

BOOG CITY

A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER FROM A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS BASED IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE

ISSUE 16 MAY 2004 FREE

MUSIC Danny Kelly can't be stopped

BOOKS Fanny Howe, Lisa Robertson

PEOPLE Stephen Rodefer comes of age

POETRY Yedda Morrison, Rodrigo Toscano

A Night Out With John Hodel

Travelling the East Village Open Mic Circuit With a 25-year Veteran

BY JON BERGER

It's Sunday. The C-Note's open mic has just begun, and John Hodel enters the room. In his ever-present denim and wide brimmed brown hat, he carries his guitar through the boroughs to play original songs to a small audience of songwriters.

He shuffles up to the bar, orders the first of many Rolling Rocks, and waits for his turn on stage. Most artists recognize him; he's a regular at open mic performance spaces throughout the city. Hodel, on the circuit for 25 years, is familiar with most of the bars he plays. Club owners like him. "He's my best customer!" one of the C-Note's owners jokes.

Several beers muddy Hodel's delivery by the time Rick Johnson puts him on the C-Note's small stage. Still, John remembers his lyrics, and his cracked voice is clear as he performs first "Dolores" and then "A Spanish Carla."

Staring menacingly at his audience, Hodel speak-sings the chorus of his newest work, a detailed description of some girl he'd met: "She told me she sold the French language for a living/ she had an annoying last name."

His delivery is tentative. Only recently did he put the lyrics away. It takes a while to feel comfortable with a piece. "I'll do a song four times, guaranteed, to get more familiar with it."

The spectators, unaware of Hodel's learning curve, applaud appreciatively. He unplugs his guitar, packs it away, orders another Rolling Rock, and listens to strangers and friends play their songs.

"John usually has nine beers. Maybe five over here, then three more at Mickey's," says Lorraine Leckie, the C-Note's Sunday bartender.

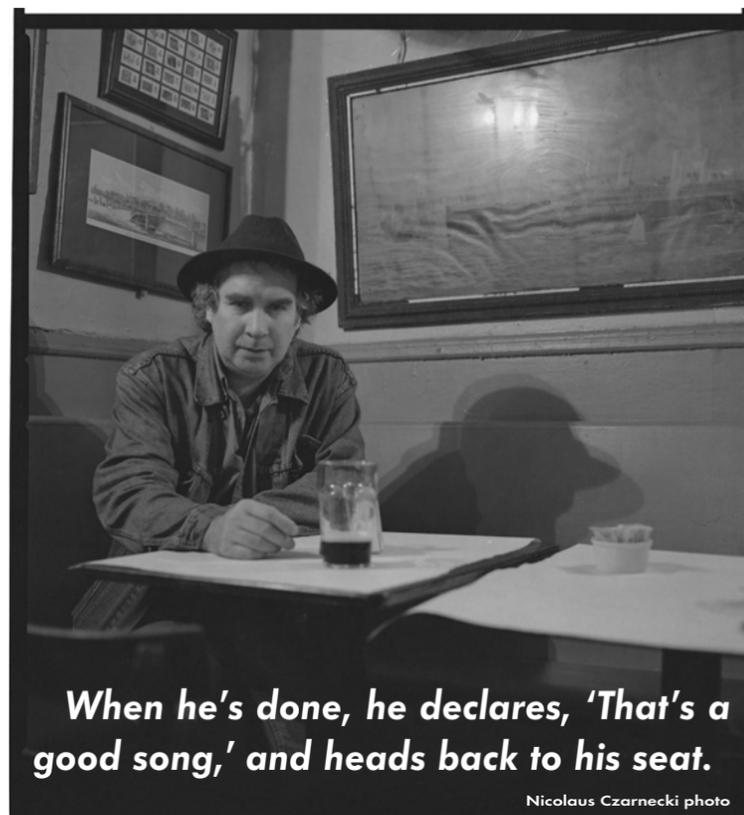
Hodel chats with all the folk who know him between drinks, and applauds the various acts on stage (changing every 10 minutes or so). At 7:40 p.m., he grabs his case, and heads north one block to Mickey's Blue Room for his next stop. He is the first to leave the C-Note, but others will follow, because Mickey's has an open mic, hosted by Amy Emerman, starting at eight.

Hodel hits, on average, four open mics per week, mostly in the East Village where he's perfected his curious style of blurry performance.

He plays few full sets, and, fully gray, has little expectation that his night-activities will replace his day job. He is a master two-song player, after all, he does this all the time.

The bartender at Mickey's says hello and pours him a Magic Hat #9. Hodel signs up to play and sits. He welcomes Norman Salant when he enters, then Mark Jacobs, and the dozen other acts he recognizes who come to sing their songs, originals and covers, to one another. He positions himself right at the front of the bar, before the stage, drinking, talking, and waiting to play.

Hodel picks the seventh slot on the list and waits for an hour, sipping, mumbling to those around him until his moment in the spotlight



When he's done, he declares, 'That's a good song,' and heads back to his seat.

Nicolaus Czarnecki photo

arrives. He is one of the poles of the room, along with the bathroom, the pool table, the entrance, and the bartender. Activity flows around him.

Emerman, the hostess, gives Hodel a warm introduction. "John was wonderful last night," she says, referring to a Saturday event at the Living Room. "He played one song, opening for Suzanne Vega." The people clap.

"Here's the song I played yesterday," says
Please see BERGER page 3

Paulette Powell's East Village Beat



Squirrels. What the heck do these critters have to do with the East Village? "A lot," my friend, Mariah, says. "For many years, we didn't have a squirrel population, we only had rats. The rats were so over-populated they ran off the squirrels. But things have changed, the critters with the fuzzy tails are back and it is nice to wake up in the morning hearing your neighborhood fuzzies chirp you up for nuts."

The East Village is in an urban renaissance, if you haven't noticed. Gentrification has given many local haunts a new face. St. Mark's Place is now home to many national food chains, not so worn buildings, and a child-friendly Tompkins Square Park.

Don't let all these signs of progress fool you. "We still have our homeless and hungry," says Pastor Chuck Vedral of The Father's Heart Ministry Center and Soup Kitchen. Pastor Chuck also oversees Father's Heart International Ice Cream and Coffee Shop (both at 543 E.11th St., bet. avenues A and B). Pastor Chuck, born and raised in the East Village, left as a young man only to return and give back to the community.

"We started the soup kitchen in 1997 and we keep growing and now include a children's day, every Tuesday. The food never runs out and after eating, the children are encouraged to stay, playing games with family; real quality time."

Not only do they fill hungry stomachs but they fill hungry minds too, with GED, ESL, and life skills classes. "Our goal also expanded to our ice cream shop, giving the poor job opportunities and experience. No one can ever be fired and

our slogan is Dad isn't angry—you can come home." For more info go to www.fathersheartnyc.org

I attended *Butch McCloud*, Episode 8: Dykes Are From Venus, Dykes Are From Mars, last month at the Clemente Soto Velez Theatre (107 Suffolk St.). It's an excellent show, very campy Ab Fab. I can't wait for May's Episode 9: The Death of Butch McCloud, Or is It? I encourage all to check it out. It's a great place to meet creative folks, including transplanted Southerner Will Harrell from Georgia. He is an actor working on a Western spoof promising to take us where the Wild West dared not to go. He hopes to have the production in the next Fringe Festival.

Another worthy mention is Vaudeville Utopia at Otto's Shrunken Head (538 E.14th St., bet. avenues A and B). Not your average downtown smut fest, it showcases amazing cutting-edge talent. The host is Kron Vollmer AKA Mykronesia—an exotic, war-torn, one-woman-nation. They feature a different lineup every month including dancers, circus performers, magicians, and girl folk singers. My favorite other than Kron herself, who is a very funny standup comedian, was Smokey Fantastic from Venus—think Bjork meets Whoopi Goldberg—singer and burlesque tease. She had us all taking a trip to Venus. You can check it out at www.mykronesia.com

After the theater, I continued to explore the Lower East Side. I was delighted to discover that Max Fish (178 Ludlow St.) is still white hot for a good drink. Artist Max Fish will open an art

show featuring the work of local artists James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook on May 6.

When my beer went dry, I stumbled down to Schillers (131 Rivington St.), home of the new Keith McNally—of Pastis fame—restaurant. The menu was too expensive for this single working girl so I started to look for cheaper fare.

I found The Red Chef, Sam the pushcart guy, on the SE corner of Stanton and Rivington streets, from 11:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m. Thursday through Saturday. Sam worked in a few Manhattan restaurants and decided to take his special menu to a very appreciative audience. There's a diversity of flavors among the menu choices. Sam offers a great kimchi dog (a hot dog garnished with kimchi), veggie dogs, South Carolina wings, and BBQ. I went for the dog. More on Sam at www.kapshow.com/cart

James Romberger (l.) and Marguerite Van Cook art

Mark Wallace
Washington, D.C.

from Temporary Worker Rides a Subway

iNnOVATIVE ART HAS
NO VALUE AND tradiTIONAL
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editor@boogcity.com**EDITORIAL****May Day is Jay Day
March to Legalize Marijuana**

The annual New York City Million Marijuana March on May 1, 2004, sponsored by Cannabis Culture, Cures Not Wars, *High Times*, New York State Cannabis Action Network, North East Musicians for Medical Marijuana, and NYNORML, will mellowly wend downtown like a trail of smoke. All potheads and herb supporters are called to gather near Houston Street and Broadway at 12:30 p.m. The procession will light up the streets at 1:00 p.m. then end in Battery Park with a rally to support medical marijuana, hemp usage, and increase awareness about other worldwide cannabis and drug war related issues.

"This is not just a pot movement it is a full left wing movement," says Dana Beal, veteran organizer of the march, director of Cures Not Wars, once Field Marshall of the White Panther Party, and Yippie! emeritus.

Marijuana is effectively decriminalized in New York, which means first-time possession is treated like a minor traffic violation—no prison time or criminal record given to those found guilty for first-time possession of a small amount for personal consumption. Yet, Beal does not recommend that participants smoke dope during the procession and rally. He recalls the increasing intolerance of law enforcement officers during Mayor

Giuliani's "Quality of Life" campaign, which culminated in 312 arrests during the march a few years ago. Surprisingly, Mayor Bloomberg has been more relaxed about the march, for example last year there were only two arrests. But organizers are a long way from reclaiming the freedom that reigned during the late-1960s smoke-ins, which ignited the hopes to legalize marijuana.

Rex Wiener, ex-Yippie cum-mainstream writer, inspired in 1968 by the billowing clouds created by 3,000 stoners—roughly the number of hidden surveillance cameras in Manhattan today—who gathered to smoke out in the open air of Washington Square Park, started the first march to legalize marijuana. Beal assumed Weiner's duties in 1972 and has held them ever since. Along the way Beal has organized for the Green Party, worked with Act-Up to legalize medical marijuana, started Cures Not Wars to alert the world to the amazing powers of Ibogaine to alleviate addiction, and he still lives at the Yippie! headquarters, 9 Bleecker Street, which he is trying to purchase to establish a lasting home for organizing.

During the last 30 years the march has grown into a worldwide movement. Beal christened the annual May Day march the Million Marijuana March in 1999 and it has grown to be held in more than 150 cities from Albany, N.Y. to Zurich.

Beal believes legalization of all drugs is still a long way off, however creating a Dutch-system of retail marijuana in cafes is attainable. That is why he stresses separating marijuana from hard drugs in the minds of lawmakers and policy wonks. He especially believes that even right wingers of a libertarian persuasion would go for it. Yet, these days he is much more focused on legalizing the ancient drug Ibogaine, which he claims to be a highly affective alleviator of addictions, especially heroin.

If you finally reach Battery Park after a long walk down Broadway, expect to hear an eclectic group of pot-loving musicians and speakers from Robbie Robertson to Randy Credico.

—Greg Fuchs

NANCY SEEWALD
is
**Eating Well on a Lousy
But Steady Income**
This Month: Lima's Taste

The night I went to Lima's Taste (432 E. 13th St.) was one of those nights that reminds me of how great it is to live in New York City. That day there was perfect spring weather—cool and warm enough to be comfortable with the daylight savings sun casting a bronze glow over the East Village buildings. If Lima's had a garden it would have been perfect. Alas it doesn't, which perhaps explains why the place was completely empty, and remained so from 7:00 p.m. when we arrived until almost 10:00 p.m., when we left. I imagine they do a brisk take-out business.

The candlelit and cozy interior was just fine with me. When the Pisco Sours arrived with a complimentary bowl of roasted corn kernels I felt quite lucky to be idling the evening away at a Peruvian restaurant, contemplating a menu that sounded exotic and full of flavors I had never before experienced. I was about to eat Peruvian food made by natives of the South American country.

The Pisco Sour was great. There was some confusion about Lima's Taste's liquor license. They can only serve wine and beer. Pisco is 80 proof according to most sources. A waitress informed us that since Pisco is distilled from grapes, they can serve it. It's worth sipping one before your meal. It's too sweet to eat with the food, though, so check out the wine list, which features several by-the-glass options including

inventive descriptions of each one. You can really be sure of what you're ordering in case you're not a wine expert. They also serve sangria.

We ordered two appetizers—papa a la huancaína (\$6.50) sliced, boiled potatoes in an aji salsa—a yellow pepper sauce that is apparently a staple of Peruvian cooking, and causa (\$7.50), a potato ball stuffed with a chicken and avocado salad, served cold. Perfection would have been the two combined—causa smothered in

yellow pepper sauce. The boiled potatoes were hardly exotic. The causa and the pepper sauce, however, were sublime.

Most appetizers center around or include potatoes in one form or another, including skewered grilled cow heart, which comes with "crispy" ones.

Dinner was pretty much a chicken binge, but we couldn't help it—the chicken entrees sounded tempting. We split aji de pollo (\$12.50), which came smothered with that great yellow pepper sauce, and escabeche (\$13.50), cutlet in a panca pepper sauce—a brown and vinegary version of the other sauce—served with yucca and grilled onions. Aji de pollo was billed as "shredded" chicken but was actually breast cutlet just like the other. My friend, partial to shredded, was a bit disappointed. I lusted over the flavors of the escabeche—the mild and sweet yucca—crisped a bit on the outside—balanced the spicy and tangy sauce perfectly. Aji de pollo essentially just served as a vehicle for what I wish was a more commonly found dipping sauce—that aji salsa. Enormous quantities of the entrees were left over for a few more meals.

There are plenty of other options—a lot of seafood that I've been told is delicious, especially the ceviche, of which there are three varieties, pork ribs, filet mignon, lamb, and a



Nicolau Czarniecki photo

vegetarian entrée special each day. Paella—the most expensive entrée—is \$18.

Serving sizes were generous and if you split an appetizer and an entrée—plenty of food for two—you can spend about \$40 with wine, tax, and tip.

Dessert was a let down and can be skipped. I ordered Lima's manjar (\$4.50), a huge piece of ho-hum cake, not any different from what you might find in a cheap diner, doused in a thick, sweet butterscotch sauce. Sure, after a few bites it grew on me, but so would an Entenmann's donut.

When I complained about it the next day to another friend who is familiar with Peruvian cooking, he commiserated and told me dessert is the one shortcoming of Peru's cuisine. Maybe the cinnamon flan or passion fruit mousse, which seem more typical of South American cooking, would have been better.

There is also something intriguing on the menu called suspiro limn'o—described as "the creamiest, richest, port wine filled thing you ever had." It sounded too rich and creamy for me, yet reminded me of how much I love port. Alas, after the Pisco Sour and two glasses of wine with dinner, I didn't really need port, which was served in a wine glass—too big of a serving size for the sweet, dessert drink. I'm a trooper, though—I finished it.

I am renting this space because I really want to support Boog and also because David Kirschenbaum is a friend who supports independent and free artists of all genres and disciplines, and I like that. I am also renting this space because I'd like for you to check out my digital home for songs, words, art, and information:

www.alanarts.com. Thank you for your time.

Danny Kelly Could Be the Hardest Working Man in AntiFolk

BY JON BERGER

For a guy with no day job, Danny Kelly's got a lot on his plate. He's a solo singer-songwriter, leads a band, handles sound at a couple of clubs, a booker, a busker, and a political activist. If there were more hours in the day, Danny Kelly probably couldn't get any more done. Then again, if there were more hours in the day, Kelly might just change the world.

"No one ever voted for a king," sings Kelly in "Kingdom Come," an attack on 2000's electoral disaster and subsequent imperial tendencies. He sings

this at shows, and he sings it in the streets. He also sings it at the Bedford Avenue L-train stop in Williamsburg, where he plays weekdays. "It's a good stop for me. I get great attention from the Polish community, young hipsters, old hippies, young skateboard kids, and young black males getting out of the vocational school up the street. It's why I really enjoy playing down there."

Kelly works at a couple of bars for further income. Last year, "wondering where the voice of dissent was," he spearheaded the Sidewalk Cafe's Sunday Night AntiSocial, a weekly open mic focusing on political and topical songwriting. Kelly got sidelined while playing protest songs across the nation. "It was winter," he says. "It was cold. I was playing outside everywhere. I wore myself out. I developed a

sciatic nerve problem and was on my back for two months."

Without Kelly's leadership, the AntiSocial petered out, and it was replaced by Justin Tranter's Flaming Sundays, a queer friendly feature. Kelly doesn't mind. "It's been a great experience. I've even seen a lot of consciousness-raising, socially aware songwriting coming from the gay community in New York."

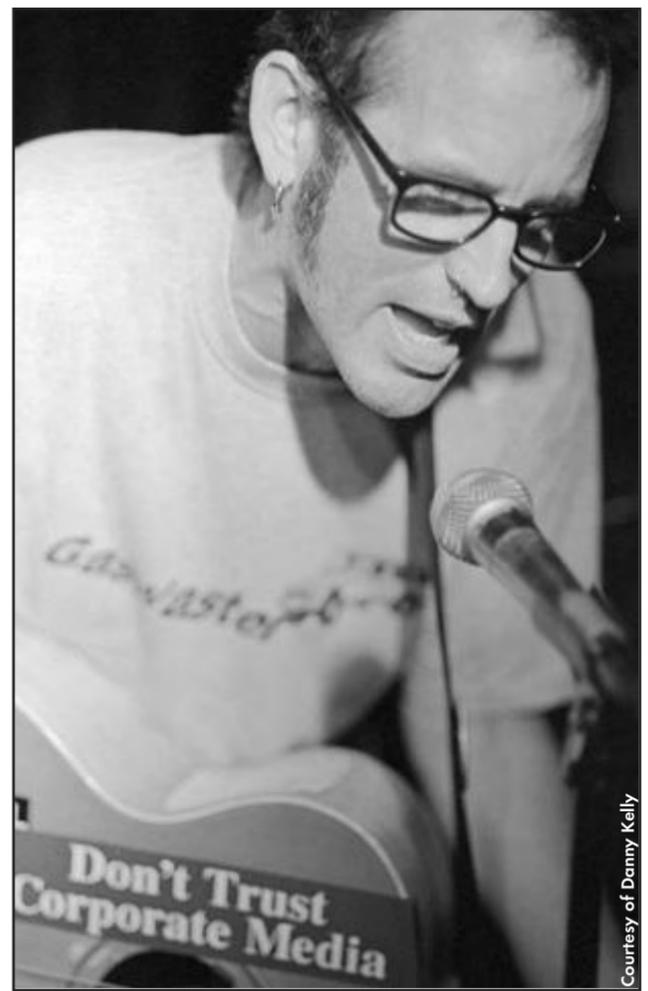
Kelly also runs the open mic at Matchless and curates their music through the week. "I'm trying to use those nights to cultivate younger, lesser-known artists, to get out for the first time," he says. "And I'm encouraging people to come out for others."

Particularly fond of coalition building among musicians, Kelly helped build the amorphous band, the People's History of the United States of America—it's name taken from the Howard Zinn book—a rotating cast of AntiFolk artists playing covers highlighting American folk music. "It was a revolving open door collective of songwriters," he says. "Basically, I asked people who were influenced greatly by American music that came before."

Of course, Kelly plays on his own, too. He's got a CD, *Simple Songs for Children and Drunks*, which repeatedly sells out. "I recorded it last year. Most of them have a different feel than the stuff I've been writing since."

Kelly would probably do well to record again, quickly, since his new material is so topical. "It won't be long," he sings about

If there were more hours in the day, Danny Kelly just might change the world



Courtesy of Danny Kelly

social change, "til I don't have to sing this song."

"Just a Dream," a recent composition, tells the surprisingly sensitive story of a presidential kidnapping. Kelly's narrator ties the president to a chair and argues against war and empire building. It's not an angry song, though—it's sweet, with a fictionalized president suffering from Stockholm Syndrome, weepily hoping not to have to return to power. Kelly is clear to qualify the scenario as fantasy: "So don't you worry, NYPD, 'cuz it was just a dream."

All at once, Kelly proves his song craft and his visionary stance. Watch this busy man. You just don't know when Danny Kelly might collapse—or conquer your world.

BERGER

from page 1
Hodel. "Yesterday's not today, thank god." Hodel plays "A Spanish Carla." Barely strumming his guitar, barely singing, he relates his series of non-sequiturs: "She had rabbits/she said she liked the music of Beethoven and Bach."

Hodel's performances, strange as they are, remain fresh, and his songs sound dramatically different, with varied readings, each time he plays them. Jack Grace, his producer on an upcoming EP, notes the experimental inconsistency of Hodel's material. "It'll be good to have a definitive version of the songs."

Next, Hodel plays "Bathtub Without Water." Hodel's art is unique. His voice, so often

flat, eschews melody, his words deny rhyme and defy reason. He cracks. He ranges from shouts to whispers in the course of a song, and sometimes within one line. He sings differently, plays differently, than anyone else. Different audience members laugh appreciatively or nervously after different lines.

"What else is a bathtub without water supposed to dooooo?"

Halfway through the song, Hodel walks into the audience, and sings, sans amplification. When he's done, he declares, "That's a good song," and heads back to his seat.

Hodel has been performing in New York City since 1978. "I stopped between '93 and '98. I thought the break would help me develop stuff, but it did just the opposite.

It's bad to stay away from the stage," he says, pulling a sandwich from his jacket, "for someone who's part of the stage."

Hodel stays until the end, watching Emerman introduce a variety of acts, networking with those he knows or those he'd like to. At 11:00 p.m., everyone has played, so Emerman asks the few remaining to perform again. He shambles up to the mic and sings "About Girls." "She's 27-years-old—and 16 and a 10-year-old, too ..."

Hodel's voice is louder, more dissonant, than usual. Every few lines, he breaks out of the song to add a comment. "The guitar is in tune; the song is OUT."

For his final song, the bartender requests "White Bread Boy," so he begins, but because

it's so late, and Hodel's so drunk, he has to sit down. "White bread boy ...," he sings, "He learned how to live at the speed/ of Time magazine."

The people clap, Hodel gets off stage, and everything wraps up. He stumbles into a cab, where he rides off into the night. Tomorrow's a workday, and at the end of it, he's got a gig at the Songwriter's Circle on the West Side, and a midnight stop at the Ear Inn afterward.

**R.I.P
Hubert Selby Jr.**

The Origin of May Day

Hurray! Hurray! Outdoor shagging begins today!" cheers wiccan high priest Joe Zuchowski. This chant begins the annual free May Day celebration held on May 1 at 2:00 p.m. at Enchantments (341 E.9th St.).

Zuchowski educates his patrons on the true origins of the holiday. "May Day, originally called by the ancient Celts Beltaine, is the Spring fertility celebration of the Bel Fire," he says. "In ancient Ireland they would begin the holiday on April 30 by extinguishing all the fires in the land. Then on May 1 they would light a bonfire at County Tara—where the King held court. Then other tribal leaders would light their torches from the King's fire and runners would be dispatched with the sacred fire to light all the hearths throughout the land."

The holiday would last for a number of days with feasting, sports, and poetry competitions. Other traditions later included the Germanic May Pole—also known as the Weaving of the Wyrd.

The ceremonies are popular, says Zuchowski. "At Beltaine, witches come out of the woodwork, we've had as many as 150—so come early and bring 25 feet of ribbon."

—Cortney Powell



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PRINTED MATTER

She's Come Undone

The Wedding Dress

Fanny Howe
University of California Press

Economics

Fanny Howe
Flood Editions

Fanny Howe is one of America's most gifted and prolific experimental writers. Her books are lucid and beautiful and threatening and unsettling. Out of a kind of love for the world that she insists on seeing its cruelty keenly, in one of her short stories a racist mother abandons her adopted black child without a second thought. In search of the truth, she remains resolutely suspicious that truth will become light.

In her new book of essays, *The Wedding Dress*, she writes of poetry—"One definition

as fiction. Razor-sharp, impatient with any character or thought that seems in the least self-satisfied, her writing achieves in its brevity the force of mystery and the feeling of necessity.

The Wedding Dress takes its name from the ceremony through which nuns of the Carmelite order permanently enter religious life. Throughout the book Howe's interest in the rigors of contemplative practice and the difficulties of mystical thinking finds form in reflections on thinkers like Simone Weil and Edith Stein.

Yet she is committed to thinking through these writers—not merely describing their philosophies but inhabiting them. Her process of study is always as important to her as what she learns. In true mystical fashion, the aphoristic, terse prose fragments of the book are as hungry for wisdom as they are wise—the minute she rests on a truth or observation she spirals forward into another direction. She knows the right way to answer difficult questions—why are people cruel? How can we think about God?—is not to placate them with ambivalent answers, but to attack the questions themselves, to find the architecture of belief, or the architecture of cruelty, and take it to task. Who can't love the brilliant comment (both tribute and critique) that she makes in her essay on Thomas Hardy, that fictional characters enter as ideas and exit as corpses?

The Wedding Dress spirals around ideas whereas *Economics* is about predicaments. Howe's narrators—bewildered by the social changes of the last three decades—suffer through meaningless jobs, enter and exit relationships for obscure reasons, and often willfully misunderstand each other for selfish reasons. Her characters have the feeling of truth precisely because they seem trapped in

their lives, nearly unable (until the amazing final story) to question their own choices. Her prose presents its world almost without reflective commentary—the result is a book much like James Joyce's *Dubliners*, dependent on the moment, fragmentary, and heartbreaking.

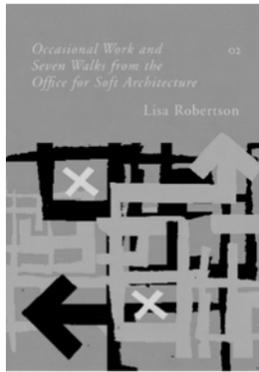
The strength of the moral force that Howe possesses—call it conviction—earns her deep trust and respect. She understands that conviction, like justice or love, is not an idea but a commitment to readiness, to seeking forms of truth, to changing one's mind when necessary.

—Katie Peterson

Walking Through Surfaces

Occasional Work and Seven Walks from the Office for Soft Architecture

Lisa Robertson
Clear Cut Press



In *Occasional Work and Seven Walks from the Office for Soft Architecture*, a collection of essays and poetic prose written over the last decade, Lisa Robertson relies on the body to be a witness to our environment's

surfaces. "We will walk through surfaces," she writes, "... less like cyborgs than speaking, ambulatory dirt."

In this work—a direct fulfillment of past urgings for sincerity's eroticism and the

Lisa Robertson is out to morph Riding's group mind—civic intelligence, meet civic emotion.

obsolescence of utopia—the mind is in wait yet not idle, and "we" exist in what is, as Robertson quotes Laura Riding a "permanent ephemerality," that Myth whose object it is to give happiness. Robertson is clear: her purpose as the Office for Soft Architecture is to practice description, to manifest current conditions and dialects, lest we continue to produce our own mirages.

Robertson asked in the introduction to *The Weather* (New Star, 2001): "what shall our new ornaments be?" In *Occasional Work*, sociology itself may become one "like a decorative scar-work." She is a recommender of present action. Insisting on the necessity of thresholds ("when we stumble against limits we blush") and a psychology of objects that might be the "dialectical seam that threads consciousness through perception," Robertson questions the lyric "I," using "perhaps" "we" "may": word choices which inevitably posit rather than declare—though she can be as absolutist as Riding—as well as indicate the tension between nostalgia and potential. As a gift's magnitude in what may be some utopian delusion is up to its receiver to interpret, perception is paramount. I is to we as we are to our choices. How we may observe the passages of our cities and their surfaces rides on, fornicates with, and markets the structures innate in outmoded ways of thinking. Robertson is out to morph Riding's group mind—civic intelligence, meet civic emotion. As written in a walk: "The she-theorist knew something more crimson than place."
—Corina Copp

Fanny Howe knows the right way to answer difficult questions is not to placate them with ambivalent answers, but to attack the questions themselves, to find the architecture of belief

of the lyric might be that it is a method of searching for something that can't be found. It is an air that blows and buoys and settles. It says, 'Not this, not this,' instead of, 'have It.'"

Howe's recent issues in prose—including *The Wedding Dress* and her collection of short stories *Economics*—prove that such a restless dubious poetics works in nonfiction as well

Laying it On the Line on the Bowery

Stephen Rodefer Talks About His Life, Poetry, and Politics

BY GREG FUCHS

Stephen Rodefer, an American painter, performance artist, and, most notably, poet living in Paris, has a new book on the way, *The Monkey's Donut: A Sociologic Deformation of the Canonymous* (Kindellen Books, London).

He recently performed a piece from *Monkey's Donut* at the Bowery Poetry Club. This was significant even among the back-to-back gigs performed daily on this stage, which has become a crossroads for musicians, performers, poets, and speakers of all styles.

When I arrived, Rodefer was on the stage haphazardly hanging his language paintings. Surrounded by these sloppy graphic works, exuding an aura of outsider art, he delivered a mockery of an academic lecture. "The whole thing is a serious joke about the over-intellectualization of the thought process," he says.

Rodefer came of age during the zenith of radical hippiedom while teaching at the University of New Mexico. Before expanding his mind by dropping L.S.D. with Zomes founder Steve Baer while watching the Apollo 11's moon landing—simultaneously on television and in the sky—Rodefer arrived in Albuquerque with a solid bourgeois education. (Zomes are geodesic domes derived from Buckminster Fuller.) Among his teachers were Charles Olson, who awakened him to Robert Creeley, Ed Sanders, and John Sinclair among others, while studying toward a Ph.D. at SUNY-Buffalo, and Robert Frost, whose presence solidified Rodefer's adolescent commitment to poetry, while an undergraduate at Amherst College.

Rodefer affects a bad-boy pose. It often gets him into trouble. Sometimes he is acting-out because he wants to be loved and respected in his field. Other times he oversteps social boundaries, negligible because of the limitations of class and gender. One poet-son's rejection of his industrialist-father's worldview is another man's lack of grace. That does not mean one has to tolerate disrespect, Rodefer is always up for being called on his bullshit. He often is just being a gadfly. At various times he has been a welcomed libertine among puritans.



How did you get to New Mexico?

After Buffalo I was offered two jobs, University of Kansas and University of New Mexico. Lawrence was interesting, a hilly town with an abolitionist background, tempting. Then I go to Albuquerque. After two days I immediately prefer Lawrence, but Larry Goodell convinces me to stay another day, promising

to show me the real New Mexico. So he takes me to the Native-American dances at various pueblos.

I realize in one day that I would rather be in New Mexico in 1968 than Kansas. You see those dances, come on, where would you rather be?

New Mexico was a very interesting place to be in the late 1960s because hippie America was based in San Francisco theoretically and iconographically but New Mexico was much wilder. The first communes were there, Ken Kesey before he settled in La Honda, Buckminster Fuller, Steve Baer. It was all happening. It was all going.

In 1968 I gave Charles Bukowski his first reading. He was in New Orleans with Lou, the woman with the press, and I offered Bukowski a reading on the basis of some "Notes of a Dirty Old Man" I read in *The New Orleans Rag* of 1967. He tells me that he has never before been invited to read at a university.

Bukowski comes out. The university gets an injunction against the reading. We go to court before the reading. The judge dismisses it out of freedom of speech.

The next year the university censors it's own magazine, *The New Mexico Quarterly*, which I'm editing with Gene Frunken, a special edition on avant-garde poetry, because of dirty poems. We go to court to get it unlocked, we are unsuccessful.

The following fall I publish an edition titled *The New Mexico Quarter* with the censored poetry. On the cover we use the picture of John Lennon and Yoko Ono from the album *Two Virgins*. We superimpose Feral Heady's—the president of the university—face on Lennon's uncircumcised body, standing next to a naked Yoko Ono.

There was a state investigation of the university for having communists and pornographers. I was the pornographer and a guy in the political science department was the communist by virtue of teaching Marx. I was a pornographer for publishing a poem with the word cunt in it. The poem was by Michael McClure. We had Creeley's cunt poem too.

Talk about identity politics.

I am a critic of most academic colloquialism. Identity politics

Tinfish Rides the Experimental Wave

BY JANE SPRAGUE

This interview is based on e-mail correspondence with poet Susan Schultz, the editor and publisher of *Tinfish*, and artist Gaye Chan, designer and curator. I asked them to give a sense of the history of the press, the editorial and curatorial aesthetic, and a general feel for the logistics of publishing the journal as well as *Tinfish* books.

Susan Schultz: I started *Tinfish* in 1995 because I wanted to find a way to create a community for myself in Hawai'i, where the literary scenes are quite distinct from any I've worked with or near (mostly near, as I've never participated in a community like those in D.C. or NYC or San Francisco, except tangentially). The challenge here is to enter into communities without seeming to want to take them over; there's a long history of hostility by white academics against local literary people, mostly Asian American and Hawaiian. That history was so well established by the time I moved here in 1990 that it was a challenge to see how it could be worked around or through. So I decided to start the journal, which would create a conversation between poets here and poets elsewhere who are working with intersections between language-issues and politics, culture, race, and so on.

Also crucial to the concept of *Tinfish* is that of place, since Hawai'i is a place obsessed with location and its effect on language and literature. That is where *Tinfish* departs most radically from the experimental poetics that otherwise are crucial to it. Experimental poetry is not generally assumed to be grounded, or located, and that is what *Tinfish* tries to encourage, publish.

I sent out a notice to email lists in 1995 that I was starting up a journal of experimental writing in the Pacific. The first large envelope that appeared in my box was from John Tranter in Australia, and the second from John Kinsella in Australia. Thus began a long association between *Tinfish* and Australian poets, who seemed to really crave a place in which to publish work that was not mainstream Australian. These first two poets, like others who have followed, including Pam Brown, are quite obsessed with place—Kinsella in a political sense, that of a settler who lives on land stolen from aboriginal peoples, Tranter as a writer who combines British novels with the Sydney real estate section in his computer-generated work, thus

seems less articulate than identity formation, which is another trope of the same idea. I am distrustful of politics. Formation is a literary term—politics is not. Poems have form—poems do not have politics.

Although they do have politics insofar as it identifies the formation of who is speaking: petit bourgeois, forced radical, assumed retrograde or progressive, or in-between. You cannot not write autobiographical material even if you try, because it is all autobiographical. You cannot not write political poetry, because it is political no matter what.

Do you believe in Utopias?

Yes, in a way. It is a more attractive question in the plural than the singular. I believe in utopia as an idea within a cultural literary history. I believe in utopia as virtual reality, because you can have a utopia, one of many in any given instance in time. It can be love, art, dope, agitation, crime, a rush of exuberance, and exhilaration. You can have a utopia that can be supreme that could last an hour, one day, or a week.

It is much more difficult to believe in the singular utopia because that is pre-Edenic. Once you fuck the other, eat the apple, and sleep with the snake there is no utopia.

In 1968 I gave Charles Bukowski his first reading. He was in New Orleans and I offered him a reading on the basis of some 'Notes of a Dirty Old Man' I read in The New Orleans Rag of 1967. He tells me that he has never before been invited to read at a university.

I read *Utopia* as an undergraduate. It's great, the golden age. Communism is a degraded ideological version of utopia. It was admirable in its theoretical basis, means of production, distribution of wealth, etcetera, but in 1917 or '18 it was a lost cause.

Where do we stand after the fall of communism?

It has actually turned out, pragmatically, to be disastrous because communism provided détente so that America could not do whatever it wants.

President Bush?

Burning illegal unelected military junta.

showing the absurdities of placing Britain over Australia, Brown in her travel-poems, which acknowledge the near-impossibility of their own sub-genre.

Probably the most crucial aspect of our mission, however, is that of publishing young or emerging writers from Hawai'i, especially those who are concerned with language issues, such as Kathy Banggo, Lisa Linn Kanae, Lee Tonouchi, and Ida Yoshinaga. There is also a writer like Normie Salvador, whose work defies all the expectations of the Hawai'i reader—where you expect plantation stories, you get sci-fi—and so we recently came out with his chapbook *Philter* (our first book that smells of perfume).

I want very much to get these writers in contact with writers outside of Hawai'i, and just as much to have it happen the other way around. Forthcoming are chaps by Naomi Long, who grew up in Hawai'i, and Ida Yoshinaga, who is sociologist-poet, quite fierce in her examination of Japanese-American power in this state.

Also important is the exchange of poetries represented by translation. Linh Dinh translated and introduced 3 Vietnamese Poets; Zhang Er collaborated with Bob Holman on her work from the Chinese and Steve Bradbury recently translated prison poems by Ho Chi Minh.

Sprague: Design seems to be an essential aspect of Tinfish publications. Could you elaborate on that?

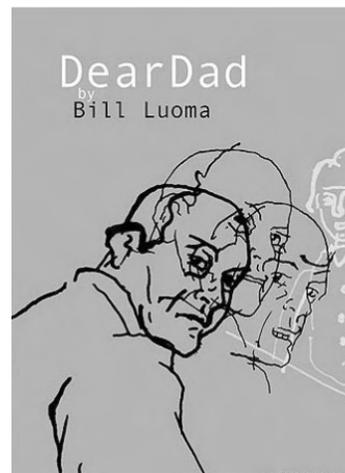
Schultz: After hooking up with Gaye [Chan] in 1997, we worked out an arrangement whereby I would do the editing and publishing and she would either do the design work herself or find young designers with ties to Hawai'i to do the work. Many of them are quite young, either still undergrads, or just out. They have creative control over the project.

I solicit work for chapbooks, or I take work for the journal. Gaye finds a designer who gets the text. The designer designs and then presents it to us. We say fine, or it's too expensive, please make it less so. Then we take it to the printer or in some cases Kinko's. Then I pay for it (gulp) and I try to sell it (cough).

It's fun: there have been times when I didn't see the journal covers until the whole thing was produced, so I knew what was inside the issue, but had no idea about the covers (oftentimes, each cover is slightly different from the others). I've spent some happy days simply pulling journals out of boxes and gazing at the covers!

Sprague: How much agency do the students have (when they do the design work)?

Gaye Chan: I provide some parameters mostly based upon fiscal limitations, for example whether the project will use Xerox or offset printing, how many colors, whether it can have bleeds, etcetera. I always collect and accrue a range of found material that I hope to entice the artists to engage with, for example the foil hamburger bags and the bank annual report covers (coming soon in *Tinfish* #14).



try to find artists who will want to riff off of these materials. I also talk with them about pragmatic concerns, for example that the books cannot self-destruct or be sticky—things like that.

Probably the most crucial aspect of our mission, however, is that of publishing young or emerging writers from Hawai'i, especially those who are concerned with language issues

I have chosen to do less design for a number of reasons. Only a bit of it is my being busy. Generally speaking, for an entity to only use one designer is driven by the interest to have a consistent look, style, and approach. Corporations and institutions are entities where this is deemed to be important—part of the branding philosophy, client loyalty, and all that. I think that *Tinfish* is operated quite antithetically to that. We seem to really value difference and diversity, so it makes sense to shift similarly in the visual component. I also view my participation as a curator—for a gallery space that exists on/in a book rather than a room.

Sprague: What's forthcoming from the press?

Schultz: We hope to publish translations from Japanese by Sawako Nakayasu in the future, to expand our translation list. I'm hoping to expand into more Pacific locations—we have a chap we just decided to do by Dan Talaupapa McCullin from Samoa. The next issue of the journal—*Tinfish* #14—will include work by Teresia Teaiwa and other poets we've not published before—more Pacific basin writers—rather than the usual Pacific Rimmers. Dan Talaupapa McMullin is a gay Samoan writer and artist, and Teaiwa is African-American-Gilbertese, a grad of Santa Cruz. Her poem in the next issue is terrific.

We've just gone nonprofit, so I will be spending more time finding funding, not something I look forward to in the least. But it's a necessary part of putting together a project like this one, which has grown well beyond what I imagined when I put together that first issue.

Tinfish is located in Honolulu, Hawai'i. Recent titles include *All Around What Empties Out*, a full-length, perfect-bound collection of poems by Linh Dinh; *The 60s and 70s*: from 'The Theory of Subjectivity in Moby-Dick' by Deborah Meadows; and *No Guns, No Durian*, by Susan Schultz. *Tinfish* #14, the journal, is forthcoming. For more information, visit www.tinfishpress.com.

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Rodrigo Toscano

Greenpoint, Brooklyn

Crunch

(a jest, a May 1st meditation)

When Chou En-Lai was asked about the French Revolution and what he thought of it, he said, "it's too early to say."

*

ok, let's examine this.

Chou En-Lai: lifelong CCP functionary; once boho expat operating out of Paris; renowned for his charm and wit; trusted for his patriotic acumen; widely acknowledged as master diplomat during the Mao years; a 'complementarity of mind' (Kissinger often noted, was leery of); successfully surfed the high-tide as well as low-tide of the Cultural Revolution.

The French Revolution: a complex clash of various classes, primarily the Peasant, Bourgeois, and Landed Aristocracy (tied to the Monarchy)—legacies: the establishment of wily citizen assemblies, the rule of law, the final separation of church and state; famous for its high-minded passions, emancipatory lexicons, and spectacular violence; progenitor of several subsequent material enthusiasms, including Paris 1871 & Paris 1968.

"too early to say": a historical transposition (as understood from backwards to forwards) referring to the unreleased potential of a once revolutionary class (bourgeois); specific resonation of (and enforcement of) Stalin Period "stages" theory; secondary polemical function as allusion to American Revolution, stages 1 (1776–1783), 2 (1861–1865) and 3 (1954–1965) (stage "4" as bound up in stage "5" as frustrated by stage "3"); implicit intra-socialist world polemic (slash) diktat, as in to "ally with progressive National Bourgeoisies" etc; see also, "Continuous Revolution," "long detour" (aka 'third-worldism'), "long march through the institutions," "melancholic Marxism."

*

ok, let's run it again:

When Chou En-Lai was asked about the French Revolution and what he thought of it, he said, "it's too early to say."

kinda funny still, huh, but maybe not as much...

hence "Crunch"

as in to bite into something
as in to crumple a wrapper for disposal
as in a love boat docking onto a flimsy pier
as in Charles Olson sitting on your lap (poetics)
as in hard-fitting a one-pager poem into a workday
as in jamming it into a reading set that night

as in the sound of muzak—stopping
as in the look of sexy—scummy

as in the three-century-old textured consciousness of the laboring classes
which the exploiting classes aestheticize
just in time

just in time
crunch

Poets Remember May Day

Yedda Morrison is the author of *CROP* (Kelsey St. Press); she reads at St. Mark's Poetry Project on May 26. **Rodrigo Toscano's** new book *To Leveling Swerve* is forthcoming from Krupskaya Books. **Mark Wallace** (cover) is the author of *Haze* (Edge Books). His book of poems *Temporary Worker Rides a Subway* (Green Integer) and his book of fiction *Dead Carnival* (Avec Books) are due out this year.

Yedda Morrison

Oakland, Calif.

from End Organ Bio

corroborate the sense that it is reasonable to write

California Produce

if we
cannot think. of
do
or haven't
will

the snake would be sleeping and I'd pick the berry right over its head

she's hurrying, putting shoe to foot, lacing

the other clubbed in a ditch, hurry

they came from a box of smack

deflatable

with a bow smack each

and a part to stick

blow vigorously apart

hurrying, returning to the nipples floor

squat down there suck

we just worked

smack

inside the green stalk

stick

inside you

pulling out the

mommy box

beating its

habit of progress burning

our sheltering

trash

we sleep in a cardboard box

sending forth a thick finger

turdlike, the buds

repeatedly

falling through power lines

an awkward naturalism or natural disaster

skirt above each head

in climbing the wax branch the girl is above you her vagina for instance is right over your fat scull feeling inferior in climbing but onward floating up like a star shovel grabbed onto held against hairs flush on it prolonged stooping her pit for instance once dropped and the forward bending exposure to feeling inferior when stooping excessive and taking action lit by a wee night light flickers down my empty row

let the dismiss be gender/class/locale

I'll chop it to bits

Why I Love Kyle Baker

The East Village is home to brilliantly funny cartoonist Kyle Baker, creator of smart graphic novels such as *Why I Hate Saturn*, *You Are Here*, *The Cowboy Wally Show*, and *Plastic Man*.

ART

Baker has been contributing to the graphic novel scene for some time. He started in comic books and has since tried his hand at everything from screenplays to comic strips. He's done animated cartoons and single

panel gag cartoons. For his current comic book for big-time funny book publisher DC Comics, the folks who bring us Superman, Batman, and all the other SuperFriends, Kyle does almost everything himself—writing, penciling, inking, and very stylized computer-generated lettering and coloring. The only thing he doesn't do is the editing and printing. Thus, he's started Kyle Baker Publishing, his very own book company.

Not surprisingly, the premiere publication from this bold new venture is *Kyle Baker*

Cartoonist. This is a book packed with cartoons featuring everything from a coke-snorting George W. Bush to his own wife and children. Baker works in a style that combines elements of the great New Yorker cartoonists with such influences as *Mad*'s Sergio Aragones, Mort Drucker, and Jack Davis, as well as Marvel Comics' John Buscema. While the style may be evocative of cartoons seen in magazines such as *Playboy* or *The New Yorker*, his humor is all his own. Take for example the man with an enormous penis and breasts being examined by a doctor who calmly states, "My advice is, stop answering your e-mail." He manages to poke fun at this style of cartoons while working within it. But most of all, his cartoons are

funny, especially those featuring the cartoon incarnations of his own family.

Baker will be the star attraction Thursday, May 13, for a one-night only fundraiser for The Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art (594 Broadway, Suite 401). The \$5 admission gets you in so you can gobble up the free refreshments, buy his book, and get him to sign it for you, and pick up a copy of the special souvenir booklet he's creating especially for the occasion. You'll be able to see some of his animated cartoons, too. Best of all, you'll get to see this real-life dreadlocked cartoonist in the flesh, holding court. And then you'll truly see how brilliantly funny he really is. For more information, go to www.mocccany.org. —Jim Salicrup

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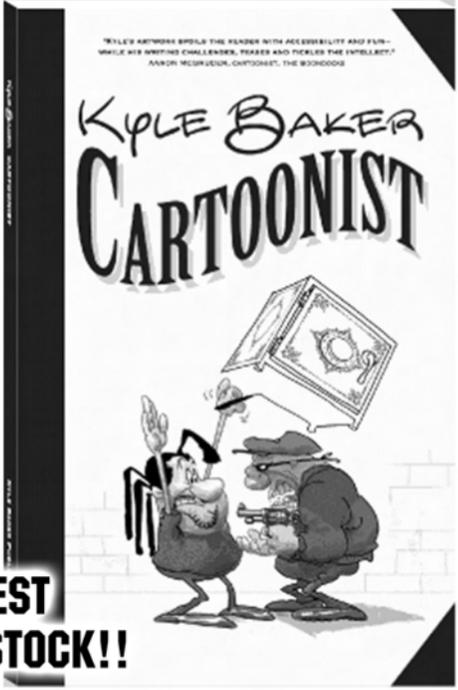


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—A.G.**

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BK=Brooklyn, BX=The Bronx, QN=Queens,

SI=Staten Island. BPC=Bowery Poetry Club

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WEEKLY EVENTS

Sunday 11:00am Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 3:00pm Our Unorganicized Reading, Open mike, ABC NO RIO, \$2 4:00pm Jazzoetry, open mike, poetry & jazz, Sista's Place, free

Monday 7:00pm louderMondays, Open mike and feature poet, sometimes a Slam, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID 7:30pm Poetry & acoustic music, open mike, The Village Ma, free 8:00pm Open mike for spoken word, music, Wabi Sabi* at Bar Below, free • The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 10:00pm Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

Tuesday 5:30pm The Wasteland: a Roundtable Reading, BPC, free 8:00pm Featured poet & open mike, The Muddy Cup, SI 9:00pm Open mike, M Lounge, BK, free • Untie the Tongue, Featured poet & open mike, Grand Central Bar, BK, free

Wednesday 7:00pm Word is Bond Featured poet(s) and open mike, Art for Change, free 8:00pm Open Reading, Java and Wood, BK, free • Rev Jen's Anti-Slam, Open mike, Collective Unconscious, \$3

Thursday 7:00pm Urbana Slam, BPC, \$5 7:30pm 2012: A Siren's Odyssey, Open mike, 5C Cultural Center, \$5/\$3 students 8:00pm Featured poet, Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5 **Friday** 6:30pm The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 7:30pm Ozzie's Poetry Night, Open reading for poetry, prose, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free 10:00pm Spotlight poet, slam + midnight open mike, Nuyorican Poets Café, \$5

Saturday 11:00am Poets House for Children, Poets House, free 12:00pm Respect the Mike, Open mike, BPC \$5/\$3 students

DAILY EVENTS

Sat. 1 2:00pm Philip Schultz "Living in the Past" Book Party, BPC, free 3:00pm Corie Feiner, Eireann Corrigan & Lauren McCollum, The Ear Inn, free • The Riverside Poets, Anthony Moscini/Sarah E. Bedell + open mike NY Public Library Riverside Branch, free 4:00pm Segue Series, Kamau Brathwaite & Deirdre Kovac, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Ziriyab: Arab-American Writers, two featured poets with Tarik Benbrahim + an open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 6:30pm Longshot May Day Party: Cheryl Boyce-Taylor, Janine Pommy Vega, Bob Rosenthal, Edwin Torres, Liza Jessie Peterson, Bob Holman, Donald Lev, Jabari Jones, Rania Khalil, Vivian Demuth, Andy Clausen, Nancy Mercado, Danny Shot, Eliot Katz, BPC, \$10 9:00pm Open mike + open slam, slam winner gets \$100, Cafe Iimani, \$5 10:00pm Andy Friedman (Americana Slideshow Poet), BPC, \$8

Sun. 2 1:00pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 2:00pm Readings on the Bowery, Tina Chang, Susan Browne, Ed Hirsch, Ira Sadoff, BPC, \$8 (\$2 credit at coffee bar) 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series, Rachel Shukert, Neal Medlyn, Jennifer Knox, The Four-Faced Liar, free 3:00pm Two featured poets + open mike, Back Fence \$3 cover + \$3 min 6:00pm NYU MFA 2nd Sunday Reading Series, BPC, \$5 (\$2 off drink), 7:00pm, Zinc Talk/Reading Series, Edwin Torres and Special Mystery Guest, Zinc Bar, \$4 7:30pm Stephanie Strickland & Cynthia Lawson, Medicine Show, \$6 8:00pm Read a Movie, Richard Price and Barry Gifford, BPC, free 9:30pm Johnny O & De La Guarda, BPC, \$5

Mon. 3 7:00pm Saturn Series, Boni Joi + open mike, Nightingale, \$3 • Shaba Sher, BPC, \$8 7:30pm Kim Addonizio, Rosemary Griggs, KGB Bar, free • Pete's Big Salmon, Cate Marvin, Jeffrey McDaniel, Pete's Candy Store, free 8:00pm Hidden Treasure, Rosette Capotorto +open mike, Johnny O's, free 8:00pm The Poetry Project open reading, sign up 7:45, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7

students + seniors/\$5 members

Tues. 4 9:00am 32nd Annual Spring Poetry Festival, Billy Collins, numerous featured poets & student readings, City College, Aaron Davis Hall, free 5:00pm NYU Creative Voice Graduation, Prof. Nora York, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Songwriters workshop & open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. free drink) 7:00pm Four featured poets, A Taste of Art, free • POESÍA 100%, A Celebration of Pablo Neruda, featuring Mark Doty, Willie Perdomo, Mark Eisner, and others, + Pablo Neruda: a Documentary Issue Project Room, \$5 10:00pm Very Vignette: a Comedy Theater Treat, BPC, free

Wed. 5 7:00pm Featured reader + open mike, Blue Ox Bar, BX, free 7:30pm Poetry Society of America, Mary Jo Bang, James Galvin, Peter Gizzi, Caroline Knox, Wang Ping, Claudia Rankine, Tishman Auditorium, The New School, \$7/\$5 members & students 8:00pm The Poetry Project, John Ashbery, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members • Symphonics, BPC, \$5 9:00pm Nuyorican Slam Open, The Nuyorican Poets Café, \$5 10:00pm Celena Glenn Party, BPC, free

Thurs. 6 6:00pm Boog City's "d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press in america" series, featuring Oasis Press (Athens, Ohio), Stephen Ellis, Kristen Prevallet, Brian Richards, hosted by Oasis editor Ellis, ACA Galleries, free 7:00pm Open mike, Brown Chocolate Café, \$7 • Anne Carson, Hunter College Faculty Dining Room, West Building, 8th Floor 7:30pm Poetry Electric, Wednesday Kennedy, Evert Eden, Emily XYZ, La Mama Galleria, \$5, pick up tickets at the theatre box office 10:00pm WAM! fest grand finale closing night party, BPC, free

Fri. 7 6:00pm Pink Pony West, Phil Linz + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 free drink) • Sarabande Books Anniversary, Sarabande's 10th Anniversary Celebration with writers, live music, performance of "Sarabande Allemande" by the Squallis Puppeteers, Dactyl Foundation, \$20 7:00pm Corie Feiner & other contributors of RUNES, A Review of Poetry, The Center for Book Arts, free • Belladonna* Jaimy Gordon and Rachel Daley, Bluestockings, \$7-\$10 suggested donation 7:30pm Writing Aloud, featured poets TBA + open reading The Prince George Tea Room, \$6 (\$3 NYWC members) 11:59pm Paradigm SpillOut, BPC, \$5

Sat. 8 2:00pm Langston Hughes in Harlem: the musical, BPC, \$5 • Nomad's Choir Open reading, 18 Poets, 1 Musician, 1 Feature + Disco Dancing, 149-155 Christopher St., \$3 3:00pm Aaron Balkan, Ciaran Berry, Ryan Black, The Ear Inn, free 4:00pm Segue Series, John Keene, Jackson MacLow, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Italian-American Writers, Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Consortium Party, BPC, free 9:00pm The Beginning, BPC, free

Sun. 9 3:00pm Sarabande Books 10th Anniversary Party: Dick Allen, Debra Nystrom, Afaa Weaver, Cathleen Calbert, Sydney Lea, Richard Frost, Cate Marvin, Steven Cramer, Aleida Rodríguez, Baron Wormser, James Kimbrell, Eleanor Lenman, Jeffrey Harrison, BPC, free • Sharon Lynn Griffiths, Al Sullivan + open mike, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min 4:00pm Kairos Cafe, Open reading, Washington Square United Methodist Church, \$3 5:00pm Hanging Loose Party: Sharon Mesmer, Joanna Fuhrman, Jacqueline Lyons, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Spiral Thought, Featured poet(s) TBA + open mike, The Fall Café, BK, free 7:00pm Zinc Talk/Reading Series, Douglass Rothschild and Jane Sprague, Zinc Bar, \$4 • Grafitti Magazine Presents: The Outlet, BPC, \$10

Mon. 10 7:00pm Saturn Series DeeAnne Gorman, David Elsasser + open mike, Nightingale, \$3 7:30pm Barbara Hamby, plus Sarabande Books' 10th Anniversary Celebration: Dick Allen, Debra Nystrom, Baron Wormser, KGB Bar, free 8:00pm Reading Between A & B, 3 featured poets, 11th Street Bar, free • Reading/Discovery: The Nation Poetry Contest Winners, 92nd Street Y, \$16 • The Poetry Project, Brian Blanchfield and Jeff Clark, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 9:00pm

Open mike, Chaos Club, QNS, free

Tues. 11 12:00pm Hettie Jones' Class Graduation & Reading, BPC, free 6:00pm Ordinary Joe's "In memory of mother's day," Open mike + talent showcase, BPC, \$10/8 ladies, \$7/flyer 7:00pm Acentos: Aracelis Girmay + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/this ad) • Rattapallax 11 Launch Reading/Party with Charles Bernstein, Roger Bonair-Agard, Elena Alexander, Charles Martin, David Mills, Yvonne Noel, John Rodriguez, Henry Israeli, and Tom Savage, Issue Project Room, \$5 • Jen Bervin, Lewis Warsh, Frances Richard and G. E. Patterson, A Taste of Art, free 10:00pm Open Ear, BPC, \$8

Wed. 12 6:00pm Intercultural Poetry Series, Rattapallax Launch Party with Editor Martin Mitchell, Joel Allegretti, Lorna Knowles Blake, Graham Duncan, Michele Leavitt, Charles Martin, Gardner McFall, Pablo Medina, Philip Miller, Sina Queyras, Robin Beth Schaer, Alison Woods, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Ladies on the mike, BPC, \$7/5 • Brooklyn Poets' Circle, Featured poet + open mike, First Unitarian Church, BK, \$3 8:00pm The Poetry Project, Eda: Selected Readings from a Godless Sufism, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 10:00pm The Hank Shocklee Experience: DJ Hanz, Mental Notes, Phoenix & the Shadow, Siji, BPC, \$7/5 (free for LOTM)

Thurs. 13 6:00pm Art Wall Opening: Amanda Trager, BPC, free 8:00pm Dinky Do Slamarama, BPC, free

Fri. 14 6:00pm Pink Pony West, Shanna Compton + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. free drink) 8:00pm Chris Glover Solo By Himself, BPC, \$8 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Art Battles, BPC, \$7

Sat. 15 3:00pm Ada Limon, Greg Pardlo, Noel Sikorski, The Ear Inn, free 4:00pm Segue Series, Lee Ann Brown, Julie Patton, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Greek American Writers, Featured poet + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:30pm (re)collection, Featured readers + open mike, The Asian American Writers' Workshop, \$5 8:00pm Ebony Washington CD release party, BPC 10:00pm Matthew Rohrer and Joshua Beckman, All Night Poem, BPC

Sun. 16 1:00pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 2:00pm Poets on Sunday, Featured poet + open mike, music by pianist Michael Hinton, Central Library Auditorium, QNS, free 2:30pm Tom Hopkins, Janice Erlbaum, Sean McNally, The Four-Faced Liar, free 4:00pm Bilingual World of Poetry, Chris Daniels, Lisa Lubasch, BPC, \$6 5:30pm David Colosi & Left Hand Books, BPC, free 6:00pm Patricia Carlin, Millicent Dillon with musicians Andy McKee and Judi Silvano, The Knitting Factory, \$20 benefits League of Women Voters 7:00pm, Zinc Talk/Reading Series, Micah Ballard and Jen Coleman, Zinc Bar, \$4 8:00pm 2nd Annual Psychogeography Festival, BPC, free **Mon. 17** 6:00pm Makor Cafe, Veronica Golos reads from A Bell Buried Deep, Matana on saxophone, Makor Café, \$8 7:30pm Brigit Pegeen Kelly and C.D. Wright, KGB Bar, free • Pete's Big Salmon, Drop party and reading for Issue II of Circumference poetry magazine, Pete's Candy Store, BK, free 8:00pm Hidden Treasure, Marguerite Maria Rivas + Open Mike, Johnny O's, BX, free • The Poetry Project, Shanna Compton, Joan Larkin, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

Tues. 18 6:00pm The Writer's Room, Poetry & prose from the Writer's Room, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. free drink) 7:00pm Laughing Show, BPC, free 10:00pm, First Ever Songslam, BPC, \$5

Wed. 19 7:00pm Mamapalooza: Celebrating Moms Who Rock, BPC, \$12 8:00pm The Poetry Project, Julie Patton and Lila Zemborain, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 9:30pm Barbara Barg with Zanana soprano/Kristen Norderval trombone/Monique Buzzarté, BPC, \$5

Thurs. 20 6:00pm Po'Jazz: Poetry & jazz with Amy Montegnut, Christine Lewis, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$15

(\$13 students, incl. 1 drink) 7:30pm Poetry Electric, Patricia Smith, Kayo, La Mama Galleria, \$5 (pick up tix at theatre box office) 10:00 Third Party Third Thursdays, DJ Drilla, Farbeon, Hired Gun, and RabbiDarkside, The Good Results, BPC, \$5

Fri. 21 6:00pm Pink Pony West, Edwin Torres + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Louder Than Words: The Guy LeCharles' Gonzalez Poetry Talk Show, BPC, \$6 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Bintou's Global Hiphop Party, BPC, free

Sat. 22 1:00pm Pace Partnership for After School Education Reading & Party, BPC, free 3:00pm Painted Bride Quarterly Reading, The Ear Inn, free 4:00pm Segue Series, Brenda Coultas, Thomas Sayers Ellis, BPC, \$5 6:00pm Poetically Incorrect: Caribbean-American writers + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Soft Skull Speaks: on the Bowery, Life & Limb Skateboard Launch w/ band, BPC, \$7 10:00pm Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement!, BPC, free, 11:59pm Uncle Jim's Midnight Boat, BPC, free

Sun. 23 5:00pm Nextworks, BPC, \$7 6:00pm Transfixor: GLBT poetry series, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm, Zinc Talk/Reading Series, Tom Orange, Daniel Nester, and Arielle Guy, Zinc Bar, \$4 • Jewish BoHo, BPC, \$10

Mon. 24 6:00pm Alvin Eng's Birthday & Play, BPC, free 7:30pm Terrace Hayes and Paul Muldoon, KGB Bar, free 8:00pm K Paine, BPC, \$6 • Reading Between A & B, Three featured poets, 11th Street Bar, free

Tues. 25 5:00pm Prof Steve Cannon & TRIBES: Nadine Mozon, Eve Packer, Anyssa Kim, Jennifer Murphy, BPC, \$6 6:00pm Graduate Poetry Series, Several poets from local MFA programs, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 6:15pm Betty Buchsbaum, Sondra Zeidenstein, The Small Press Center, free 7:00pm Acentos, featured poet + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this flyer) • Women's Poetry Jam, Paola Corso, Corie Feiner + open mike (for women only), Bluestockings Women's Bookstore and Café, \$5 8:00pm The Hungry March Band, BPC, \$6 10:00pm Open Ear, BPC, \$8

Wed. 26 7:00pm Featured poets + open mike, Green Pavilion, BK, \$5 min + \$3 donation 7:30pm Amir Vahab, BPC, \$12 8:00pm The Poetry Project, Noel Black, Yedda Morrison, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 10:00pm Jotto! Rock Poetry, BPC, \$6

Thurs. 27 6:30pm Brooklyn Poetry Outreach, featured Brooklyn poet + open, signup at 6pm, Barnes & Noble Park Slope, BK, free 7:00pm Healing Poetry, Rafael Campo, Marie Ponsot, Grace Schulman, Ellen Peckham, Elaine Schwager, + others, Issue Project Room, \$5 Al Aronowitz Book Party, Bengali Baul, Babushikan Das, David Amram, Hays Greenfield, Joel Roi Aronowitz, the Roche Sisters, BPC, \$10 10:00pm ROIR Rocks, BPC, \$8 **Fri. 28** 6:00pm Pink Pony West, Sally-Ann Hard + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Daniel Bernard Roumain, BPC, free • The Poetry Project, Spring Workshop Reading, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm MC Zeps Showcase, BPC, free

Sat. May 29 4:00pm Ordinary Joe's Respect the Mike, BPC, \$7/5 college 10:00pm Beatboxer Entertainment Presents: Mixin Madness & Spoken Word, D-Cross, Masai Electro, Midi, JoJo Beat, Kid Lucky, Adam Matta + open jam session, BPC, \$10

Sun. 30 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series, Matt Klane, Cort Day, Matthew Rohrer, The Four-Faced Liar, free 6:00pm Latino America en el Bowery, BPC, \$7 8:00pm Balaklava/EEPS "The East European Reading," BPC, \$5

Mon. 31 8:00pm The Poetry Project, Nick Flynn and Laurie Weeksm St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

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(bet. 10th & 11th aves.) 212 842 2664 • 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 geminipoet@hotmail.com • Bluestockings Women's Bookstore and Café 172 Allen Street (between Stanton and Rivington) www.bluestockings.com • Book Value Discount Bookstore 33-18 Broadway, Astoria, Queens • 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 • Brooklyn College, Student Union Building Campus Road and East 27th Street, Brooklyn • Brooklyn Public Library Auditorium, Central Library, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn L.Sonder@BrooklynPublicLibrary.org • Brooklyn Heights Public Library 280 Cadman Plaza West: Auditorium 718.623.7100 • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street \$7 | www.oralfixations.g3z.com • Cafe Iimani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue (@ Greene Ave. in Brooklyn) www.cafeiimani.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 • 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 • City College, Aaron Davis Hall 135th Street & Convent Avenue 212.650.6343 • Collective Unconscious 145 Ludlow Street (Stanton & Rivington) www.revjen.com • The Cornelia Street Cafe 29 Cornelia Street jackie@poetiz.com www.poetiz.com/pony/pinkpony.htm • Dactyl Foundation 64 Grand Street @ Canal/Broome • The Ear Inn 326 Spring St, west of Greenwich 212.246.5074 | earinnpoetry@nyc.rr.com home.nyc.rr.com/earinnreadings • 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 (@ Pierrepont & Clinton), Brooklyn 718.855.2404 | 718.377.1253 • 5C Cultural Center 68 Avenue C @ East 5th www.5CCC.com 212.477.5993 T10nebula@aol.com • 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 NY • The Greenwich Village Bistro 13 Carmine Street @ Bleecker kandroma@earthlink.net • Halcyon 227 Smith Street, Brooklyn, @ Butler/Douglass wordsmiths@worldnet.att.net | 718-260-waxy www.halcyononline.com • Kay's Kafe 1345-4B Southern Blvd - The Bronx Between Jennings St. & Louis Nine Blvd. 718-378-3434 ebonywashington@earthlink.net www.PoetLITICAL.com • Hunter College 68th St. & Lexington Ave, Faculty Lounge, 8th Floor HW • KGB Bar 85 East 4th Street @ 2nd Avenue 212.505.3360 | kgbpoetry@yahoo.com • Issue Project Room 619 East 6th Street @ Avenues B/C • The Knitting Factory 74 Leonard Street • La Mama Galleria 6 East 1st Street @ Bowery MUST pick up tickets at the theatre box office: 74A East 4th Street (not far from the Galleria) 212.475.7710 • Latin American Folk Art 167 Fifth Avenue @ Lincoln Place, Brooklyn 718.857.9091 www.patrias.com • Library Lounge at The Telephone Bar 149 2nd Avenue @ 9th Street www.telebar.com | telreadings@yahoo.com • Medicine Show 549 West 52nd Street, 3rd floor 212.262.4216 • 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 • Munch Cafe & Grill 71-60 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills dunmiracle@juno.com • The National Arts Club 15 Gramercy Park South, NYC 212.254.9628 • New School University, Wollman Hall 66 West 12th Street LIT@newschool.edu • NY Public Library Riverside Branch 127 Amsterdam Avenue @ West 65th 212.870.1810 • 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 • Nightingale 213 Second Avenue (@ 13th Street) supolo@rcn.com • The Nuyorican Poets Cafe 236 East 3rd Street (B&C) 212.505.8183 | www.nuyorican.org • The Orange Bear 47 Murray Street @ Church dunmiracle@earthlink.net • 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 • Starbucks 3rd Ave & 75th St, Brooklyn • A Taste of Art 147 Duane Street (@ Church/West Broadway) 212.964.5493 www.atateofart.com • Tishman Auditorium The New School 66 West 12th Street • Tribes 285 East 3rd Street @ Avenues C/D 212.674.3778 www.tribes.org • The Undercroft Coffeehouse 31-18 37th Street, Queens 718.482.8790 • The Vault 90-21 Springfield Blvd, Queens Village • 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 Robinzgrl2@aol.com • Yale Club 50 Vanderbilt Avenue @ 44th Street • Zinc Bar 90 West Houston @ Laguardia/Thompson users.rcn.com/lungfull | lungfull@rcn.com