

BOOG CITY Interview: Anne Waldman Poet, Performer, Educator on Naropa, Buddhism, and Gender

BY GREG FUCHS

Anne Waldman—an inspirational, nurturing, and revolutionary force in American poetry for four decades—still inspires audiences to curse, tremble, and weep.

Waldman has written many books, published more by other authors with Lewis Warsh through their press Angel Hair, directed the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church through its inaugural years, collaborated with visual artists like George Schneeman, and, with Allen Ginsberg, started The Jack Kerouac School for Disembodied Poetics at the then Naropa Institute now University in Boulder, Colo. Recently she has organized Poetry Is News with Ammiel Alcalá to address the rise of terrorism and warfare worldwide.

The rock-n-roll cliché "you don't play it, you live it" accounts for the many early passings of terrific artists, musicians, and poets of Waldman's generation. It also explains why those more hip to lifestyle than to life do not seem to possess the same aliveness as she does in their poems today. Waldman works it; she works the territory, but, more importantly,

she works hard at her writing.

Although Waldman made the scene on the eve of the summer of love, she is pre-rock-n-roll. She conjures up the fire and brimstone spirit that influenced early rockers like Esquerita more than her 1960s contemporaries. The earth quakes and walls shake when Waldman is on stage. She is witness to the love and hate that humans wield. She testifies like a holy-rolling preacher channeling the primal energy of one who has returned from the other side yet lived to tell of the horrors they have seen.

Naropa is coming upon its 30th anniversary. *New York Times Magazine* editor Paul Tough missed this crucial detail in his February review of Sam Kashner's *When I Was Cool: My Life At the Jack Kerouac School*. I have not read Kashner's memoir, but many reviews suggest that his demystification of Beat idols, including Waldman, though somewhat historically misplaced, emboldens square lovers of good poems like a neo-conservative rant against the liberal bias in the media—mean-spirited, misguided, unresearched, and untrue.

During the past several months I have gotten

to know Waldman.

I have visited her at her house in the West Village, photographed her, and talked to her about poetry. She is beautiful and busy but still has time to engage with colleagues and students. Inspired by Naropa's anniversary I decided to ask her a few questions.

When is the anniversary of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University?

The 30th anniversary of the entire Naropa University, which includes the Kerouac School, runs this summer through all of the next academic year. We invite anyone who has ever been a student or faculty or visitor to think kindly on us—visit, celebrate, send support. It

seems amazing that we have survived so far in the Late Capitalist period.

When, how, and with who did you start the school? Explain the origin of the name.

Naropa itself—the larger container—started with the Tibetan Buddhist lama Trungpa Rinpoche, a handful of his Buddhist students, a gaggle of poets, artists, theatre folk, dancers, Please see FUCHS page 4

What the Purple One Taught Me in 1984

BY ROGER HITTS

By the year 1984 we were still growing out of our short pants musically. Understand, growing up in Flint, Mich., we were rock-n-roll boneheads fed a steady diet of local heroes like The Nooge, Seger, and that Funky Railroad. Artistes like Iggy Pop were to be scorned, not celebrated.

But ah, those college years—the birth of alternative radio, called college rock back then, and my ears, along with me pals, pricked up to sounds a bit more rash at times, a bit more subtle at others, but all fell into the challenging category while Journey, Foreigner, and Styx fell by the wayside. There were the first fumbling steps toward appreciating new, up-and-coming groups like the Psychedelic Furs and U2, then barreling straight ahead on into a brave new world of music. REM's *Murmur* of 1983 was a watershed, as was Gang of Four's *Songs of the Free*. X gave us *More Fun In The New World*. By 1984, being made editor of my college paper at Central Michigan University gave me a once-in-lifetime opportunity to be a tastemaker for 17,000 people between the ages of 18 and 22, and I took the challenge seriously. I immediately hired myself as chief album reviewer.

Sure, we made missteps along the way. Buddy Rich (the friend, not the drummer) and I made the 150-mile trek to Detroit to catch the hottest of new bands, Big Country. We thought they were the dizzying height of new music—even with a set list so sparse they played their eponymous FM hit Big Country twice in an hour. Big Country ran out of gas before they had even filled 'er up.

Still, we were making a snail's progress toward building a better musical understanding and better record collections. And that was thanks in no small part to record labels that finally realized there was gold in them thar hills of college campuses and bombarded us with new releases from XTC, Dream Syndicate, Eurythmics and, er, Kajagoogoo. We would sit around rapt listening to that first Violent Femmes record—we never heard anything like it, and 20 years on, still never have. Their angst-filled, masturbatory loser groove, as filtered through Gordon Gano's Lou-Reed-with-balls-squeeze vocals was something we all could relate to.

That all sounds well and good, but to be honest, a lot of our tastes in music still revolved around which bands sounded best while clutching a bong. We were white-bread bobos who had

only a passing knowledge of what went down in our own state at Hitsville, U.S.A., and James Brown was more likely to conjure up images of the kid sitting next to you in Moral Ethics class than the Godfather of Soul.

But nothing could have prepared us for what came across the reviewer's desk in June 1984. There was a purple man who wore a purple suit and put out a purple album, a soundtrack for a movie that hadn't even been released called *Purple Rain*. As stated before, we were all woefully ignorant when it came to black music—we knew of Prince through the video for "Little Red Corvette," which, truthfully, didn't turn anyone's head or turn anyone onto the Minny musicologist. All we knew was that he was dirty but he didn't belong in the rock lexicon that to us stretched from Rush to Millions of Dead Cops.

What a record! On from the get-go, Prince putting a decidedly rock spin on "Let's Go Crazy"—even ending it with a blistering guitar God break that gave us a reference point to our past musical idols—Michael Schenker would be proud. The absolutely charming "Take Me With U," with a chorus that stuck in your head like a rivet to the Chevy's our fathers built, followed up. "When Doves Cry" was carried by a beat that sounded like it didn't come from any place on this world as we knew it. "Purple Rain" was a genuine rock anthem, all nine minutes of simmering, slow jam glory that could stand next to the canon of rock anthems. Finally, a new "Stairway to Heaven," a new "Bohemian Rhapsody." And best of all, the whole album sounded great with Columbian Gold! It was black music as filtered through our Midwestern Caucasian sensibility—which probably made sense, since Prince was a Midwesterner himself, around our age, and probably heard most of the same shit we did growing up.

I wrote enthusiastically about *Purple Rain* in the student paper. I called the record "a major statement from an up-and-coming artist who sounds like he still has plenty of musical mountains left to climb." In retrospect, I'm not sure he ever climbed them or ever reached the heights of *Purple Rain* again in his career. And even though he's back again, it's rare indeed that someone finds a new mountain to scale this late in the game.

Still, it changed the way we thought about music, and everything else, for that matter. Slapping on *Purple Rain* was a much better prelude for getting a coed to bed down than Agent



Greg Fuchs photo

Douglas Rothschild
Albany, N.Y.

**Reichssicherheitshauptamt and
WITH COURAGE WE CAN
LEARN FROM HISTORY**

It's no longer clear where we are. They say it's a new century but I'm just not sure. Between the lines in the papers once written on an 8th grade level, I read quotes from the Government in Chief, "War Is Peace." & from the statements made by the heads

of his new Schutz Staffle I have come to understand that "Slavery Is Freedom." & his Minister of Peace informs me that our once so well scripted war against Eurasia is, despite appearances, going along just fine. & if there is

still any doubt about this, all I have to do is turn on my television...

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A Sonic Geiger Counter

Around Sea

Brenda Iijima
 O Books

Brenda Iijima's "oculus eye" explores kaleidoscopic horizons in her *Around Sea*. Decisively lyrical, the poet's new collection whistles, chisels, informs, instructs, wails, vibrates, paints, and seductively takes us to its leader! Iijima orchestrates terrain after cleverly crafted terrain spanning the Atlantic, Seychelles, the Bering Straits, the Cape of Good Hope, Ancient Egypt, Burma, Atlantis, and Outer Space. *Around Sea* delivers a narrator whose dialects range from the collective awe of archeological discovery to the introspective lament of technological takeover.

"Yielding foliage as an idea...Essentialism maintained by cells," the poet navigates in

Engaging her craft in some familiarly provocative ways, Iijima's exploratory themes are complimented by the variety of forms she chooses to embody them in.

Chapter I. Synthesizing the organic with the ideological, the objective with the subjective, *Around Sea's* topography is vastly rich and filled with lush language. From chapter to chapter (site to site) we find microscopic details, some bejeweled in their original Latin:

Stratified alluvium, these cliffs
 then crystalline rock

black woodpecker

white tufted tyrant flycatcher

in high tree

tops

wren, creeper, (bird), hawk, owl

50°S no reptiles

Living under stone only to be found: Harpalidae & Heteromidae

zygodactyl feet beat
 measure

Engaging her craft in some familiarly provocative ways, Iijima's exploratory themes are complimented by the variety of forms she chooses to embody them in. The phrase "in the presence of" is cast in a series of repetitions, linking fairytale-like images on a canvas of single lines:

a lotus in the presence of the emperor
 a fish in the presence of a mirror
 an unknown artist in the presence of the author
 a horse in the presence of a landscape
 a landscape in the presence of love
 night in the presence of darkness

While most of *Around Sea* wanders through rhythmical fragments, there are occasions when couplets (or prose blocks) are employed; they help ground (if not backbone) the chapters in which they occur. Iijima's couplets certainly helped anchor me throughout her journey:

Once cleared the davits
 And all hands stood by

Was shouted
 And echoes

Two pods of whales
 Spouting off our quarter

Over the transom
 Pulling to leeward

Around Sea's poetics appear to be located somewhere and everywhere intimately in between history, mysticism, metaphysics, ecology, astrology, astronomy, alchemy, sociology, mythology, and oh, did I mention poetry? A sonic Geiger counter tracking mankind's man-made and strident pulse on land, sky, and sea, this epic collection never ceases to engage its audience. It has much to offer any reader willing to toss their life preserver aside to ride the multifarious waters its leader treads in, through, on, and around.

—Nicholas Leaskou

Prison Is Where the Heart Is

In the Blind

Eugene Marten
 Turtle Point Press

The storyline of Eugene Marten's debut novel *In the Blind* concerns an unnamed narrator who has destroyed his family in a drunk-driving nightmare. At the start of the novel he is released from prison. He eventually gets a

Even Marten's central metaphor of locks and locksmithing is gracefully used, becoming so extended as to (thankfully) refuse any particular interpretation.

job at a locksmith's shop, stumbles into and out of a series of crimes and locks, and remains complexly, but honestly, unredeemed.

Though the plot allows for summary and occurs in discrete scenes, it is Marten's language, simultaneously elaborating and disturbing this action, which makes the novel so impressive. His style has already been compared to Don DeLillo's and such juxtaposition is apt if only for the book's undeniable masculinity and its American-ness. With an ease that belies the integrity required to sustain such a style,

Marten almost casually constructs a veiled universe, one where his language is foregrounded yet where simultaneously the fictionalized objects and acts themselves are respectfully imbued with significance. The accomplishment is not obvious. Its merits are not as immediate as Gordon Lish's blurb would have it, occurring "promptly upon an encounter with the inaugural sentence." But they do become evident in time, via accretion, of a singular and disciplined encounter with the world.

The imagined life of the penitent is inescapably romantic, no matter the pains taken to remove suffering's costuming. The trope of the prisoner-just-released unavoidably comes with the trappings of thug life, cigarette economies, and thousand-yard stares—all of which Marten does a good job of, if not completely subverting, diffusing of cliché. The style is consistent and enthralling in its concision. *In the Blind* is equally observant of the architectural idea-virus born from shopping malls and airports ("After a while it was impossible not to glide") as it is with ghetto summer dark ("Someone was getting loud in the street, angry or just enthusiastic, but I left the window open"). Even Marten's central metaphor of locks and locksmithing is gracefully used, becoming so extended as to (thankfully) refuse any particular interpretation.

In the Blind is an exceptional novel, a redemption tale without redemption taking place entirely in purgatory, its graveled and crucibled sentences etching out the story of the life lived after tremendous sin.

—Eugene Lim

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Single White Female Seeks Audience: Reintroducing Dani Linnetz

BY JON BERGER

Dani Linnetz is looking for an apartment, something in downtown New York, or maybe Williamsburg. She'd be a good roommate, she patiently explains, because she's barely there. Linnetz, born in L.A., recently from San Francisco, is so frequently touring through America, she promises, she'd hardly be in your hair at all.

What can she offer your home? Well, she's nice, friendly, cute. She's small, so she won't take up much space. She's an acoustic guitar player, so she won't keep you up at night, and her band has a studio space. Oh, and you'll be able to say you knew her when.

See, Dani Linnetz has just made the record of her career. Well, so far. *Caller Seventeen*, released through Sly Dog Records, is the biggest, fullest sounding album the diminutive artist has made. Produced by guitarist Peter Imbres, it's a more diverse, exciting collection than her earlier releases *Five and Dime* and *The Milk*.

The best cuts include "The Library," a day-after report of a

Dani Linnetz has just made the record of her career. Well, so far. Caller Seventeen is the biggest, fullest sounding album the diminutive artist has made.

one-night stand (which won't happen if she lives with you; she's got a fella) and "Like to Lose," though there's a breathtaking moment in "Like a Ghost," where the song dramatically alters course—well, you've got to hear it to understand.

Probably, if she moves in, she'll let you hear the album—maybe even give you one.

And, though Linnetz will probably not let you tour with her (they're bare bones affairs her cross-country jaunts; no tour buses or huge entourage), she might get you something from the road, or put you on the guest list for in-town gigs. She might even play you some of her new stuff. It gets

better and better. The band, too, is pretty damned cool, though some of the arrangements on the record seem reminiscent of other arrangements on the album (the guitar hook in "Would You Promise" seems to continue from the earlier "Like a Ghost," and the "Truth" starts out sounding like part two of "I Can't Wait"). The guys in the band, by the way, promise they won't rehearse in the house, so don't worry about that.

Look, Dani Linnetz is a really cool chick, easy to live with, and



Courtesy of Dani Linnetz

talented as all get-out. Anybody would be a fool not to take this opportunity to live with a star in the making—particular when she'll barely be home at all. Just consider it. If you want to talk to her about it, or maybe get a copy of *Caller Seventeen*, try www.danilinnetz.com.

Arresting Debut for JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN

BY KATHY ZIMMER

Joan Wasser is a superfoxxx," reads the first line of the biography for JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN. "That originated from an article that someone wrote about me," she says, "The superfox is back, or something like that. It was so funny that I just had to use it. I love all references to sexy animals, I mean, calling someone a fox. I like the animal connection. Of course I changed it to three Xs. I think spelling is overrated."

Over time, Joan Wasser has transformed

up in the course of a single song, gracefully transitioning between sections in a way that would make the postlude to "Layla" proud.

The first track, "My Gurl," runs the gamut from free-form Nina Simone-esque jazz into a more pop-rock-feel chorus, eventually gracefully winding its way into an Erykah Badu-inspired funk. This diversity of form is characteristic of the entire album.

"I like variation in all parts of my life," says Wasser. "I don't feel like anything I do with music is particularly deliberate, I just allow myself to go wherever, comfortably, into different rooms or areas."

Don't think though, that because the songs aren't simple means that they're not catchy—these melodies will seep into your brain and stay with you for days. "I'm just chasing beauty. I don't

try to guide my process, and say, like, 'well, that section doesn't fit.' For who doesn't it fit? Not for me, it doesn't. I feel like I can't be the only one that appreciates things that are moving around."

Though she has some support, JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN is pretty much a one-woman show. Joan writes the material, sings the leads, and plays guitar, violin, and Wurlitzer throughout. She became known in the '90s as an indie rock pioneer for her work with the violin as a rhythm instrument in The Dambuilders, during which time she also began playing guitar and Wurlitzer onstage. Though she experimented with some backup vocals in The Dambuilders, she only seriously began performing as a singer while a member of Black Beetle.

Her voice is a wonderful mix of styles, again, in accordance with the variety within her songs. It's a little bit jazz, a little bit funk, a little bit rock-n-roll, and it's very expressive, though in some sections it threatens becoming too stylized. "It took me a long time to get comfortable with my voice," says Wasser. "Playing and stuff, it's such

'It took me a long time to get comfortable with my voice,' says Wasser. 'Your voice is so personal. It's just, like, you got to go down, you got to know that you can count on yourself.'

through several different musical identities. She first gained notoriety as the witch-woman violinist for the '90s indie rock band The Dambuilders, and then became a singer/songwriter, multi-instrumentalist member of Black Beetle, a project formed with former members of Jeff Buckley's band. Finally embarking on a solo endeavor, Joan Wasser has emerged as the sophisticated jazz-rock bombshell, JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN.

"It was definitely time for me to be captain of my own ship," she says over a chili omelet and a beer shake. It's 2 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and Wasser is partaking in a rock star breakfast that Keith Richards would approve. Her petite frame belies her appetite. She's replaced her cascading brown-and-platinum dreadlocks from The Dambuilders era with short cropped blonde hair; a sleeker, more sophisticated style that suits the change in her music.

JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN's self-titled five-song EP displays influences from a dizzying array of musical styles, sometimes all popping



Michael Turlo photo

a different thing, but your voice is so personal. It's just, like, you got to go down, you got to know that you can count on yourself."

Ultimately, the sound of the EP is something that delightfully defies classification, a breath of fresh air in today's homogenous musical environment. Wasser affirms this. "Fitting in is something that I've never done," she says. "It's not like I haven't tried to do it, but not fitting in has been pretty comfortable for me, because it's been true since I was born. I don't know anything else. I've never been interested in modes of music. Joni Mitchell, Nina Simone—they did whatever the fuck they wanted at

any time, and people liked it. It's just the big people in the music industry that are afraid of that, I think, cause they can't stick to the one marketing plan they've got."

JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN will showcase the EP's release at Joe's Pub on June 11 with a band including Michael Perowsky, who plays drums and percussion on the EP, and Rainy Orteca, who plays bass. Joan says she's looking forward to connecting with people through her performance, as she does with every performance. "A lot of people miss the beauty that's right in front of them. I just want to remind everybody about it."

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and other scholars. Allen Ginsberg, Diane DiPrima, and I worked on the Kerouac School. John Cage was at an initial meeting when Trungpa announced that Naropa was to be a "hundred year project, at least!"

Allen and I agreed on using Kerouac's name and his spirit because he was complicated, quintessentially American, wildly "modern," was someone who had experienced the first Buddhist noble truth of suffering, and a writer that poets like Clark Coolidge loved and respected. I came up with the disembodied as a kind of tantric joke. We didn't have a building, we didn't have an office, we didn't have secretaries or desks or telephones or stationary. We were also honoring a lineage that included Blake, Dante, Sappho, Shakespeare, Pound, Williams, Stein—clearly disembodied.

How is Boulder better and worse than New York City?

It's got the beautiful Rocky Mountains, walking trails close by, an amazing community of writers who have been drawn to, and involved with, the Kerouac School over the years.

It's easier to get together socially. It's quieter than New York. There is also the sense of an artistic/political constituency that stays in touch. It's got the huge Naropa Tape archive. The Summer Writing Program is a wonderful amalgam—a temporary autonomous zone with a lot of poetry heavies from a lot of different worlds. It doesn't feel cliquish. It's got a strong meditative community. Fabulous students. Everyone is an individual.

Stan Brakhage was a citizen until his death and leaves a legacy of his work and connection to the place.

There are, naturally, also a lot of issues that need attention. The Bush team is doing a lot of damage environmentally in Colorado. There will be serious water wars in the near future. We're in a drought cycle, [and there is] always a danger of fires in the area. Rocky Flats still needs attention, and so on. No rest for the weary out there.

New York is still a holy city. I feel safer here intellectually, more in touch with the rest of the world. I love the random conversations with people—cab drivers (if you can still afford them after the recent fare hike) are the best.



The poetry scene seems alive and well. I go to the Metropolitan Museum a lot. I loved the Kiki Smith show, the Byzantine show at the Met, Joan Jonas's installations. I'm working collaboratively with several artists, including Donna Dennis.

Occasionally I can experience a Balanchine opera, a Douglas Dunn performance. I've enjoyed seeing the film and video work of the School of Visual Arts students (where my husband Ed Bowes works). Some of my closest friends and family are also here, as in Boulder. My heart is always with the Poetry Project. The Bowery Poetry Club is good news. And the indomitability and inscrutability of New Yorkers is sweet—tough and tender.

Things are too expensive everywhere. Do

with less, do the work, alleviate suffering as best you can.

What do you think of the Lower East Side today?

Busy crowded, too yupified, but that's no surprise. You can still get a great hotdog at the 10th street deli and soup at Veselka's that doesn't break the bank. The food in this area is fabulous. I love George Schneeman's apartment.

How would you define Eco Poetics?

Take care of your "house," your planet, and all its denizens.

A few weeks ago I came across your

book with Bernadette Mayer, *The Basketball Article*. Talk about writing it, the origin, the process, the intent.

Bernadette and I were very close then—you would probably say in love. We had a great time going to the Nets games, interviewing some of the stars, sitting at the journalist's table.

Bernadette always had a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets along. We took a lot of notes. We had already done some collaborating, the poem "Rattle Up A Deer." We had written secret poems and journals to one another.

I knew basketball pretty well, having played some in high school, watched a lot on TV, went to games. Bernadette was an avid fan of the game, very knowledgeable about the players and teams. We had been commissioned to do the Nets piece through *OUI* magazine, which, as it turns out sadly, they—the idiots—rejected, although we got a modest kill fee.

Bernadette pulled the piece together. It was of course a way into a very exciting other zone. In retrospect we must have seemed an odd couple in our Bohemian garb, our feminism, and cleverness. There's a lot of resonance in sports for poets as you know—magic, spontaneity, beauty, skill, all the mystical moves. The money can be a problem.

The intent of our piece? It was a "cultural intervention." It took on gender and language.

What new books, new works do you have forthcoming? Any readings in NYC?

A long Buddhist poem entitled *Structure of the World Compared to a Bubble* is coming out from Penguin in the fall of 2004, and a huge new Naropa anthology of lectures, talks, interviews, manifestos entitled *Civil Disobediences: Poetics and Politics in Action* is coming out from Coffee House Press this summer.

What should artists do in the face of a corrupt government?

Keep working, stay in touch with one another, work on long range projects, collaborate, start collectives, pool resources, buy land and buildings whenever possible or get space somehow that won't be threatened, travel, keep talking and listening to people younger than yourself, read as much as you can, stay awake, curious, be informed. Fight for justice and work for sane laws that won't corrupt.

Subpress Collective Pools Dollars to Publish Books

BY JANE SPRAGUE

The following is a three-way e-mail interview with three of the editors of the Subpress Collective, Jordan Davis, author of *Million Poems Journal*; Daniel Bouchard (*Diminutive Revolutions*) and editor of *The Poker*; and Juliana Spahr (*Fuck You-Aloha-I Love You* among others) and co-editor of the

SMALL PRESS

journal *Chain* (with Jena Osman). Subpress is the publisher of titles including *Last One Out* by Deborah Richards, *Cultural Evidence* by Catalina Cariaga, *slide rule* by Jen Hofer, and Hoa Nguyen's *Your Ancient See Through*.

How did Subpress get started? How does it function?

Jordan Davis: After months/years of collective griping on the subpoetics list that we couldn't count on the older generation of poetry publishers to support our work (and the younger publishers who were stepping up were printing their friends, naturally), Anselm Berrigan suggested that we start a press collective. I don't remember who suggested the funding mechanism, but we decided to contribute 1% of our adjusted gross income each year to a fund that would pay out about 50% of the costs of six short-run perfect bound books. Eighteen of us (or so) signed up; we had a lottery to determine the order; and then we all agreed to pony up for at least three years, or one publishing cycle.

How are you networked?

Daniel Bouchard: The press grew out of an email discussion list and morphed into another one. All our discussions were done there and all our communicating. It's pretty unique I think.

Do you solicit work or is there a submission period?

Davis: Each contributor is also an editor; most of us have projects in mind, although I believe a couple of our books were unsolicited submissions. We operate on a fairly loose, ad hoc basis. We may some day consider establishing a submission period; right now we're preferring mysterious silence.

Which books have you edited?

Davis: Steve Malmude's *The Bundle*, and the anthology *Free Radicals*.

How has the press changed over time?

Davis: Some of the original editors have left: Carol Mirakove, who shepherded Edwin Torres' *Fractured Humorous*, for example.

What is the editorial aesthetic? Where does the money come from? How do you do the marketing? What has been difficult, surprising, great? What have you done in the past and what is the most recent publication? Are there any forthcoming publications?

Davis: The most recent books are Deborah Meadows' *Last One Out* and *Free Radicals: American Poets Before their First Books*. There are several forthcoming titles, but I will have to get back to you on what's ready to be mentioned—we don't want to

be one of those presses that announces a book and then takes three years to deliver ...

The aesthetic is egalitarian! Each editor has complete autonomy. Note that many of our titles are first books.

A challenge has been to make the marketing a little less egalitarian. We could stand to learn something from a collective such as Alice James, which meets regularly and can afford staff to manage the day to day affairs, such as marketing and distribution.

Who are the editors?

Davis: I don't mind coming forward on behalf of the group, and I've identified Anselm and Juliana Spahr, but mainly the editors prefer anonymity—we're not prepared to support 18 or 19 separate slush piles.

Do you ever argue? Editors? There seems to be an underlying anarcho-impetus to the press, could you elaborate on that?

Bouchard: The fundamental organization of the press compels discussion. Arguments are resolved by voting. Arguments have never been hostile or angry and that's probably also due in part to the fundamental organization: a completely email-based one. There are several members of the press whom I've never met in person; I think that's true for almost everyone.

Juliana Spahr: We don't really argue that much. The press generally is structured so that people mind their own business. This part of it works. People bring their own interests to the press. And we do a lot of books that wouldn't otherwise get published. But I'm not sure we set out to do something collective, in the anarcho sense that you mention. And I wish we had from

Talk about being a female among males, a woman among men, a feminine feminist.

Well in the beginning it was men, all men as the literary/artistic dominant presences. Although my mother was an amazing person, thinker, with a glamorous past, having lived in Greece for more than a decade, involved in the restoration or reclamation of Greek theatre with her mother-in-law Eva Sikelianos.

So there were stories of Isadora Duncan and so on, and a frisson one felt knowing some of the history of the women exiles—H.D., Gertrude Stein, Nathalie Barney, Djuna Barnes. They had to get out of the strictures of America to be who they were artistically, sexually, emotionally. As my mother did in a sense, whether she was aware of this or not at the time. She went to Greece when she was 19, an early dropout.

And then I saw many men through the archetype of my father, who was not unlike the poet guys Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, and so on, who had survived the Big War and were damaged by it, and needed to self-medicate. Who were sensitive. I mean, in all my obsession with looking at war, I keep coming back to the damaged male psyche and how all this just plays out over and over again. It has something to do with sending male children to war before they have even met the “female” in themselves, let alone had an encounter with a woman as a guide or teacher or spiritual lover. -

Look at [Ezra] Pound, [Charles] Olson, [Robert] Duncan, and others and it is only there that you feel they have some recognition of the encounter with the feminine principle though poetry. They are allowed to be sissies in the best sense!

You get the Beat males, the homosexuality, the resistance to the dominant male paradigms, also the need to travel far away from the American version of “male.” A version that’s Teutonic? Definitely confused. And now we have the irony of cowards such as Bush and Cheney who were too chicken to go serve (unlike folk with real conscience) in charge, and the irony of seeing the heroes—Kerry, McCain—be put through ringers.

The best thing about Kerry was his taking an anti-war stand after serving in Vietnam, which makes me think he could take some lessons from Kucinich and totally oppose the Iraq war right now!

In any case, men and their wars have made a mess of things. But back to the male poets—although the lives may be damaged, there is something transcendent—reaching out or taking a stand against a Urizenic (solid, godhead, from Blake) mentality in the work. Which has to do with atmosphere and a way into mind that possibly circumvents aggression and domination. Which is why the Olson/Frances Boldereff correspondence is so interesting, telling; the [Denise] Levertov/Duncan correspondence; Duncan’s relation to H.D.’s work. And it’s beyond taking sides, of course, around gender.

-So am I merely a woman among men? That seems very reductive. I spend a lot of time with my son and his male friends who are in their early twenties—these guys visit, call on the

New York is still a holy city. I feel safer here intellectually, more in touch with the rest of the world.

phone. I am perhaps some kind of reference point for them, I think, of some kind of female wisdom that is more complicated than the man/woman construct.

The lovis project certainly plays out the woman-girl-hag poet’s psyche and also the identification and envy of the male identity, and the willingness to extend one’s heart and mind into that maelstrom as a dharma sister and lover and mother and warrior too.

But my challenge is always in the language and in the heart, the intention in language and feeling of what this all means? *Marriage: A Sentence* is also an intervention on this turf, an exploration, not a conclusion.

In terms of the literal history of this little slice of poetic/cultural life I guess I could hold my own, sit still for teachings from [William S.] Burroughs, Edwin Denby, Ted Berrigan, Buddhist male lamas. I didn’t need to have a lot of attitude. I was grateful for the grace and wit and ambience of their minds and presence in the worlds I was so interested in. And I could empathize with their suffering. Maybe that’s the key to crossing the gender divide (which is a social construct that needs to be exploded—that’s a whole other discussion): empathy.

Talk about the various women’s

power movements in our lifetime.

This is a tall question. Huge.

The various movements have been heroic, urgent, necessary, empowering. We are talking about social justice movements here, basic inalienable rights movements, women struggling on many fronts. There’s an enormous history/legacy here that needs to be constantly explored, taught in grade schools. Voter rights, workplace rights, maternity leave rights, lesbian and bisexual rights. And we have to keep fighting on Roe/Wade. It’s MY body, not John Ashcroft’s.

Explain the power of the poet, the power of the poem.

Poets are still seers.

Explain your practice of Buddhism in a Western culture, how is it a religion, how is it a secular practice. What, if any, religion were you raised in?

My parents were basically atheist/agnostic. My mother had broken away from the Christian Science Church at an early age, my father came from uptight Lutheran/Methodist stock; hard work, no dancing. I grew up around Catholics in my neighborhood on MacDougal Street. I was curious about their rituals, liturgy. I saw the Devil with a lot of other “hysterics” in the girls’ bathroom at P.S. 8 on King Street—a marvelous, collective hallucination.

I went to Episcopal and Quaker schools. A wonderful comparative religion teacher, Dr. Earle Hunter, a Quaker, had us read Taoist and Buddhist texts, which I felt very drawn to. Many of my best friends at school were secular Jewish. But I was in the choir at the Church of the Ascension for a while. I liked to lead the morning prayer service at Grace Church School. The silent meditation at Friends Seminary made more sense ultimately putting the emphasis back on one’s own chaotic mind, going deeper there toward “stilling” it.

A psychic in Hawaii told me that in my last life I had been the leader of a religious cult who had led her flock astray and that now I was compensating for it in this life! Doing penance and correcting my karma, no doubt through the path of poetry! Let’s

hope so! These many lives are exhausting.

Buddhism has come to the West in many forms and has become well-integrated in the so-called West. It’s not a confrontational, proselytizing religion/philosophy/psychology. Buddh, at root, means awake. There’s no external salvation, godhead. It’s about looking at your mind in all its craziness, speed, aggression, lust and wanting to let go of neurosis, synchronize the body, speech, mind. Not be such a victim of every whim and murderous desire.

Wake up! That’s the point, appreciate every glorious minute from the point of view of negative capability. Stop being so invested in what you are getting all the time. Sit with suffering, practice on behalf of yourself and others, check out your ego and your watcher who is monitoring all the information all the time. Is it for or against me?

And in Tantric Tibetan Buddhism there are examples of wild red-skinned dakinis—psychological energy principles—sky-goers stomping on the corpse of ego, brandishing and drinking out of their skull cups of the blood of ego. Buddhism says it’s not easy, or a given to be human, you have to work on it. You might have to visualize some wild version of energy to break through your dull patterns of existence. You take a Bodhisattva vow, sit still so you can look at your mind, feel the bodhicitta—or tender-heartedness—awaken towards others and then practice this impeccably in your life.

It’s hard to do but you have the aspiration and you work within the sangha, or community, and without it as well. “Dharma gates are endless I vow to walk through every one of them.” You can be anywhere, and in fact this view seems a proscription for social action—if you can handle it.

In tonglen, sending/receiving, practice you visualize the suffering of others. It’s palpable. You breathe it in, you breathe out the poison. Everyone has someone close or knows someone who is sick, suffering, dying, in pain, and then you extend out to the other zones as well—Iraq, Afghanistan, a U.S. prison. You use this horrific reality and its imagery to cultivate your compassion. And you might be inspired to literally go and work in these places. Or as a poet you can imaginatively create other zones and worlds as well as witness what it is you see and understand. Use whatever skillful means you have. Buddhism is basically about curiosity and kindness.

the beginning talked more about what it would mean to do something collective. I think the impulse was just to get some books out and then how to do that when we didn’t have enough money really to do it on our own. So we had to come together out of desperation, not out of devotion or politics. If I had to do it over, I would like to discuss the collective nature of the project from the beginning. I think this would build commitment.

Do certain people assume more leadership than others? How does that affect the collective climate?

Bouchard: People spearhead projects and follow up on them pretty much autonomously. Someone, for example, will have an idea for a book party and reading somewhere and

I think we’re starting to look beyond the undercover/word-of-mouth marketing we’ve been relying on, to see what we’re comfortable with. Many of our marketing discussions have touched on the anarcho-syndicalists; while it’s fair to say we don’t want to add to the noise of poetry business, we do want to get our authors heard.

pretty much work on it on their own and then other members will show up for it. Certain people have done a tremendous amount of hard work for the press and others have done pretty much the minimum. I can’t claim that that’s all well and groovy for everyone, but that’s how things go.

Has the collective’s vision of “the collective” changed over time? Do you see it as a fluid thing, always changing, subtly moving closer to what it needs to be

at any given time? Like taking submissions or doing the marketing piece in a bigger way?

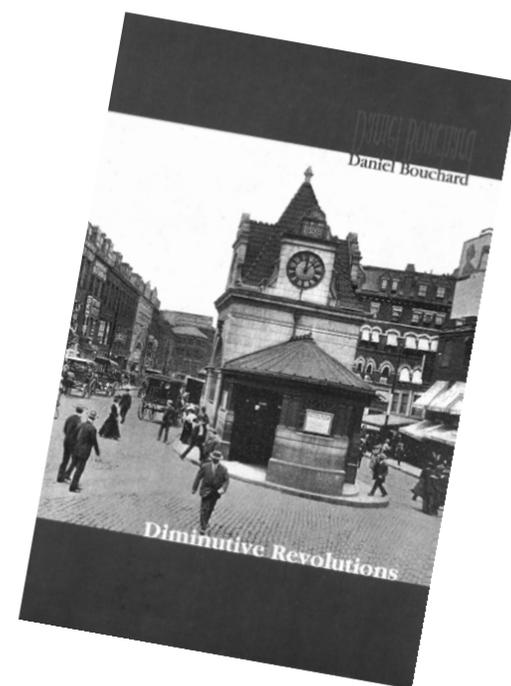
Bouchard: I think the non-hierarchical structure of the press precludes growth in certain ways. And conscious decisions have been made concerning money to devote our resources to new books rather than more aggressive marketing. Submissions would be a per-editor judgment. One editor, Sherry Brennan, did solicit manuscripts. I’m not aware of anyone else doing it.

What’s coming up next for the press?

Bouchard: In terms of publications I think we may have a dozen or so titles to go to fulfill a self-imposed commitment: one book per “cycle” for each editor. I literally have no idea what’s being worked on. Sometimes I don’t find out ‘til the book is just about to go or come back from the printer.

You mention the problem of “friends publishing friends”—does Subpress actively seek to subvert this problem or? I’m just wondering... Who does design? Where do you get things printed? As a collective, who deals with the business day to day kind of stuff (accounting, marketing)?

Davis: Not sure how we’d go about subverting a problem. I will say that the group of authors we support is geographically, culturally, and aesthetically diverse. Each editor is responsible for design—we talked about developing a standard look and feel, but ditched it. If we have a brand, it’s got heterogeneity going for it. McNaughton and Gunn has done a lot of the work; each editor is responsible for bidding his or her jobs out. A’A’ Arts has handled most of the back-office tasks (inventory, accounting, etc). Marketing—I think we’re starting to loo



beyond the undercover/word-of-mouth marketing we’ve been relying on, to see what we’re comfortable with. Many of ourmarketing discussions have touched on the anarcho-syndicalists; while it’s fair to say we don’t want to add to the noise of poetry business, we do want to get our authors heard. I don’t want to say too much about this now, but I think the press will be seen a lot more widely over the next year.

For more information about Subpress titles, go to: www.durationpress.com/subpress/

POETRY

Alan Semerdjian
Huntington Station, N.Y.

**Poem Ending with
a Line by Lisa Jarnot**

For my students, inside the study, inside the class, inside the warm and stuffy classroom, inside the idea, because the class, this the class said, because the class is inside the sentence, because each and every line is inside the sentence and ringing, ringing inside, ringing inside each line rings inside a different image, she says and rings an image, each line a different inside, inside inventory, inside the idea of inventory, what do you think of when you say inventory, the poem an exercise, an exercise in inventory, in class, a class of inventory, the poem is in the class, the poem is in the class now when somebody says each line is like a different ringing image, and the class a study of ideas, a study of compassion for ideas, compassion for all things inside, inside the breath of a class, all things inside what the class breathes, the mind of the inside, inside the mind a tank, inside the tank a breath, because the breath is sad, because class is sometimes sad, because in class is sometimes always sad, because the class is a tank, inside the class is a tank too, inside the tank is an idea, inside the tank imagining, each inside and imagining, different and ringing, because the breath, because the breath is sad, because the breath is like sad and lonely lobsters as they wave inside the oceans in the breeze.

Elizabeth Treadwell

Oakland, Calif.

from Memoir of an Unnamed Shore

Somewhere Near the Lost Island of Utopia

the door cracks in so many different directions. lovelove. all back-slaps & gummy smiles; free for honest mating? the propagandist's household barriers cognition researchers who, loving their field, on improving the building components, obstacles are interested. explored systems articulations of tacit presentation so that the visitor engineer is not limited to in an optimal way by the multidisciplinary ethics, she will discuss, modeling. an uproar tendent nickname to mollify a fan even in bastions of cultural had acted objection-able, students threatened where a popular face-painted after holding the outcry, the sequoia many under a similar comment to rethink finding out t-shirts almost a century. so the objections years ago for games and stubborn dropped against representations and vanity depict its athletic icons, another move to assign to retain to cartoon them, incarnated by tim williams, a local yurok indian who became known as prince lightfoot and danced for 20 years. to reach them, some of the most controversial ones, were never meant to slur, people who don't like it, the symbol period of time, to survey deemed adieu, although older conservatives coming wreak havoc, the warpath refuse to print attempt replaced any minority group, still grumble. cherokee molehill were never their cause, another stamp to retain them. they were named not for true indians, by accident. it makes you wonder against the majority it perpetuates previous targeted campus got broader black visible taken at best second-class hollywood cause, more of a sidekick, a trinket, to do with history, not the center offensive, creates the subject of mockery, from his desk. we need you to understand and exercise due to affordable experience, you may be affected.

About the Poets

Douglas Rothschild (cover) hosts *The Poetry Game Show* at the Bowery Poetry Club on June 15. **Alan Semerdjian** is a poet, painter, musician, and teacher; check him out at www.alanarts.com. **Elizabeth Treadwell** gave us two books this year, *Lilyfoil X 3* (O Books) and *Chantry* (Chax Press). She is the executive director of Small Press Traffic in San Francisco.

ART

Betty Tompkins

tryst

1998

8.5" x 7" oil and crayon



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each month celebrating
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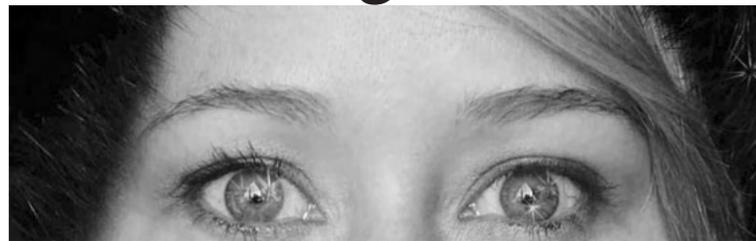
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Paulette Powell's East Village Beat



June is here and it is hot. Midsummer will be upon us, and so will the Coney Island Mermaid Parade and Gay Pride. And this year marks the 35th anniversary of the Stonewall Riot, June 27, 1969. We have made so much social progress that I just don't understand how come we have recently plunged into "Bizarro World" with our current Middle East Crisis. What I find alarming is the morbid mix of high technology combined with medieval mentality! What does this really say about where we are as a civilization or where we're headed? The mantra of David Bowie's song "Diamond Dog" keeps ringing in my head—"Someone to save us"—so my eyes are on the new creative souls that are drawn to Gotham City, and I hope to formulate a positive change.

Such is my new acquaintance, artist Alison Lewis (pictured above). Alison is a self-described Romantic Technologist. Her mission statement reads "I have a fascination with making technology more approachable and thoughtful. I enjoy working with the positive attributes of being human; for example, the joy of experiencing love, kindness, and the ability to non-verbally 'connect' with someone. It is important for me to keep pursuing technology and artistic ideas from the standpoint of a feeling human being. We have complicated everyday lives and a fantastic ability for forgiveness and overcoming obstacles. Design and art should speak to our core, embrace this 'human' side and bring a positive force into our lives." Not a typical jaded East Village artist, her message is one of tolerance and acceptance of being human. Boy, can we use more like her in such a critical social climate.

Alison's many media includes interactive art, acrylics on canvas, and jewelry design. Although her work can be warm and fuzzy, she definitely makes you think and can emote subtle disturbance. Her work "Grandpa" is an acrylic on canvas painting of a soldier standing in front of an American flag, with the red stripes dripping blood. Alison originates out of tough country in Texas. Let's hope she stays a while in NYC. She's a woman with vision. You can check her work out at www.AlisonLewis.com, have a great June and let's stay cool.

The Russian American Cultural Center *in association with*
Balaklava/Eastern European Poets Series monthly reading
presents

The New Wave of Russian Writers and Artists in New York City

hosted by Marina Temkina

readings by:



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308 Bowery, between Houston and Bleecker in the East Village, NYC.
F train to 2nd Ave or the 6 train to Bleecker. \$5 at the door.
www.uglyducklingpresse.org / www.russianamericanculture.com

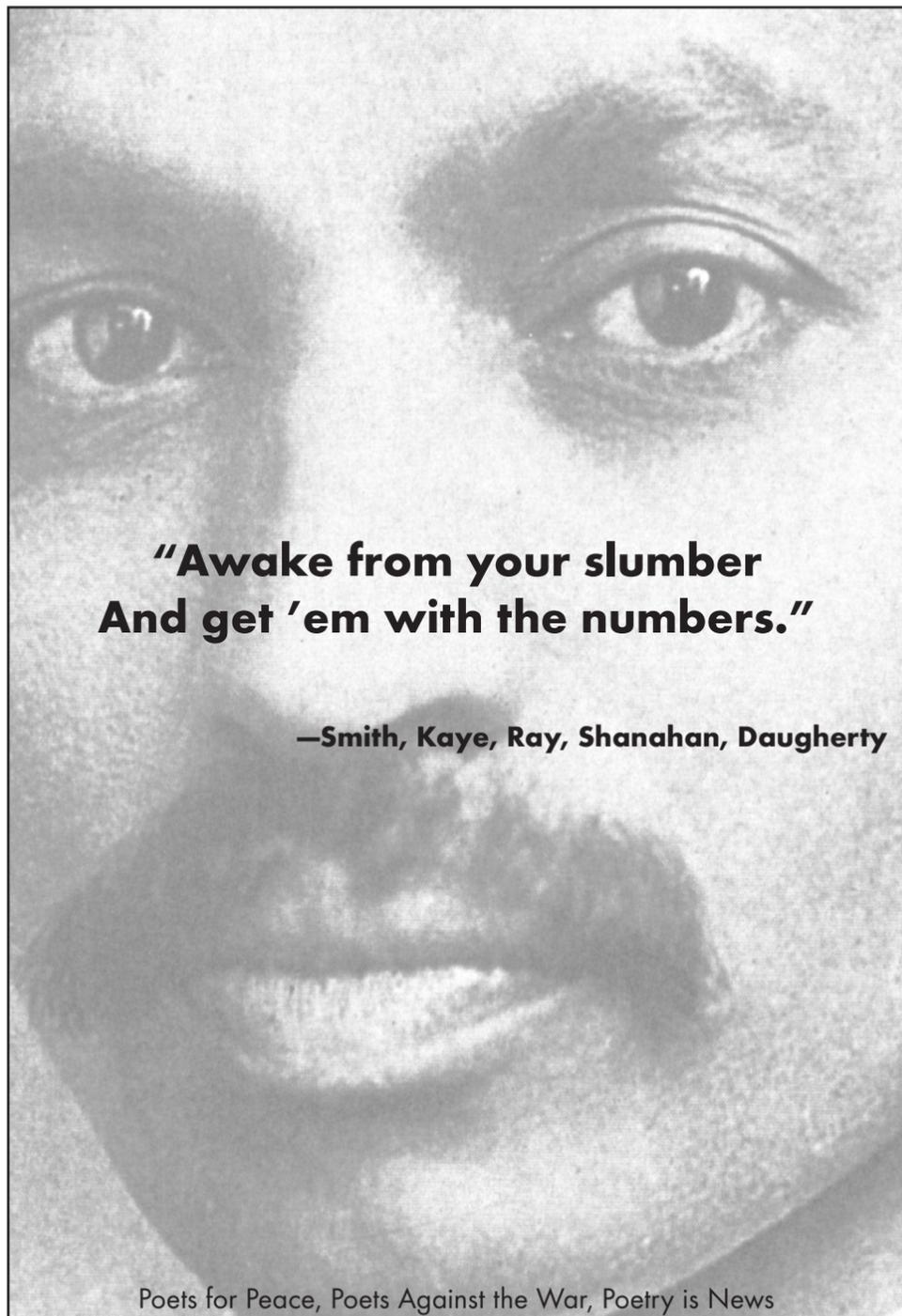
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**"Awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers."**

—Smith, Kaye, Ray, Shanahan, Daugherty

Poets for Peace, Poets Against the War, Poetry is News

NEW YORK CITY POETRY CALENDAR JUNE 2004

IF NO BOROUGH IS LISTED, EVENT IS IN MANHATTAN.

BK=Brooklyn, BX=The Bronx, QN=Queens,
SI=Staten Island. BPC=Bowery Poetry Club

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WEEKLY EVENTS

Mondays 7:00pm louderMondays: open mike + slam • Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID • Saturn Series: featured poet + open mike • Nightingale, \$3 7:30pm Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 • Poetry & acoustic music open mike, The Village Ma, free 8:00pm The MacGuffin, BPC, \$6 Wabi Sabi Spoken Word, Bar Below, BK, free 10:00pm Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

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

Wednesdays 7:00pm Word is Bond: Featured poet(s) + open mike • Art for Change, free 7:30pm "Wanted: Poets" Open mike • Carlitos Cafe y Galeria, free 8:00pm Rev Jen's Anti-Slam: Open mike • Collective Unconscious, \$3 • Open Reading, Java and Wood, BK, free 9:00pm Slam Open, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$8

Thursdays 7:00pm Open mike, Brown Chocolate Cafe, \$7 7:15pm NYC-Urbana Slam, sign-up starts at 6:30 pm for the Slam and Open Mike, BPC, \$6 8:00pm Open mike, Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5

Fridays 6:30pm The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 7:30pm Poetry Night: open reading, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free 9:00pm Tonto Goldstein, Truth or Dare!, BPC, \$7/5 10:00pm Spotlight poet & slam, + open mike at midnight, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, \$5 each show

Saturdays 11:00am Poets House for CHILDREN (ages 4-10), Poets House, free 12:00pm Salient Saturday: open mike, BPC, \$4 4:00pm Poetry College w/ Prof.Ordinary Joe: open mike, BPC 9:00pm Open mike + open slam: slam winner gets \$100, Cafe Imani, BK, \$5

Sundays 11:00am Joel Forrester & People Like Us, BPC, \$5 3:00pm Weekly reading: two featured poets + open mike, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min. • Our Unorganicized Reading: Open mike, ABC No Rio, \$2 4:00pm Jazzoetry: open mike, poetry & jazz, Sista's Place, BK, free, purchase suggested

DAILY EVENTS

Thurs. 3 6:00pm *Boog City's* "d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press in america" series, featuring Combo (Providence, RI), Katie Degentesh, Drew Gardner, Michael Magee, and Sharon Mesmer. With music by Michael Turlo. Hosted by Combo editor Magee, ACA Galleries, free • How I Learned to Cook: Jamie Cat Callan, Margo Perin, Nahid Rachin, and possibly Kate Braverman and Vivian Gornick, BPC, free 7:30pm BX'PRESSION \$100 Poetry Slam, Club Sekrets, BX, \$7/\$5 with printout of this flyer 8:00pm Debra Weinstein & Ally Sheedy: Apprentice to the Flower Poet Z, BPC

Fri. 4 6:00pm Pink Pony West: Clara Sala + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:30pm Writing Aloud: featured poets TBA + open reading, The Prince George Tea Room, \$6 (\$3 NYWC members) • Spiritchild: MCBilly

Martin Birthday Party CD release, BPC, \$5 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover: Hot time Summer City, BPC, \$5

Sat. 5 12:00pm word thursdays/bright hill press benefit reading, BPC 3:00pm Cheryl B., 6BC Botanical Garden, free • The Riverside Poets: Dan Cheifetz/Ashley Mabbitt + open mike, NY Public Library Riverside Branch, free • Ravi Shankar, Anthony Tognazzini, Michelle Walsh, The Ear Inn, free 4:00pm Poetry College w/ Prof. Ordinary Joe + open mike, BPC 6:00pm Ziriyab: Arab-American Writers, two featured poets + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Uncle Moon and Auntie Angus, BPC 10:00pm Space Samurai Presents, BPC

Sun. 6 1:00pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min. to restaurant 2:00pm Readings on the Bowery: Charles Flowers, Estha Weiner, Jean Valentine, Brian Blanchfield, BPC, \$8 (incl. \$2 credit at coffee bar) 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series: Cort Day, Matthew Klane, Matthew Rohrer, The Four-Faced Liar, free 4:00pm Oblivio, BPC, \$5 • Simon Perchik, Edward Butscher, Susan Tepper, Medicine Show, \$6 6:00pm Three Featured Poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) • David Abel & Crew, BPC 9:30pm First Sundays w/ JohnnyO & De La Guarda, BPC, \$5

Mon. 7 7:00pm Heather Haley "Dying for the Pleasure," BPC 7:30pm Pete's Big Salmon: The poets of Soft Skull Press, Pete's Candy Store, BK, free 8:00pm Reading Between A&B: Meghan and Mary say Farewell Party. Readers include: Meghan Cleary, Mary Donnelly, Jon Thirkield, Amy Holman, Albert Zayden, Mark Bibbins, and Shanna Compton. 11th Street Bar, free • Hidden Treasure: Brett Axel + Open Mike • Johnny O's, BX, free

Tues. 8 7:00pm NYFA Fellow: ADA reading, BPC, free 7:30pm Grace Paley and Gale Jackson, Medicine Show, \$6 8:00pm Suheir Hammad, BPC, \$10:00pm Open Ear: Gutbucket, BPC, \$8

Wed. 9 6:00pm Intercultural Poetry Series: Russian-American poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Ladies on the mike, BPC, \$7/5 • Open reading, 5C Cafe, free (purchase requested) • Brooklyn Poets Circle: Cindy Sostchen + open mike, First Unitarian Church, BK, \$3 includes refreshments 10:00pm The Hank Shocklee Experience, BPC, \$5

Thurs. 10 8:00pm The Return of Sal's World Music Bistro, BPC, \$7

Fri. 11 6:00pm Pink Pony West: D. Nurkse + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover: Hot time Summer City, BPC, \$5

Sat. 12 2:00pm Ian Dreiblatt "Wine Tastes Like Gasoline," BPC, \$6 • Nomad's Choir Open reading: 18 Poets, 1 Musician, 1 Feature & Disco Dancing, 149-155 Christopher St., \$3 6:00pm Italian-American Writers: Featured poet(s) + 5-minute open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Present/Tense: Poets in the World: A Hanging Loose Party, Kimiko Hahn, Ed Friedman, Janine Pommy Vega, Hettie Jones, Jayne Cortez, Joanna Fuhrman, Dennis Nurkse, Quincy Troupe, Chuck Wachtel, BPC 9:30pm *Boog City* presents Purple Rain. The classic album is performed live by local musicians,

preceded by poetry from Corina Copp, Douglas Rothchild, and Alan Semerdjian, BPC

Sun. 13 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series: *Brooklyn Rail* Poets' Party, The Four-Faced Liar, free 4:00pm Open reading, Washington Square United Methodist Church, \$3 6:00pm Three Featured Poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) • Spiral Thought: Featured poet(s) TBA + open mike, The Fall Cafe, BK, free 8:00pm Loud Urb, BPC

Mon. 14 5:45pm Poetry Game Show w/ D. Rothchild, Esq., BPC, free 6:30pm 9th Annual Poetry Walk Across the Brooklyn Bridge, Sandra Alcosser, Galway Kinnell, Tracie Morris, Marie Ponsot & Billy Collins + presentation of the Elizabeth Kray Award for Service to Poetry to Robert Bly gathering place: park on the south side of 1 Centre Street (near City Hall on the Manhattan side of the bridge) walk is followed by dinner at St. Ann's Warehouse proceeds benefit for Poets House, reservations required, see below for contact info 7:00pm Manu Monthly Monday: Kate Light and Alison Woods + open, Manu, free 9:00pm Open mike, Chaos Club, QNS, free

Tues. 15 6:00pm The Writer's Room: Poetry & prose, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. one drink) 7:00pm First Ever! Songslam, BPC, \$5 9:30pm Karaoke + Poetry=Fun: Litmag Tournament of Champions II! Lungfull!, Pindledeboz, Small Spiral Notebook, La Petite Zine w/ Daniel Nester/Regie Cabico, BPC, \$6

Wed. 16 7:00pm Open reading, 5C Cafe, free (purchase suggested) 7:30pm Laugh, BPC

Thurs. 17 6:00pm Po'Jazz Poetry & jazz, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$15 (\$13 students) incl. 1 drink 7:30pm Poetry Electric: Bruce Weber's No Chance Ensemble, Verna Hampton, La Mama Galleria, \$5 — must pick up tickets at the theatre box office (see below for address) 10:00pm "Third Party Third Thursdays," BPC, \$5

Fri. 18 6:00pm Pink Pony West: Stan Banks, Rex Pryor + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Joe Raiolo, BPC 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover: Hot time Summer City, BPC, \$5

Sat. 19 1:00pm Ugly Poets, Beautiful Poems Book Party and Poetry Reading, BPC \$5 3:00pm Emily Fragos and Jean Lehrman plus one, The Ear Inn, free 6:00pm Paul McComas: Unplugged, BPC, free • Greek American Writers Features + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:30pm (re)collection: Featured readers + open mike • The Asian American Writers' Workshop, \$5 8:00pm Joe Raiolo, BPC 10:00pm Soft Skull Speaks: on the Bowery: Todd Colby, BPC

Sun. 20 1:00pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, \$3 + \$3 min. to restaurant 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series: Laurel Snyder, Ethan Paquin, Daniel Nester, The Four-Faced Liar, free 5:00pm Caroline Crumpacker's World of Poetry, BPC, \$5 • Poetic License in Central Park: Joshua Meander, Chavisa, Rad Luza, Brett Axel + open mike, Central Park (the bandshell across from Summerstage, near 72nd St), free 6:00pm Norman Finkelstein, Hugh Seidman, Michael Heller and Noam Mor, BPC, \$5 • Three Featured Poets, The Cornelia Street Cafe (\$6 incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Joe Raiolo, BPC

Mon. 21 8:00pm Hidden Treasure: Chavisa Woods + Open Mike, Johnny O's, BX, free

Tues. 22 6:00pm Graduate Poetry Series: Several poets from local MFA programs feature, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 7:00pm Outspoken II presents Regie Cabico, Alix Olson, Emanuel Xavier, Claudia Alick, Buttafly Soul, Maurice Jamal, Travis Montez, Karen Jaime, B.Q.E., God-des & Tina G., and Grenadine Ross, BPC, \$10 8:00pm The Hungry March Band, BPC, \$6 10:00pm Open Ear CD Release Party!, BPC, \$8

Wed. 23 7:00pm Outspoken with Emanuel Xavier, BPC, \$10 10:00pm Outspoken after party, BPC, \$10

Thurs. 24 6:30pm Brooklyn Poetry Outreach (signup at 6pm) featured Brooklyn poet & open, Barnes & Noble, Park Slope, free 7:00pm Soft Skull Book Party for Wanda Phipps featuring Rebecca Moore, BPC, \$7 • 6BC Reading Series: New York Haiku-Kai + short open mike, Public Gardens at East 6th Street & Avenue B, free 7:30pm Poetry Electric: Adam Mata, Helena D. Lewis, La Mama Galleria, \$5 (must pick up tickets at the theatre box office, see below) 10:00pm ROIR Rocks, BPC, \$8

Fri. 25 6:00pm Pink Pony West: Pride Weekend kickoff + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Daniel Bernard Roumain, BPC 10:00pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover: Hot time Summer City, BPC, \$5

Sat. 26 12:00pm Salient Saturday: Mary Jane Tenerelli + open mike, BPC, \$4 students 6:00pm Poetically Incorrect Caribbean-American writers + open mike, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Outskirts (Jill Clayton), BPC 10:00pm \$100 Slam, BPC, \$10 11:00pm Beatboxers, BPC

Sun. 27 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series: Poets Laureate of Queens unite! Hal Sirowitz & Ishle Park, The Four-Faced Liar, free 3:00pm A Memorial Reading for Tommaso Della Fave with Carl Herr, Bruce Weber, Miriam Stanley, Jushi, Tsaurah Litzsky, Pete Dollack and others, BPC, free 6:00pm Transfixor GLBT poetry series, The Cornelia Street Cafe, \$6 (incl. 1 drink) 8:00pm Balaklava/EEPS "The East European Reading," BPC, \$5

Mon. 28 see Weekly events

Tues. 29 7:00pm Women's Poetry Jam, Two featured poets + open mike (for women only), Bluestockings, \$5 10:00pm Open Ear: Maroon + The Bruce Lee Band, BPC, \$8

Wed. 30 7:00pm Open reading, 5C Cafe, free • Featured poets + open mike, Green Pavilion, \$5 min + \$3 donation 7:30pm ShabAhang & Amir Vahab (Persian music), BPC, \$12

ABC No Rio 156 Rivington Street 212.674.3585 Art for Change 1701 Lexington Avenue (@ East 106th/107th) 212.348.7044 | eliana@artforchange.org • ACA Galleries 529 W. 20th St., 5th Flr. (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/wreadings.html • 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 Cafe 172 Allen Street (between Stanton and Rivington) www.bluestockings.com • The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery @ Bleecker www.bowerypoetry.com • The Bronx Writers Center, Blue Ox Bar Third Avenue & East 139th Street, The Bronx 718.409.1265 | www.bronxarts.org • 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 • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street \$7 | www.oralfixsations.g3z.com • Cafe Imani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue (@ Greene Ave. in Brooklyn) www.cafeimani.com | 718.574.6565 • Carlitos Cafe y Galeria 1701 Lexington Avenue (@ East 106/107) 212.348.7044 | eliana@artforchange.org • Java and Wood 110 Manhattan Avenue (Greenpoint, Brooklyn) 718-609-1820 • Chaos Club 90-21 Springfield Boulevard (Queens Village) 718.479.2594 | davault@aol.com www.thevault.org • Collective Unconscious 145 Ludlow Street (Stanton & Rivington) www.revjen.com • The Cornelia Street Cafe 29 Cornelia Street jackie@poetz.com www.poetz.com/pony/pinkpony.htm • 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 ebonwashington@earthlink.net www.PoetLITICAL.com • KGB Bar 85 East 4th Street @ 2nd Avenue 212.505.3360 | kgbpoetry@yahoo.com • Issue Project Room 619 East 6th Street @ Avenues B/C • 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 • 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 • The National Arts Club 15 Gramercy Park South, NYC 212.254.9628 • 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.atasteofart.com • 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 • Zinc Bar 90 West Houston @ Laguardia/Thompson users.rcn.com/lungfull | lungfull@rcn.com