

BOOG CITY

A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER FROM A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS BASED IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE ISSUE 19 SEPTEMBER 2004 FREE

ART Judy Simonian
BOOKS Susan Landers, Monica Youn
MUSIC Hamell on Trial
POETRY Heather Fuller, Kim Rosenfield

There GOPs the Neighborhood Two Nights Inside the Belly of the Republican Beast

BY TOM GOGOLA
I. It's My Birthday and I'll Lie if I Need To

It was my 37th birthday and I wanted to celebrate, but the only party around was up the block from my apartment, at Madison Square Garden. I prepared for it by morphing into GOP mode—slicked back my hair, threw on a black suit, put on an American flag tie, shined my shoes, shot my cuffs.

I smoked a big fat birthday joint. I was going to the RNC! Hoo-boy!

But before the Garden party, the security phalanx—the Republicans couldn't have done a better job of evoking 9/11 if they tried, and boy did they try. The so-called secure frozen zone looked and felt exactly the way the area around Ground Zero did in the weeks following 9/11. This was especially evident late at night, when the surrounding streets were more or less empty except for cops and barricades. Speaker after speaker brought up 9/11 as a reason to re-appoint George Bush, but you only needed to stand at the corner of 7th and 32nd at 3:00 a.m. to get all the 9/11 mojo you could handle.

And now it was "compassion night." The first lady and the Bush twins would be speaking, along with Ahhhhhnold, and I had my limited-

access media pass to it all.

I left the apartment, buzzing along, and showed my ID a half-dozen or so times to various friendly officers of the law. I emptied my pockets, accepted compliments for my tie, and was finally turned loose inside the Garden party.

It was Tuesday night, August 31, 2004, and like I said, the theme for the night was

"compassion." I did my part. "Limited access" meant I couldn't get onto the floor itself, but I was able to watch whatever speeches I wanted from the wings.

I went up to Level Five on the escalators, and I was told I couldn't go into that floor's "Media Expo" area by a serious, but friendly,

Fed, and wandered around Level Six listening to Secretary of Education Rod Paige sham his way through a vigorous defense of No Child Left Behind. I circled the Garden bowl

once, and on my second pass, noticed a bulky ensemble of GOPeople headed my way. There was a little commotion, as Bob Dole was in the center of the group.

"We love you, Senator Dole!" I shouted. He gave me a little wave and whisked on by.

These Republicans are a bunch of bustlers, I'll tell you that. They also showed themselves to be shrewd, hard-hitting, hierarchical, bold, loose, angry, violent, loving, kind, hateful, loud, focused, fashion-conscious, fashion-challenged. They're busybodies on a mission,

accomplished or not (Not!). They cheat, manipulate, engage in gotcha politics to an astounding, and astoundingly effective degree. They also seem to be larger, on average, than Democrats. They are big people, many of them. Every so often I'd be walking along, zonked on the ace weed I'd smoked, enjoying the colorful scenery, and vrooooooom, here'd come a whole pack of them, a squad, looking straight ahead, clacking heels, swishing slacks. Goddammit they were an impressive array. There were beautiful young women in sensible pink dresses, blue dresses, red dresses; there were marauding pot-bellied Midwesterners galore, jaws so square you might cut ice on them; a half-bazillion Stetsons bobbing around. (Manhattan hasn't seen this many cowboy hats since John Travolta rode the bull in *Urban Cowboy* almost 25 years ago.)

I went downstairs and over the \$1-million, temporary bridge at 8th avenue and spent a roundabout hour exploring the backwoods of the huge media center across the street from the Garden, in the Farley Post Office. A couple of things stood out to me down there. First of all, the UPI booth was so small its reporter had to sit outside of it in order to file his stories to the 2.4 media outlets that still use the dispatches
Please see GOGOLA page 5



East Village Beat: The Legend of Greg Palast

BY PAULETTE POWELL

It was a gray Edward Gorey day back in 1998, when I took a ride with my partner to a beach home on Long Island. The plan was I would accompany him on an interview for his British broadsheet and we would salvage the rest of the

the core of Greg Palast—Michael Moore wannabe or true avenger, pulling the curtain back to reveal corporate corruption! Apparently an English rag was on a smear campaign to discredit Palast for exposing a little embarrassing British moment known as Lobbygate in *The Observer*.

The Brits not only gave us our Queen's English but they have taught us tabloid! When our media magnates don't like something, either ignore or smear. And never forget our new golden rule, money can buy everything—a presidency and even a country—and the papers go to press regardless, and it really doesn't matter so long as we can buy our cheap gasoline. Greg, we discovered, was someone who couldn't be bought or gagged, and we found ourselves hanging out with him for the entire afternoon.

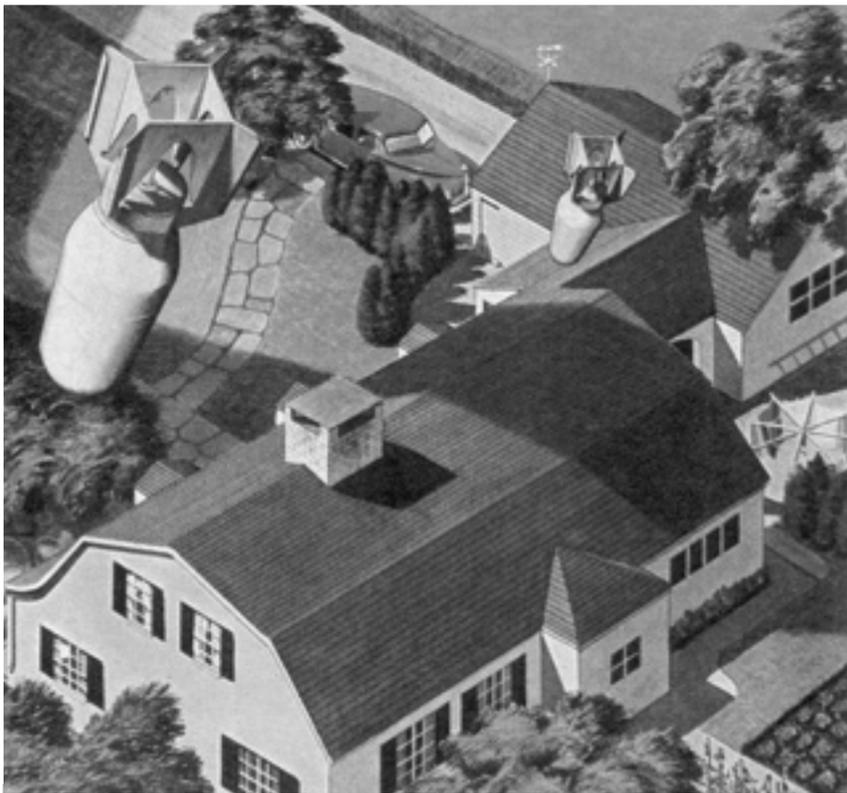
Since that fateful day, I have been a Palast fan, ignoring Drudge and canvassing Greg's website. So my East Village Beat took me to Greg's East Village office to see what he's been up to during these recent turbulent times.

Greg has been busy. "An American writer in exile," blackballed by American media, he is in good company with other outcasts, including Bob Perry (AP) and Seymour Hersh (*The New York Times*). He weathered the storm of Lobbygate and not long ago took a trip down South (and it is the South, a former Jim Crow segregated state) to Florida to investigate the 2000 presidential election. There he exposed that 94,000 votes were simply thrown away, labeled felons, 95% were innocent and 54% were African-American.

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission asked and Palast testified before a special commission hearing this past July 15 to discuss his continuing investigative reports for BBC Television on Florida and other states' cleansing of Black voters from voter rolls. Providing evidence for a fix and featured in Michael Moore's film *Fahrenheit 9/11*, Palast has also authored, *The*

Best Democracy Money Can Buy, The Truth About Corporate Cons, Globalization and High-Finance Fraudsters, a *New York Times* best-seller with the Moore stamp of approval on the cover ("Courageous reporting"). He even quotes former Florida Secretary of State, Katherine Harris—"Twisted."

But beyond the investigative reporting, Greg is a poet—another type of truth-seeker—who studied with Allen Ginsberg, and at age 15 was enchanted by another legend, Charles Bukowski, who Greg knew as a drunk postman. "Charles once told me a story. He woke up in the middle of fucking an ugly groupie. They were having a wonderful time, but he couldn't understand why she had such a sour look on her face. Then he realized he was fucking his own beer belly! It took me years to understand what he was telling me and I'll never forget it and that is your exclusive, Paulette!" Check out Greg's work at www.gregpalast.com



Palast took a trip down to Florida to investigate the 2000 presidential election. There he exposed that 94,000 votes were simply thrown away, labeled felons, 95% were innocent and 54% were African-American.

Winston Smith art

afternoon getting stoned and making love on the sand.

As we rode to our destination, my partner pondered what he would find in this political piss— a kook, a genius, or both. He explained to me that his paper wanted him to capture

discuss his continuing investigative reports for BBC Television on Florida and other states' cleansing of Black voters from voter rolls. Providing evidence for a fix and featured in Michael Moore's film *Fahrenheit 9/11*, Palast has also authored, *The*

Ethan Fugate
Red Hook, Brooklyn
Tell Me About It

Not Zima, Zeno! That's my landlord.
He's being Eastern European. My landlord.

And you, Secret Idea, are full
of conflicting equivalences.
We're not so far from the pier

we can't turn this boat around. We need to maintain
an appearance of being busy. The payoff

is that I threw that big book away a long time
ago. The politics next door is so much more of an attitude,
you know, an imaginary abstention.

Taking note of the stamina needed for genies,
you realize how serious it is to be anyone.

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

Brenda Iijima

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

Jon Berger

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

Joanna Sondheim

columnists-at-largeGreg Fuchs
Tom Gogola**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) 842-2429

Letters to the Editor:

editor@boogcity.com

**Bowery Poetry Club
2nd Anniversary
Wed. Sept. 15, 8:00 p.m.**

featuring
Eric Bogosian
Maggie Estep
John S. Hall
Sapphire

Benefit for
The Bowery Mission
Tix: \$100, \$50, \$25 and
(special poets price) \$5
PLUS Celena Glenn spins
late nite DJ yo!

308 Bowery (and 1st Street)Directions: F to Second Avenue,
6 to Bleecker. 212-614-0505 for info**PRINTED MATTER****Sexy Prescription****248mgs., a panic picnic**Susan Landers
O Books

Susan Landers's new work *248mgs., a panic picnic*, is a tasty treat. The book is separated into 10 sections, but it can easily be read as one poem. There is a focus on sound and the movement of words, the way they slide, click, and lock on the tongue.

Landers is a Coney Island carney who sells her wares by repeating the same thing and each time you hear something different. There is a feeling of anxiety in each word grouping as if they are asking if you hear it; there are more words, if you only looked. To say this reminds me

There is a sensuality to the work that brings a naughty smile to my lips. She uses dainty language to sooth, but it is only a trick! Pay attention, she sneaks in dirty little thoughts to tantalize and delight the reader.

of Gertrude Stein would be too obvious.

The playful language teases us with a defined American voice and gives the reader a wider sense of Landers's range. There is a sensuality to the work that brings a naughty smile to my lips. She uses dainty language to sooth, but it is only a trick! Pay attention, she sneaks in dirty little thoughts to tantalize and delight the reader. With

her short lines, some as small as three words, she tells little stories about drug use, body image, and the career ladder. Her generosity allows for more elbowroom for the poet and the reader. It gives you a little snapshot of these many worlds one might wish to be a part of.

I like Landers's choppy style and it's fast city feel, short, to the point with a lean toward a refreshing seriousness. —Valerie Deus

Delicate Fragments**Barter**Monica Youn
Graywolf Press

Matter, that thing most solid and well known, which you are holding in your hands and which makes up your body, is now known to be mostly empty space; empty space and points of light. What does this say about the reality of the world? It says a great deal about the reality of Monica Youn's creative world and offers an elegant approach to her beautiful first collection of poetry, *Barter*.

Youn's images appear in stark, intricate, often delicate fragments and work toward a latticework of constellations in the nighttime sky of her mind. Mysterious and labyrinthine, we are not so much invited to participate as we are to observe, and that from a painful distance. But do not be put off. Passion of a calculated and calculating kind is everywhere here. Emotions are revealed in tightly self-contained explosions:

she pressed two
fingers behind my ear

until the framed jigsaw
of the black Scottie went

to pieces and I fell

Youn can be deliciously sadistic. "Decor" reminded me not so much of the notorious murderer Ed Guin, whose cannibalistic tendencies led him to decorate his house with the skin and bones of countless victims, but of an old girlfriend who meticulously and obsessively used to cut up photographs of all her ex-boyfriends and glue them piecemeal and patchwork onto sheets of paper, doll-like, thus exorcising her angst and pain through a sordid mix of voodoo Wicca and

perverse idolatry:

The bend of your cocked wrist
in the join of a rafter to the wall;
an eyebrow floated in a cut-glass bowl;

and instead of an antimacassar
draping my overstuffed chair
a crochet netting of your veins.

It seems no accident then that "Untropical" reminds me of this same woman at her most witty and playful. Here is the delightfully compact

'Polaroid' unfolds like a digitized enlargement of a David Lynch film. An anonymous and sexually explicit snapshot left on a windshield is dissected down to and through its recognizable interior until we can no longer discriminate between what is there and what is only hinted at.

essence of haiku imagery only slightly wordier. Like the great Czech poet Miroslav Holub or Jeanette Winterson, Youn constructs her poems into short, untethered epiphanies with a surgical efficiency that is frightening and not so easily grasped. You aren't aware that a scalpel is moving here until you've been cut.

"Polaroid" unfolds like a digitized enlargement of a David Lynch film. A mood of discomfort resonates throughout its four parts, as an anonymous and sexually explicit snapshot left on a windshield is dissected down to and through its recognizable interior until we can no longer discriminate between what is there and what is only hinted at. And all of this is done in neat, discreet, two-line stanzas, which mirror the rhythms and digital mechanics of quantum physics. Likewise, "Derivation, or The Unexamined Life" embodies (literally) an uncomfortable sense of violence, of violation, and then turns on the reader and demands, "why won't you look at yourself?"

This is certainly one of the best books of poetry I have read in many years. Thoughtful and provocative, Youn displays a deft and tremendous talent and a sharp, visceral precision to her craft. —David Vogen

JUANBURGUESA
Sat., Sept. 18, 9:00 p.m.

Sidewalk Cafe
94 Avenue A
(& 6th street)

www.jonberger.com

Hardcore Troubadour Hamell on Trial's New Albums

BY JONATHAN BERGER

Ed Hamell, the solo acoustic singer/songwriter who performs as Hamell on Trial, doesn't play New York too often these days. He used to come through the city about once a month, though, really, he was playing pretty much everywhere. Once upon a time, Hamell was constantly driving, playing gigs wherever he could, whenever he could. It was a good life. He talks about his former tenure as a dedicated road warrior in his song "American Truckstops":

"...Those that are skeptical of these guardian angel thoughts might like to know that after the car was donated to charity, still running well after 300,000 miles and the car of my dreams was purchased, that new car threw me like a bucking bronco, rolled a couple of times, caved its head in, obviously committing suicide rather than endure the abuse these rock and roll wars—and I—could shell out."

The intensity of touring dropped in 2000, in Hershey, Pa., after that near fatal car-crash. He sings of the after-effects of his crack-up in "Downs"

"Almost died in a car accident, they cut me from the wreck / Flew me to the hospital with a brace around my neck / Said I could relearn to walk, my wife sat there and cried / I thanked God for what I had and what they had prescribed."

He still plays out, of course. It's practically a biological imperative. "I love to play so much," says Hamell, "that I gotta keep making dough so that I can continue to do it."

Hamell's still out there, but not quite as much. He doesn't barnstorm the country the way he used to. He's much more judicious in touring, not driving the insane amounts of yesteryear.

In the absence of Hamell on Trial's ubiquitous performances, we all have to make do with his recorded output, for which 2003 was a banner year. Two very different albums were released on very different labels. "Downs," the song quoted above, is from *Tough Love* (Righteous Babe Records), while "American Truckstops" is on *Yap* (Hamell's own Such-A-Punch).

Hamell's records are a mixed bag, violently different from his live show. On-stage, alone, night after night, armed with only his '37 Gibson and more sweat than you'd think a human body could possibly hold, Hamell on Trial is a tidal wave, a torrent, a terror; he's a force of nature. On album, he's pretty good.

Some of Hamell's strengths are clear enough on record. The studio can capture his wit and righteous fury, and some of the hooks, so a good deal of his vision comes across. Often,

though, the arrangements diverge greatly from what he'd present live.

Are they improvements? Sometimes. "When Destiny Calls," one of Hamell's frequent takes on hard-boiled noir story telling, is simple and slow, using vocal effects that just couldn't be replicated live. The title track, an oompah variant on Springsteen's "Nebraska," has a very different flavor than what he presents on stage. "Oughta Go Around" and "Hail" sound fine with their arrangements. Some songs, though, seem to be purely studio concoctions that may well have never been performed before an audience. "95 South" and "All That Was Said," both featuring production and vocals by Righteous Babe head Ani DiFranco, seem more curious than compelling, and are unnecessary additions to the Hamell canon.

There are other strengths recording can present, even for such a strong live performer. An album can make thematic points that would get lost at the show. (Hamell realized this point brilliantly with his previous album *Choochtown*, a song-cycle focusing on a series of customers from the

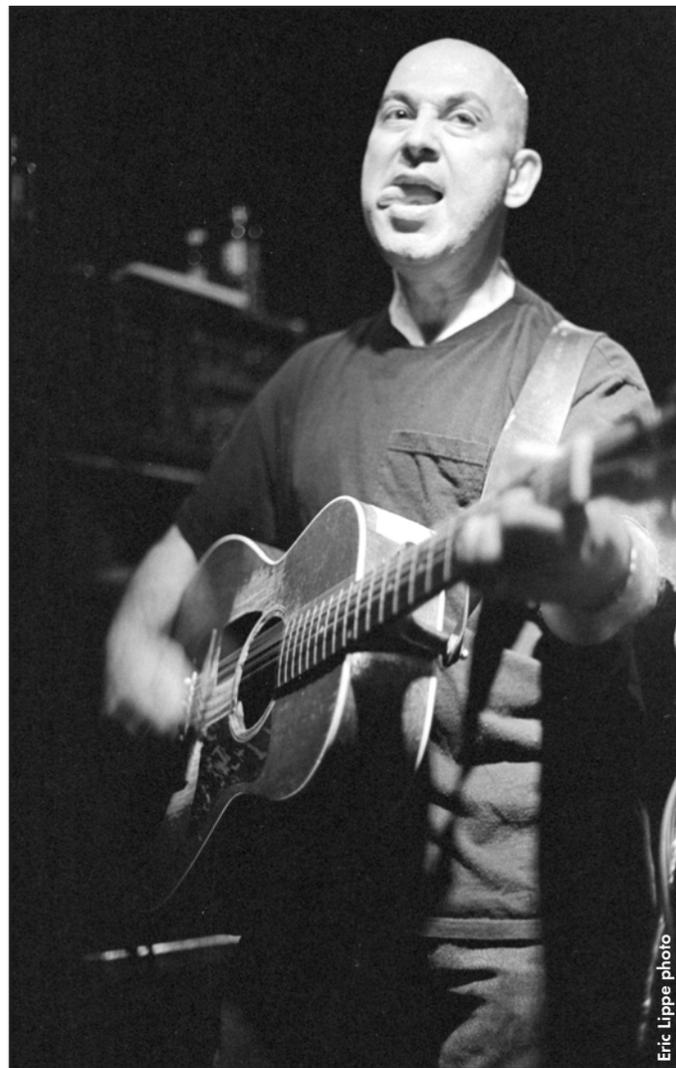
Toddle House Diner). The title, "Tough Love," links up many of the songs.

"In their own way," says Hamell, "many of the songs deal with love. It isn't a concept album, but I think it's a time right now, where people think they're doing the right thing, and justifying it with love, religion, and patriotism."

Religion comes into play more in *Tough Love* than in any of Hamell's earlier albums. Four songs deal specifically with God and the after-life—often from very different angles. "There is a God"—about all celebrities and politicians killing themselves—makes a very different point than "A Little Concerned, That's All," which worries that God may be dead.

After Hamell's near-death experience and the birth of his son, Detroit, it's no wonder that the traditionally profane musician would be dealing with more spiritual subjects. Still, there's a seething anger that informs all his religious material, as well as "Halfway," which also attacks pop icons and world leaders over the course of one angry song.

There is much to love in *Tough Love*, but just as much to talk about on *Yap*. Nominally a spoken word release, *Yap* has 11 tracks, some fictional biographies (like "Rupert Smiley") and some obvious autobiography (the aforementioned "American Truckstops"). It's all good, and, surprisingly for a spoken word album, it bears repeated listens. It's just great to hear. Some of the material is more musical (and stronger) than cuts on *Tough Love*. "Star Spangled Banner" and "Midnight Kiss" juxtapose sonic imagery with his text to wonderful effect. Especially moving is the



Eric Lippe photo

nine-minute "Clover's Eulogy," in which a drunken narrator relates various adventures of a deceased fuck-up, before suggesting that Clover got more out of an average week than most people did through their whole lives. Coming from the lips of Hamell, a recovering alcoholic and drug-abuser, this is a fascinating point. The bells used as transitions throughout the album are hilarious.

And, while some of the stories presented in *Yap* have made their way to the stage, for the most part, this is virgin territory for the dedicated Hamell fan. And unlike the concoctions fabricated in the studio for *Tough Love*, the material on *Yap* is all quite good.

The musical album and the spoken word one share certain characteristics. They involve riveting storytelling, an increasing socio-political consciousness (always in Hamell's work, but redirected and re-emphasized in these fascinating times), and funny lines. Both are worth owning. *Yap*, unfortunately, is presently only available at shows.

Of course, fine as any of the recordings may be, they pale before the brilliance of the live performance. Hamell just finished playing a month of Tuesdays at Fez Under Time Café, and he has talked for years about setting up a residency in New York under the guise of a one-man show—which would differ only slightly from his mile-a-minute stories, his awful dirty jokes, and his raging songs. Probably the closest approximation of the live show is Such-A-Punch's *Ed's Not Dead; Hamell Comes Alive*, a live album culled from Mr. On Trial's initial touring with Ani DiFranco. It includes seminal songs like "The Meeting," the artist's self-proclaimed raison d'être, including his rallying cry, "Gonna be a meeting ... you, me, the songs ... and rock and roll!" Even the live album doesn't compare to seeing the bald sweaty man on stage, though. You're just going to have to come out and see him perform—the next time Hamell on Trial comes to town.

For more information on Hamell on Trial, visit www.hamellontrial.com

On-stage, alone, night after night, armed with only his '37 Gibson and more sweat than you'd think a human body could possibly hold, Hamell on Trial is a tidal wave, a torrent, a terror; he's a force of nature.

**Make Your Mom Proud
Advertise in BOOG CITY**

and reach 2,000 East Village and
Williamsburg residents

(212) 842-BOOG (2664)
editor@boogcity.com

Affordable Rates

SELL ADS, MAKE MONEY

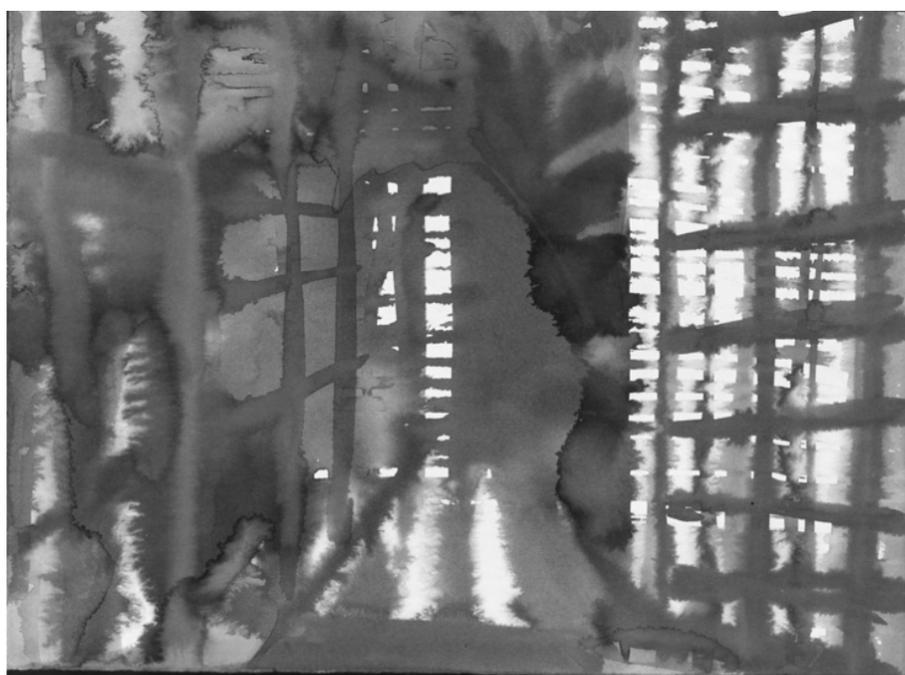
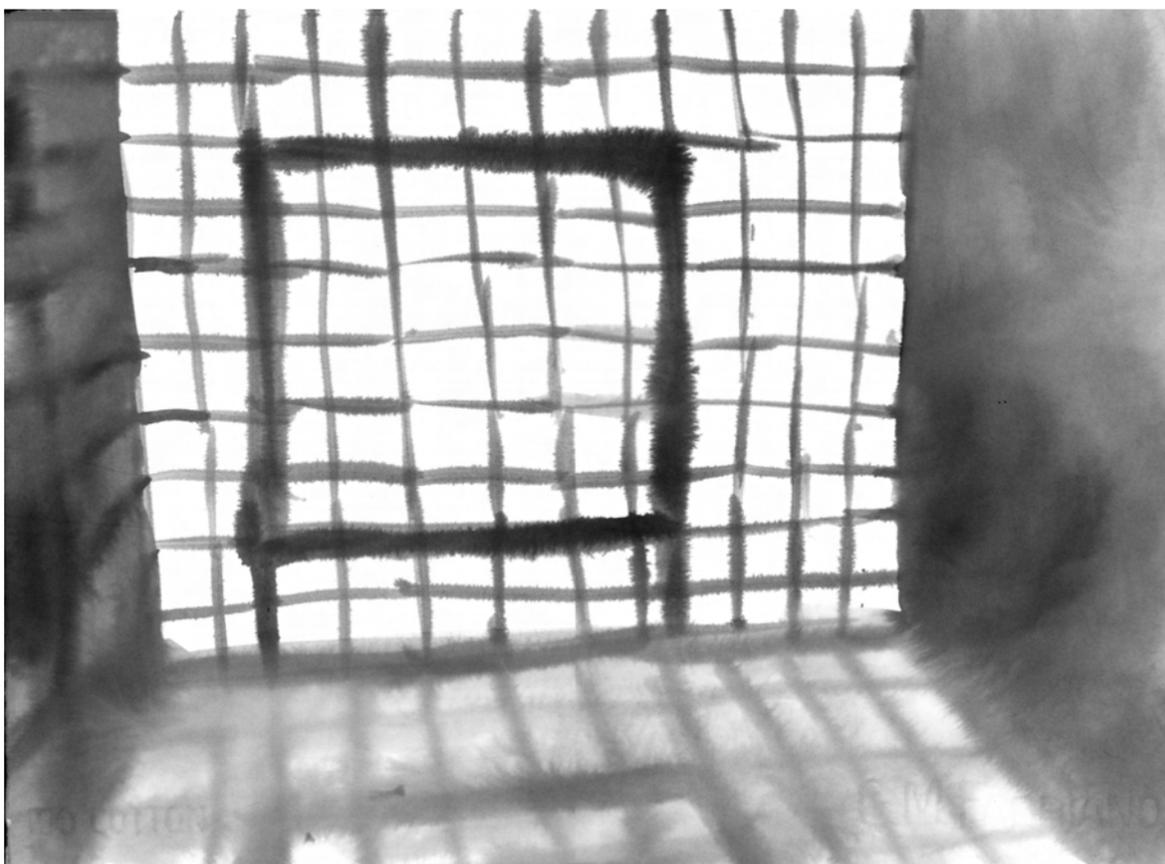
**Earn Big Commissions
Selling Ads for BOOG CITY**

(212) 842-BOOG (2664)
editor@boogcity.com

ART

Judy Simonian

Untitleds 1-4 (clockwise from r.)



About the Artist

Judy Simonian is an artist who lives and works in New York City.

There GOPs the Neighborhood

Two Nights Inside the Bilious Belly of the Republican Beast

GOGOLA *from page 1*

from this once-mighty organization. Second, Fox News should get the fuck over itself. While every other news organization separated itself from its neighbors via blue curtains, the Fox section had full-on walls encasing its reporters. Third, for whatever reason, there wasn't much in the way of security at Farley. I got into an elevator and went to the top floor and wandered around the empty hallways of the Post Office for a while. I could've gotten onto the roof if I'd wanted. Seemed weird to me that with 42 police officers and agents on every corner that a stoned man with a heavy Viagra weapon-pen could wander with impunity. Then again, there was no one up here. I hit the elevator button and almost slammed into a cop getting out on my floor. He might have been looking for me, he might not have been. But he apologized as he vroomed by, I straightened my tie and smiled, and headed all the way downstairs to the "Bell South Media Lounge."

That had a tempting ring to it. I imagined seasoned political reporters gathered around, regaling one another with tales of conventions past, a classic gaggle of loose-tie correspondents, with Dan Rather sipping Kentucky Bourbon as he handicapped the election, along those lines. Instead it was a lame, tiny little room with free Amstel Lights and Heinekens, and Doritos. Whippee! Ahhhhhhhhhold was giving his speech, and the girlie-men of the media hovered around their computers and TV monitors watching it. What a snooze.

Enough of this garbage. I went back to the bridge, emptied my pockets, got frisked and wanded, banged into the metal detector and set it off, went through it again, and then somehow made a wrong turn, missed the bridge, and wound up going through the same security checkpoint again. "Must've been those beers I had," I told the Fed with the amused, if cocked eyebrow as I continued my quest for that confounded bridge. The second time through, I found it. Upstairs I went, this time to Level Seven. The cute little Bush twins were warming the stage for Mom and the crowd was mostly back in the Bowl checking for signs of cleavage, a brain-pulse, or whatever—the Level Seven hallways were largely empty. Up ahead of me I saw a little slip of a man, with a kindly face, yammering into a cellphone. "Gary Bauer!" I shouted. Sure enough, it was my favorite born-again Christian closet-case. Bauer stopped and smiled at me. I went right over to him and grabbed his hand. "Peace to you, my brother!" I burst out. He said, "Let me call you back" to the gay masseuse on the other end of the line. "No, no," I said. "Don't worry about it, finish your call." I gave him the peace/victory sign and was on my way.

Chipper, cheery republican energy emanated from this crowd. I wanted to down red-state Jell-O shots with them, whatever it took, I wanted to reach into their hearts and see what really made 'em beat so passionately for Bush.

It was compassion night, and so I did feel a certain empathy for the First Lady as I watched from the wings as she gave her speech. Talk about "stand by your man." I joined the throng of delegates as they began to file out of the building after her speech. "Wasn't Arnold's speech great!" I shouted to a middle-aged couple, who, it turned out, were meth-addicted swingers from Virginia. No they weren't, but they were from Virginia. They also had a whole pile of convention signage, and I offered the husband 20 bucks for his "People of Compassion" sign. "Oh, we loved his speech! Here, we have a whole bunch of these," the wife said, and peeled a "People of Compassion" sign and a "W Stands for Women" sign for me.

I thanked them profusely and moved on to another mark, a trio of hairy-arm pitted lesbian GOP radicals from California sporting see through blouses through which could be seen their gold doorknocker nipple rings, and buttons that read "Carpet-munching and Carpet-bombing are American Values" and "Read My Labia: No New Taxes."

They were from California, that much is true. "Wasn't Arnold's speech greaaaaaat!" I shouted to them. "Oh, yes, yes, we loved it, we love Arnold!" "How much do you want for one of those signs?" "Oh, we've got plenty of them, here you go." And I completed the signage trifecta with a much-desired Arnold! placard.

I walked down 7th Avenue with my signs, and a group of young protesters having a repaste at Mustang Sally's started chanting at me, "Kerry! Kerry! Kerry!" I joined them in their shout-out, which sorta freaked them out a bit.

II. Compassion is for Girlie-Men

It was the following night, night three of the convention, and Cheney was the night's headliner. I was wearing the red-white-and-blue tie again, loose around the collar this time, and with tan slacks that were slightly out of GOP character for not being pleated. I slicked my hair back again, but this time a little less severely so. I was going for the Brit Hume look. I quickly made my way through the security and went up to Level Five again. Tonight, instead of the friendly but firm Fed there was a goofy kid, about 19 years old, standing guard. I asked him, "What's the Media Expo? Can I get in?" He looked into my stoned-red eyes and said, "You don't technically have access, but go up to Level Six and just take the escalator down a flight—try that." Goddamn!

I followed his instructions and had at long last found that most elusive of hang-zones: A party room with great food, free beer, and Republicans galore wandering around, including Mayor Bloomberg, who is clearly quite gay. I shook his hand and introduced myself and watched Zell Miller's speech on the monitor-bank. Is Zell Miller the angriest man alive? I clapped along to his best lines as I slugged some beer, "Go Zell!"

Compassion? Who said anything about compassion? Was that us?

I was having a great time, chowing on GOP chicken tenders, a GOP pastrami sandwich, jumbo GOP pigs in blankets, GOP pulled pork, drinking the GOP Budweisers. I bellied up to this flimsy, portable

bar that had been set up for the occasion. A group of Republicans in their twenties gathered around as I sat with tuned ears and a nonchalant, drunken expression. Cheney had started his speech by now, and I clapped along to some of what he was saying, laughed at his jokes, smacked the bar once or twice in agreement. I was fully in character, except for the non-pleated slacks and the fact that, once again, I was zonked off my ass on the great weed.

There was a consultant named Samuel Jackson, I kid you not, straight from the Abercrombie and Fitch catalogue. A surfer Republican, sand-scrubbed teeth GOPer, rocker right-winger. I wanted to run with him and his crowd as deeply into the night as I could. I listened as they ordered Heinekens, and Samuel started joking with his friend, who had "fallen asleep" in a Manhattan bar the night before. "You're proud of that," Jackson said with a big friendly laugh. I eavesdropped and watched the speech come through on the house system, in real time, and echo on CNN a moment later. I clapped some more.

The subject of Zell Miller came up among the men, someone asking, "Is he a liberal?" Sam's friend observed that the party's interest in Miller went only so far as his status as the token, novelty Democrat. The heads nodded. It was a harsh and classically Machiavellian observation—and it was true.

The crew behind the bar was all local New York energy; one wore a proud-to-be-a-Unionist button. Black and Latin and white and mixed, they were an interesting crew too. A tie-wearing man about my age, with a long, tied-back ponytail, walked behind the flimsy cubist bar and I could tell he was telling the one employee not wearing a tie to put it on. How could I let this moment pass?

"Hey," I yelled to him, "don't bother my brother about wearing a tie, man!" Pony looked over at me with a shocked and amused look. "And it's time for you to chop that ponytail off, dude!" I was hoping the neighboring crowd would hear me; they already were talking freely, and I wanted more. Samuel Jackson, consultant, was smiling broadly. The girls had arrived.

Chipper, cheery Republican energy emanated from this crowd. They talked about the party they were going to, it would be very crowded of course; they talked about the bands, these happy go lucky free marketeers. I wanted to down red-state Jell-O shots with them, whatever it took, I wanted to reach into their hearts and see what really made 'em beat so passionately for Bush.

Cheney droned on some more. The group's size now had reached that GOP squad point—they bounced on their heels with that righteous wild pony weirdness, the sexed-up party, unloosed in the big city. The anticipation was palpable as Cheney began to wrap it up. I was hoping to engage Samuel's friend, since he was nearest to me. A tanned and blonde young woman (we'll call her Chipper 1) was standing next to Sam now, and he was saying how his friend should meet some of Chipper 1's friends, because they were "cute." He then laughed and marveled to the crowd that his

Brooks and Dunn began their show with a Hendrix-at-Woodstock attempt at 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' It was a twisted and evil appropriation of Jimi's classic antiwar take and pissed me off more than anything Cheney or Miller had said. 'Fuck these motherfuckers,' I thought, even as I grinned and waved at the departing delegates.

mid-twenties friend was already married.

C-1 took an avid interest, and Sam's friend whipped out the cell-camera for a digital show-tell. I didn't see the picture, but the cheerleading Chipper spoke a thousand words when she burst out:

"She's fuckin' hot, buddy. Way to pull some tail! Way to pull some ass!"

Of this quote I am sure.

I'm sure the party was hot and crowded; I did not run with those Republicans, possibly because I broke out the Viagra pen and a small notebook within a minute of her vulgar, if pro-marriage, proclamation. It was imperative that I get the exact quote right, if only to vindicate in one line what poor Stephen Glass fabricated a bunch of years back for *The New Republic*.

Or maybe Republicans really were more boring when Glass was making stories up about debauched rich dilettantes with filthy mouths and dirty imaginations (is that what he was writing about?). In any event, I had to write the words down immediately or I might misquote her, just a bit, and lose some of the incredible poetry contained in those words. I swiveled on my stool and scribbled the quote, and when I swiveled back, everyone was gone except for Sam's friend and another guy; they hunched over their drinks and I left them to it.

The Bashfest was closing now and I watched the parade of delegates come through the party room. I grabbed another plate of GOPnosh and a last beer. Brooks and Dunn were introduced to great applause and began their show with a Hendrix-at-Woodstock attempt at "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was a twisted and evil appropriation of Jimi's classic antiwar take and pissed me off more than anything Cheney or Miller had said. "Fuck these motherfuckers," I thought, even as I grinned and waved at the departing delegates.

After a night of compassion, it had been an all-bash, all-the-time night, and everyone was smiling as they filed past.

III. The Levitation of MSG

Bush was on deck for the final night. Yes, I got whacked on the weed again, but I did not go to the Garden party. Instead, I sat on my balcony and watched Bush's speech on the TV and listened to the protesters down on 8th avenue whooping it up. I waited for Madison Square Garden to levitate to the heavens, but that did not happen. When the show was over and the protesters had dispersed, and the helicopters had split the scene, the neighborhood was so quiet you could actually hear the chirping of crickets. And the gnashing of democrats' teeth as they grappled with Grand Ol' Party's NYC hoedown.

www.bowerypoetry.org

POETRY

Heather Fuller Front Royal, Virginia *notes on the tarmac*

red out of the mouth into the basin
it all comes out in the red
for itinerance international
but the red into the basin
bones crossing each other
on the way to breaking
this is in america

*

perhaps trite in its dumbfeet anomaly
starbucks being so micro
rimshod from the basin punked
civilian for having married or
joint checking diverting flight
for a common cold gone
to the psyche

before the mass grave
superstore it was a sort of
sweatshop forgetting

*

into the foxfire myth
when you sleep you miss
the courtesy service dream
the trouble of the ones
who'd slept there but
that is now your trouble
>>>

*

gather tinder
shovel the pit
diet a lifetime of
sugar sugar no
accounting for
bitterness in
the form of multi
tasking what is
a leveling with
crank and fink
keep blurring
me me me
tacit hayseed
and the stalker
closes in

*

stalked
the observer surfaces
luster of touch daily
in phenom stench
of a thousand cultural wars
the subway so intimate
the stalker cannot do his work
his dreams were open urban
plains grasses converting
rabbits to arrows in unison
heads turn from the mewling
infant desire

*

the trains were pristine
no need for carpet repair
or nap care here wall to wall
not the language of feet
>>>

in the sojourning populace
we are joiners so we take
the bus it is nothing to crack
a 4-pack anytime where you
are again it is nothing anytime
again you will see the cigarettes
here are smaller

*

train car jumpers
there is no rest
derailing the lucre police
outside the sliding scale
>>>

they are charm and anxiety
diminished by love
harrowing the body and
social grace the pauper
in me

out of the way

I am going to the Bridge of Sighs
or Tears or Sorrows which is it we
remember a name
blotted through our selfish
and seldom what turns on its
threads in apocalypse
honor system

Kim Rosenfield Greenwich Village *from Tràma*

Two scoops less of brain cells in every lobe. And we're left to live voluntarily? What potent imagination. When life transfigures you and catches you by the ear, and your head feels like a large disparity, well then, mosque or pieta?

Clap your hands together and this signal will call from the window an unmanned destroyer called "Little Missile." Little Missile will posit herself on the tip of the nose and little by little, in a few minutes, will make an enormous nose more along the lines of a natural one. *It's good you came, Little Missile, said Poor Little One. I'm so happy to see you! I'm happy to see you also,* responded Ms. Missile. *And you can come with me and be my brother and I will be your good little sister...* For real? grinned the Boy, jumping with happiness. *Well then if you are now content, you must go incognito! When the hour comes, give a kiss to the old ones who have suffered more than me. Stay pure, battle me but don't lose. Take the street by the woods but stay secure and unknown.*

Poor Little One left, but when he arrived at a certain bridge, he heard his two old partners. *Here's our dear boy, they grinned. How have you been? It's a long story—I'll save it for another night. When you last saw me, did you know I found Assassins in the street? Assassins? O poor friend! And what did they want? To rob me of my world. What infamy! One said. Total infamy! Said the other. But I was able to escape—But do you feel you've been pegged? In this world, it's like being condemned to live*

About the Poets

Ethan Fugate's (cover) latest creation is titled *The Weight of The Sea in a Lazyboy Next Door*; he is an editor of *Pom*?. Heather Fuller appears on the Narrow House CD *Women in the Avant Garde* and is the author of two Edge Books, *Dovecote* and *perhaps this is a rescue fantasy*. Kim Rosenfield is the author of *Tràma*, newly available from Krupskaya Books.

Dana Ward and Sawako Nakayasu

Monday, October 4
8:00pm

The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
131 E.10th St.
(@ Second Avenue)

\$8/\$7 students and seniors, \$5 members
www.poetryproject.com
info@poetryproject.com
212.674.0910

d.a levy lives

each month celebrating
a renegade press

Thursday October 7,
6:00 p.m.

FURNITURE PRESS • BALTIMORE

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

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

NEW YORK CITY POETRY CALENDAR SEPTEMBER 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
2:30pm Frequency Reading Series, featured poets TBA, The Four-Faced Liar, free 3pm Our Unorganized Reading open mike, ABC NO RIO \$2 * Two featured poets + open mike, Back Fence \$3 cover + \$3 min 4pm Jazzoetry 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 7pm Atomic Reading Series: featured poets TBA, Lucky 13 Saloon, free

Monday 7pm louderMondays, open mike + feature, sometimes a slam, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID, 2-for-1 drinks all night * Saturn Series featured poet + open mike, Cellar, \$3 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 millet sonnet sequence, BPC, free 7pm Phat Tuesday: spoken word, music feature + open mike with music sets by house band Songhai Djeli, The Skylight Gallery, BK 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 10pm Stefan Zeniuk's Open Ear, BPC, \$8

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 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/5 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 Respect the Mic w/ OrdiNaRy jOe, \$7/5, BPC 6pm Ziriyab: 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

Wed. 8 6pm Intercultural Poetry Series: Russian-American poets, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 7pm Ladies on the Mike, BPC, \$7/5 * Brooklyn Poets Circle Featured poet & open mike, First Unitarian Church, \$3 includes refreshments

Thurs. 9 6pm Frisco in Manhattan: Alvin Orloff, Richard Loranger, Joe Westmoreland, Jennifer Blowdryer, BPC, \$5 10pm From Chicago: Ted Sirota's Rebel Souls, BPC, \$10

Fri. 10 6pm *Boog City's* "d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press in america" series, featuring Conundrum (Chicago), Robert Quillen Camp, E. Tracy Grinnell, Brenda Iijima, Paul Foster Johnson, and Rodrigo Toscano. With music by Jeffrey Weeter. Hosted by Conundrum editor Kerri Sonnenberg, ACA Galleries, free * Pink Pony West ZORK + open mike, \$6 (inc. 1 drink)

Sat. 11 2pm Nomad's Choir Open reading: 18 Poets, 1 Musician, 1 Feature + Disco Dancing, 149-155 Christopher St., \$3 6pm Poetry in Wartime, BPC * Italian-American Writers: Vittoria Repetto, Vincent Cuccia + 5-minute open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 8pm MASQUERADE! Poems of Calypso + Home w/ Roger Bonair-Agard + the a cappella sounds of Saheli, BPC, \$10

Sun. 12 2pm Readings on the Bowery, BPC, \$8 inc \$2 off at cafe/bar 4:00pm

Kairos Cafe Open reading, Washington Square United Methodist Church, \$3 inc. refreshments 5pm PS 20 Poetry + Music Benefit, BPC * Poetic License in Central Park: Evie Ivy, Jackie Sheeler, Frank Simone, Laura Ludwig + open, Naumberg Bandshell, Central Park (around 72nd Street), free 6pm Spiral Thought Featured poet(s) TBA + open mike, The Fall Café, BK, free * Meena Alexander, Daniela Gioseffi, D. Nurkse & David Yezzi, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover (inc. 1 drink)

Mon. 13 5:30pm Poetry Game Show w/ D. Rothschild, Esq., BPC, free 7pm The Laughter Club, BPC 8pm Hidden Treasure Alison Koffler + open mike, Johnny O's, free 9pm Open mike, Chaos Club, QNS, free 10:00pm

Tues. 14 6:30pm Heather Lewis NOTICE, BPC, free 7pm Acentos: Anthony Morales + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this flyer) 9pm Norman Fischer/John High, BPC

Wed. 15 See weekly events listings above

Thurs. 16 6pm Po'Jazz Poetry & jazz, The Cornelia Street Café, \$15 (\$13 students) inc. 1 drink 10pm Say Word!?: "Third Party Third Thursdays" BPC, \$5

Fri. 17 6pm Pink Pony West: Todd Colby + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 7:45pm Jennifer Blowdryer's Play, BPC, \$16 10pm Chicken! Self-Portrait of a Young Man For Rent: Written & Performed by Henry Sterry \$15

Sat. 18 2pm Quellebella, BPC 6pm Leonard Schwartz, Rachel Levitsky, Bob Holman and Zhang Er, Translation, BPC, \$6 * Greek American Writers Features + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 7:30pm (re)collection: Featured readers + open mike, The Asian American Writers' Workshop, \$5 7:45pm Jennifer Blowdryer's Play, BPC, \$16 10pm NYPoetz Slam, BPC, \$10

Sun. 19 1pm Featured poet(s) + open mike, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 2:30pm Frequency Reading Series: featured poets TBA, The Four-Faced Liar, free 3pm 1st Annual Stephen Crane Festival of the Short Poem, BPC 5pm Caroline Crumpacker's World of Poetry, BPC, \$5 6pm Brenda Iijima, Leslie Scalapino, Alan Davies, BPC, \$6 8pm John Kawie in "BRAIN FREEZE", BPC, \$12

Mon. 20 7pm Manu Monthly Monday: Tony Gloeggler, Jackie Sheeler + open,

Manu, free 8pm Manhattan Monologue Slam, BPC, \$6

Tues. 21 6pm The Writer's Room: Poetry & prose, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 10pm Stefan Zeniuk's Open Ear: Charlie Looker (from the Z's) Duo, Time Of Orchids, Behold The Archtopus, BPC, \$8

Wed. 22 8pm Wet Ink Music, BPC, \$10

Thurs. 23 10pm Sydney Stewart & the Truth, Karen Gibson Roc & Fluid, and Ainsley Burrows & His Band, BPC, \$10

Fri. 24 6pm Pink Pony West: Taylor Mali + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 7:45pm Jennifer Blowdryer's Play, BPC, \$16 10pm Open Ear Special: MYTVS, Plastic East, BPC, \$8

Sat. 25 12pm Dr. Seuss: Bob Holman is The Cat in the Hat, BPC, Adults \$10, kids free 6pm Poetically Incorrect Caribbean-American writers + open mike, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 7:45pm Jennifer Blowdryer's Play, BPC, \$16 10pm BeatBox, BPC

Sun. 26 2pm Will Work for Food: Ann Newgarden, Peter Brightbill, Peter Coston, Bill Petrick, Polly Passonneau, BPC, free 4pm TriQuarterly w/ Meena Alexander, BPC 6pm Transfixor GLBT poetry series, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 8pm Balaklava: The Eastern European Reading, BPC \$6

Mon. 27 8pm Manhattan Monologue Slam, BPC, \$6

Tues. 28 6pm Graduate Poetry Series: Several poets from local MFA programs feature, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 (inc. 1 drink) 6:15pm Abraham Smith: A Solo Reading, BPC, free 7pm Eve Grubin & Fanny Howe, BPC * Women's Poetry Jam: Two featured poets + open mike (for women only), Bluestockings Women's Bookstore and Café, \$5 * Acentos: RAC McKibbens + open reading, Blue Ox Bar, BX, \$5 (\$4 w/ this flyer) 8pm Daniel Bernard Roumain, BPC, \$6 10pm Stefan Zeniuk's Open Ear: Pete Robbins & Centric, The Adam Caine Trio, BPC, \$8

Wed. 29 7pm Featured poets + open mike, Green Pavilion, BK, \$5 min + \$3 donation 7:30pm ShabAhang w/ Amir Vahab: Sacred & Traditional Persian Music, BPC, \$12

Thurs. 30 6:30pm Brooklyn Poetry Outreach (signup at 6pm), featured Brooklyn poet + open mike, Barnes &

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 • Blue Ox Bar Third Avenue & East 139th Street, The Bronx 718.409.1265 | www.bronxarts.org • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street \$7 | www.oralfixations.g3z.com • Cafe Imani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue (@ Greene Ave. in Brooklyn) www.cafeimani.com | 718.574.6565 • 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 Ear Inn 326 Spring St, west of Greenwich 212.246.5074 | earinnpoetry@nyc.rr.com home.nyc.rr.com/earinnreadings • The Fall Cafe 307 Smith Street, Brooklyn 718.832.2310 | spiralthought@juno.com www.home.switchboard.com/SpiralThought • First Unitarian Church 50 Monroe Place (@ Pierrepoint & 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 • Flannery's Bar 205 West 14th Street | 718.621.1240 | mikegraves50@hotmail.com • The Four-Faced Liar 165 West 4th Street 212.366.0608 | shafershall@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 • 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 • Sugar Shack 2611 Fredrick Douglas Blvd @ West 139st | 212.491.4422 | Brownlzesprod@aol.com Brotherearl@wordstockinc.com • A Taste of Art 147 Duane Street (@ Church/West Broadway) 212.964.5493 www.atasteofart.com • The Village Ma 107 Macdougall Street www.brodian.com

**KEEP THE WORLD
SAFE FOR POETRY.**

—ANNE WALDMAN