

Fragments of a Shattered Hope Brazil Makes War on Sohno Real Squatters

BY BRAD WILL

The first time I ever squatted was almost an accident. I was living in Boulder, Colorado, and all of my crazy poet roomies fled the scene. I stayed and didn't even have the phone number for the landlord.

I came to the LES looking for trouble and I landed, broke and confused, on my friends. They took me in at the 5th Street squat, urban camping with water from the hydrant, bucket

the region. There were eight barricades, all of them guarded night and day. It got really dark without streetlights, and it was disorienting.

Two nights in a row the police came to attack after midnight. Tear gas crept up, concussion grenades

Near the barricades people were at the ready—T-shirts for masks, some with slingshots and Molotov cocktails, but the norm was a nice big stick.

flush toilets, and unpredictable electricity. Eventually the city came with a wrecking crane, and I almost got knocked down with the building. The city didn't care that I was still inside trying to stop the horror.

I floated to different squats in the 'hood for years and fought the good fight for housing, and I dug in deep and locked down in the community garden struggle. They stole my heart, those old tenements, and the simple captured plots of green free space. Pure direct action—you are not talking politics and yelling in the streets; you are doing it, making it real, and sharing it with the community.

Wanderlust eventually did me in. I reached South America as a media activist with contacts from IMCistas I met squatting at the Independent Media Center office in New York City. I visited MST (the landless workers movement) rural encampments in Brazil, and saw a whole different side to squatting.

I came to Goiânia, Brazil after I connected with some great IMC media activists in Porto Alegre at the world social forum. They told me of a squatter's encampment called Sohno Real (real dream) in their city within the interior of the country. The court fight got them nowhere and they started to dig in. They surged on the abandoned land nine months before, after the owner of the land hadn't paid taxes in over 30 years. A couple of months later it was election time and the governor promised them they could stay, and they started building for real. It was all talk.

The first day I arrived in the city, I was still dazed from hard travel and hit the camp just as night fell. There was a pattern of nightly harassment that was escalating. The night before the police had shot some rounds randomly to scare people guarding the barricades. The barricades were inspiring, layers of tires piled in a hermetic order locking into each other vertically, and some had moats with bamboo spikes and barbed wire. Near the barricades people were at the ready—T-shirts for masks, some with slingshots and Molotov cocktails, but the norm was a nice big stick. Many of the warriors were in their teens and were excited, but they didn't really seem to know what was in store. Others were battle-hardened soldiers from other occupations in

exploded everywhere. Two nights in a row the barricade burst into flames and lit up the night and the community fought back, their silhouettes floating, blurring in pure black inside the inferno.

Slingshots singing, fireworks spraying, a Molotov would miss its mark. The police brought it up with incendiary flares and rubber bullets. The second night they used real bullets—they have such a distinct sound as they whiz by your head. Inside the camp someone was screaming with a bullet wound clean through his bicep. A policeman was wounded. They vanished and the barricade kept burning for hours. No one knew if they would return in a few minutes or never.

We got no sleep. Daylight always came up strange and brilliant in the camp. So cruel was this beauty, the contrast at dawn—the sun smiling on the simple homes and the flowers opening their eyes, pineapple and banana trees, gathering water from the well, a black spot in the road where the tires had burned through. There was silence but for a few feet slowly making their way to work, to scrap through the trash for cardboard or bottles or cans. The women were off to market, or the kids on their way to school yawning.

Life pulsed on just like the neighborhood next door. Poor folks were trying to get by living, loving, arguing, cooking, and sharing. Some had settled in nicely, selling everything they owned to buy bricks and mortar. All of them were basically single-room dwellings with a simple garden outside with yucca, squash, or kudzu. Some were still camping in a shanty tent with a black plastic roof. There was a communal kitchen that fed those who needed it. There were all sorts of Christians, lots of Catholics, tons of believers, evangelicals of a different breed than the Bush voters back home. Everyone was so nice. I wasn't greeted with suspicion but with a smile and a hand. You pass a small simple home and they ask you in for coffee. It was great kindness, generosity, and dignity, in spite of the poverty they faced. They had built a dream in the dust—a new people's village, a giant squat, a community.

Night returned after rumors flying all day. They had a regular Bible revival rally with singing and little kids and a few politicians. It was beautiful, hands all raised in prayer for peace, for a new life. All the while the paranoia



The Squatters in Sohno Real moments before the military police invade, shooting.

Brad Will photo

was creeping and chattering, gripping your teeth. No sleep again, the morning dead quiet. Then an announcement on a loudspeaker: 30 trucks on the road, full of military police. The governor had promised 2,500 police and they were on their way. People trickled to the main entrance, but there was no panic. Slowly the police closed the roads, slowly their buses filled the plaza, slowly they unloaded their human cargo. Inside people sang the national anthem of Brazil. A group of women formed a line to pray hard and loud. Soon a large group joined them with children and white flags. The night warriors were not to be seen. The police formed blocks and started to move in with black and green battle paint, bulletproof vests, shields, and helmets, ready for war. Everyone stood terrified, unsure what to do.

Suddenly we heard explosions behind our backs. There was gas inside the camp. The police were already inside shooting. Another explosion directly behind my back pushed my body forward and my ears started ringing. Everyone scattered in a panic. Military police with pistols drawn were right behind me, one of them kicking a woman. I ran, but there was nowhere to go. Shots whizzed past my head. I headed for the back yards and leaped through the yucca bushes where I saw an open door and a welcoming hand inviting me in. Everyone was affected by the gas and in a panic. A little baby was vomiting. A man of the house opened the door and I started

filming, and twice got shot at by passing military police. They came screaming, but I could only understand bits and pieces. I was explaining I was a journalist from the U.S.A. The police, with their pistols pointed at my head, didn't seem interested in my credentials. When they hit me it was first in the back of the head, then one threw me down, three or four kicked me, then one on top hard with his knee in my back. Then the plastic handcuffs like a vise. I got on my feet looking for my video camera. What the fuck happened? I stumbled dazed in the sun into a different group of police. One smacked me on the side of the head and almost sent me to the ground, except another was holding

Please see WILL page 5

John Coletti

Bedford Stuyvesant, Brooklyn
Against the Wind

Then with it
Waiting for one one to fall
Files of sky
Lose their papers
Caught like rest
In copper whistles
Like nests
In the all-white brush

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PRINTED MATTER

Testimonial of Destruction

Voices from Chernobyl

Svetlana Alexievich
 translated by Keith Gessen
 Dalkey Archive Press

Read this book, above all others this year. There are so many books chronicling our decades of slaughter; why should we pay attention to this particular one? Because of the Angel of Death, because of peaceful poison, because of death from the very ground up. Because this future is our future, a future in which

'The Chernobylites are giving birth to children who have an unknown yellow fluid instead of blood.'

cause and effect seem non-existent. Whatever we do at this point in our common culture, we are doomed.

Living among animals and plants, of consciousness not our own, of roosters and goats, elk and wolves, farms and gardens, trees and grains, village culture and wilder culture, the brutal deaths of the world around us, hunted dogs, destroyed cows, everything hiding, fleeing, sick and dying. The diseased are stressed neither from within nor without, but stressed by very virtue of existence near Chernobyl, doomed by existence itself. An existence constructed from human negligence, not violence, not "if this, then that." What occurs is as purposeless as being, on the order of the plague, but a plague without remorse, without the ability to take measures.

Svetlana Alexievich, a journalist who developed an immune deficiency while doing research for *Voices from Chernobyl*, documents the toll of the disaster, our toll, our bell already sounding the knell of death, through monologues comparable to Bertolt Brecht or Alexander Solzhenitsyn. "The People's Chorus," "Monologue about the Fact that the Frightening Things in Life Happen Quietly and Naturally," "Monologue about the Physics We were All in Love with," "Monologue about a Damaged Child Who will Still be Loved," and countless other sections are about the unaccountable. Through this one book of voices, which demands to be read not as a warning, but as a future anterior memorial of the hopelessness of the planet, the inherent evil of being human and our self and other destruction is seen.

There is nothing similar in print except for the early novels of J. G. Ballard, where the world heats up, or crystallizes, or the winds blow strong and stronger, or waters rise. But in Ballard's novels the characters clamber about, scurry in the face of death. There are always things to do

amid frozen sex and violence. In the world of Chernobyl, what is there might begin the same, but the essence is corroded, one cannot fight abjection. The abject is always already within, just like ordinary death, but faster, more sickening, more furious. The essence of black spots, tumors, cell counts, rumors. "The Chernobylites are giving birth to children who have an unknown yellow fluid instead of blood. There are scientists who insist that monkeys became intelligent because they lived near radiation. Children born in three or four generations will be Einsteins. It's a cosmic experiment being carried out on us."

"There was a rabid fox here during the spring—when they're rabid they become tender, real tender. But they can't look at water. Just put a bucket of water in your yard, and you're fine. She'll run away."

"I had that radiation in my garden. The whole garden was white, white as white can be, like it was covered with something. Chunks of

something. I thought maybe someone brought it from the forest."

"But then I traveled to the Chernobyl zone. I've been there many times now. And there I understood that I'm powerless. I'm falling apart. My past no longer protects me. There aren't any answers there. They were there before, but now they're not. The future is destroying me, not the past."

"Do you know that it is a sin to give birth? I'd never heard these words before."

It is already too late; we are here. It is never too late; the future destroys us. Through pollution, slaughter, religion, we have destroyed the world. *Voices from Chernobyl* gives testimony to those destroyed on the hinge of their destruction. Through proxy, not as a warning—who listens to history? to warnings?—but as one of our last truths. That "things happen," that we already died, that worlds are flawed, that "nothing lasts forever," that technological progress has turned us out of our flesh. We have come to the cruelest winter; the rest is denouement. —ALAN SONDEHEIM

Janet Richmond, In Memoriam

Janet Richmond, poet and visual artist, passed away last December. I don't even know how old she was. Her husband Jerry Halpern, the owner of the famed Music Inn on West 4th, was adamant that she wouldn't want anyone to know. This makes sense. She was not someone who one could think of being either old or young. She was a force, wildly creative, intense, and chic in her blue jeans and red cowboy boots.

I met her at a Poetry Project workshop reading in 2001. The poems she read were not at all what I was expecting when a small gray haired woman with a giant magnifying glass in her hand got up to read. They were crazy and sexual, full of life. Later I learned that she had studied visual art at the Art Students League before she started writing poetry. She had a solo show at the Asage Gallery, and was included in group shows at El Bohio Community Gallery and P.S. 1. She studied paper making and art in San Miguel, Mexico, and her love for Mexican folk art and color influenced her poetry and her art.

Seven years ago she decided to take a break from art and to start writing poetry. It's impossible for me to imagine that she ever wasn't a poet. She read and wrote and revised and took poetry workshops, all the time with total commitment. At The New School she met poet Elaine Equi, with whom she studied for years. As time went on her poems grew even wilder and more alive. They appeared in issues of *Hanging Loose*, *Lit*, and *Lungful*! She had nearly completed a manuscript, *Lipstick Carcrash*. She was an amazingly kind and generous person who will be greatly missed by everyone who knew her.

There will be a reading of her work by Kish Song Bear, Anselm Berrigan, Todd Colby, Elaine Equi, Boni Joi, Erica Kaufman, Brendan Lorber, and many more of her fans at the Zinc Bar on Sunday, April 17 at 7:00 p.m.

Read more of her work, at freewheelingcarradio.blogspot.com.

—JOANNA FUHRMAN

Lullaby Eight + 3

Thank, plink, splat holy fuck! sounds

like a cereal box toy in my alternate

universe my world is an earhouse

fertilized by nonsense rhyme, brainiac

sensibility, unexpected turns escaping

into mnemonic arcades aisle 2 turn

>>>

left for the doublebreasted dialogue

phenomena are jinxed by informed sources

three's a crowd I am in constant motion

looking for glitter my self-made-kitchen-

sink language five bombings of Iraq ago

tastes nasty give me unstretched canvas

and a bucket of house paint and I'll hang

clouds over parrots, roses and dogs

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Janet Richmond Memorial Reading

Sun. April 17, 7:00 p.m.
Zinc Bar 90 W.Houston St.

(more info in above article)

Variations of a Scheme

Doing Time with The Drew Blood

BY JONATHAN BERGER

Drew Blood wants me to write an article about him. No. Drew Blood wants to rule the world, and thinks me writing an article about him will help. "Please? Come on. You know I'm only trying to do what's wrong," he says.

It's important that people believe that Drew is evil. He does a fair job of convincing people.

Drew Blood owes me money. Drew Blood took my headphones. Drew Blood stole a girl from me a few years back—and didn't even notice. Drew Blood is bad news. He's a bad man. Drew Blood is trouble. Strangely, this attitude hasn't served him as well as you'd think. In the seven years since Drew first invaded New York, he has spent his time trying to become the Next Big Thing, or the Next Next Big Thing. He's founded and dismantled bands. He's worked as flyer-guy, bar back, masseuse, and soundman. He's done everything possible to keep his rock and roll dreams alive. A residency at the Village Underground seemed promising, as did some prime gigs at CBGB's. His aggressive piano-

led pop-punk could have come from Ben Folds' evil twin. His tales of being lost in a web of drugs and desperation could have followed in the wake of any of the New York garage bands. So far, though, only a small ragged band follow the group called The Drew Blood. It does seem like the fan base is growing, that the word is getting out.

The gig at Crash Mansion was celebrating Goodfinger's CD release. It was a freezing weeknight, The Drew Blood was playing early, and the crowd was clearly there for the main act. Still, the energy was amazing. The songs were driving. The performance was frenzied, with Drew Blood incessantly straying from his keyboard, leaving his backing three-piece to play while Drew danced, shimmied, and harangued the crowd. The band rocked, clearly enjoying the show as much as the increasing crowd. People are learning about The Drew Blood—particularly hot girls. "Do you want any of them?" Drew asks. "I can get you one of my rock whores." I don't know if he's kidding; I'm afraid to ask.

Drew Blood calls constantly, and on an erratic schedule. Sometimes at midnight, sometimes at noon. More often in between.

"Have you written anything about me yet?"

"Have you gone to the website?"

"Have you listened to the demo?"

"Am I famous? What have you done for The Drew Blood?"

The man's ego is astounding. It's like the world already revolves around him, or will soon enough. People talk about Alexander the Great having that same sense of destiny. Or Bob Dylan. But at Drew's age, Alexander the Great had conquered Persia, and Dylan had written "Like a Rolling Stone."

Drew has recently finished a demo that he's shopping to whoever will listen. He's hoping these recordings will be his key to fame and fortune. The first song, "Revenge," is a boast about Drew Blood's first piece of tail. It's one of the weaker cuts.

What follows is one of the strongest, "Normal." "Cause I've

got this problem," Drew sings, "I can't make it on the outside in the legitimate world ... Oh can I never again feel like a man and be normal—like him?" "Normal" features the themes around which Drew usually circles—junkie life, nominal self-loathing, and humor in rhyme.

There's even some classical-sounding piano thrown in to show Drew's own musical chops. The song is great. Throughout, of course, are the pure pop instincts that make Drew worth listening to in the first place. I have a weakness for this cut, since it was written while the bastard was living on my couch.

There's a certain sensitivity to some of the material. At least, there's enough detachment to be self-lacerating. Drew at once vilifies and reveres the life of degradation that he conveys. He's saying, "I'm not proud of the life I lead; it's really shameful—but ain't it great?" It's like a great cosmic war was waged over the soul of Drew Blood, and evil won, hands down.

"All I Ever Think

About" is one of several suicide songs on the release. It's presented over such driving bouncy pop music, you can almost discount lines like "You like the music but you don't like me, I love to hate the way you talk to me." He wants to feel something other than pain, wants to fool someone other than himself, to think about something other than drowning. Still, Drew Blood can't help but seem smug in his seediness.

On a more touching side, there are songs like "Drown" ("God, you're so miserable, I hate you. I can't stand to look at you. You remind me too much of me") and "Above the Damned." The demo concludes with "Automatic Self-Destruction," another suicide anthem that has been transformed from some strange Pink Floyd knockoff to something really quite spectacular. The material pops. You could imagine hearing it on the radio, if only someone would sign this poor wounded boy.

"When's the article coming out?" Drew asks.

His manager gets into the act. "If there's anything you need, just let me know, and let me just put a thought into your ear. It would be great if you could talk about the whole Drew Blood lifestyle; the attitude, the blog, the shows ... the whole gestalt."

"Yeah, well, the problem with that is that I might give a little too much information, right? I mean, he is a bastard."

He thinks for a minute. "That is the risk," he says.

Drew has a blog at his website that details his adventures in the life. It's dark, vain, and pretty funny. He tells me there's interest in a book deal on the strength of his stories, but I discount that, as I do most things Drew says. In the last few weeks he wrote a touching if slightly illiterate tale of his oldest, most influential friend, who got him involved in music, who would talk to him when no one else would, who believed in him and loved him and made fun of him before The Drew Blood was born. That friend just died of leukemia, Drew writes. It's an honest and strangely beautiful tale, but I don't know how much of it to believe.



The man's ego is astounding. It's like the world already revolves around him, or will soon enough.

"If there's anything I can do to help with the article," Drew says, "Let me know."

"You could pay the back rent," I respond.

He laughs. We both know that's not gonna happen.

While the singer/songwriter/jackass/frontman is named Drew Blood, the band is called THE Drew Blood. It doesn't mean anything.

"It just sort of grew," he explains. "We ARE The Drew Blood."

"But what is its significance?" I ask, "Don't you lose the pun of the name if you add the definite article?"

Drew sighs at my ignorance, at my just not getting it. "Gotta go!" he declaims, and hangs up the phone. Like a lot of things within the Drew Blood universe, it doesn't really have to make sense. His songs change characters and switch tenses on a dime bag. Consistency is not necessary for Drew Blood.

Since the development of this new lineup, guitarist Chris Goercke has emerged as the perfect foil for Drew, the ying to his yang, the cheese to his ham. On stage and off, they complement each other quite nicely. During each show, Chris playfully hits keys on Drew's electric piano. He pushes his boss around on stage, sings harmony, and takes on leads if Drew can't get his microphone to work. If The Drew Blood is the name of the band, then Chris puts the "The" in the title.

Brian Wurschum, of The Voyces, asks me if I've been in touch with Drew Blood lately.

"Yeah," I say, "I've heard from Drew."

"How is he? What's going on?"

"Well, apparently, he's just about to make it. He can't really talk about it, but something big is just about to happen."

Brian looks dubious.

"Of course," I say, "I've been hearing that as long as I've known him."

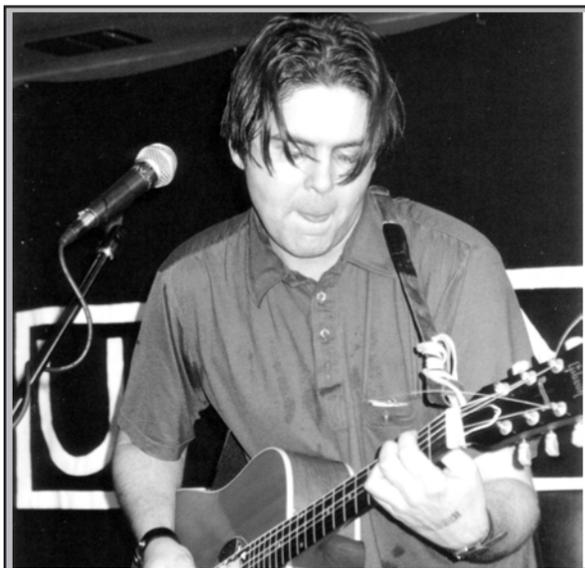
Brian nods, sadly, knowingly.

The number of times Drew Blood has narrowly avoided fame and fortune are phenomenal, to hear him tell it. More agents, managers, and record labels have courted him than I could count, assuming I knew who any of them were. The specific information always seems somehow under wraps. That happens in the business. You don't want to jinx a delicate deal by talking too much about it. Unfortunately, it seems the jinx has been in for Drew Blood over and over again.

What I find most infuriating about Drew Blood is the sense of manifest destiny, how he deserves any success he gets—and much more. On the other hand, he's got skill. He's got songs. He's got a great band and is an excellent performer. He works the crowd and is a lot of fun. Maybe he deserves to finally succeed.

Plus, if he ever does make it, maybe he could finally give me the money he owes me.

Visit www.thedrewblood.com. The Drew Blood play Fri. April 8 at Pussycat Lounge, 96 Rector St., NYC



Major Matt Mason USA Birthday Party Show!
Saturday, April 19th
Bar 169, 169 E. Broadway, NYC, 21+

7:30 p.m. Dream Bitches

8:15 p.m. The Leader

9:00 p.m. Pantsuit

9:45 p.m. Major Matt Mason USA

F train to East Broadway

Jessica Caragliano photo

ART

Roberto Harrison

Milwaukee



About the Artist

Roberto Harrison is a poet as well as a visual artist. He often uses found objects like twigs or feathers as styli with which to draw.

WILL from page 1

me up. Later I realized they were being gentle with me.

The police came marching out in formation singing songs celebrating their victory—"We will put a sword in your skull and drink your blood!" Twisted. I looked into some of their eyes and saw darkness, cold hard soulless steel. Soon I was in the mayhem at the police station. The pain started to settle in to the bone. There was a first aid area with puddles of blood starting to turn black at the edges. I saw people with stitches, broken arms, and bullet wounds in the head. They moved me along and after eight hours cut me loose. Over 800 were arrested and the bulldozers were busy all night. People said they saw bodies being dumped in the water wells and thrown into burning buildings. People were shot in the head while on their knees. No one knew how many were still missing.

All night there were military ambulances leaving the encampment. IMC volunteers were at the hospitals and these ambulances never arrived. People saw trucks full of dirt entering in the night and leaving still full of dirt and something else. A massive cover-up was underway. People working in the hospitals were afraid to talk with us. One later came forward in secrecy and told us there were 20 violent deaths reported at the morgue; on a normal day there are one or two. In the jail so-called leaders were being selectively pulled into special detention for interrogation. Children were looking for their parents. There were streams of refugees and no government plan for what to do with these people. They went to the Catholic cathedral to sleep and rallied in the morning. They gathered to write down the names of the disappeared. There was a mass funeral the next day. An undercover agent infiltrated and tried to arrest someone randomly, and got beaten down by the crowd until his buddy fired over everyone's head. Only two official deaths were listed, but we may never know how many for real. People moved into two gyms across town for refugee housing. A young man looked me in the eye. "This is Brazil," he said "it is not the north east and the beaches or Rio and Carnival—now you know the real Brazil."

Back at the encampment they had their way with the houses. Scorched earth policy, every house was destroyed. A horse was tied to a post, waiting for someone who was not coming. Butterflies and strange birds flew in the sunflowers and corn left to blaze in the heat. Heaps of belongings and bricks and scrap

wood lay everywhere. A dead vulture was at the bottom of a well. Sohno Real became a living land without shade, a new dump, fragments of a shattered hope.

Everyone I knew was shattered and paranoid. The history of the military police in this state is brutal. Nothing seems to have changed here in the interior since the end of the dictatorship. Everyone—the politicians, the media, university students, the middle class—talked about youths in the slums turning up dead after a tall tale from the police; about re-adjusting your car in the middle of the night and a few days later having an unexpected accident; about complete impunity, about midnight disappearances. Two people from the community who testified got late night calls threatening their life. Every phone had echoes and seemed tapped. The police were the muscle for the land-owning elite, which was clinging to a colonial power that had yet to vanish.

Everyone kept telling me I should leave town or go into hiding. I was lost but something was holding me there. There was an image I couldn't get out of my mind—a thin woman curled up fetal and broken lying in a short pool of water at the bottom of a well. I was haunted.

I would visit the gyms where everyone was sprawled around with fragments of foam

mattresses and bundles of clothes in plastic bags. Life was pushing forward. The bathrooms were packed and filthy. Lunch was the only meal and it was mayhem, people pushing and grabbing, little kids all confused and vanishing under a sea of desperate arms. Folks weren't happy, spending most of the day sleeping just trying to make it through. These people were working hard to build a new home and suddenly they are piled up and waiting, some washing a few clothes and hanging them on the fence next door, some sitting in the shade waiting for news, the kids running wild and looking for mischief. A passing car hit one young child. I could feel the weight in everyone's eyes. There is a stress that lingers deep and settles in, the unknown, the not forgetting, the clinging doubt, the silent fear, a held breath, the missing. They are all missing.

One warm day the community was on the march. Both gyms mobilized and they walked to the camp. They joined up en route and the joy was overflowing. It was a family reunion. They rallied at the entrance where the military police had invaded, together for the first time since the funeral. There was hope. There was a call to action for global solidarity put out on the internet and there were actions at the embassies and consulates in Amsterdam, Buenos Aires, New York City, Oslo, and



The author in Sohno Real before the massacre. Indymedia Brazil photo (midiaindependent.org)

Washington. The federal government stood up and took notice after people made trips to Brasilia, the capital, using my video as principle evidence. The parliament voted to federalize the investigation. One breath and it will fall into place. All the pieces are ready and they are waiting. All of them, the children, the warriors, pregnant mothers, the unsettled spirits, are waiting. On the one-month anniversary, the young people organized a simple theater of the eviction. They were learning to heal. Time skips a beat, pushing through, and the struggle continues. The dream never died.

To help, and get more information, contact:

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After phone calls, faxing is best, then email, then letters to the following:

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POETRY

Jim Behrle

Park Slope, Brooklyn

Why I am Not 'Post-Avant'

the cliff notes said so

for I do not come after you

I just came and now must wait a while

thus Paris Hilton gets to be in the poem

& livejournal teaches us about the kitty

a vague memory of getting wet

history books ain't written by the conquered

& you only get to name your kids or pets

objects succumb, at peace with being pushed out

so when the poet said pubic hair

I imagined her pubic hair

which only her husband gets to see

a list of things to say to the steady cam

the uneven distribution of particles

upon your face / some damage

falling in sunbeam at departure

because they used every beautiful thing up

the Jem'Hadar surrender also the dirty ocean birds

despite our manifestoes teach us to humor

the elders we must bear

black flag, please twist above the mall

Sean Cole

Arlington, Mass.

Idiolect.

Twit derives from *nitwit*. "No shit," you say. But wait!

Nitwit derives from the idea of a wit infinitesimal enough to fit into the pore of a small man's skin. "Again, Sherlock," you say, "You are a tit." I thought *twit* was an original, the word equivalent of prime. A kind of bird.

Tit willow. Twit fellow. Hence,

birdbrain. The skull around it folded like a baby's

fist holding grain. *Minuteman* is what they call a guy who

throws his rice too soon. *My-noot man*

could be the asshat waiting for him in the car. But you wouldn't

know it until someone read this poem out loud. My best friend

called his childhood hate squad *no-minds*.

He underestimated. Their minds were simply hid.

A small thing thinking in a small town. The Ten Commandments

written on a pin top doesn't thrill me 'cause I can't

read them. The world goes on in sin because it does.

**Robert Creeley, 1926-2005
Onward!**

Anselm Berrigan

Lower East Side

Tailpipes

For consciousness the world is décor I hear
and a chopper is born. Sentences cast about
for bodies in the exuberant wobble factory.
Q-Bert believed in me in the dark, and that's
not enough. To pass out and check yourself
out, reading about tort reform gliding by
storefront windows searching for a feeling
no one's felt in the last twelve seconds. Brain
lathered with coeval nightmare rhetoric
of sociable extinction. Throwback smocks
and tommy guns for everybody, no need to be
bashful as a wraith, eking out a line of command.
Image extract to sprinkle on a more than
reeling mind in charge. Up the stairs came a
1-2-3 inning. Obsessed with posture and it's
always curved in the jury pool, agape like
flatbed torture simulations tooling around the
Village. Routine shapes of feeling come down
hard like a gavel calling culture to order, but
I'm a bad criminal juror because I've been
mugged twice. No response appropriate.
I talked the first mugger down from beating
my fourteen year old ass into the ground
as he walked me home across town. He liked fucking,
listening to music, being with friends and drugs
and he slapped me five when he split. He didn't
want my radio, just the seven clams and another
five when I got home. I think our long walk and talk
would make me an excellent juror. Show of nods.

About the Poets

Jim Behrle's *She's My Best Friend* is forthcoming from Pressed Wafer. **Anselm Berrigan** is the author of *Zero Star Hotel* (Edge Books). **Sean Cole** is the author of *Itty City* (Pressed Wafer). **John Coletti** (cover) is the author of *The New Normalcy* (Boog Literature).

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Bruce Weber's No Chance Ensemble performs "The Curious Journey of Belinda & Mark" in its ENTIRETY for the first time and Jackie Sheeler presents her solo plugged-in electronic poetics performance at SIDESHOW, 319 Bedford Avenue in Williamsburg, Brooklyn on Sat., April 16, at 7:00 p.m. Cover is only \$5.

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4/1 Hal Sirowitz, former poet laureate of Queens

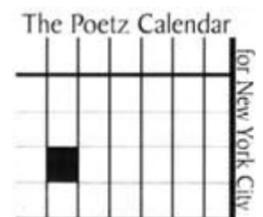
4/8 Margery Snyder of About.Poetry.com & Whitman McGowan

4/15 George Wallace, poet laureate of Long Island

4/22 E.J. Antonio, future poet laureate of Westchester

4/29 Kirk Kelly of the Artists Worker Collective

Don't Miss Out!



POETRY IS NEWS

Sat. April 16, 1:00 p.m., free

St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery
131 E.10th St., and Second Avenue

Curated by Anne Waldman and Ammiel Alcalay and including Emna Zghal on 'Cultural Genocide,' David Levi Strauss on 'Abu Ghraib,' Peter Lamborn Wilson on 'Classical Iraqi Poetries: Homage to the War Dead,' and Betsy Andrews on 'Bi, Gay, Lesbian, Trans 'Front.' Come support investigative poetics, imagination, sanity, and cultural activism!

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

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

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WITH DATA PROVIDED BY JACKIE SHEELER WWW.POETZ.COM

WEEKLY EVENTS

Sun. 3pm Two featured poets + open mic, Back Fence, \$3 cover + \$3 min. • Our Unorganized Reading, open mic, Mindy Levokove, J.D. Rage, Eugene Ring, Bruce Weber, no lists/no bs/no time limit, ABC No Rio, \$2 4pm Butch Morris, BPC, \$12 5pm Steven Bernstein's The Millennial Orchestra, BPC, \$10 6pm Three featured poets, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover gets you 1 free drink • Phoenix Reading Series, featured poet TBA + open mic, Flannery's Bar, \$5 + purchase 7pm open mic, Vox Pop, BK, free • 7:45pm Open Mic, Collective Unconscious, \$3

Mon. 4pm Study Abroad on the Bowery! Visiting Writers in Performance & Conversation, BPC, \$10/\$5 students w/i.d. 7pm louderMondays: always an open mic and feature, sometimes a slam, hosted by Fish Vargas, Bar 13, \$5/\$4 student ID (two for one drinks all night) • Saturn Series, featured poet + open mic, Nightingale, two drink minimum+\$3 donation 7:30pm Poetry & acoustic music open mic, The Village Ma, Free 8pm The Soluton, open mic for poets musicians singers, The Flat Lounge, Free 10pm The O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell," BPC, \$3

Tues. 5:30pm Open Book: Reading Circle on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, BPC, free 8pm Open mic for poets & musicians-piano available, The Cave Bar & Willow Creek Restaurant, QN, free • Express Yourself Tuesdays: open reading celebrating creativity for poets, MCs, singers, comedians, musicians, Brown Chocolate Café, BK, free before 9 one drink minimum, \$12 after includes one drink • Featured poet and open mic, The Muddy Cup, SI 9pm Untie the Tongue: Featured poet and open mic, Grand Central Bar, BK, free 10pm Stefan Zeniuk's Open Ear, BPC, \$8 11:59pm Nite Cap with Shap! till 4am, BPC

Wed. 7pm Word In, Open mic for poets, singers, storytellers, etc., 5 Culture Center, \$5 7:30pm Collective: Unconscious Reverend Jen's Anti-Slam open mic performance, artists, writers, comedians, sketch-comics, actors, and musicians, (six-minute time limit) Collective Unconscious, \$3 8pm Java & Wood, open reading, Java & Wood, BK, free 8:30pm What's the Word Wednesdays: open reading for poets, singers, musicians, comedians, Sugar Shack, \$5 9pm Nuyorican Slam, third Wednesday only is HipHop open mic, all other Wednesdays an open slam, The Nuyorican Poet's Café, \$5 11:59pm Afterparty: Midnights with Moonshine! Closed Mic 1 drink min (drink specials 'til dawn), BPC, No Cover

Thurs. 7pm open mic, Brown Chocolate Café, \$7 7:14pm Poetry Slam & Open Mic! Produced by NYC-Urbana, the most successful poetry slam in the city! BPC, \$6 8pm Ebonics, featured poet, slam, showcase, and open mic, Music on Myrtle, BK, \$2 • open mic, Kay's Café, BX, \$5

Fri. 6pm Buck Wild's Wild West Show!! BPC, free • Pink Pony West, featured poet and open mic, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 gets you a free drink 6:30pm The Taylor Mead Show, BPC \$5 7pm Rick Shapiro, BPC, \$7/\$5 7:30pm Ozzie's Poetry Night: an open reading for poetry and prose, Ozzie's Coffee and Tea, BK, free 10pm Nuyorican Poets Café: Spotlight poets and Slam, followed by a midnight open mic, Nuyorican Poets Café, \$5 11:59pm Paradigm Spillout, BPC, \$6

Sat. 6:45pm Circus by the Sea, BPC, \$20 8pm Lyric Lounge: feature + open for singers, poets, MC's, Food 4 Thought Café, \$5 9pm Open, Neo Soul, spoken word showcase, 4 poets, MC, singers, and comedians, Café Imani, BK, free

DAILY EVENTS

Fri. 1 6pm Thomas Sayers Ellis on Tour, Hue-Man

Bookstore, free 10pm Zero Boy's Fool's Funhouse till 4am, BPC, \$10

Sat. 2 11am Intercollegiate Slam, BPC, \$4 1pm Memorial for Maureen Holm, Baggot Inn, free 2pm Thomas Sayers Ellis & Kyle Dargan, Brooklyn Public Library East Flatbush Branch, BK, free • Papa Susso: Oral Epics of West Africa, BPC, \$5 3pm Lizard Lounge Poetry Jam: featured poet + open mic, Nuyorican Poets Café, \$7 3:30pm AfroBlue Special Show, BPC 4pm Poets House Annual Showcase, Poets House, free • Segue: Dave Trinidad and Fred Schmalz, BPC, \$5 10pm Staff Saturday, BPC, \$8

Sun. 3 11:30am Hayes Greenfield's Jazz-A-Ma-Tazz, BPC, \$5 1pm featured poets and open reading, The Moroccan Star, BK, \$3 + \$3 min to restaurant 2pm Oblivio: Michael Barrish, BPC, \$5 3pm Poet to Poet Queens: featured poet TBA + open, Munch Café & Grill, QN, \$3 cover + \$3 min 4pm Gary Mex Glazner Book Party, BPC 6pm Cross Country: The state of avant-garde fiction w/Noam Mor, Martin Nakell, and Steve Tomasula, BPC, free 7pm Zinc TRS, Sharon Mesmer and Jeni Olin, Zinc Bar, \$5 • Atomic Reading Series: featured poets TBA, Lucky 13 Saloon, BK, free • Kindness, Inc. presents: April Fools!, BPC, \$10 9:30pm First Sundays: open stage, BPC, \$5

Mon. 4 4pm Study Abroad on the Bowery! visiting writers in performance & conversation: Suheir Hammad, BPC \$10/5 students w/id 6pm Thomas Sayers Ellis & Kyle Dargan, NYPL Clinton Hill Branch, BK, free 7pm Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 7:30pm Hidden Treasure: Albert Salinas + open, Johnny O's, free • Star Black, Colette Inez, Bill Kushner, KGB Bar, free • Pete's Big Salmon: Jim Behrle and Matthew Lippman, Pete's Candy Store, BK, free 8pm The Poetry Project: open reading, sign up by 7:30, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members • The Galinsky Bros. present: The one and only Manhattan Monologue Slam! BPC, \$6

Tues. 5 7pm Sin City on the Bowery: A Mighty Nighty of Burlesque, 10 featured performers w/open strip 10 to midnight, BPC • Macgregor Card, Jennifer Knox, Arlo Haskell, Amanda Shaffer, ZieherSmith Gallery, free • Thomas Sayers Ellis & Kyle Dargan, Brooklyn Public Library Central Library, BK, free • Women Poets at Barnard: Tessa Rumsey, Barnard College, free 7:30pm Park Slope Poetry Project: featured poet + open reading, St. John-St. Matthew-Emanuel Lutheran Church, BK, \$5

Wed. 6 6pm Emily XYZ presents: unusual drink on me w/Edwin Torres and Max Blagg, BPC, \$6 6:30pm Admit One: open mic, Flying Saucer Café, BK, free • Thomas Sayers Ellis on Tour, Barnes & Noble, free 7pm First Wednesdays: featured reader + open mic, Downtown Bronx Bar & Café, BX, free • featured poet + open mic, Jake's Saloon 8pm The Poetry Project: Diane Glancy & Kit Robinson, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members • Shawn Randall's Symphonics, BPC, \$7 10pm Chris Genteel, BPC, \$5

Thurs. 7 8:30am BRC Breakfast Meeting, BPC 3:30pm Thomas Sayers Ellis on Tour, Brooklyn Public Library DeKalb Branch, BK, free 6pm Whitman MacGowan + Margy Snyder on Tour! BPC, free 10pm Center Coast: A Music Showcase w/open mic, BPC, \$6

Fri. 8 6pm *Boog City*—d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press, with *The Canary* (Kemah, Texas), featuring Brandon Downing, Katy Lederer, Anthony Robinson, and Rachel Zucker, with music by Amir Kenan, ACA Galleries, free 7:30pm Aljandro Varderí, Irizelma Robles, Ricardo Lech Pena Villa, Boricua College Reading Room, BK, free 8pm Ntozake Shange w/Kahlil El Zabar, Craig Harris, Olu Dara, BPC 10pm Ntozake Shange Set Two, BPC 10:30pm The Poetry Project, The Ultimate Battle: Poets vs. Rappers, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 11:59pm Paradigm Spillout, BPC, \$5

Sat. 9 12pm Radomir Luza's One Man Show, BPC 2pm Open reading w/18 poets, 1 musician, 1 feature, and disco

dancing, Nomad's Choir, \$3 3pm Gretl Claggett, Farrah Field, Prageeta Sharma, The Ear Inn, free 4pm Segue: Sara Veglahn and Genya Turovskaya, BPC, \$5 6pm Bluestockings' Politics & Poetry: open mic for political poetry, youth welcome, Bluestockings, free • Italian-American Writers: featured poets+ 5 min. open mic, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 cover gets you a free drink 7:30pm Nights in Budapest: open reading, Food 4 Thought Café, BK 10pm Notherground Music, BPC, \$5

Sun. 10 11am Joel Forrester + People Like Us, BPC, \$7 1pm Poet to Poet Brooklyn: featured poet TBA + open, Starbucks, BK, \$3 cover + \$3 min 2pm Readings on the Bowery, BPC, \$8 inc \$2 off at café/bar • Queens Library Open: featured poet + open reading w/music, Central Library Auditorium, QN, free 4pm Readnex Poetry Squad, BPC, \$5 5pm Simon Armitage & Susan Wheeler, BPC, \$5 7pm Zinc TRS, Eileen Myles and Brenda Coultas, Zinc Bar, \$5 7:30 Kindness Inc. presents: April Fools!, BPC, \$10 10pm I Heard it Through the Great Vibe: An Evening w/The Uninvited, BPC, free

Mon. 11 4pm Study Abroad on the Bowery! Student reading and Performance, BPC, free 5:45 Poetry Game Show, BPC, free 7pm *The Onion* presents a night at the Bowery, BPC 7:30pm Gillian Conoley, Jonah Winter, KGB Bar, free 8pm The Poetry Project: Summi Kaipa & Sasha Steensen, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 8:45 Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 9pm Chaos Club: open mic in Queens, Chaos Club, QN, free • The Yard Dogs Road Show, BPC

Tues. 12 7pm Acentos: Jaylee Alde & open mic, Blue Ox Bar, BX, free • Shaba Sher, BPC, \$8

Wed. 13 7:30 Poet to Poet Queens: featured poet TBA + open, Barnes & Noble Bay Terrace, QN, contribution 8pm The Poetry Project: Cole Swenson & Jo Ann Wasserman, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members • Peoples Poetic Politics Reading, BPC

Thurs. 14 5pm NYU GAS Student/Faculty Reading, BPC 8pm Lipservice: featured poets + open mic, I'O's Bar and Lounge, BK, \$5 • Competition between 15 poets for \$200 cash equivalent prize, The Zipper Theater 10pm Candle Lite World Music Bistro w/Felice Rosser & Faith, DJ Sal, Emcee, Jack Silbert, BPC

Fri. 15 8pm NYU Gallatin Arts Festival, BPC 9:30pm Café Imani Slam w/\$50 prize to slam winners, Café Imani, BK, \$10 10:30pm The Poetry Project: The Poetry Game Show, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

Sat. 16 12pm The Biggs Benefit for Cystic Fibrosis, BPC, \$10 1pm The Poetry Project: Poetry is News, St. Mark's Church, free 2pm Si Senior Party, BPC, free 3pm Farnoosh Fatí, Christopher Lee Roberts, Richard Sime, Lynn Wagner, The Ear Inn, free 4pm Segue: Lewis Warsh and Martha Ronk, BPC, \$5 6pm Vienna Café Altenberg on the Bowery, BPC, \$10 7:30pm (re)collection: featured readers + open, The Asian American Writer's Workshop, \$5 • The Last Word: poetry, theater, music! Sideshow Gallery, BK, \$5 8pm Maurice, BPC, \$10 10pm Frank Messina's Octopet, BPC, \$10

Sun. 17 3pm Poet to Poet Queens: featured poet TBA + open, Munch Café & Grill, QN, \$3 cover + \$3 min 5pm Susan Scutti's Tone Poem, BPC, \$6 7pm NYU Writers Reading, BPC, \$6 • Zinc TRS, Memorial for Janet Richmond, with Kish Song Bear, Anselm Berrigan, Todd Colby, Elaine Equi, Boni Joi, Erica Kaufman, Brendan Lorber, Zinc Bar, \$5 7:30pm Kindness Inc. presents: April Fools!, BPC, \$10 10pm Underground Hip Hop Party, BPC, \$10

Mon. 18 6pm ASLian Poetry-Storytelling Night, BPC, free 7:30pm Hidden Treasure: Viviana Grell + open, Johnny O's, free • Andrea Baker, Sam White, KGB Bar, free • Pete's Big Salmon: Cynthia Cruz & Laurel Snyder, Pete's Candy Store, BK, free 7:45 Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2 8pm Tin House/Bloomsbury presents: Book Party! Maggie Robbins' *Suzy Zues Gets Organized*, BPC • The Poetry

Project: Craig Dworkin & Stacy Szymaszek, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

Tues. 19 6pm Poet Barry Wallenstein & piano man John Hicks, The Cornelia Street Café, \$10 gets you a free drink • Poetry & Prose from the Writer's Room, The Cornelia Street Café, \$6 gets you a free drink 7:30pm Poet to Poet Manhattan: featured poet + open, Caffè Vivaldi, \$3 adm, \$5 min 8pm The Poetry Project: International Writers/PEN Festival reading, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members • "rev. 99's poetry karaoke," BPC, \$6

Wed. 20 6:30pm Jordan Davis's The Million Poems Show, Terrance Hayes and Falu, BPC, free 7pm featured poet + open mic, Jake's Saloon • SynonymUS: collaborative poetry, music, movement & image, open + featured performances, The Nuyorican Poets Café, \$7 8pm Wet Ink Musics presents: Timetable Percussion and Coptic Light, BPC, \$10 • The Poetry Project: Ed Sanders & Aram Saroyan, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

Thurs. 21 5pm Naomi Chase, Denise Duhamel & Virgil Suarez, BPC, free 6pm Po'Jazz: Poetry & Jazz, The Cornelia Street Café, \$15 gets you a free drink 10pm CEC Russian Writers, BPC

Fri. 22 7:30pm PEN World Voices Festival: Tribute to Czeslaw Milosz, Hunter College 8pm The Poetry Project: Travis Sullivan's Bjorkestra, St. Mark's Church, \$15/\$10 members • Plastic East CD Party, BPC, \$10 includes free CD 10pm 3rd Party's Fourth Friday, BPC, \$7/5

Sat. 23 2pm Joanne Kyger +, BPC, \$6 3pm Women Writers Forum; open mic for women, 10 min. limit, The Writing Room, free 4pm Segue: Ed Roberson and Cedar Sigo, BPC, \$5 6pm *Where the Apple Falls*: Samiya Bash Book Party, BPC, free 8pm Comstock's Annapolis Review, BPC

Sun. 24 2pm Bowery Arts & Science! World of Poetry Bilingual Series: Bob Holman, Rachel Levitsky & Tim Liu reading their translations of Zhang Er, BPC, \$6 3pm Joanne Kyger, Donald Guravich, and Michael Rothenberg, Medicine Show, \$6 + free champagne 4pm Idrith's Grand Piano Event, BPC • Jordan Zinovich and Hidayat Inayat Khan (spiritual leader of the International Sufi Movement), FusionArts Museum, free 6pm sultry fusion: spoken word w/Leanne Averbach + jazz/blues w/Indigo, BPC 7pm Zinc TRS, John S. Hall and Sparrow, Zinc Bar, \$5 8pm Balaklava: The East European Reading, BPC, \$6 10pm I Heard it through the Great Vibe: An Evening with The Uninvited, BPC, free

Mon. 25 7pm Tim Hoey + Alea Harkawak Big Party, BPC 7:30pm Denise Duhamel & C. Dale Young, KGB Bar, free 8pm The Poetry Project: Talk Series; Alan Gilbert "Next to What?: Citing Poetry Now," St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 9pm Bingo Gazingo, BPC, \$2

Tues. 26 8pm Daniel Bernard Roumain, BPC, \$6

Wed. 27 5:30pm Jane LeCroy's New School Graduation, BPC 7pm Staten Island Public Library: Hettie Jones, NYPL, Dongan Hills Branch, SI, free 8pm Big CD release Party for Simplicity! Opener: Glue, BPC • The Poetry Project: Andrew Joron & John Yau, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members

Thurs. 28 Askia's Youth Open Mic, BPC, \$5/\$3 youth 7pm Poetry Society of America: The 95th Annual PSA Awards Ceremony, Tishman Auditorium, The New School, \$10/\$7 PSA members + students

Fri. 29 8pm Dufus, Cockroach, Brook Pridemore, Jeff Lewis, BPC, \$6 10:30pm The Poetry Project: Total Eclipse of the Heart, St. Mark's Church, \$8/\$7 students + seniors/\$5 members 11:59pm Zeps, BPC

Sat. 30 12pm Cat in the Hat w/Bob Holman, BPC, \$5 for ages 3-10 2pm Jack & Adello Foley, BPC, \$6 3pm David Hellman, William T. Heise, Hilary Sideris, Adam Williams, The Ear Inn, free 4pm Segue: Paul Killebrew and Philip Nikolayev, BPC, \$5 7pm Danny Lanzetta, BPC 9pm Janet Hamill and Moving Star CD Release Party for *Genie of the Alphabet*, BPC, \$10

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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 • Baggot Inn 82 West 3rd Street @ Sullivan/Thompson, nycBigCityLit.com • Bar 13 35 East 13th, 2nd floor, @ Broadway/University Place www.louderARTS.com • Barnard College 3009 Broadway, Sulzberger Parlor 3rd floor, Barnard Hall rj2040@barnard.edu • Barnes & Noble 105 Fifth Ave @ 18th Street 212-675-5500 • Barnes & Noble Bay Terrace 23-90 Bell Blvd, Bayside, Queens dunnmiracle@juno.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 Bookstore and Café 172 Allen Street between Stanton and Rivington www.bluestockings.com • Boricua College Reading Room 186 North 6th St. Brooklyn • The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery @ Bleecker www.bowerypoetry.com • Brooklyn Public Library Central Library, 1 Grand Army Plaza @ Eastern Parkway/Flatbush Ave, Brooklyn • Brooklyn Public Library DeKalb Branch 790 Bushwick Ave @ DeKalb, Brooklyn • Brooklyn Public Library East Flatbush Branch, Church Ave @ Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, 718-922-0927 • Brown Chocolate Cafe 1084 Fulton Street www.oralfixations.g3z.com • Café Imani 148 Stuyvesant Avenue @ Greene Ave., Brooklyn www.cafeimani.com | 718.574.6565 • Café Shane 794 Washington Ave. @ Sterling/St. John's Place, Brooklyn • Caffè Vivaldi 32 Jones Street @ Bleecker between 6th & 7th Aves • The Cave Bar & Willow Creek Restaurant @ 11th St., Long Island City, Queens www.williamberthal.com • Cellar 325 East 14th Street @ 1st/2nd Aves supolo@rcn.com | 212.477.7747 • Central Library Auditorium 89-11 Merrick Blvd, Jamaica, Queens • Chaos Club 90-21 Springfield Boulevard, Queens Village 718.479.2594 | davault@aol.com www.thevault.org • Collective: Unconscious 279 Church Street, nr. White | www.revjen.com | 212.254.5277 Subway: any train to Canal Street • The Cornelia Street Cafe 29 Cornelia Street jackie@poetz.com www.poetz.com/pony/pinkpony.htm • Downtown Bronx Bar and Café 141 East 149th at Walton Ave, Bronx, www.bronxarts.org, subway 4/5 to Grand Concourse • The Ear Inn 326 Spring St, west of Greenwich 212.246.5074 | earinnpoetry@nyc.rr.com, www.mbroder.com/ear_inn/ • 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.50CC.com 212.477.5993 T10nebula@aol.com • Flannery's Bar 205 West 14th Street | 718.621.1240 | mikegraves50@hotmail.com • The Flat Lounge 16 First Avenue @ 1st Street 212-677-9477 Subway: F/V to Second Avenue • Flying Saucer Café 494 Atlantic Ave. @ 3rd Ave/Neivs, Brooklyn • Food 4 Thought Café 445 Marcus Garvey Blvd & McDonough, Brooklyn www.food4thoughtcafe.web.com | 718.443.4160 T10Nebula@aol.com Subway: C to Kingston-Throop • The Four-Faced Liar 165 West 4th Street 212.366.0608 | shafferhall@hotmail.com • FusionArts Museum, 57 Stanton St. • A Gathering of the Tribes 285 East 3rd St, 2nd floor, www.tribes.org • Grand Central Bar 659 Grand Street bet. 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Jennings & Louis Nine, Bronx 718-378-3434 ebonywashington@earthlink.net www.PoetLITICAL.com • KGB Bar 85 East 4th Street @ 2nd Avenue, 212.505.3360 • Lucky 13 Saloon 273 13th Street @ 5th Avenue, Brooklyn, www.lucky13saloon.com • M Lounge 291 Hooper Street, bet. Broadway & South 5th, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, sashazuk@hotmail.com • Medicine Show 549 West 52nd Street, 3rd flr. @ 10th/11th Aves, 3rd floor • The Moroccan Star 148 Atlantic Avenue @ Henry & Clinton, Brooklyn • The Muddy Cup 388 Van Duzer Street, Staten Island 718.818.8100 contact@muddycup.com | daysafield@aol.com • Munch Cafe & Grill 71-60 Yellowstone Blvd. @ Dartmouth St. Forest Hills, Queens | dunnmiracle@juno.com Subway: E/F/V to 71/Continental then Q23 bus southbound • Music On Myrtle 405 Myrtle Ave, Brooklyn | www.musiconmyrtle.com | 718-596-MOMS info@musiconmyrtle.com • The National Arts Club 15 Gramercy Park South • The New School, 66 W.12th Street, emily@poetrysociety.org • NY Public Library Riverside Branch 127 Amsterdam Avenue @ West 65th 212.870.1810 • Nightingale 213 Second Avenue @ 13th Street supolo@rcn.com • 92nd Street Y, Kaufmann Concert Hall 1395 Lexington Avenue @ 92nd Street www.92y.org | 212.415.5500 • Nomad's Choir 149-155 Christopher St. • The Nuyorican Poets Café 236 East 3rd Street bet. Avenues B & C 212.505.8183 | www.nuyorican.org • Ozzie's Coffee & Tea 251 5th Avenue @ Garfield, Brooklyn 718.840.0878 | the7thcoming@aol.com • Pete's Candy Store 790 Lorimer @ Frost/Richardson, Brooklyn • 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, downtownstairs lounge 433 East 6th Street @ First Ave/Ave A | 212.388.0957 Baronejenn@aol.com www.brokeland.org | www.ragaync.com • St. Mark's Church 131 East 10th Street @ Second Avenue www.poetryproject.com info@poetryproject.com 212.674.0910 • St. John-St. Matthew-Emanuel Lutheran Church 283 Prospect Ave. @ 5th/6th Aves, Brooklyn • Shakespear's Sister 270 Court Street, Brooklyn 718.694.0084 michaelgraves@optonline.net Subway: any train to Court Street • Sideshow Gallery 319 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn Subway: L to Bedford | 718-391-9220 | brueweber@earthlink.net • Sista's Place 456 Nostrand Ave. Entrance on Jefferson, Brooklyn Ngomazworld@aol.com • Starbucks 7419 3rd Ave @ 75th Street, Brooklyn • Staten Island Public Library, NYPL Dongan Hills Branch, 1617 Richmond Road @ Seaview/Liberty Aves, SI | 718.351.1444 | dongan_hills@nypl.org • Sugar Shack 2611 Frederick Douglas Blvd @ West 139th St. | 212.491.4422 | BrownIzesprod@aol.com Brotherearl@wordstockinc.com • Telephone Bar 149 2nd Ave @ 9th St www.telebar.com • The Village Ma 107 Macdougall Street www.brodian.com • Vox Pop 1022 Cortelyou Rd., Brooklyn www.voxpop.net • The Writing Room, Women's Studio Center 21-25 44 Ave., Long Island City • ZieherSmith Gallery, 531 W.25th St., 212-229-1088, Info@zieherSmith.com, Subway: C or E to 23rd St. • Zinc Bar, 90 W. Houston St., lungfull.org • The Zipper Theater 336 West 37th Street @ 8th/9th Aves