

Flopping and Flipping Out: Whitmania and its Consequences

BY TOM GOGOLA

Tom was technically homeless but that was just a technicality; he had places to go, he was going places. It's a journey, adventure, a side project, a previously unexplored terrain of existence.

It was February of 2003 and Tom was camped out in Penn Station on the floor of the Amtrak waiting area. It was a new low and there was the lower back pain of a 35-year-old jammed against the floor. Tom had made inadequate wintertime preparations and his inaction had at last caught up with him. It had been a glorious, cash-rich summer out on the East End, but that was gone. There was a check somewhere arriving from a publisher, but Tom had already borrowed twice against that from his friend Tator.

The police would be coming around soon and rouse all his fellow homeless, and they'd have to find other places to go. Soon enough, there they were, and Tom could not play it off like he was different from the other homeless persons, with their unmedicated mental illnesses and addictions and records. All kinds of poor losers and hard-luck cases and malcontents and schemers were being directed out of the station, Tom among them. They closed the can to clean it at around 3:00 a.m. and you had to leave. If you had no place to go,

you had no place to go. Tom was waiting for the morning, for seven o'clock. He would see his friend Mim out in Williamsburg after a countdown idling on the train.

Mim, she was a late sleeper usually but appreciated the wake-up calls.

Tom had several hours to kill and got on with it. He was jarring to and fro in a subway seat for a while, lapsing into an aggravating half-sleep, forever lurching into the ragged real. His long-term plan did not extend past collapsing on Mim's bed. Mim had meetings and school and a busy urban-girl life. She was funny and very well read, a chatty red rose of a woman, lusty and incorrigible, charming, irritating, exhilarating, exasperating, brilliant. Such was their friendship.

It clicked like guns with Tom that this banishment of his was his own dream of a happy solitude in motion gone awry. He was free to do

what he would but bastard asceticism came first after addiction. Given many freedoms, Tom had chosen an enslavement to whimsy, reckless whimsy.

And here was consequence.

Tom had been working on a fishing boat all summer and into the fall. He had coasted the holidays at traveling friends' houses, Mim's

included. He flopped many nights on Tator's couch, and now had borrowed a bunch of money from his band Screwsloose for the storage bill so he could pay it and sell his stored books off at the Strand. Tom also had unfinished business in Montauk during this technically homeless period.

Now Tom was in the shed of the old fisherman's house in Montauk going through bags of clothes and books and papers, slips of life, snippets and lists and records and receipts and notes and numbers without names attached to them. Tom was drinking the rest of

his coffee and was glad the night was over.

Tom had taken the late train out of the city after a Midtown jam session with Screwsloose and Black, and arrived in Montauk at 4:00 a.m. There were no cabs and no numbers to call for them, no rides and no other cars around. There was wind and cold and water and sand (and houses). Tom walked to the docks and hoped to get warm soon. He was pretty well wiped out from the flopping life and lugging books from Harlem to East 12th Street to sell them. But he had tickets to upstate and then to New Orleans, so this trip was a last necessity for Tom. He saw the idea of his upcoming Amtrak trip as a sort of settling down.

That night the warming wheelhouse of the party boat was Tom's destination, until he realized he had left his key to it in one of the far-flung luggage holes. But he'd somehow find a way into the wheelhouse he told himself.

He hiked for a while and then the harbor lay in front of Tom and it felt warmer just to see the dock lights, and he felt a jolt of optimism as he approached the heart of the fishing village. He anticipated the quiet whir of the heater as he crunched across the Salivar's lot and made his way to the winter-punished gangway. He hopped onto the boat and shot up to the
Please see GOGOLA page 7

... bags of clothes and books and papers, slips of life, snippets and lists and records and receipts and numbers without names attached to them.

Traveling Way Back in Time ... to 1990s East Village

BY ROGER HITTS

Whether it's the curmudgeonly bent of a man barreling downhill toward middle age or possibly, albeit improbably, an accurate sense, the face of the East Village is changing. It feels like they slapped a smiley face on the whole damned area and found ways to get you to dig deeper into your pocket in what once was a bastion of cheap-night-outdom.

Still, I owe my life to the East Village in many, many ways. Moving from Michigan to New York City in 1989 after being hired as a reporter for *STAR Magazine*, the East Village was a Bizarro Disneyland to me.

At the time, I was one part hippie and one part hip-hop, scruffy in a new city in which I knew virtually no one. Still, it took one walking touring through St. Mark's Place and a few side streets that I felt at home for perhaps the first time in my life. Freaks like us, baby we were born to run, and run we did, like madmen.

Friends were made on the quick, and innumerable newspaper accounts of the East Village cannibal gave the area a healthy sense of danger. My ragtag crew of British ex-pats, German journos, and local scum made the scene three, four nights a week and it developed into a delightfully drunken routine.

It usually went like this: Ridiculously cheap drinks at the Blue and Gold greased the wheels. Then a hop and skip over to the Mission, where your six-buck admission gotcha all you could drink for an hour-plus Dave Kendall from MTV's *120 Minutes* spinning the best Goth you ever heard. Alcatraz was always on our bar crawl list, all aggression and tattooed lover boys and head-bangers from New Jersey littering the place. Then, it was usually live rock at CBGB's, The Continental, Bond Street, The Chase, depending on who was playing. I've never forgotten walking into the Pyramid and being treated to an early Nirvana show. Never heard of 'em, but Iggy was standing by me in the crowd so I figured they must be cool.

Evenings often ended at King Tut's Wa Wa Hut, which always provided a cross section of all that was seductive about the East Village—watching in amazement as cute lipstick lesbians sat on beat-up old car seats back by the pool tables and swapped spit, coke dealers making their snaky little transactions in Wa Wa's grimy bogs, pierced rock 'n rollers taking a break from whatever band they were playing in, just a general circus

of cool. The night would end with a trip to Save The Robots, drinking their vodka until 7 in the morning. I can't count the mornings I stumbled out of there with sunshine in my face without any idea whatsoever where I had parked my car. I usually found it, with the help of friends, by around 9.

I was completely enraptured by the scene and wanted so much to be an integral part of it. I started putting up my hard-earned *STAR* cash to start promoting my own rock shows based on the bands I saw and loved but felt weren't getting the proper love and respect. Me and my business partner Daphna—my East Village crony who later earned through the State of New York the ignoble title of Mrs. Hitts—began promoting shows at the Marquee over on the West Side. That of course wasn't the East Village, and, after an extended search, we finally found a home for our muse by taking over The Bank on Houston on Thursday nights.

The kindly British Bank manager Hal gave us a cut-rate price to rent the space, and we began filling it up with our favorite East Village bands. Some made it—we booked a few Spacehog shows, and they went on to have a nice little run, ending with singer Royston Langdon marrying Liv Tyler. One of the bands we booked, near and dear to our heart, was The Bouncing Souls, who are still out there representing as grandfathers of the skateboard scene. Our absolute faves, The Rake's Progress, got a major label deal, for all the good it did them, relegating them to the bargain bins of history. We tried to make our shows extravaganzas in the grand East Village tradition, hiring belly dancers and strippers to entertain the crowds, and hosting reverse limbo contests in which participants had to leap higher and higher over a stick and onto a futon we provided from our own sleeping quarters.

Those were the days, my friend, and we knew they'd always end. Other clubs popped up, like Coney Island High. The Green Door parties there with the very hospitable Jesse Malin provided years of mirth and amusement and the only place in town where you could dance to a deejay playing "Highway to Hell." But the face of the village was slowly changing—you could literally watch the corporate, Gap-inspired rot spreading further and further east, from the gentrification of Avenue A to Avenue C. After a while, you felt like you might as well be living in Lexington, Ky. They whipped the specialness right out of the place.

For me, there are still oases. Manitoba's still has the feel

of the old East Village—I spend a lot of nights there bugging Handsome Dick and asking him if he remembers playing with his band The Dictators in Flint, Michigan back in 1976. He humors me, mostly because his son and my daughter were born the same day and we both rated a birth announcement in Page Six that day. Rififi's always works for me—it harkens back to that old diverse carnival barker kind of establishment, what with it's burlesque night, movie screenings, and go-go dances. In general, it seems the party moved evermore toward Orchard and Ludlow streets, which is all well and good, but just not as much fun as I remember it.

There's still no other neighborhood in Manhattan I would rather hang in than the East Village. Still, everywhere I go in the hood, I feel the ghosts of drinking and drinkers past, the sense of freedom, urgency, affordability, and infinite mayhem that shook me to my very core.

Allison Cobb
Park Slope, Brooklyn
from *The Little Box Book*

Then the little box book is more gone a sort of scorched awake through all—the fire storm the indelible infant crying to itself

the nation's first non-shift Buick the one-legged soldier a gift of the President

mom closes necks around hangers the little b b yawns a crimson yawn thinks apple tree key and then saw—the face she turns it turns wrong

editor/publisherDavid A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com**art editor**

Brenda Iijima

east village editorPaulette Powell
MissAlabama@aol.com**music editor**

Jon Berger

poetry editorCarol Mirakove
boog_city_poetry@yahoo.com**printed matter editor**

Joanna Sondheim

columnist-at-large

Greg Fuchs

counsel

Ian S. Wilder

First printing, 2,250 copies. Additional copies of this issue may be obtained by sending a \$3 ppd. check or money order payable to *Boog City*, to the address below. Paper is copyright *Boog City*, all rights revert to contributors upon publication. *Boog City* is published monthly. *Boog* always reads work for *Boog City* or other consideration. (Send SASE with no more than 5 poems or pages of any type of art or writing. Email subs also accepted. Please put *Boog City* submission in subject line and email to editor@boogcity.com)

BOOG CITY330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
New York, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: (212) 842-2429Letters to the Editor:
editor@boogcity.com**PRINTED MATTER****Perfect Fictions*****The Moon in Its Flight***Gilbert Sorrentino
Coffee House Press

Gilbert Sorrentino's repeating concerns: artists and poets along with their attendant hacks, spouses, and infidelities; New York City in the 1950s through

Collecting the short stories published over the past three decades, *The Moon in Its Flight* is, despite the years covered, a lean collection—no bloat! all winners!—which marries such evident discipline with an uncanny range of movement and experimentation.

'70s (and occasionally before and sometimes after); jazz's "Golden Age"; the unending hypocrisy and corruption of business—most often the publishing business; envy, humiliation, and revenge; sex and alcohol; the artificiality of art; and loss—its inexorableness and totality. The list is arguably complete, perhaps to some even redundant.

From this relatively meager (or honest) catalog of materials, Sorrentino assembles nearly all his constructions. It is a testament to his artistry that these few, almost common, hand-worn materials are put to such various uses that they repeatedly, in book after book and story after story, appear wholly transformed, wondrous, mysterious, and nearly unrecognizable in their new conjunctions.

Collecting the short stories published over the past three decades, *The Moon in Its Flight* is, despite the years covered, a lean collection—no bloat! all winners!—which marries such evident discipline with an uncanny range of movement and experimentation.

Primarily known as a novelist, Sorrentino has here managed to avoid the gravity-well of the short story's traditional form. His unwillingness to conform to their narrative program—Sorrentino claims a willful ignorance of their routines, quipping they inevitably "die with a fall or click"—has produced in these short works another facet of his maverick, restless aesthetic. Each story, dedicated as they are to the artificiality of prose, in Sorrentino's poetics, is thus paradoxically dedicated to the telling of the real, i.e. always in focus is the thingness of language. Ambitious in form, masterful in execution, these accessible stories are also given vehicle by Sorrentino's beautiful prose-machines of voice: strategically and in turns hilarious, cynical, aphoristic,

nostalgic, and assholeish.

The eponymous story that begins the collection echoes Auden and states with finality, "Art cannot rescue anybody from anything," and as much as any other of the book's maxims, things proceed from there. Blushing and fevered, a boy and girl, late in adolescence, embark on a doomed courtship. Insisting all the while on its various literary tricks and shams, the story describes lust's sublime tawdriness, twinning an unquenchable pubescent desire with a kind of persistent middle-aged post-coital shame. No rescues appear.

The collection also documents Sorrentino's continuing interest in the generative constraints most famously associated with the Oulipo. Used with varying degrees of strictness and acknowledgement, Sorrentino has repeatedly worked with these obstructions to make unique abstract-expressionist prose works. One example of this, revealed helpfully by the author in footnote, is "Times Without Number," a cento of sentences from previous works and other authors. Though freed in ways from certain habits, these works often function ironically to reveal the skeletal, or perhaps pure, tics and personalities of the author. Other times such works create otherworldly artifacts written evidently by spirits.

The final story is a masterwork. "Things that Have Stopped Moving" revisits characters introduced in an earlier story, but it could easily be new editions of any of the other ravaged couples that have appeared before. Voiced by a subtly shifting, simultaneously destroyed and defiant narrator, it is a kind of fictionalized autobiography, or perhaps more correctly, autobiography in fiction, which triumphantly concludes a long-overdue collection by one of our resident masters.

—Eugene Lim

Welcome Back***Brooklyn Noir***Edited by Tim McLoughlin
Akashic Books

This anthology of crime fiction set in various Brooklyn neighborhoods is as much of a sick treat as the murderous gingerbread men in Thomas Morrissey's clever Bay Ridge entry, "Can't Catch Me." Full of violent revenge, dangerous liaisons, double-crossers and cops both hard-working and brutal, the book's rough but well-crafted contents are consistently entertaining. And educational as well: readers are treated to detailed taxonomies of Hasidic life in Williamsburg, police union politics in Greenpoint, ironworkers in the Canarsie of a couple decades past, and the city's contemporary dating "scene"—in Nicole Blackman's version, a "locale" as grim and bloody as any deserted patch of Brooklyn waterfront.

Consistently evocative, sometimes funny and emotionally powerful, the stories are set in neighborhoods ranging from Bed-Stuy to Bushwick, Park Slope to Brighton Beach. They're loosely grouped into sections like Old School Brooklyn, New School Brooklyn, and Backwater Brooklyn. But these categories only raise questions about how editor McLoughlin sees the borough: why is Fort Greene considered a backwater, for example, and why does Nelson George's Brownsville fall under the heading of New School? Some of the best stories here, like McLoughlin's "When All This Was Bay Ridge," set in Sunset Park, are about much more than a particular mystery: they're about family, neighborhood loyalty, and the wrenching inevitability of demographic change.

Brooklyn Noir deserves praise for its focus on those born and raised in the borough and on its less trendy neighborhoods. But kudos should also go to those writers whose stories touch on the sometimes tense relations between new residents of the borough and older natives, Neal Pollack's "Scavenger Hunt" and Lou Manfredi's "Case Closed" among them.

Straight realism is the predominant style of

Consistently evocative, sometimes funny and emotionally powerful, the stories are set in neighborhoods ranging from Bed-Stuy to Bushwick, Park Slope to Brighton Beach.

the stories here, but they do include playful surrealism, as in Morrissey's amusing tale, and Norman Kelley turns in a triple-threat porno comedy of social criticism with "The Code." Pete Hamill makes a respectable contribution with "The Book Signing," a partially autobiographical tale of a wealthy and successful writer returning to the old neighborhood, only to find what he left behind catching up with him. While several fine examples of work by women writers, such as Blackman, Chris Niles, and Ellen Miller, are included in the collection, it's worth noting that most of them chose to write in a male voice; only C.J. Sullivan returns the favor with his grim story of a Latina woman sucked back into the barrio violence she thought she had triumphed over.

Big and diverse like the borough itself, *Brooklyn Noir* puts a new twist on crime-fiction clichés and contains the work of some striking originals. It's perfect subway reading that you may not be able to put down once you get home.

—Eva Neuberger

BOOG CITY's Perfect Albums Live presents**Elliott Smith's self-titled second album**

All proceeds go to the Elliott Smith Memorial Fund, which benefits abused children through art

**Sun., Aug. 8, 8:00 p.m., \$8
The Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery (and 1st Street)**

the album will be performed live by Aaron Seven • Neil J. Cavanagh • Cheese to Bread • Matthew Glasson • The Olga Gogolas • Matt Lydon

Directions: F to Second Avenue, 6 to Bleecker Call 212-842-BOOG(2664) for further information

A New Heroine in Town: Amy Hills Releases Debuts

BY JON BERGER

In two short years in New York City, Amy Hills has built a small empire. She plays all over town, runs two open mics in Manhattan alone (the Sidewalk Café's AntiHoot on Mondays and DTUT's Open Up! on Wednesdays), and has booked events at a variety of New York venues. Hills is also in charge of this summer's AntiFolk Festival and is managing Fortified Productions. She's even released three recordings.

The first two CDs were limited affairs. *Things to Say* was an EP of demos recorded in New Haven, Conn. Then there was a live coffee house show from last year, which existed primarily to make money to produce the newly released *Heroine*, her first long-player.

"I am really proud of the CD," says Hills unashamedly. Her love of the 10-song *Heroine* is unsurprising, as the album was released about a month ago. On her website, she floods praise onto her collaborators: "The artwork is just awesome. [Eric] Lippe took like 200 pictures and it was hard to choose which ones to use ... Brian Wurchum [of the Voyces] did all of the drawings."

Despite her effusive praise for those who worked with her, the only thing on the Amy Hills album is Amy Hills. All playing, all singing, all songwriting—all Amy Hills. The album is a precise document of her shows and songs. They could use some fleshing out. "Small Town Girl," which deals with aspects of the transition into urban life, cries out for full-band instrumentation, and "Six Weeks," a song about a break in a relationship, just wants a string arrangement. Perfectly played and excellently recorded, *Heroine* should sound bigger. "It's

Despite her effusive praise for those who worked with her, the only thing on the Amy Hills album is Amy Hills. All playing, all singing, all songwriting—all Amy Hills.

a good first try for me," says Hills. Hopefully, that means these songs will be revisited, re-recorded. As it stands, the album is a worthy document of the artist's time in New York. From the declaration "I'm not a girl, I'm a woman" ("What if you become more than anyone could ever hope for?") in "Baby" to a similar statement about romance in "Crazy" to the touching humanism of "Hold On" ("Where was I when you needed me most ... you were bleeding from your heart and I didn't know") to, to, well, all 10 songs are good.

Even in the wake of the record release, Hills remains busy. Coming up is the Summer AntiFolk Festival, which the Charleston native is organizing, and she just organized a series of concerts in honor of the late Aaron Wilkinson, a fellow songwriter and close friend of Hills'. Planning Aaron's tribute night at Sidewalk "has stirred up all of this stuff that I never dealt with," she says.

Wilkinson was found dead last year, the victim of an overdose. "The day we found out Aaron was dead I got on a plane and flew to South Carolina for a week, so all of the mourning and group therapy stuff that happened here in the City was over by the time I got back," she says.

She hopes the Wilkinson tributes, the AntiFolk Festival, and her album's unveiling will help with her healing process. "I think releasing the CD will help give me some closure," says Hills. "Three of the songs talk about him



Monte McIndoe photo

and his death and my feelings about all of it, so I think getting that out in the world will take it off of my shoulders."

In "Tuesday," she sings, "Promise me that the summer will be better than ever before." Better than ever the summer may become, but things aren't too bad right now for this emerging artist.

"Three years ago, if you had told me that I was going to move to New York and run open mics and release three CDs and fall in and out of love and have a website and cool fans and friends, I would have thought you were crazy," says Hills. "I never could have dreamt this life. It has its problems—and so do I—but I really like it most of the time."

For more information visit www.amyhills.com.

Straight Outta Kensington, It's Soce the Elemental Wizard

BY ERIC ROSENFELD

"It's the Jewish, Gay, White MC." So begins "Feels Good," an unlikely introduction to an unlikely hip-hop fest by the unlikely Soce the Elemental Wizard (it's pronounced SO-say). On the front cover of his album *I'm in My Own World*, Soce wears a sweater and collared

He's not the first rapper to pray to a Jewish God—the Beastie Boys beat him to that and being white, too—and he's probably not the first rapper to be gay, but to be so up front about both?

shirt, unbuttoned at the wrist, and contemplates the sky with his hand on his chin against a backdrop of mountains and rolling plains. The third track of the album begins, "I don't live in the ghetto. I live in meadowland. Got springs in my front yard." By the fourth track he's making references to Dungeons-and-Dragons style role-playing games.

In other words, this isn't your father's hip-hop. It's not even your older brother's hip-hop. Or your baby sister's. Or, probably, yours. I listened to

the album over again a few times, Soce rapping about lusting after guys who turn out to be heterosexual, about sunshine, and canyons, about representin' his hometown of Kensington, New Hampshire, and I have to think, this guy's either brilliant or completely out of his mind.

Because, make no mistake, this is a hip-hop album. In terms of rhymes, vocal rhythms, and drumbeats it's even a pretty good hip-hop album. You can tell it was recorded with

low-budget equipment: the drum patches and synth sounds aren't quite equal to what you'd find on a major label studio effort, but the sequencing is spot-on, catchy, and strong. And Soce really is a good rapper, someone completely—even refreshingly—in his

element within the genre. Which is to say that if you didn't pay attention to the lyrics you'd think this could be a well-made demo from an up-and-comer soon to be featured on *Def Jams* or *MTV Raps*.

It's once you start listening that you realize he's not only unlike mainstream hip-hop, but he willfully inverts the entire MC ethic: "I'm that rapper that you make fun of, right/ I'm that rapper you can take in a fight/ I'm that rapper that you hate cuz I'm white/ I'm that rapper, I'm

that rapper." And while overt sexuality is hardly unusual in hip-hop, Soce happily wields a non-aggrandizing honesty about sex that manages to somehow be both in-your-face and confessional, as in the lament of "H but H": "Sure, I'm comfortable around females and sea snails/ but they're only minor details/ I need males. Otherwise, I'll derail off the track/ I look at him, but he doesn't look back/ because he's hot, but he's heterosexual."

"Oy vey," Soce cries in the very same cut. He's not the first rapper to pray to a Jewish God—the Beastie Boys beat him to that and being white, too—and he's probably not the first rapper to be gay (I have my suspicions about Melle Mel from the Furious Five), but to be so up front about both? And Kensington? Kensington has to be a first.

The question is not then if Soce has talent. He does. The question is whether there's any kind of niche for a white, gay rapper from the



Courtesy Soce the Elemental Wizard

sticks who's bold enough to rap about being a white, gay rapper from the sticks. And that's a question I have no answer to. He seems to be doing alright, however, scoring gigs virtually every week throughout New York City.

For more information visit www.socetew.com and www.greathiphop.com.

ART

Inka Essenhigh

Highway + Hell (right)

2003

oil on paper

13.75" x 7.75"

Mad Cow (below)

2004

oil on paper

18" x 24"



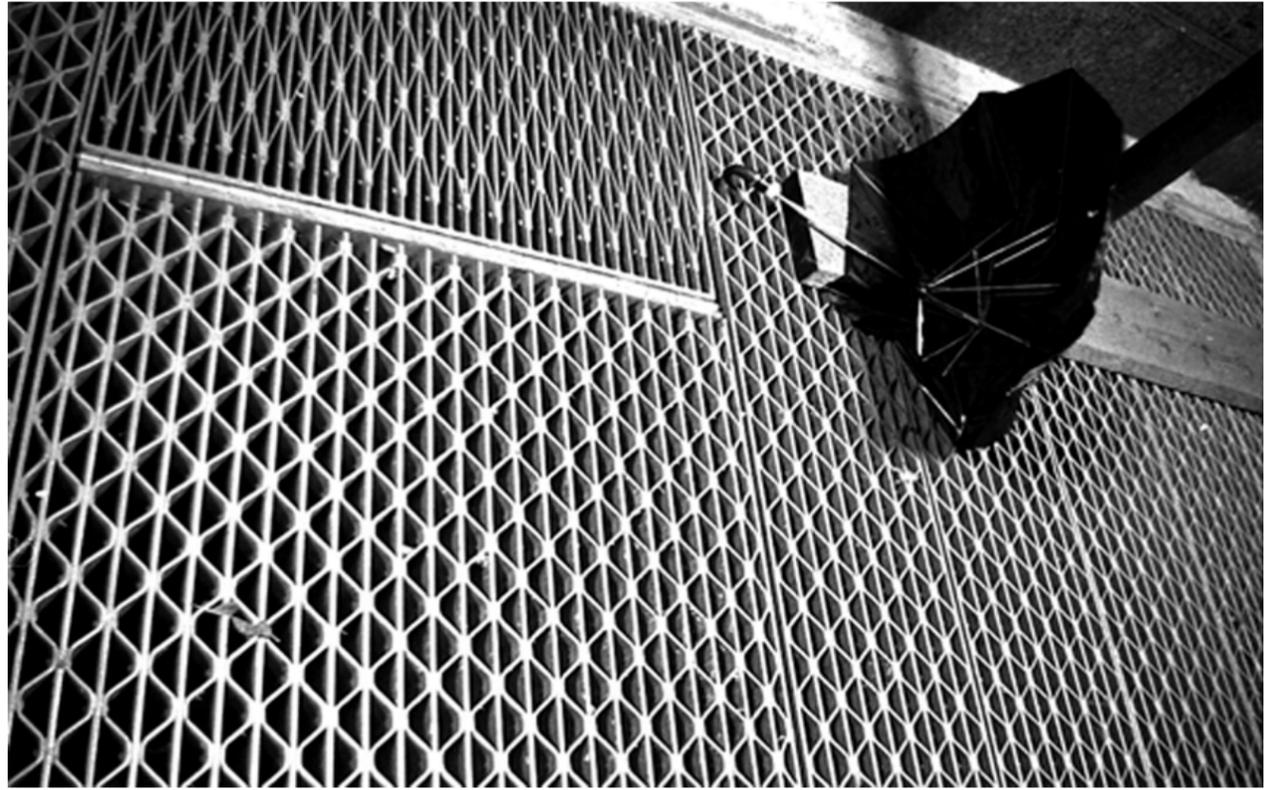
About the Artist

Inka Essenhigh is a painter working in New York City. Recent solo exhibitions include Sint-Lukas Galerie, Brussels, Belgium and Michael Steinberg Fine Arts, New York. She was born in 1970 in Belfonte, Pennsylvania. David Ebony refers to Inka's work as "meticulous abstractions featuring high-gloss surfaces and brilliantly colorful scenes of transmogrified mayhem." See *Artkrush* for an interview with Inka conducted by Bradley Rubenstein. Ross Bleckner features and article about Inka's art in an issue of *Bomb* magazine, available online.

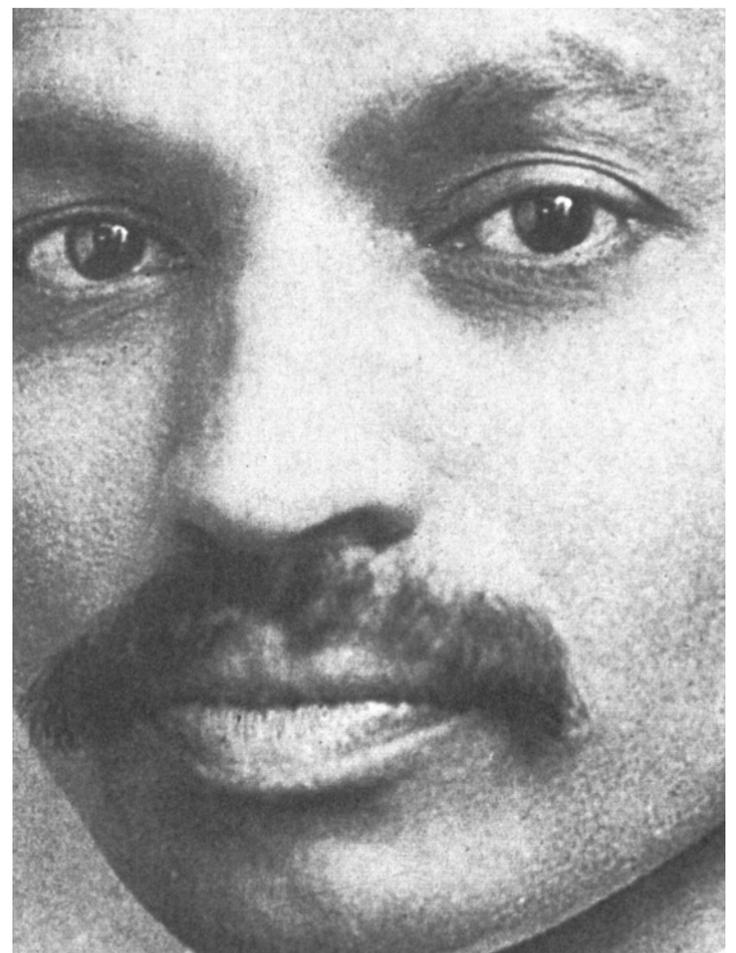
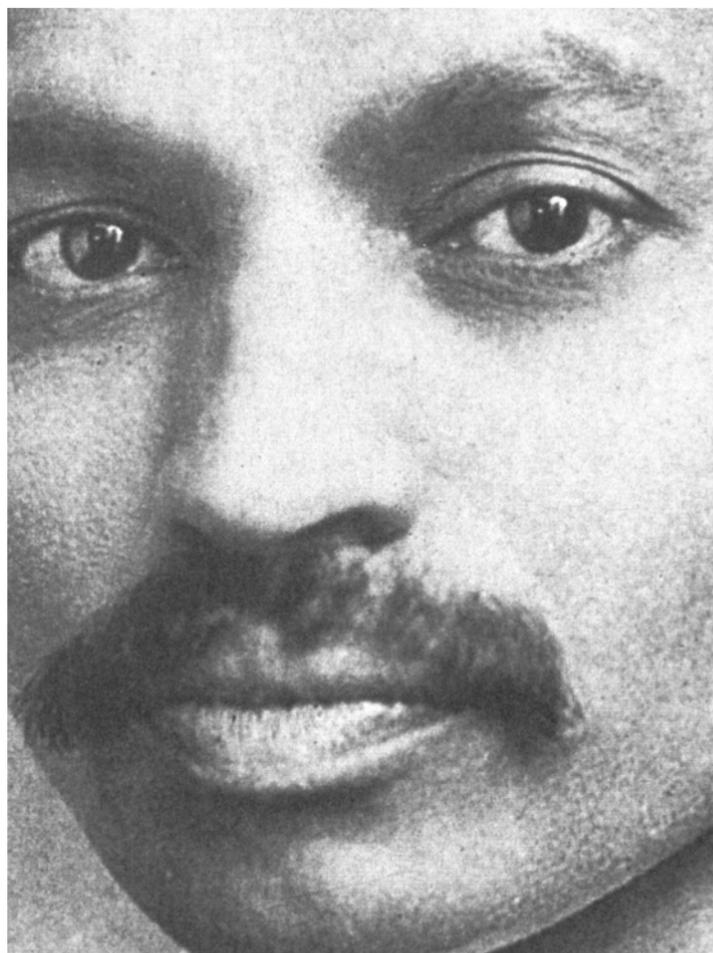
She is represented by 303 Gallery located at 525 W.22nd St., New York, NY 10011.

Umbrellas discarded
after their misuse.
Thrown, forgotten,
and further unneeded.
Left along these
streets after a
storm in which they
momentarily served
their reason.

Photos and text
by Nick Czarnecki



[www.axis
ofeve.org](http://www.axisofeve.org)



POETRY

Aaron Kunin Middletown, Conn. **Five Security Zones**

progress has become
a centipede (up
your back the backpack

advances on its
belly) until it
coats the spine (always

the same direction)
as a person you
can think it (what makes

you think I want to
touch it) through a cloud
subvocally the

sky's mouth said even
the sun gets lost in
this neighborhood

Five Security Zones

syllable is the
first-zone boundary
must be crossed (again

please stop using the
word elliptical)
line is the second

zone (this word is re-
configurable)
parenthesis is

the third zone paper
is the fourth zone with-
(a security

blanket to sleep with)
drawing into your
book is the fifth zone

Kevin Varrone Baltimore

from 'stenos for indian summer'

that it shld concern the tropical year the leadmonths the glass hour, the ipso facto
fah so la tea, the echo inter alia (lung capacity, turning radius) the ex post moth-to short
histories of myths & men & cities unable to bear the weight of things placed on their backs.

that the consumer should know: cape does not enable user to fly

given these assumptions abt clear & distinct ideas,
given that we are godintoxicated men;

given the oldfrench for epilepsy,
the algebra of bone setting;

given inherited gesture, an interdental voiced
fricative, the glottal qua qua qua.

given city & another receding
& another given, how the light shimmers

off a query, how the eyes saccade across a line of type.
given that we'd seen astounding things,

peatsalt & herringlightning, dog latin
& groundrent for our very own new millenium.

given the sentence, how it hems,
how its iambs bend their knees to forget

About the Poets
Allison Cobb (*cover*) is the author of *Born Two* (Chax Press, 2004) and an editor of *Pom*². **Aaron Kunin** is the author of *The Sore Throat* (Germ Folios) and *The Mauberly Series* (ubu editions at www.ubu.com). **Kevin Varrone's** *g-point almanac* (9.22-10.19) is available as an e-book at www.durationpress.com.

**Poets for PEACE
are reading at
Bowery Poetry Club
Wednesday Sept 1, 2004
5pm-7pm**

You are invited to read with us !

Keep this card as your reminder !

All poets welcome !

**For more information:
Email: nathanielsiegel@aol.com
Tel: 1 (212) 517-8943
www.poetsagainsthewar.org**

**To be included in an instant anthology
of the reading, email poem in advance.**

Thank you!

Please fill out attached reply card as your R.S.V.P.

From: _____

Your message here:

Postage here

To:
Nathaniel A. Siegel
446 East 66th Street Suite 3-H
New York City, NY 10021

Will read with
poets for PEACE

Yes!

**expose
bush**

wheelhouse.

And there was no way in.

And so Tom turned back to the Salivar's, that world-renowned dockside den of drinking, diner food, dock lore, cranking tunes, Baltic-state waitresses, and great chowder; crazed deckhands and demolished fluke sharpies; fishin', fightin', fuckin'; coffee grinds and 3:00 a.m. hash.

All of it was now locked down until Memorial Day. Tom made his way over to the dumpsters and then entered an

enclosed storage pen, felt his way through the dark back area and there, in the nether corner, Tom could barely make it out, was the walk-in freezer-box, boasting the poignant dimensions of a mausoleum.

Tom was out of the wind now, but the air was icy. Tom crawled in to the freezer-box and closed the door most of the way, his eyes adjusted to the dark then dis-adjusted in disgust. It was still too cold, and so Tom poked around the storage area and found some plastic sheeting, and wrapped it around himself and lay down with his head on his travel bag,

And Tom shivered out the last couple of hours of the technically homeless night.

Now Tom was throwing away bags filled with demolished T-shirts and fish-stink holey pants, and sorting through the rest. He got a pretty big kit together of two bags and left the shed and was getting out of Montauk that afternoon and heading upstate to his friends the Kannons. He arrived a day or two later and there was

... drinking, diner food, dock lore, cranking tunes, Baltic-state waitresses and great chowder.

hugging and fun talk and parents and serious discussion, and music and a joyous child running across the floor,

laughing for the world.

There were printouts and pizzas and computer games and herbs in the eggs and guitar-banjo jams for the relatives, and old Irish folk tunes, and Tom wasn't drinking at the time.

Tom felt like a big man again when he got on the Amtrak for his trip down to New Orleans. He had crisp pages of text and clean clothes and a little bit of money and the promise of a bed at Aunt Emvee's—the only condition was he had to go with her to Sunday's born-again mass.

And so it was a fine ride through the South,

and Tom made friends with his neighbors, played his guitar for some of them in the parlor car. He arrived in New Orleans in a jaunty frame of mind. Aunt Emvee brought him to her quaint and clean house on the city outskirts, and Tom unpacked his crisp shirts and slacks. They sat on the enclosed porch and he felt at home.

Tom and Aunt Emvee came to loggerheads not long after, and Tom came back to New York though he did not want to be back in New York this soon. But there he was.

Tator put Tom up again. Tator was Tom's best friend, and they were watching tv one night and having a little fun, and now it was bedtime but Tom had not had enough. Tom got the bottle of Cointreau and drank more than half of it after Tator and the dogs went to bed.

Tom woke up in the morning, and the day had arrived when he would at last go to an AA meeting.

Tom went to AA the rest of the spring in New York. His friend Kim put him up and it was a clear-eyed time for Tom. He had concerned benefactors and was trying to live up to his end of the deal and was succeeding in counting days. But he did not love the meetings or come to crave them. They were a stabilizing force for Tom, but he stopped going once he was back in Montauk.

It was winter again, and Tom was renting a

shabby seaside cottage. He was working for a lobsterman, and the winter was even harsher than the one that had preceded. The season was long and illuminating, but frustrating and frigid and filled with beer and hunger pangs near the end.

Tom was bunkered in the scruffy old dump, with the giant hole under the front window, and the broken screen door, the stove with only two working burners, the fat black mice scratching across the counter, the new bathroom sink that was never installed until it was too late, the permanently grungy shower stall. The winter of 2004 was sloshy and icy and brutal, but Tom had a gas heater that simply would not stay lit when it was windy. The pilot would blow out 50, 60 times a night and was thus useless. The giant hole under the window, above which the gas-heat unit was installed, apparently whipped the wind right up under the housing. His pipes froze, he was always a little cold or a little wet; he stayed in bed and raged against the landlady. Then Tom ran out of money and couldn't fill the gas tank anymore, anyway.

Eventually there was a bit of spring in the air and this is when Tom decided to leave Montauk again. He left the tobacco road seaside family-owned horror cottage and moved back to New York. Penn Station is nearby, but Tom is keeping his distance.

d.a levy lives:

each month celebrating the renegade press

this month **BOOG CITY**, on its 13th anniversary, presents the editors of 13 NYC small presses—A Rest Press, Belladonna Books, Fence, Futurepoem, Hanging Loose Press, *The Hat*, Lungfull, Open 24 Hours, Pompom, Portable Press at YoYo Labs, Sona Books, Tender Buttons, and Ugly Duckling/Loudmouth Collective—discussing the origins and futures of their presses.

Thursday August 5, 6:00 p.m. sharp

ACA Galleries 529 W.20th St., 5th Fl.
(bet. 10th and 11th avenues)

hosted by **BOOG CITY** editor David Kirschenbaum
For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) • editor@boogcity.com

BOOG CITY's Perfect Albums Live presents

The Velvet Underground
Live at Max's Kansas City

at the Howl Festival
as part of
Rhino Records' rerelease party

Thurs., Aug. 19, 7:00 p.m., \$10
CBGB's

315 Bowery (bet. 1st and 2nd streets)

the album will be performed live by Aaron Seven • The Babyskins • The Domestics •
The Olga Gogolas • Toby Goodshank • Rebecca Moore • Schwervon • This Invitation • Michael Turlo

Directions: F to Second Avenue, 6 to Bleecker Call 212-842-BOOG(2664) for further information

NEW YORK CITY POETRY CALENDAR AUGUST 2004

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

SPONSORED BY

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB WWW.BOWERYPOETRY.COM

WITH DATA PROVIDED BY JACKIE SHEELER WWW.POETZ.COM

WEEKLY EVENTS

Sunday 12pm Claire Daly Band, BPC, \$5 3pm Our Unorganized Reading open mike, ABC NO RIO \$2 * Two featured poets + open mike, Back Fence \$3 cover + \$3 min 4pm Jazz poetry open mike poetry & jazz, Sista's Place, BK, free, purchase suggested 6pm Three Featured Poets, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (drink inc.) 6pm Phoenix Reading Series, featured poets, lecture, open mike, Flannery's Bar, \$5 + purchase

Monday 7pm louderMondays, open mike + feature, sometimes a slam, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID, 2-for-1 drinks all night 7:30pm Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 * Poetry, acoustic music, open mic, The Village Ma, free 10pm Open mike hosted by the O'Debra twins, BPC, \$3

Tuesday 5:30pm Open Book: Reading Circle on Edna St. Vincent Millay sonnet sequence, BPC, free 8pm Featured poet + open mike, The Muddy Cup, SI 9pm Open mike, M Lounge, free * Untie the Tongue Featured poet & open mike, Grand Central Bar, free

Wednesday 7pm 5C Cafe Open reading, 5C Café, free * Word In Open-mic for poets, singers, storytellers, etc. 5C Culture Center, \$5 * Word is Bond Featured poet(s) + open mike, Welfare Poets, Art for Change, free 8 pm Open Reading, Java and Wood, free (purchase requested) 8pm Rev Jen's Anti-Slam Open mike for all artists, Collective Unconscious, \$3 8:30pm, What's the Word Wednesdays, Open reading for poets, singers, musicians, comedians, Sugar Shack, \$5 9pm Nuyorican Slam Open, The Nuyorican Poets Café, \$5

Thursday 7pm, Open mike, Brown Chocolate Café, \$7 * Urbana Slam Urbana Slam, BPC, \$5 9pm Jake's Def Poetry Open mike hosted by "La Bruja" from Def Poetry Jam, Jake's Saloon, free

Friday 6:30pm The Taylor Mead Show, BPC, \$5 7:30pm Poetry Night: An open reading for both poetry and prose, Ozzie's Coffee & Tea, BK, free 10pm Jollyship The Whiz-Bang: Sleepless Fishes, BPC, \$10 * Nuyorican Poets Cafe Spotlight poet + slam, midnight open mike, Nuyorican Poets Café, \$5 (each show) 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover, BPC, \$5 till 4am

Saturday 11am Poets House for Children (ages 4-10), Poets House, free 12pm Salient Saturday feature + open mike, BPC, \$4 * Juncture Workshop w/ Lara Stapleton, BPC 3pm Three Featured Poets, The Ear Inn, free 4pm Open mike w/ OrdiNaRy JoE, BPC, \$7/5 6pm Ziryab: Arab-American Writers, two featured poets with Tarik Benbrahim on oud + an open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover (inc. drink) 8pm The O'Debra Twins: "The Whole World Thinks We're Famous!!!", BPC, \$10

DAILY EVENTS

Sun. 1 1pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, BK \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 3pm Skidrow Penthouse Benefit, BPC, \$10 8pm "Gospel Music" Showcase, BPC

Mon. 2 7pm Shaba Sher, BPC, \$8 * Saturn

Series, Madeline Arntberg + open mike, Cellar, \$3 8pm Speed Levitch's Speedarama, BPC, \$6 * Women Center Stage Urban Word: An all girls' slam, featured performance by Urban Word female teen poets + an open slam for 13-19 year olds, The Culture Project at 45 Below 45 Bleecker Street \$10

Tues. 3 6pm Songwriters workshop + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover (inc. drink) 7pm Shaba Sher, BPC, \$8 * Phat Tuesday: spoken word meets music feature + open mike with music sets by house band Songhai Djeli, The Skylight Gallery, BK 8pm Women Center Stage: Jen Bervin, Jackie Sheeler, Vanessa Filey, Sandy Jimenez, Ishle Park, Uchechi Kalu + Katrina Rodabaugh, The Culture Project at 45 Below 10pm Open Ear: Charlie Burnham Sextet + Rob Reddy's Honor System, BPC, \$8 * Women Center Stage Mahina Movement, The Culture Project at 45 Below \$10

Wed. 4 7pm First Wednesdays Featured reader + open mike, Blue Ox Bar, BX, free 8pm Jim Strahs' New Play, directed by Yung Jean, BPC * Women Center Stage, Jen Bervin, Jackie Sheeler, Vanessa Filey, Sandy Jimenez, Ishle Park, Uchechi Kalu + Katrina Rodabaugh The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 10pm Ameilia Terry, BPC, \$10

Thurs. 5 6pm Boog City 13th anniversary party, with talks by 13 NYC-based small press editors (see ad p.7). ACA Galleries, free * 7:30pm BX'PRESSION \$100 Poetry Slam, Club Sekrets, BX, \$7/\$5 with printout of this ad 8pm Open mike, Kay's Kafe, BX, \$5 * Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project, \$10 10pm Tudley's Reef (Whizbang Variety Show), BPC, \$5

Fri. 6 6pm Pink Pony West: Bill Coffel + open mike, hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/5 7:30 Writing Aloud featured poets TBA + open reading, The Prince George Tea Room, \$6 (\$3 NYWC members) 8pm Tonto Goldstein, BPC, \$7/5 * First Fridays featured poet(s) + open mike, Raga, free * Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project, \$10

Sat. 7 2pm Allen Planz, Dan Moran, Graham, BPC 3pm The Riverside Poets Matt Landers/Carla Chapelle + open mike, NY Public Library Riverside Branch, free 8pm Women Center Stage Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project, \$10 9pm Open mike + open slam: slam winner gets \$100, Café Imani, BK, \$5 10pm Space Samurai Presents, BPC

Sun. 8 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series (featured poets tba), The Four-Faced Liar, free 4pm Live from the Bowery w/ Bob Holman Featured Guest: Sparrow, BPC, free * Kairos Cafe Open reading, Washington Square United Methodist Church, \$3 6pm Spiral Thought Featured poet(s) TBA + open mike, The Fall Café, BK, free 8pm Boog City Elliott Smith Tribute (see ad p.2), BPC

Mon. 9 5:45pm Poetry Game Show, BPC, free 7pm Saturn Series: Patricia Carragon + open mike, Cellar, \$3 8pm Speed Levitch's Speedarama, BPC, \$6 9pm Chaos Club Open mike, Chaos Club, QNS, free

Tues. 10 7pm SongSlam, BPC, \$5 * Acentos Featured poet + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 8pm Women Center Stage: Female playwrights, including Deb Margolin, Julia Jordan, Staceyann

Chin, and Ellen McLaughlin perform "playlets" directed by Mallory Catlett, The Culture Project, 45 Below, \$10 10pm Open Ear: Tim Byrne w/ Matt Maneri, Tom Rainey, BPC, \$12

Wed. 11 7pm SHACKLETON EXTRAVAGANZA: Songs, scenes, poems + fashion show from the new musical about the legendary explorer, BPC, \$20 6pm Intercultural Poetry Series: Russian-American poets, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7pm Brooklyn Poets Circle Featured poet + open mike, First Unitarian Church, BK, \$3 (inc. refreshments) 8pm Women Center Stage: Female playwrights, including Deb Margolin, Julia Jordan, Staceyann Chin, and Ellen McLaughlin perform "playlets" directed by Mallory Catlett, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10

Thurs. 12 6:30pm Ali McSheehy: Poems + Music, BPC, \$5 7:15pm Urbana CD Release, BPC, \$6 8pm Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 10pm Recommended If You Like Showcase w/ Chris Glover et al, BPC, \$6

Fri. 13 6pm Pink Pony West Featured poet + open mike, hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/5 8pm Hungry March Band \$6 * Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10

Sat. 14 2pm, Tiferet Journal, BPC, free * Nomad's Choir Open reading: 18 Poets, 1 Musician, 1 Feature & Disco Dancing, 149-155 Christopher St., \$3 6pm Italian-American Writers: Featured poet(s) and 5-minute open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 8pm Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 10pm HipHopPoetry.com's 2nd Annual Bash: Open Mike/Featured performers, BPC, \$8

Sun. 15 1pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 4pm Live from the Bowery, BPC 5pm Caroline Crumpacker's World of Poetry, BPC, \$5 9pm May The Music Caress And Jah Bless Spiritchild Mental Notes: Films, bands, and open mike, BPC, \$7

Mon. 16 8pm Speed Levitch's Speedarama, BPC, \$6

Tues. 17 6pm The Writer's Room Poetry + prose from the Writer's Room, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 8pm Monologue Slam, BPC, \$6 * Women Center Stage: Female playwrights, including Deb Margolin, Julia Jordan, Staceyann Chin, and Ellen McLaughlin perform "playlets" directed by Mallory Catlett, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 10pm Open Ear: East Records Showcase, BPC, \$8

Wed. 18 12pm First HOWL Festival Event: Alan Moore: Story Café, BPC, 1 drink 7pm Ed Sanders 65th Birthday Party 8pm Women Center Stage: Female playwrights, including Deb Margolin, Julia Jordan, Staceyann Chin, and Ellen McLaughlin perform "playlets" directed by Mallory Catlett, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 10pm Little Miss Bigmouth: Sara Valentine, BPC, \$7 11:59pm Jennifer Blowdryer & Moonshine: "Good Advice Spooky Trailer" BPC

Thurs. 19 12pm HOWL Festival Event: Alan Moore: Story Café, BPC, 1 drink 6pm PoJazz Poetry

& jazz, The Cornelia Street Café, \$15 (\$13 students) inc. drink 8pm DEAD MEAT, BPC 10pm Say Word!?: "Third Party Third Thursdays", BPC, \$5

Fri. 20 12pm HOWL Festival Event: Alan Moore: Story Café, BPC, 1 drink 6pm Pink Pony West: Pete Dolack + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/5 8pm Live from the Bowery: Brand New Live Radio Show w/ Bob Holman, BPC, \$5 10pm, DEAD MEAT, BPC 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover, BPC

Sat. 21 12pm The Open Open! All welcome! BPC, \$4 6pm Greek American Writers Features + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover (inc. drink), 7pm DEAD MEAT, BPC, \$10 7:30pm (re)collection Featured readers + open mike, The Asian American Writers' Workshop, \$5 8pm Women Center Stage, Staceyann Chin: Border Clash, The Culture Project at 45 Below, \$10 9pm DEAD MEAT, BPC, \$10 11:59pm Bintou's Global Hip Hop Party, BPC

Sun. 22 2:30pm, Frequency Reading Series, featured poets tba, The Four-Faced Liar, free 6pm Transfixor GLBT poetry series, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 2pm From Cairo to Kerouac: Classics of jazz, world music and Spoken Word w/ David Amram, Janet Hamill and Moving Star, BPC * John Kruth: "Songs from the Windy Attic" CD Release Party, BPC

Mon. 23 6pm The O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell" open mike, BPC \$3 7:30pm Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 9pm Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement, BPC, \$12

Tues. 24 6pm Graduate Poetry Series: Several poets from local MFA programs feature, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 6:30pm Songslam, BPC, \$5 7pm Acentos Featured poet + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this flyer) 9pm Open Ear: Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement, BPC, \$12

Wed. 25 7pm Green Pavilion Featured poets + open mike, Green Pavilion, BK, \$5 min + \$3 donation 7:30pm ShabAhang w/ Amir Vahab, Persian Music, BPC, \$12 10pm JOTTO, BPC, \$7

Thurs. 26 6pm Poetry from the African Diaspora w/ Cynthia Roby, BPC, FREE 6:30pm, Brooklyn Poetry Outreach, signup at 6pm, featured Brooklyn poet + open, Barnes & Noble, Park Slope, BK, free 8pm AVON Walk for Breast Cancer Benefit: The Breast Pride Movement w/ Monica Bauer, BPC, \$10

Fri. 27 6pm Pink Pony West Featured poet + open mike, hosted by Jackie Sheeler, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/5 8pm Daniel Bernard Roumain 11:59pm Paradigm Spillover, BPC, \$5

Sat. 28 6pm Poetically Incorrect Caribbean-American writers + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. drink) 7:30pm \$100 Slam, BPC, \$10 10pm BeatBox, BPC 11:59pm Bintou's World Beat Hip Hop, BPC

Sun. 29 12pm MoveOn Benefit Reading, BPC, \$10 suggested 8pm Mental Notez, BPC

Mon. 30 7pm Elegiac Feelings American, BPC

Tues. 31 7pm Women's Poetry Jam: Two featured poets & an open mike (for women only), Bluestockings Women's Bookstore and Café, \$5 * Akashic Books : Guerrilla Artists Robbie Conal + Shepard Fairey + TBA, BPC, \$3 10pm Open Ear: All Night Special! The Friendly Bears + Bang on a Canners, BPC, \$8

ABC No Rio 156 Rivington Street 212.674.3585 • ACA Galleries 529 W. 20th St., 5th Flr. (bet. 10th & 11th aves.) 212 842 2664 • Art for Change 1701 Lexington Avenue (@ East 106th/107th) 212.348.7044 | eliana@artforchange.org • The Asian American Writers' Workshop 16 West 32nd Street, 10A (@ 5th/Broadway) www.aaww.org • Back Fence 155 Bleecker Street @ Thompson • Bar 13 35 East 13th, 2nd floor, @ Broadway/University Place www.louderARTS.com • 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 • 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 Public Library Auditorium, Central Library, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn L.Sonder@BrooklynPublicLibrary.org • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street \$7 | www.oralfixations.g3z.com • Cafe Imani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue (@ Greene Ave. in Brooklyn) www.cafeimani.com | 718.574.6565 • Cellar 325 East 14th Street @ 1st/2nd Aves supolo@rcn.com | 212.477.7747 • Chaos Club 90-21 Springfield Boulevard (Queens Village) 718.479.2594 | davault@aol.com www.thevault.org • Club Sekrets 3855 Bronxwood Avenue, The Bronx \$7/\$5 with printout of this flyer | 718.547.3333 bronxslam@dslack.com | www.dslack.com/bronx • 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 Culture Project at 45 Below (downstairs space) 45 Bleecker Street | 212-253-7017 | www.womencenterstage.com • 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 T1Onebula@aol.com • Flannery's Bar 205 West 14th Street | 718.621.1240 | mikegraves50@hotmail.com The Four-Faced Liar 165 West 4th Street 212.366.0608 | shaferhall@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 • Jake's Saloon 103rd and Lexington | solgirvision@yahoo.com • Java and Wood 110 Manhattan Avenue (Greenpoint, Brooklyn) 718-609-1820 Kay's Kafe 1345-4B Southern Blvd - The Bronx Between Jennings St. & Louis Nine Blvd. 718-378-3434 ebonywashington@earthlink.net www.PoetLITICAL.com • Issue Project Room 619 East 6th Street @ Avenues B/C * 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 | daysafield@aol.com • NY Public Library Riverside Branch 127 Amsterdam Avenue @ West 65th 212.870.1810 • Nomad's Choir 149-155 Christopher St. • 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 • Ozzie's Coffee & Tea 251 5th Avenue, Brooklyn (@ Garfield) 718.840.0878 | the7thcoming@aol.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 • Raga, downstairs lounge 433 East 6th Street @ First Ave/Ave A | 212.388.0957 BaroneJenn@aol.com www.brokeland.org | www.raganyc.com • 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 • The Skylight Gallery 1368 Fulton Street, 3rd Floor, Brooklyn (bet. Brooklyn & New York Avenues) 718-636-6949 • Sugar Shack 2611 Fredrick Douglas Blvd @ West 139st | 212.491.4422 | Brownziesprod@aol.com Brotherearl@wordstockinc.com • A Taste of Art 147 Duane Street (@ Church/West Broadway) 212.964.5493 www.atateofart.com • Tribes 285 East 3rd Street @ Avenues C/D 212.674.3778 www.tribes.org • The Village Ma 107 Macdougall Street www.brodian.com