

1-1-2004

The Watermark: A Journal of the Arts - Vol. 11.5 - 2004

University of Massachusetts Boston

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.umb.edu/watermark>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

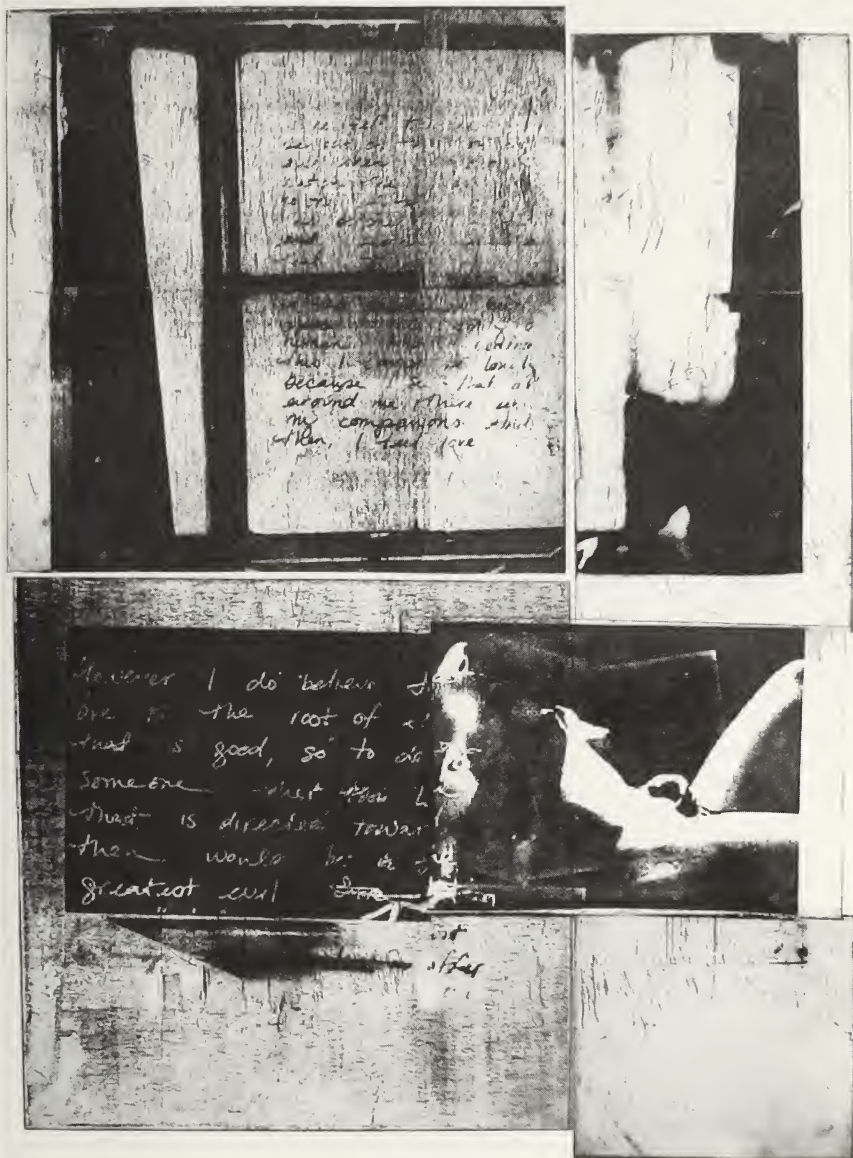
Recommended Citation

University of Massachusetts Boston, "The Watermark: A Journal of the Arts - Vol. 11.5 - 2004" (2004). *The Watermark: A Journal of the Arts*. Paper 12.

<http://scholarworks.umb.edu/watermark/12>

This Journal Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Journals at ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Watermark: A Journal of the Arts by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. For more information, please contact library.uasc@umb.edu.

the watermark



However I do believe that
one is the root of evil
that is good, so to do
someone that good
that is directed toward
the world to be the
greatest evil



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



the watermark

volume xi.v

co-editors

Dereck Mangus | Erica Mena

poetry editors

Jessica DelGizzi | David Johnson

poetry readers

Danny Diamond | Ron DiBona | Kristina England

Melissa Jeltsen | Brianne Keith | Jim Morrisson

art editor

Dylan Seo

art jurors

Jordan Colon | Skyela Heitz | John Kane III

Colin Kelly | Stephanie Landers

layout & design

Dereck Mangus | Erica Mena

The Watermark is UMass Boston's student-run journal of arts and literature. Produced bi-annually and paid for primarily by student fees, it serves as an outlet for the highest quality writing and visual art by UMass Boston's undergraduate and graduate student body.

The fall issue features poetry and art, while the spring issue includes poetry, fiction, non-fiction and art. Submissions are selected by staff members via a democratic and anonymous process with the overall goal of offering students an opportunity to be published. Information about submitting or getting involved can be found online.

Subscriptions:

Free on campus.

Off campus:

Individuals: 1 year (2 issues) \$15

Institutions: 1 year (2 issues) \$20

Outside the US please add \$6 for postage.

The Watermark / UMass Boston

100 Morrissey Blvd.

Boston, MA 02125

www.watermark.umb.edu | 617.287.7960 | watermark@umb.edu

editors' note

They said it couldn't be done. They said that we were mad. But we forged ahead anyway...

This is the first year that we've had a fall issue of *The Watermark*, and we would like to thank all the students, faculty, and staff who had a hand in this achievement. If it wasn't for them, there wouldn't be a journal. We truly appreciate all your support, especially the tireless work of our editors and their staffs.

There are certain collaborators who have been exceptionally patient with us, and we would like to name names: Nancy Stieber and Liz Marran in the Art Department for their help in establishing an outside jury for the art award; Askold Melnyczuk for his support and advice throughout; Neal Bruss in the English Department for his inspired editing; Caroline Cosica and the Graduate Student Assembly; Tristan Lowe, Adnan Usman and the Undergraduate Student Senate; Donna Neal for her compassion and guidance; Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs Charlie Titus and Chancellor Keith Motley for their encouragement; Samantha Pitchel and Paulina Kozak for their indispensable effort; everyone who submitted; and Nancy Derby and Diane Costagliola for leaving us (not totally alone) with their legacy.

So after weeks of promotions, juries, and general production the first-ever fall issue of *The Watermark* is out, hot off the press and cooling in your hands.

We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed putting it together. And stay tuned for the spring issue, coming out in May 2005.

Dereck S. Mangus & Erica Mena
December 2004

art

Vitor Cardoso
Male Figures | 39
Untitled | 67
Male Figure | 68

Jordan Colon
City In Line | 15

Yulia Dumov
Looking Up | 25

Jillian Ferragamo
Marcelino | 51
Sunlight | 58

Skyela Heitz
Dress Form #2 | 1
Dress Form #1 | 68

Laurent Lejuene
San Diego? | 17
Hitchhiking In Florida | 22

Denez McAdoo
#7 | 42
#16 | 50
#4 | 59

Bridgette Melvin
Dreaming of New Zealand | 3
Lonesome Desert | 11
Reflections On Water | 35

Elizabeth Mullin
Marathon Line | 30

Christina Navarro
Forbidden | 66

Zoe Ann Perry
Breakfast With Deneli | 14

Joed Polly
Cubes | 4
Moneygirl | 9
Moon Battle | 10
Fingers | 21

Crystal Rogers
Duomo #1 | 19

Dylan Seo
Killing Time / Time Kills | 54

Paul Sung
a girl, so unforgettable | 7
falling rain, rolling mountains | 31

Emily Taranto-Kent
Memory and Progression, One | 29

Denise Mary Theriault
Park Bench | 6
The Diner After Her Funeral | 34
Strangehold | 62

Jessica Vaudreuil
Signs | 43

Jacqueline M. Waller
Untitled I from the "Portrait of Life" Series | 46
Untitled IV from the "Portrait of Life" Series | 47

poetry

Natalia Cooper
almost forgot | 36

Jessica DelGizzi
To Chelsea | 28

Danny Diamond
Evangelist | 2

Ron DiBona
When the Porno Director Makes Love | 63

Kristina England
Mississippi Bridge | 13
Ghosts | 26

Jonathan Fitzgerald
Trot, canter, gallop | 20

Nathan Horowitz
September / March | 24

Bryan How
Tomorrow is Hoagy Carmichael's Birthday | 55

Melissa Jeltsen
Widow Walk | 64

Beatrice Kelly
Life in Sepia | 60

Candice M. Kinder-Elliott
Rabid Consumerism | 8
Thoughts About Life and Vietnam | 40

George Kovach
A Kind of Mourning | 38
Pantomime | 52

Jennifer Kosloski

Separation | 5

Vanity | 16

Grip | 45

Peter Litchfield

Newton | 56

Dan Madden

The Fighter | 32

Rooster | 48

Deborh Pfeiffer

The Cathedral for the Protection of the Mother of God | 18

Brooks Winchell

Swingset | 12

Atlantic Night | 44

Channel Grazing | 53

but wait, there's more...

Erica Mena

Poetry With Purpose: The Work of Martín Espada | 71

Dana Kletter

An Interview With Cynthia Ozick | 81

A Literary Guide to Boston | 85



Skyela Heitz

Dress Form #2

Pen and Ink on Paper

Danny Diamond

Evangelist

1.

The two years of starless, sonless
sketchpaper skies since I last saw
you have dissolved
like newsprint onto wet cement.

In a framed front-page family photograph I am still
your child. I chase your outstretched hand over cobblestone cross-
walks to the center of Harvard Square where
you often came to speak.

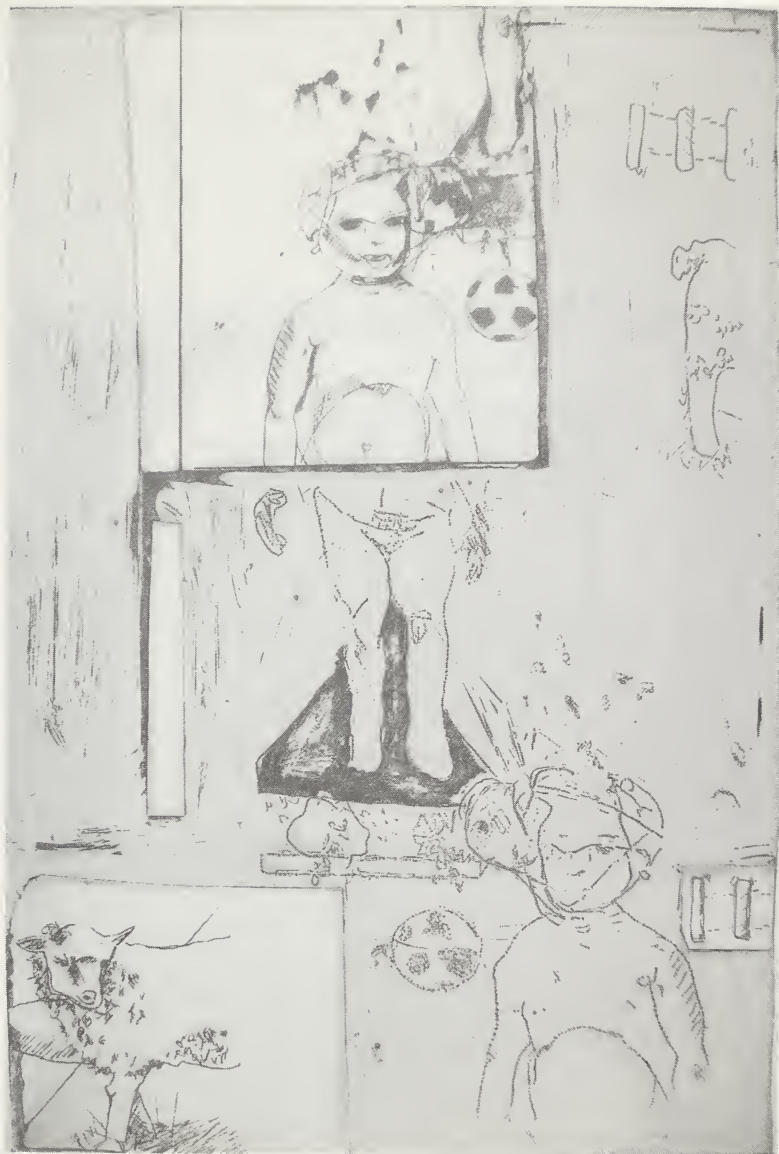
As the young ghost of the recent past I walked out, stepping
across the obscure translation of testaments that you keep
duct-taping back together—chapters torn out and given away—
some of the returned.

2.

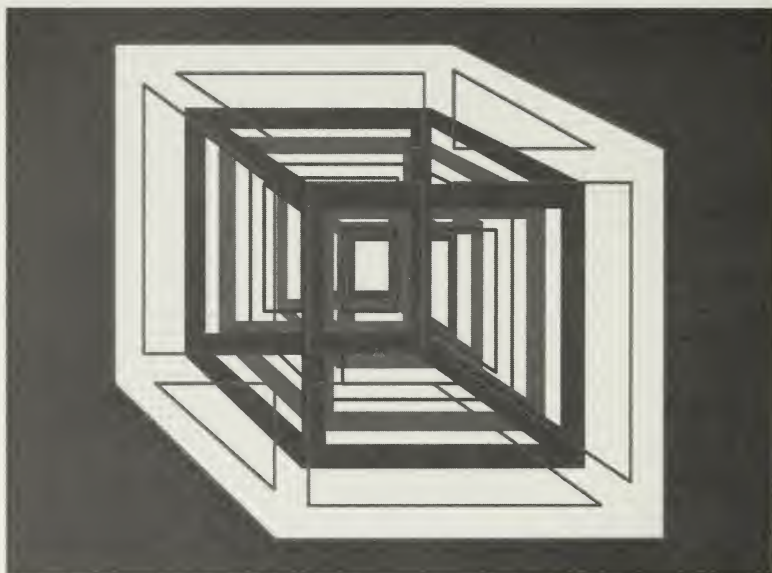
Seething smokestacks in the City of Cambridge overshadow
the petrified saints who stare heavenward with bronze eyes
rolled back, holding marble books thick with
pages that can never turn.

As the Church St. steeple splits the setting sun
once more, I watch you wade into a sea of strangers'
children. They rise and sink
around you in unison like marionettes, caught

by the current of the city. You clutch
at their wet wooden hands to save them, while the net
of strings suffocates you like a fish
on the surface of Galilee.



Bridgette Melvin
Dreaming of New Zealand
Printmaking



Joed Polly
Cubes
Digital Imaging

Jennifer Kosloski

Separation

Christmas came and went like every other year
only less so. On New Year's Day my bed
was a grave gone to untended seed.

I've come out the other side of the season
spitted and hung like a popcorn garland
around a Christmas tree.
Inside out.
Exploded.



Denise Mary Theriault
Park Bench
Black and White Photography



Paul Sung

a girl, so unforgettable

Digital Imaging

Candice M. Kinder-Elliott

Rabid Consumerism

SUVs ribbed for her pleasure
Botox enhanced instant messenger
Low in fat cyber connections
Spicy high-speed love obsessions

Digital attention deficit
Genetically modified deodorant
Floral-scented Bachelors
Bobble-headed Barbie whores

Trans-fat acid trip Survivors
Sucralose Atkins subscribers
Toxic all-you-can-eat 12-steppers
Heroin chic collagen molesters

PMS'ing talk show hosts
Retro-fitted holy ghosts
Spongebob Squarepants self-help texts
Conservation candy pets

Missile-guided eco-system
Liberated women's prison
Alternative anarchic states
Human cloning monkey traits

Carbohydrate dancing girls
Democratic Prozac frills
Therapeutic Marlboro Man
Cocaine dealing poker hand

Cancer-causing pick-up line
Vaccinated Valentine
Platinum pendant foreign bride
All on plastic—\$9.99



Joed Polly
Moneygirl
Digital Imaging



Joed Polly
Moon Battle
Digital Imaging



Bridgette Melvin

Lonesome Desert

Printmaking

Brooks Winchell

Swingset

1.

On afternoons, we felt the snugness of the rubber
Seats; the pump and glide and cold, steel
Chains in our hands. For hours we
Swung, dragging our treads in the dirt and
Throwing our legs in the air. We pumped on the
Downstroke and rode out the upstroke. We
Tugged on the reins and arched our backs,
Sometimes upside-down. Always as we reached the
Peak, and blood rushed to our heads, there came a
Stop. A silhouette. Then a snap and tug back
Down, the eerie swing and throw back up.
We pointed our toes and pushed back down.

2.

I found the twisted A-frame. The rusted,
Tubular supports and clinking links of chain. I
Noticed wild tufts at the base, and the dried-
Out rubber seats, the deep footholes
Filled with rainwater. I gazed at the crossbar, and
Drew up next to the set, and ran my
Hand on the upright. It felt cold,
First in my fingertips, then in my palm, then in
My arms as I wrapped around it. In the cover
Of my backyard, I hugged it, as someone might
Hug an old dog, when they wake to find it
Panting and wheezy on the floor.

Kristina England

The Mississippi Bridge

The Mississippi Bridge is no more –
it has fallen to smoke, risen to dust
along the South Carolina border.
Onlookers light up cigarettes while
a man's dog watches the arches fall
and thinks of his own arthritis,
slowly caving in those canine bones.



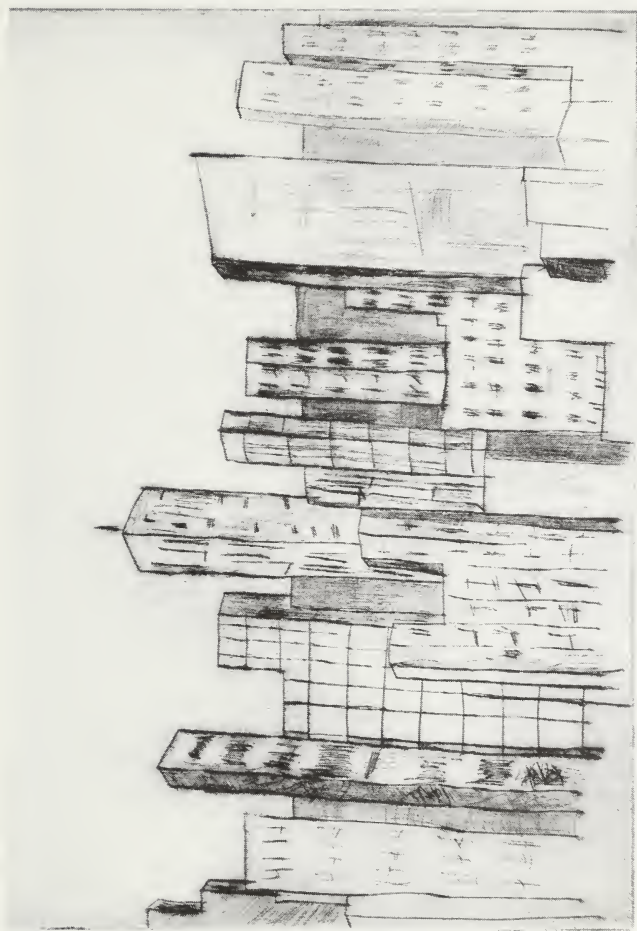
Zoe Perry

Breakfast of Denali

Zoe Ann Perry

Breakfast With Denali

Black and White Photography



Jordan Colon
City In Line
Printmaking

Jennifer Kosloski

Vanity

It's December on Marlborough Street. The potbellied brownstones hunker and belch steam as we pass by in silence. It's too cold to talk, and what would we say? We hold mittenless hands instead,

admire the icicles. I wish I could believe we're sharing something, some wordless moment, but I need proof. I need this hand in mine, words of affirmation, signs of longing and desire.

And I don't want only a few haphazard gestures here and there, empty of thought or intent. I want every change in your expressive eyes to reflect me. I want you to see me no matter

where you look. Even when you're not holding my hand, I want your fingers to rest in that shape. I want you to recognize and love that sloping curve, and love even the spaces where I'm not

because they're the places that I've been.



Laurent Lejeune

San Diego?

Black and White Photography / Collage

Deborah Pfeiffer

*The Cathedral for the Protection of the
Mother of God*

The absent lipstick
— nuns sipping on sacrament —
is dead on the glass.



Crystal Rogers

Duomo #1

Black and White Photography

Jonathan Fitzgerald

Trot, canter, gallop

The ground shook to the beat
of horses' hooves pounding

the field. There's a rhythm to it, she
said: two for a trot, three for a canter, four

for a gallop. But I can't seem to
pick up their (or her) beat. She's

something of an oddity (or maybe
it's me). But either way I was off;

from the horses' trot –

and from her – canter –

heart's – gallop.

Beat.



Joed Polly
Fingers
Digital Imaging



Laurent Lejeune

Hitchhiking In Florida 1 & 2

Black and White Photography



Nathan Horowitz

September

I dream of sailing,
and wake up to the sound of
rain on the window.

March

Spring wind, at dawn,
mixes crows into the forest,
green and black.



Yulia Dumov

Looking Up

Black and White Photography

Kristina England

Ghosts

I.

“Ghosts are ghosts,” said Uncle,
as he leaned over the dining room table,
running his hand along an invisible map.
Shrapnel still flies by him in daylight
as his son, full grown now, sits on the couch
playing military games that bleed true.

I turn my head and watch the football playoffs,
but it alarms me that I do not even know our
state’s team, so I read John McCain’s memoir
for the third time. Uncle fingers flashbacks,
stirs them around in his cereal till they spell guilt,
regret, and self-hate – these words keep him up.

My cousin plays videogames – bullets that hit
Vietnam Vets’ hearts. And my father,
relieved of duty from a back injury,
turns to me and says, “My little girls
will be let loose in Iraq with guns. Then they’ll
learn that survival sometimes means killing bastards.”

II.

Uncle giggles at dead men that walk through
his head. Ghosts are his only friends.
We all have ghosts, whether they are
men we have killed in ambush,
wives we have left for maids,
or sons we discovered were the neighbor’s kids.

Ghosts do not die.

They mingle with us and send
uncles to MIA fatherhood
until families drift away
play patricide videogames,
abandon the uncles on street corners,
and do anything to avoid those eyes.

III.

Ghosts are ghosts, father.
When I camp out, under
raging owls and blood moons,
the swamps resemble you.

I crack open a soda, let
the bubbles singe my throat
and feel UFOs in my lungs,
but the heavens are gone.

You'll end your life at one hundred and seven,
but I won't be spooning you baby food.
I'll turn to sand somewhere out in the Middle East,
because I would not kill for you.

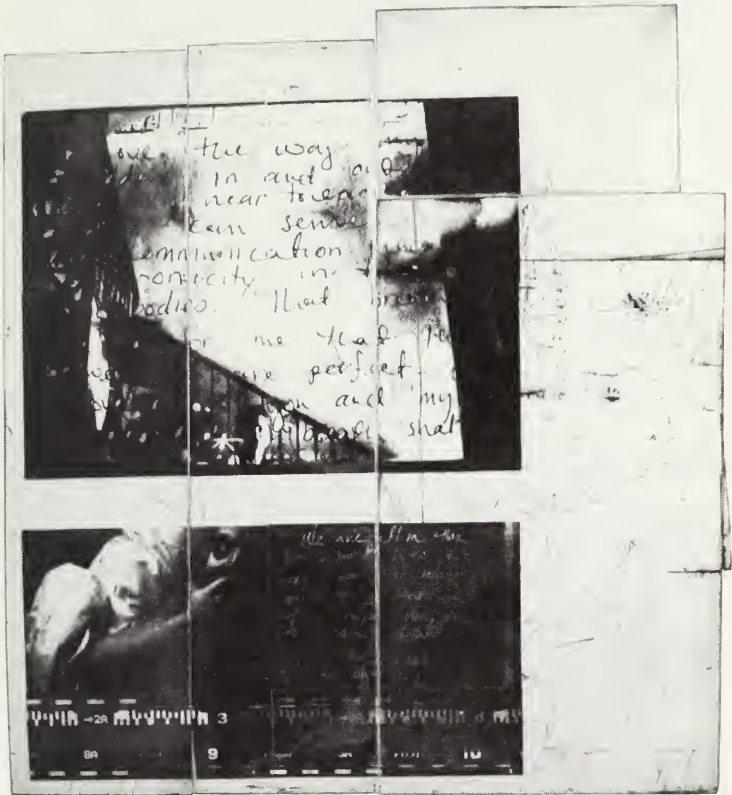
If I were to paint Hell, it would look like our backyard –
no maple trees, no butterflies,
nor wasps.
No people, no cats –

just a fence with no gate.

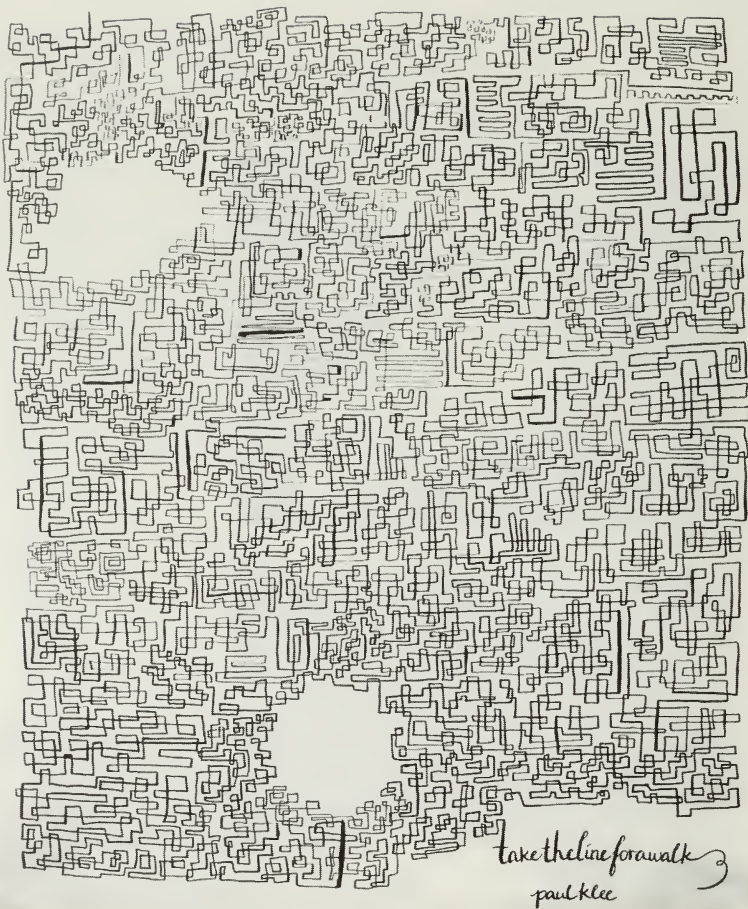
Jessica DelGizzi

To Chelsea

The grey traffic swirls about
the coming evening, curving like snakeskin –
Concrete shoots unfurl
slow metal movement toward multiple destinations.
Rain stains the pavement
of this Big Dig mess.
The project, they say, will eliminate
the volume I (and those still employed) am stuck in.
Another new tunnel to discover;
I enter, making my way
onto Tobin Bridge – still green
and impossibly skinny.
I wonder what tonight will bring –
besides the cold certainty of a stiff drink.



Emily Taranto-Kent
Memory and Progression, One
Printmaking



Elizabeth Mullin

Marathon Line

Pen and Ink on Paper



Paul Sung

falling rain, rolling mountains

Digital Imaging

Dan Madden

The Fighter

In the Live Jazz Saloon in Georgetown,
I sat drinking
in the lung-dust air, tar-toothed, mad-eyed, lit
I sat drinking
with friends; laughing—
young for now.

Sitting among us were the fallout—the detritus,
drunks, junkies, wife beaters ex-
vets and ex-hippies, arguing and agreeing on foul war,
men trans-configured into giant bugs (Kafka would be amazed)
and hiding in their caves or smiling with nicotine grins
and wild owl eyes, covered up by layer upon layer
of wrinkled eyelid skin.

There are no heroes here—
only ash.
Cold ash, gray ash,
ash of exploded blossom, old memories.
Great noble stinking pillars of ash!

I sipped my scotch
and to my left a man sipped his.

Black cowboy hat with a snakeskin band, white
beard to his belly, charcoal in his wrinkles, he was bowing
to his drink, kissing his cigarello's feet.

With Blues by Five, the man rose to dance,
if you can call it dancing, stammering
staggering, leg over gaunt leg
with his fists near his eyes and his elbows in his ribs
like a losing boxer, like a beaten prize fighter,
like a once great and proud American fighter,
beaten down, withered to ash.
He'll go on like that 'till he drops, I thought.
We all go on like that.



Denise Mary Theriault

The Diner After Her Funeral

Black and White Photography / Collage



Bridgette Melvin
Reflections On Water
Printmaking

Natalia Cooper

almost forgot

I went to a museum once,
where they had a greenhouse
and a beautiful flower
that was a huge fleshy
sagging bag, red-hued and
white-specked.

It had an oblong ellipsis mouth
at its top and you could
see inside to the pistils and
the pollen, swimming in the slippery
red.

The flower is a calico flower
native to the jungle
and hangs from the canopy
to the brush; carnivorous.
Sometimes it smells like
rotting meat to trick its prey.

I almost forgot it was a flower.

Yesterday I saw a photograph;
gelatinous ooze spilling
from the deflated head of a
girl who lay across the lap
of a man whose head was intact
and enclosed in the bud of a white turban.

Her skull was cracked like
jagged teeth and the red
spilled out like a
lazy tongue onto rough sand.

The child wore a patchwork dress,
her eyes were closed, the eyelids
the same dusky color as
wet sand.

I almost forgot it was a child.

George Kovach

A Kind of Mourning

The Sirens sang about the fall of Troy
to every black hulled ship returning home;
songs that shipwrecked every passing crew,
flayed their skins, broke their bones on rocks.
Ulysses had his men lash him to the mast
so he could bear to listen for his name.
He strained for every detail of the war; he fought
the ropes that kept him from the rocks. Home
was here, the ebb and flow of Troy and Greece
retold so he could live again each blow
and hear the ravens claiming bits of meat;
so he could close the eyes of men he knew
as friends, who lived and died to share his fame.
He never grieved; grief would ease his pain.



Vitor Cardoso

Male Figures

Pen and Ink on Paper

Vietnam didn't take
My body—it took
Everything else.

My kids suffer.

* * *

It was the booze, too—
The months-long binges
Kept me alive.

I know I spent most of my life
With other women—
Not your mother—
Or doing time.

How could I look in your eyes,
Or your sister's,
Pretending to be a father?

I don't remember strangling you.
I can't recall saying you
And your mother were commies
Or seizing you like the enemy.

What matters is I've changed.

I still see the Vietnamese soldier's
Rotting head on a stick,
His dick in his mouth,
 But with human eyes.

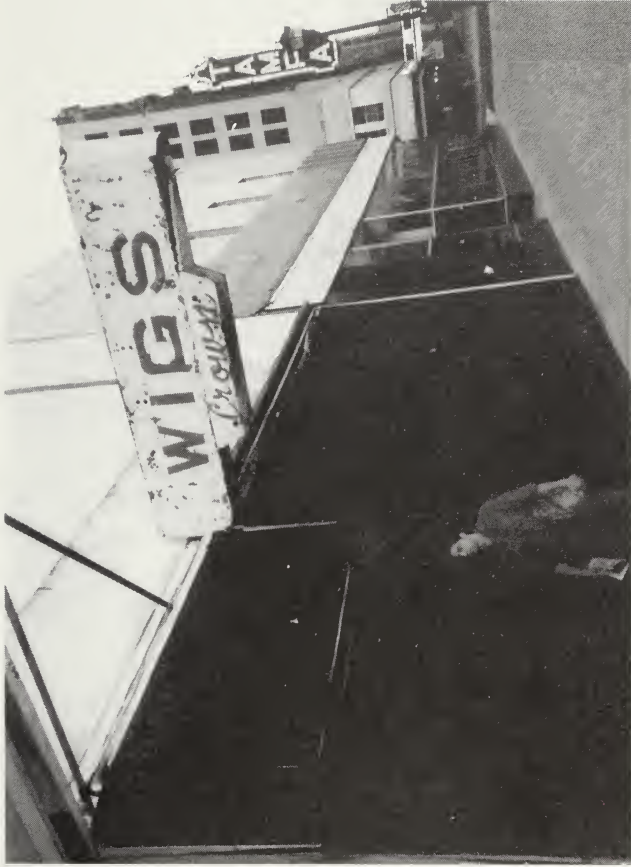
And I'm sorry.



Denez McAdoo

#7

Black and White Photography



Jessica Vaudreuil

Signs

Black and White Photography

Brooks Winchell

Atlantic Night

The boards feel cold on my feet, but
Under the stars, the breeze is warm. I'm
Glad its gentle lap called me into the
Night; called me to the edge with elbows
Leaning on the railing. Had it not, I

Wouldn't be there, nose in the salt air
Under the buzz of warming halogens and
Song of a million crickets. I wouldn't be
Gazing at an evening as if a boy and
Wondering why grass is green, or sea – blue.

Jennifer Kosloski

Grip

There came a point in her dying when you couldn't watch anymore. Outside, too cold for any reasonable November, you cried and didn't care who saw, let a stranger wrap an arm around your shoulders and lead you out the other side of your grief. Caught, when everything felt like falling.

Now you're the one people cry about. You aren't dying, in fact you don't even look unwell, but every gesture turned your way makes you feel as though you are. Every care package seems freighted with foreboding, and no one talks to you without your sickness surfacing like a buoy.

Today, even the kindest motions are barbed. You cry now when careless courtesy is turned your way, because you know what it doesn't. Someday even strangers will see the truth. Even strangers will lose their grip and let you drop.



Jacqueline M. Waller

Untitled I from the "Portrait of Life" Series

Black and White Photography



Jacqueline M. Waller

Untitled IV from the "Portrait of Life" Series

Black and White Photography

Dan Madden

Rooster

His moustache would look like David Crosby's
if his hair was thicker. It curls
over his mouth and sticks out, brush-like
at the corners, making his smile
look almost cartoonish. His hair
is tied back loosely. It's long
and has a few rogue strands braking free,
swaying by his eyes and behind his ears.
His sideburns are like plumage.
His face is like mine
back when I was skinny.
His thin arms end in tawny fingers
which are wrapped around a baby boy
who is standing on a table
in what appears to be a van
in what appears to be America.
The boy is proud to be standing.

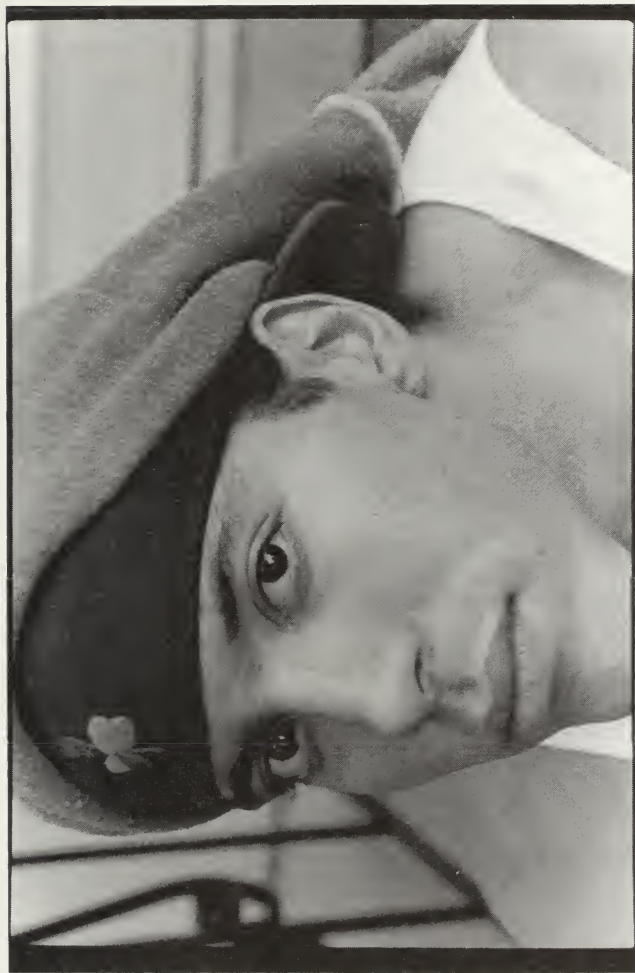
The van is wall to wall
with tapestries and posters
that say things
like, "How Can America Head Off Energy Shortages?"
There's an Oriental rug under them,
an open book on the table,
a coffee cup with a sunflower by the baby's foot.
Above his head is a painting of a rooster,
a prize winning Kentucky Leghorn,
a great phallic bird, immodestly
ruffling his feathers
like a glam-rock boa for the hens.
He should be red white and blue—proud cock
of the American Dream,
making chicks who pick at the earth,
rousing men
at six a.m. and crying to the sun
his libidinous caw.



Denez McAdoo

#16

Black and White Photography



Jillian Ferragamo

Marcelino

Black and White Photography

George Kovach

Pantomime

He shapes the ideal facsimile:
a table, a chair, a wall
exist for now on stage. Even the small
child on my shoulders can see what the mime
intends this moment of a world to mean.
He checks (the watch on) his wrist, then looks our way
to demonstrate, what? That history
begins with a gesture so routine
it goes unnoticed in real time?
Or is there something else he means to say?

His eyes, his white gloves grasp
the (table's) edge; he rises from the chair,
turns and leans like Sisyphus into the (lime and hair
that bind the conjured) wall to what it represents.
The mime strains in one position,
shifts and tries and fails again
to move (the wall). With every gasp
he fails to utter, with each grotesque repetition
of this dance, the innocence
on my shoulders squirms; and when

I shift and try to leave this scene,
try but fail to shield my son with a promise
(of an ice cream cone) on this
scorching afternoon, he complains
that the show isn't over yet, and pleads
to stay and see how it will end.
He wants to know if a King or Queen
will come to free the man who needs
help. But how can I explain
that we've already seen the end?

Brooks Winchell

Channel Grazing

We stood by our car, in the sun, in the
Dull hum of a ferry engine. Each of us
Leaned on the railings; our heads soft
With the chug and soundless churn of wake.
Waves rolled off the bow. We were the tip
Of a triangle, cutting rows as perpetual
As the stripes of a barber-pole.
How could we control that ship?
It motored down the channel,
Oblivious to the slap of the bay, laughing
With its grunt and gargle. Adorned with
People, tossed over the decks like tinsel,
And plowing.
Everything was made of that solid iron.



Dylan Seo
Killing Time / Time Kills
Pen and Ink on Paper

Bryan How

Tomorrow is Hoagy Carmichael's Birthday

Bruised pride in the best years of life
says nothing important to the slag man.
It is a luxury, wavering, cool and elusive.
He kisses her eyes softly,

Surprised in his own belief.
He wished to disappear
Like a cloud curving into rain,
hot, then cool and blue; once spent

he laughs at his exhausted potential.
On Armistice Day, he forgives himself,
Goes fishing for dogfish, red herring and pike,
to return smelling of whiskey, wool, and bait.

Peter Litchfield

Newton

(For my father, May 31, 1973)

Conjuring up one who discovered gravity,
I call out to you by your middle name.
Tears fall like apples in a thirty-year grove.

You once drilled a hole in a baseball.
Threaded some twine and tied it to a tree.
Told me to keep my eye on the ball.

You began to clear those thirty acres in Crystal River.
Burning Floridian palm leaves would glow.
The fires swirled like ripened oranges.

You liked ginger brandy and ginger ale.
Mixed together from the same root.
I liked to smell the hourglass-shot measure.

The ashtrays overflowed with the obvious
Marking time devices. It was a kind of food.
Heaven breaks us eventually. You simply hurried.

Covered in sawdust, T-shirt and jeans,
I remember you as never being formal.
Yet I've seen you snazzy in pictures from my half-sisters.

It could not have been easy, to be divorced,
To know you would never see your daughters again.
Did you think I would ever meet them?

I see you there gasping for air on a bed.
My mother cries and prays afterwards.
It was my second to last day of second grade.

The next-door neighbors took me out on their boat,
And had me sleep overnight in their mobile home.
It's like the one mom lives in now.

Oh my father, I never really got to say goodbye.
The ball is no longer tied to the tree.
My eye now keeps you. Defying the apple. Upward.



Jillian Ferragamo

Sunlight

Black and White Photography



Denez McAdoo

#1

Black and White Photography

Beatrice Kelly

Life in Sepia

My grandmother lived
In a black oval frame
On the wall
Of my parents' bedroom,
Erect and serious
Behind my grandfather's chair,
Her hand on his shoulder.

Searching for costumes
One rainy day
I found her letters
On the wardrobe floor,
Behind the shoes,
In an old biscuit tin —
Her voice hidden among the bills.

I saw her eyes soften as
She welcomed my mother
Into the family.
Her lips seemed to smile
As I read her persuade
Her youngest son
Home from England.

Fleshed out
With my father's stories:
Teacher, wife, mother, before
Working wife became the norm.
Standing in the one-room
Schoolhouse I pictured her
Bending to praise timid scholars.

Reconstructing life
Far from home,
I came across the picture.
I asked how she survived
Being transplanted from Cavan's
Soft hills to stark windswept
Malin where life was bleak.

She responded
Describing blackberry picking
In September, and making jam;
Tender words for grandsons:
Her lesson was done.



Denise Mary Theriault

Strangehold

Black and White Photography / Collage

Ron DiBona

When the Porno Director Makes Love

Skin tints and organ hues are always way too pink.
Concentrating on the candied-apple close up
instead of counting secs causes a hotly anticipated scene shift to slip.

Her words come abrupt – adlibs off a one-page script.
His ears hear her dirty talk, but fantasize none of it,
his mind listening for megaphone cues beyond the low eight-millimeter
hum.

When she's got him swallowed, he's
surveying the light fixtures, the shadows,
predicting the proper camera angle and ways

to capture her hairless arc in minimalist light.
Even when she's really feeling it,
he believes she is just going through gymnastic motions.

When finally he's inside her,
if he closes his eyes,
for the life of him he can't picture her face.

Melissa Jeltsen

Widow Walk

The widow walk stands in
a shroud of mist. The
paint is peeling, weathered
poles, and I see the past
in the mist. I see
tiptoes, hands reaching, the
women searching the
skyline for salvation. My
man is out there, for sure
he is gone.

But up there, alone,
was another sort of box.
We hold our wisdom inside,
our pain, blossoming.
Elevated, fenced off,
isolated in the air.

Man, I see you,
but my feet do not
touch the ground.

We wait for masts to
stroke the air. I wait to
see you on our street,
rugged, tired. Dragging
your feet as if the
ocean was your lover.
And you had to return
to me.

I never caught you in
her bed, no
but found traces of her
in every part of you.

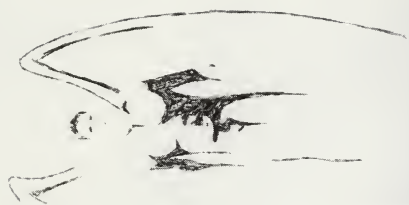
In the middle of the night
seashells would
shake out of your ears.
You would wake up, smile at me,
seaweed tangled in your teeth.



Christina Navarro

Forbidden

Black and White Photography



Vitor Cardoso
Untitled
Printmaking



Vitor Cardoso

Male Figure

Pen and Ink on Paper



Skyela Heitz

Dress Form #1

Pen and Ink on Paper

Poetry with Purpose: The Work of Martín Espada

Martín Espada is one of the most important voices of our generation. A first-generation Puerto Rican born in Brooklyn in 1957, he has been everything from a bouncer to a tenant lawyer. Drawing on his background, his heritage, his social and political awareness, and his unrelenting desire for a more just world, Espada has created a poetic voice that follows in the tradition of Pablo Neruda. But Espada's voice is his own, and speaks loudly with compassion and grace for those who cannot speak for themselves.

Espada's work has won many awards, including an American Book Award, the Paterson Poetry Prize, a PEN/Revson Fellowship, the Robert Creeley Award, and two NEA Fellowships. His seventh collection *Alabanza: New and Selected Poems (1982-2002)* was published by Norton in 2003, received the Paterson Award for Sustained Literary Achievement and was named an American Library Association Notable Book of the year. Espada is a professor at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst where he teaches creative writing, Latino poetry and the work of Pablo Neruda.

Watermark co-editor Erica Mena was fortunate to have the opportunity to discuss with Espada his work, political poetry, the Latino voice, and writing.

Poetry as inspiration versus poetry as work. What is the relationship between the work of composing and the inspiration of art? Would you talk about your writing experiences, and what inspires you?

Sometimes I will write in a burst of energy, fueled by what we call "inspiration." But what is that? Inspiration is nothing but a higher form of concentration. As writers, we need to identify what conditions lead to this higher concentration. Personally, I often write to music, and take inspiration from that environment. On the other hand, inspiration is necessary, but not sufficient. The real poem emerges in revision. Young writers express the fear that revision will destroy the inspired quality of the original. In fact, there is no contradiction between revision and inspiration. Revision can be inspired.

There is so much in your work: politics, class, identity, your Puerto Rican roots. What is it that allows you to synthesize so many different influences and voices into a poetic voice that is distinctly yours? Is there one influence or subject that seems to supercede the others?

There is – I realize now – a chorus of influences. Some of those influences are Puerto Rican, such as the poet and independence movement leader Clemente Soto Vélaz, who provided not only an artistic but an ethical example for me to follow. My greatest single poetic influence, however, is Pablo Neruda. I teach a course on Neruda; I've even translated a little Neruda. This past July, I was honored to be invited to the celebration of the Neruda centenary in Chile. Of course, we must pay homage to the poets who have influenced us, but we also don't want to sound like anybody else. Voice is more difficult to define than influence, but it is, in essence, your identity on the page, from vocabulary to tone to subject. Ultimately, your voice must be a reflection of your passions.

Can you talk about your connection to groups of writers working outside of the mainstream for social change and justice?

I've taught for a dozen years at the Joiner Center writers' conference every June. Not only have I been teaching; I have been learning. There is a very powerful anti-war tradition in poetry, well-represented by the Viet Nam veteran poets of the Joiner Center: Kevin Bowen, Doug Anderson, Yusef Komunyakaa, Bruce Weigl, Bill Ehrhart, Michael Casey, Leroy Quintana. My good friend Jeff Male was another such poet; he died last year, and I wrote an elegy for him. I should add that I have been involved recently with another group of anti-war writers: Poets Against the War. Check out the anthology by that name, edited by Sam Hamill, or go to their website – poetsagainsthewar.org – where you will find thousands of poems and statements by poets against the Iraq war and war itself.

There is a distinct Latino tradition of writers and poets being the voice for the voiceless. You've said in an interview: "We must imagine the possibility of a more just world before the

world may become more just.” To what degree does the idea of social responsibility play out in your work, both as a poet and as an activist (and how the two are related)?

I do believe in the poetic tradition of being a voice for the voiceless. In the Americas, this goes back to Whitman, who proclaimed, “Through me many long-dumb voices...voices veiled and I remove the veil.” Neruda said something similar, in Canto XII of *Heights of Macchu Picchu*, speaking to centuries of dead South American laborers: “I come to speak for your dead mouths.” Though this may cause certain apolitical intellectuals to recoil in horror, I do believe in social responsibility for poets. It has been proven many times, by no less than Whitman and Neruda, that there is a close relationship between social conscience and poetry. More recently, Sam Hamill has demonstrated, by founding Poets Against the War, that poets can play a vital role as citizens in a national debate. As a narrative poet, I also think that many of the best stories arise from political struggles, individual or collective.

You’ve both spoken and written about Spanish as a bridge for Latinos to cross in finding themselves, and about the isolation that Latinos who don’t speak Spanish feel. You talk about the dangerousness of exclusion within the Latino and Puerto Rican diasporas particularly. How important was crossing that bridge to your work? Do you feel that you’ve been able to, in your work, draw those communities closer together?

Crossing that bridge of Spanish was very important to me, though I hasten to add that I’m still crossing over. I consider myself a bilingual poet. There are strategies involved in using two languages within the same poem. A Latino poet, writing predominantly in English, can use Spanish for humor, emphasis or irony, to establish intimacy or credibility, to make a political point, or simply for the sake of music. I don’t know about my work drawing communities closer together; I do know that I believe in “Latino” as an identity, for cultural as well as political reasons. I recently released a CD, called “Now the Dead Will Dance the Mambo,” which illustrates this sense of identity. The title refers to a Cuban dance form; the cover art is a Posada Day of the Dead graphic; and yet the poems recorded on the CD come from a Puerto Rican poet.

In the title poem from your most recent book *Alabanza* you give faces and voices to some of the forgotten victims of the attack on the World Trade Center on September 11th, 2001. You also address their victimization in the Western world as working class immigrants displaced from their cultures and identities as correlating to the struggle currently going on in the Middle East with the Western world. You write “...one said with an Afghan tongue: / Teach me to dance. We have no music here. / And the other said with a Spanish tongue: / I will teach you. Music is all we have.” Can you discuss the relationship you see between these two peoples’ oppression, and their need for voices?

During the war in Afghanistan, the American Friends Service Committee took this position: No more victims anywhere. In fact, the victims share common ground in many ways, but particularly in their invisibility. Invisibility dehumanizes: it is a prerequisite to mass murder. One mission of the poet is to make the invisible visible. This is why I can draw the comparison I do at the end of “Alabanza.” Whether the victim is an undocumented immigrant food service worker or a peasant in the mountains of a faraway country, their humanity-voices, faces—must be remembered and honored.

You’ve written a number of powerful political poems. It’s often been said that there is no effective political poetry - and you prove that wrong. Would you discuss the different devices (humor, specifics rather than abstractions, and human images) you use to convey the deeply personal sense of the historic and political, and to speak for a change? How do you decide what technique a particular situation calls for?

For me, the best political poems are usually concrete, tangible, tactile. As I’ve said elsewhere, the idea is to find the face which is many faces, the moment that could stand for a century. This is related to the notion of bearing witness, of giving testimony. There is an intimacy in the individual’s tale of oppression and resistance that is far more moving than the big rhetorical abstractions that plague so many political poems.

What advice would you give to poets writing today about the craft, writing, and the importance of having something to say?

My simple advice is this: Write. Poets do everything else, because this society puts so little value on poetry and so much value on activities that produce material wealth. If the typical poet would chart the number of hours in a month spent writing, the results would be demoralizing. Of course, having something to say is paramount. There should be an urgency that drives the poem to page, that causes the poem to exist and compels the reader to care. Unfortunately, a major trend in contemporary poetry is that many poets have nothing to say. They write obscure, cryptic, deliberately absurd poems. Sometimes this is called “surrealism,” but it has nothing to do with the surrealist poets like Lorca, Vallejo, or the early Neruda, all of whom wrote about human suffering. Instead, this is a pose, weirdness for the sake of weirdness, and ultimately a form of adolescent self-indulgence. And poets complain that no one reads poetry. Why should anyone care about poetry that makes no attempt to communicate?

Martín Espada

The Poet's Coat For Jeff Male (1946-2003)

When I cough, people duck away,
afraid of the coal miner's disease,
the imagined eruption of blood
down the chin. In the Emergency Room
the doctor gestures at the X-ray
where the lung crumples like a tossed poem.

You heard me cough, slipped off your coat
and draped it with ceremony across my shoulders,
so I became the king of rain and wind.
Keep it, you said. You are my teacher.
I kept it, a trench coat with its own film noir detective swagger.

The war in Viet Nam snaked rivers of burning sampans
through your brain, but still your hands
filled with poems gleaming like fish.
The highways of Virginia sent Confederate ghost-patrols
to hang you in dreams, a Black man with too many books,
but still you tugged the collar of your coat around my neck.

Now you are dead, your heart throbbing too fast
for the doctors at the veterans' hospital to keep the beat,
their pill bottles rattling, maracas in a mambo for the doomed.
On the night of your memorial service in Boston,
I wore your coat in a storm along the Florida shoreline.
The wind stung my face with sand, and with every slap
I remembered your ashes; with every salvo of arrows
in the rain your coat became the armor of a samurai.
On the beach I found the skeleton of a blowfish,
his spikes and leopard skin eaten away by the conqueror salt.
Your coat banished the conqueror back into the sea.

Soon your ashes fly to the veterans' cemetery at Arlington,
where once a Confederate general
would have counted you among his mules and pigs.

This poet's coat is your last poem.

I want to write a poem like this coat,
with buttons and pockets and green cloth,
a poem useful as a coat to a coughing man.

Teach me.

Martín Espada

Imagine the Angels of Bread

This is the year that squatters evict landlords,
gazing like admirals from the rail
of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination;
this is the year that police revolvers,
stove-hot, blister the fingers
of raging cops,
and nightsticks splinter
in their palms;
this is the year
that darkskinned men
lynched a century ago
return to sip coffee quietly
with the apologizing descendants
of their executioners.

This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will

that owns the bedlam of the cannery;
this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes
for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.

If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.

So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.

An Interview with Cynthia Ozick

As a writer of fiction, essays and reviews, Cynthia Ozick keeps company with our greatest and most versatile authors – Saul Bellow (as a Jewish novelist), Boris Pasternak (as a literary polymath) and Virginia Woolf (as an important female essayist). Her novels and short stories are dense, magical, funny and tragic. Her essays and reviews are erudite and powerful.

Born in 1928, she took her BA at New York University and an MA in English Literature at Ohio State. The list of honors she has accumulated since is impressive. She has 13 of her works (fiction and non-fiction) published. She has been awarded the National Endowment for the Arts fellowship, the American Academy of Arts Award for Literature, the National Book Critic's Circle Award, the John Cheever Award and a Guggenheim fellowship. Her novella *The Shawl*, perhaps her most well-known and widely taught work, a brief but brutal story about the Holocaust and life after it, was awarded the O. Henry Prize. Twice she has been a finalist for the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize.

She has been described variously as “a writer’s writer,” (Ilan Stavans, Time Literary Supplement) and “the most accomplished and graceful literary stylist of our time.” (John Sutherland, The New York Times Book Review).

In a recent interview with UMB student Dana Kletter she talked about writing, the writing life, fame and ambition.

I’ve read interviews in which you talk about how wounding it was to feel you were unsuccessful as a writer, because you were not published.

That has to be qualified, I meant by not having been published in my 20s. My generation, what sociologists call my cohort, published their first novels very early. Styron was published at 25, Updike at 25, Roth very early. I had one little short story published in *Prairie Schooner*, a small literary magazine, at the age of 28. I felt very excluded.

How do you think that affected you?

It was true then, it's true now, every young ambitious writer who knows he or she is serious and is steeped in literary culture, dreams of – maybe fame is too fancy a word, fame belongs to the famous – wants recognition. And I think I suffered for a long time without it. When that happens early on, you use the word wound, it is always there, it never goes away. Nothing can really change it, so that everything comes as a surprise of which you are suspicious.

I think the key is confidence. Early publication is a sine qua non for a writer. It gives early confidence and that is the internal combustion engine for a writer. Without that, it will never occur. Now, I have been told by an editor to “get over it.”

Was that infuriating?

No, it's pragmatic, logical, that's a psychological reality of it. And when you consider the nature of the world we live in, it's trivial, when bombs are falling out of the sky and blowing things to bits.

You are celebrated now, published frequently, not just novels but books of your collected essays, in magazines and scholarly journals. Is this enough? Do you wish for eminence now?

Because I deeply need to think through and, I think, vent some thoughts on the nature of ambition, I have been writing an essay about this. It is called “Tolstoy, James and My First Novel.” It is a reflection on the nature of ambition.

How does one prepare to become a writer?

I read and read and read, 16 hours a day, history and novels and essays, for about a decade and a half. It was a very, very intense period.

You are sort of a three-personed writer: fiction, scholarly essays and reviews. Classical pianists refer to the approach as “the attack.” Different pieces, different styles, require a

different kind of attack. How do you prepare for writing in these different ways?

Maybe it is not a preparation, and attack seems an aggressive word. It's an interior approach. Anything you write is the integration of the intellectual and the imaginative. When you are writing non-fiction, the intellect takes precedence, though you may make discoveries through intuition. Novels are all intuition and discovery, small intellectual part. I think there is a great difference between the intellect and intuition. If you are going to write a piece on, say, Tolstoy's *The Cossacks*, you know it is about Tolstoy, about Cossacks. With a novel, well, you are not sure at all what it's going to be about. The entire universe is open to you.

And what about the idea of writing only what you know?

A part of my new novel takes place in upstate New York. Well, I saw Albany once, a long time ago. I don't know, I think it was Tolstoy who said that if you've seen a street fight you can write about a battle.

You are 76 and going on your first book tour. What is that like? How do you feel?

Ah, the dreaded tour. No, really, it's a sign. It means that the publisher is supporting the book and I understand that and I'm grateful for the opportunity. I must say there are very fruitful experiences that come from it. Long lines of signing books, but the experience is kind of startling.

In what way?

The line is long, it moves slowly, but it is not an assembly line. Each signing is, curiously enough, an in-depth human encounter, a little window of time with somebody who knows you through your books and wants to say something important to you about the books. What they say makes each encounter not superficial, not trivial, an essential, real human encounter, one after the other. It is an amazing thing, it is thrilling beyond description.

A Literary Guide to Boston

I never quite realized how lucky I was to be a writer in Boston until I started compiling this guide. In the educational center of New England, if not the United States, we have a vibrant, active, immense and diverse community of writers, artists, and creators in our midst. And the more I learned, the more I realized that there was no way to produce a comprehensive guide as such. So what follows is *The Watermark's* first attempt to provide a listing of some of the resources, venues and publications for writers of poetry and fiction in the Boston area. (As far as we know, this is the first attempt anywhere to put something like this together!) I'm sure we've missed something, so if you know of something we've left out, let us know at watermark@umb.edu

The literary community in Boston is incredibly varied and complex. But it is also remarkably connected and supportive. My experience as a student writer in Boston is that of a poet, specifically a lyric poet. There seems to be a division between performance/slam poetry and literary/academic poetry, but I think this opposition is artificial and unnecessary. I've found talented, kind people in every area, people with common interests and goals and working in a common medium: words. As the stereotype goes, writers work in isolation with only a bottle of whiskey for company, and I think that those who do are missing out on one of the best parts of being a writer in Boston. You can work shut up in a room anywhere, but the advantage of being in an educational center is the input and inspiration of the community. It's just a matter of going out and finding a group of people that energizes you – and trust me, they're out there.

At first I was timid and intimidated by the size and import of the literary community here. I had the great fortune to be forcibly introduced into the active literary community by a friend who knew the value of participation in creation. At my first poetry reading I was (again forcibly) introduced to some of the major figures in the Boston scene; Robert Pinsky, Frank Bidart, Helen Vendler. Talk about intimidating. But what I found was that they (and everyone else) were welcoming, extremely approachable, and interested in getting young writers involved. What I got from this was a much needed source of advice, inspiration and feedback – a writing community in the most important sense. It's changed my experience as a writer, changed my

appreciation for the craft and work of creating, and given me hope in the intellectual life of poetry.

And it's endless: there is so much to explore and participate in, just in Boston alone. It's nearly impossible to do it all. Every night of the week, every day of the year there is something going on – often several things. I've learned as much from getting involved as I have from reading and writing. I didn't even know what slam poetry was this time last year. It can seem like a lot, and that's because it is. That's what's wonderful about it – there is always something new to try, a new group to talk to and get to know. So in the immortal words of my first writer friend who dragged me to my first poetry reading: “Come with me – it'll be fun!”

– Erica Mena

To make this easier to move through, I've somewhat artificially constructed two “sections” of interest. The first section is **Live**, and includes reading series, open-mic nights, slams, workshops and other participatory things. The second is **In Print**, and covers local journals, magazines, and presses. Finally, there is a resources section, focusing mostly on online resources. I've provided web information when available, and other contact information when it's not. I haven't had the time to participate in nearly all of these directly, so where I have something pertinent to add I do. The guide is also available online at www.watermark.umb.edu with links to those resources that have websites.

Live

With so many venues, series, open-mikes and workshops going on, it is impossible to catalogue them all. Especially since artists are intrinsically transient and things change frequently. Below is a list of regular series, venues and open mikes. For more temporal events, such as one time readings, try checking the [Boston Phoenix Calendar](#), the [Boston Globe Calendar](#), or the other resources listed at the end of this guide.

Reading Series

Blacksmith House Poetry Series

www.ccae.org/events/blacksmith.html

Cambridge Center for Adult Education

56 Brattle St., Cambridge, MA

Not, as the name suggests, exclusively poetry. This is one of my favorite reading series in Boston, consistently high quality with a fair mix of “famous” and “new” poets and authors. They’ve been at it since Gail Mazur founded the series over thirty years ago – and they’ve managed to keep it fresh. The fairly intimate setting in the middle of Harvard Square is perfect in terms of proximity and accessibility, and often readers will chat with the audience informally afterwards. Tickets are \$3 (except when they’re having slightly more expensive benefits, which is rare but usually worthwhile, such as their Poets Against the War benefit).

Fireside Reading Series

www.cambridgecohousing.org/poetry

Harvard Lectures and Readings

www.news.harvard.edu/gazette/calendar

Despite their unwillingness to share their library (except for the Lamont Library’s Woodbury Poetry Room, which is open to the public) Harvard offers readings and lectures in poetry, art, criticism and all sorts of other things that are often free and open to the public.

MIT Readings

<http://events.mit.edu>

MIT is an underutilized resource for literary and poetry events....their series is interesting and usually free to the public.

Out of the Blue Gallery

www.outoftheblueartgallery.com

An independent art gallery in Cambridge that generously supports poetry and fiction reading events and series, Out of the Blue offers a range of regular events, including poetry open-mikes and prose readings. It's worth going to check out the always unique artwork alone.

Stone Soup Poets

Legendary to some, this is perhaps the oldest reading series in Boston, running for some thirty years. From what I can gather it's a group, or society of 'underground' poets (as in, not in the academy). Founded by Jack Powers, who himself holds near-legendary status and is associated with at least one local press (*Ibbetson*), it is currently Mondays at 8pm at Out of the Blue Gallery. Cover is \$4, and it is an open-mike with featured poet. More info: 617 354-8287 Felipe Victor Martinez CozmicOrangePres@aol.com

Open Mikes

Agape Poetry Series

Community Church of Boston

565 Boylston Street, Boston

Richard Moore 617 489-0519

Wednesdays 8-10 P.M. \$1

Open mike w/ feature readings and discussion.

Club Passim

www.clubpassim.com

47 Harvard Street. Harvard Square

617 492-7679

Tuesdays 7 P.M. \$5; Members Free.

Mostly music (of the folk variety) but open to poetry too.

Gallery Diablo Poetry Reading

1514 Tremont Street, Mission Hill
Tuesdays at 7 P.M. Free

Melting Pot Coffee House

2 Belgrade Ave, Roslindale MA
Marc 617 469-6862
Mondays 7:30-9:30 P.M. Free
Open mike poetry

Reggie Gibson's Open Mike & Feature

Zeitgeist Gallery
Cambridge Avenue, Inman Square
8:45 P.M. First Tuesday of the month \$7

RSVP POETRY

Cafe Mosheh - Courthouse Deli
499B Washington St., Dorchester
617 288-8813
Tuesdays 8 P.M.

Every seat must be reserved for \$10 – which includes all vegetarian dinner. Featured poets, singers, musicians, and more.

Workshops

Grub Street

www.grubstreet.org

It was hard to know where to include this organization, but as a writing center founded by writers (and claiming to be Boston's only independent one) it seemed best under workshops. Incredible is probably the only word that comes close to encompassing the range of things covered by this group, from open-mikes, workshops, readings and seminars. You will be doing yourself a great disservice if you don't at least check out their website.

Joiner Center Writer's Workshop

www.joinercenter.umb.edu

At the University of Massachusetts Boston every summer, a two-week writer's workshop with groups in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, translation and playwriting. Focused on, but not exclusively about, political poetry and war the workshop is an incredible experience at an incredible price for a workshop of this magnitude. There is also a free public reading series that accompanies the workshop.

Slam

If you're like me you probably don't know much about slam poetry – but it is well worth educating yourself. Focusing primarily on the performance aspect of poetry, it's participatory to the extreme with national competitions and prizes and everything. It's sports poetry. Innovative, vibrant and exciting are the best adjectives to describe this response to the formality of academic literature. But try it out, or conversely if you're already involved in slam try out academic literature, and you'll see that the two taken together create a dialectic that is engaging and necessary.

Cantab Lounge

www.cantablounge.com

www.slamnews.com

738 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, MA

Hosting the longest running, most popular slam venue in the Boston area, Cantab Lounge's open mike begins at 7 pm; but arrive a half hour early to sign up. Slam usually starts around 11 pm immediately following the Featured Poet for the evening. Both the best and worst aspects of contemporary Performance Poetry can be heard each week during the "slam" portion of the evening. If you're more of a classicist, you may want to sign up for the open mike, read your Petrarchan sonnet, and leave.

The website has a comprehensive venue listing for Massachusetts as well.

Lizard Lounge

www.poetryjam.com

1667 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, MA. (617) 547-0759

Poetry Slam Jam Sundays @ 7 w/ Jeff Robinson Trio

A close competitor for the spot of #1 slam venue with the Cantab, this venue is known for the innovative backings of the Jeff Robinson Trio, among other things. If you check out the Cantab, and it's not quite your scene you may still want to give this one a shot.

WMBR.org

Poetry Jam - Every Wednesday/Thursday, Midnight-2am EST.

Poetry, Jazz, Spoken Word, Blues, Interviews on WMBR 88.1 FM in Cambridge, MA. at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT)

In Print

Boston has almost unlimited publishing resources. But presses, journals and magazines aren't just about getting your work included – many offer internship and volunteer opportunities that will get you an inside look into the publishing world. I am personally of the opinion that the Boston publishing world is one of the top in the country, if not for the variety of options then for the supportive community it has fostered. Almost all of the organizations listed are looking for interns, or have ways to get actively involved with them. Also, they almost all accept unsolicited submissions so if you're looking to get published start locally and check these out.

Agni

www.bu.edu/agni

Published out of, but not necessarily part of, Boston University, *Agni* is one of the staples of the literary scene, not just in Boston but nation-wide. If you don't know about them, it's time to learn. Mostly established writers, they do make an effort towards diversity and have open submissions. They are known for discovering and printing writers early in their career (like Ha Jin and Jumpha Lahiri) and are definitely the ones to watch for emerging talent. They also have a Boston oriented mailing list for upcoming events.

Atlantic Monthly

www.theatlantic.com

One of Boston's best known monthly magazines containing mostly (liberal) politics with some poetry and fiction, it is definitely worth the subscription.

Beacon Press

www.beacon.org

An independent Boston-based publisher of fiction and nonfiction, publishing since 1854, they have an impressive catalogue and great internship opportunities!

Boston Review

<http://bostonreview.net>

A political and literary journal out of MIT, they host listings of internships, poetry, and lots of politics.

Hanging Loose Press

www.hangingloosepress.com

Although technically published out of New York, two of their editors live and work in Boston. Politically aware, community oriented and especially strong in "discovering" new writers (like Sherman Alexie), they have been publishing since 1966. Plus, they are some of the nicest people in the literary community.

Heat City

www.heatcityreview.com

A newer addition to the Boston publishing scene, and accepting submissions in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and artwork. Check out their first issue online, and get ready for the next one which promises to be equally exciting. Based in Somerville.

Ibbetson Street Press

<http://homepage.mac.com/rconte/publications>

Another press in Somerville, founded and run by Doug Holder of the Somerville News. Concentrating, from what I can tell, on non-academy lyrical poetry.

Ploughshares

www.pshares.org

The literary journal at Emerson, this journal is perhaps the most important academic literary journal in Boston, if not nation wide. Each issue is published with a different guest editor, which encourages diversity within the journal. In addition to being one of the best known journals in the Boston area, they have one of the best websites around, including comprehensive events listings for a number of cities.

Post Road Magazine

www.postroadmag.com

Fairly new and exciting, printing works in fiction, poetry and non-fiction. Also includes an art section and recommendations (for those of us who don't have long enough reading lists already....).

Pressed Wafer Magazine

www.durationpress.com/pressedwafer

Both a magazine and a press, this relatively new effort involves some of the best in Boston. Definitely worth checking out, and the best way to do that is to buy the magazine.

Quick Fiction

www.quickfiction.org

As you may have guessed, this is a "microfiction" only journal. Each story can be read in under three minutes (assuming a reasonable level of literacy) and is only one page long, but you will want to spend more time with each one. Provides an interesting format, based in Jamaica Plain with opportunities to get involved or submit.

Redivider

<http://pages.emerson.edu/publications/redivider>

New this year, out of Emerson they are seeking submissions in poetry, fiction and non-fiction, plays, translations and art. Publishes both new and previously published writers – explore the website and get a sense of it, this promises to be something to look out for.

Salamander

No website that I could find. Publishing poetry, fiction and memoir – out of Brookline, MA.

The Singing Bone Press

<http://singingbonepress.homestead.com>

With a less than informative website, all I can tell you about this press is that they are located in Somerville and focus on poetry and Boston area poets who work outside the “academy.”

Resources

Online

www.massculturalcouncil.org

The Massachusetts Cultural Council provides a huge amount of (mostly financial) resources for visual and literary artists online.

www.poets.org

An immense online collection of poetry and poems. Also has events listings.

www.poetrysociety.org

Perhaps the best general online resource, their site includes a comprehensive listing of presses, journals, conferences, bookstores and so much more.

www.poetz.com

Online Boston Poetry Calendar

Despite billing itself as a Boston Poetry Calendar, over half the listings are for venues and events in central and western Massachusetts. Still, it is a good resource for events that may not be listed in more mainstream publications.

<http://poetry.miningco.com>

Articles, reviews, some (ok) links. Online newsletter if you like articles (for example Neruda’s Centennial Celebration and Rattapallax’s involvement).

www.geocities.com/bostonpoet2000

Articles, events calendar, some interviews, and an extensive list of

'new' poets including selections of their poetry (with a heavy focus on performance/slam poetry).

www.e-poets.net/library/slam/

Offline

As in places you could actually visit, with flyers and information and such!

Brookline Booksmith

<http://brookline.booksense.com>

A great independent bookstore, with readings and other events.

Grolier Poetry Book Shop

www.grolierpoetrybookshop.com

The oldest poetry bookstore in the United States, their collection is impressive. In Harvard Square, they also hold and advertise readings. One of the indispensable resources in Boston.

Harvard's Lamont Library Woodbury Poetry Room

This is the ONLY part of the extensive Harvard Library system that is open to the public, and you may have to try a bit to get into it, but it's worthwhile. In addition to housing original Robert Lowell manuscripts (among other treasures) it is perhaps the most extensive collection of poetry in Boston. They also subscribe to almost every journal and review, so it's a great place to check out the publications before buying them.

McIntyre and Moore Booksellers

www.mcintyreandmoore.com

In the fast-fading world of independent booksellers, this is one well worth spending an afternoon in. In lovely Davis Square, Somerville.

Newtonville Books

www.newtonvillebooks.com

Fiction and poetry readings, and lots of great books!



www.watermark.umb.edu

Cover Art: *Memory and Progression, Two*
by Emily Taranto-Kent