5)  
9:00pm  
(BPC) February '03 (\$6)  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Amayo's Fu-Arkist-Ra (\$10)

## 19 SUN

11:00am  
(Nest) Small Press Fair (free)  
12:00pm  
(BPC) People Like Us (\$5)  
4:00pm  
(OB) Poet to Poet (\$3/\$3 min)  
Featured poets + open mike.  
5:00pm  
(BPC) World of Poetry (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(BPC) Silverfish Review Press  
9:00pm  
(BPC) Look at the World  
(CC) Chaos Club (free)  
Open mike.

## 20 MON

7:00pm  
(BPC) Writers on Poets (\$10)  
8:00pm  
(GM) Stanley Kunitz (\$18)

## 21 TUES

6:00pm  
(CSC) Cornelia Street Cafe (\$6)  
Songwriters workshop + open mike.  
6:30pm  
(NS) Poetry Forum (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(BPC) Q2: Queer Too  
11:00pm  
(BPC) Phag!

## 22 WED

7:00pm  
(BPC) Ladies on the Mic  
10:30pm  
(BPC) Toni Blackman Book CD + Party

## 23 THURS

7:00pm  
(LT) WORD!  
7:30pm  
(Ford) Scott Hightower and Ingrid de Kok  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Shappy's Birthday  
11:59pm  
(BPC) Styrenes (\$5)

## 24 FRI

No Events Listed.

## 25 SAT

1:00pm  
(BPC) Urban Word Youth Slam  
6:00pm  
(BPC) Accumulus Book Party (free)  
(CSC) Afro-Caribbean Writers (\$6)  
7:00pm  
(LT) WORD Festival  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Jerry Rothenberg, Charlie  
Morrow, and You! (\$8)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Tarantula  
(NPC) Glam Slam 2003  
11:59pm  
(BPC) A Night at the Rebel Cafe (\$10)

## 26 SUN

12:00pm  
(BPC) Joel Forrester & People Like Us  
2:00pm  
(CLA) Poets on Sunday (free)  
3:00pm  
(BPC) Buddhism, Poetry, Translation (\$5)  
5:00pm  
(BPC) Latino America en el Bowery (\$5)  
6:00pm  
(CSC) Three Featured Poets (\$6)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Rivera Strikes Again!

## 27 MON

4:00pm  
(BPC) MacGuffin Tech  
6:30pm  
(BPC) The MacGuffin!  
8:00pm  
(11) Reading Between A&B (free)  
(BPC) A Tribute to Dylan Thomas

## 28 TUES

5:00pm  
(BPC) Art Opening  
7:00pm  
(BOB) Acentos (\$5)  
(BPC) Necessary Translations  
9:15pm  
(LT)  
(BPC) Hal Sirowitz  
9:30pm  
(BPC) Karaoke + Poetry = Fun

## 29 WED

6:30pm  
(NSU) Poetry Forum (\$5)  
7:00pm  
(GP) Featured Poets (\$3/\$5 min)  
8:00pm  
(BPC) Symphonics (\$5)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) Zero Boy's Devils, Demons,  
Clowns and Fools.

## 30 THURS

7:00pm  
(BWB) Women's Poetry Jam (\$2)  
7:30pm  
(NS) Poetry Society of America (\$7)  
9:00pm  
(CSC) Jackie Sheeler & Talk Engine (\$7)  
10:00pm  
(BPC) The Book of Changes

## 31 FRI

No Events Listed.

(OCT)  
Ozzie's Coffee & Tea  
251 5th Avenue, Brooklyn  
718.840.0878  
(SC)  
Striver's Cafe and Lounge  
2611 Frederick Douglas Boulevard  
(SJU)  
Saint John's University,  
Council Hall  
8000 Utopia Parkway  
(SMC)  
Saint Mark's Church  
131 East 10th Street  
www.poetryproject.com  
212.674.0910  
info@poetryproject.com  
(SS)  
Soft Skull Shortwave  
Bookstore  
71 Bond Street, Brooklyn  
http://www.softskull.com  
718.643.1599  
(TA)  
The Archway  
Pinchurst Ave. between  
183rd/184th Streets  
212.923.5461  
(TEI)  
The Ear Inn  
326 Spring St  
http://home.nyc.rr.com/earin-  
nreadings  
212.246.5074  
earinnpoetry@nyc.rr.com  
(TFC)  
The Fall Cafe  
307 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
718.832.2310  
(TNS)  
The New School, Tishman  
Auditorium  
66 West 12th Street  
212.254.9628  
(Tribes)  
Tribes  
285 East 3rd Street, 2nd Floor  
http://www.tribes.org  
212.674.3778  
(VDP)  
Via Della Pace  
East 7th Street  
(WS)  
Wabi Sabi at Bar Below  
209 Smith Street, Brooklyn  
718.694.2277

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