

**SPC/The Poet Tree**  
1719 25<sup>th</sup> Street  
Sacramento, CA 95816

**PoetryNOW** September 2006

A publication of the Sacramento Poetry Center

blog: <http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com>

SPC's website and online calendar has been updated! Find us at  
[www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org)

**PoetryNow September 2006 –**

Poetry by Phil Waldman, Taylor Graham, Ann Wehrman

A story by frank andrick

Mundial Experimental – **The Charm**

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**Monday night readings @ SPC/HQ for the Arts**

1719 25<sup>th</sup> Street (25<sup>th</sup> and R, across the parking lot from California Stage) 7:30 pm

**September 4 – *No reading***

**September 11 – TBA**

**September 18: frank andrick and friends**

**September 25: National Poetry Series award winner Camille Norton**



*Sacred Spaces—Reclamation Project:  
Humboldt State University Campus*

*Ann Wehrman*

The path is long and leads down the mountainside;  
above my head, redwoods interweave, block the sun  
which peeks through anyway, in its majesty.  
At noon, the valley is still dim,  
cool with early summer breezes  
raising the sweet sap smell of pine pitch  
and eucalyptus, branches tossing high among  
the redwoods, with their fresh new growth;  
holly's polished leaves and garnet berries bloom along the path.  
Across it, on the hill, graze a doe and faun;  
at the creek, crossing the path's foot  
where it bends and winds up the hill,  
I see tracks that might be a mountain lion's,  
come down for a quick drink.

Spanned by a splintered wooden bridge,  
just a plank walkway and handrail,  
the creek shimmers and dances along,  
whispers and splashes  
comes from out the woods,  
disappears back in, down the way,  
rocks mossy, hiding tadpoles in its bed,  
stones black, wet; water clean, cold;  
sunlight yellow-white, flickering, warm, timeless.

I lean on the rail, stopping to watch  
the water flow, the sunlight laugh in its currents,  
watch the water pass on infinitely  
in the quiet, the illusion of safety in this wild place—  
for the moment time stopped,  
fear and troubles gone  
in this sacred space.





*Autumn Sketch*

*Ann Wehrman*

It's snowing leaves—  
the golden tree shades  
yellow from green  
like a ripening papaya.  
Leaves pummel my shoulders,  
land with snaps on my glasses,  
too big and insistent for snowflakes.

Leaves flicker, flutter  
onto ground still warm—  
Indian summer leaves  
layer a patina of gold  
on a Renaissance mirror;  
frame a puddle  
in thickening, gilded pastiche;  
refract words, unwritten  
lives of passers-by.

I wait on this bench  
in a drizzle of leaves,  
bearing summer's sun,  
its fires banked, fading;  
golden petals innumerable  
fall one after another and I count:  
you love me, love me not.

In this wintering dream—  
leavened by green, yellow, orange and red—  
let me simply believe.

gumballs. She glanced quickly at the price for those nickel candies, and she said, she said real, real slow like a taffy pull, she said “Why no, young man ... why no, them candies is two for a penny candies, can I getcha a couple of them??”

“OH yes ma’am !! “ exclaimed the young man, drawing himself up to his full length, extending his offering of one penny with one hand, while he held his sister’s hand with the other. “Oh yes ma’am. I’ll take one for me, a blue one please, and one of those red ones for my sister, that’s her favorite color, you’d like a red one wouldn’t ya?” He asked with a voice that expected no answers as his sibling nodded, still overwhelmed by everything and all things. “Thank you ma’am ...me and my sister ain’t never seen candies that big before. Do ya think they’ll have more candy like that out there in California?”

*frank andrick will be reading at SPC on Sept. 18th*

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***Evening***

***Taylor Graham***

*You will travel into a land of darkness*  
-fortune cookie

Under clouds gray as grandfather woolens  
I drive the winding hill road, down  
past buckeye hung with its dull globes,  
its leaves long gone. Strokes  
of magenta among pewter strands  
of nameless chaparral. Green-black  
cedar, tarnished gold of oak leaves  
falling – a landscape changing by moments  
the deeper we go – under daylight  
failing, into mist rising off the river  
out of sight, and wood–smoke twisting  
from a chimney as if someone  
actually lived here – my cold fingers  
beg for that fire, a home  
especially in this dark land.

## *Hard Candy*

*by frank andrick*

I am 8 years old, reading the Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck, in Citrus Heights Ca., traveling with the Joad family. Dustbowlers on their way to one of the promised lands. Poor folk, everything they own strapped to the back of a truck, dust from their past home filling in the cracks on their prematurely aged adult faces, like pancake and rouge on a news anchors face.. And their children's faces aglow with the unknown that only children, no matter what their age, can bring to bear on their situations. This the wisdom and magic of the young ... and young at heart.

The Joads, rickety old black Ford truck pulls up to the gas station placed for effect in that proverbial middle of nowhere that is always somewhere, or maybe just around the corner. They pull up, dad Joad starts to pump the gasoline, Noticing the restlessness of the kids he hands a penny to eldest one, the son, calluses clinging to the dirty brown copper orb he deposit's the penny in the young ones hand as he says "why don't you and your sister go into the store and fetch yourselves a little candy for the road, while I fill'er up and wash 'er down a bit?" "... the children enter the store racing to the candy counter. The girl a mere 6 years old, the boy pushin' 8 or so himself, their eyes mesmerized by the colors, sizes and shapes of the candy that is to be found in this little piece of kiddy heaven. "Didn't know there was so much candy to found anywhere" he says to his little sister. The little girl says nothing as her saucer eyes tell all in a mute testimony. Four eyes scan the shelves back and forth, up and down, taking in the sights of so much good and plenty. Sights they had never seen before. Didn't know the world could be so bright and pretty and offer so much choice. Didn't know about the spending power of a penny and what a heart has to offer.

"Scuse me ma'am," the young boy almost whispers in mannered politeness, awed by all that good and plenty in his eyesight. "Scuse me please, those big candies right over there in the corner, up top there ma'am, they wouldn't happen to be penny candy would they? 'Cuz all I got is a penny to spend between me and my little sister. "

The counter woman looks down behind the counter where she can see the prices posted ... Big Fire Gumballs reads the pare sheet 5 cents apiece ... she looks at the dirty face of the little girl ... knows that destiny will hold a lot of the kinda life that this girl does not nor will ever deserve. The human potential is at stake. The stuff we're made of being tested here. Her eyes meet the boy's eyes. She reads the question mark of hope inside them and on his raised brows. He by experience reads and projects the refusal he has come to know as "just the way things are ... you can't have that, you don't need that, that's just the way things are ... for people like us."

Yeah that's just the way things are. That's just how it goes ... it's just the way it is unless someone decides to say NO, decides to make a choice. And this woman, at this moment, this woman, who had seen them all, been there, done it, heard every story, stopped. And then was moved by something she did not understand, that didn't need understanding. She looked at the two faces looking up at hers, they looked at her and the big shiny



**poems by phil weidman**

THEY DON'T GO THERE

The men Ernie grew up with  
talk openly about sex,  
sometimes going into  
explicit detail, then  
joke about it.  
They'll voice love  
for a horse, dog,  
even a favorite hunting rifle,

but to admit love  
for a woman  
would be setting themselves  
up for a sucker punch.

They don't go there.

QUESTIONING HIS FACE

Feeling innocent, foolish and confused,  
Ernie looks into a mirror and is  
startled by a face ravaged by 65  
years of exposure to the elements and  
the ebb and flow of emotional storms.  
This isn't a true reflection of me,  
he thinks, but it does reflect experience — hopefully, wisdom. Why? Ernie asks it. Why what?  
it seems to answer.  
Why am I here? Still here you mean?  
OK, still here? How about we're in lost identity school and you haven't finished the curriculum?  
Is that the best you can do? Does this look like the face of God?

As always, they reach a familiar  
dead end. But Ernie sees a mischievous  
glint in its eyes, and decides to stick  
around, see how this mystery plays out.

*Author of eight books of poetry, from Sixes in 1968 to Time Enough in 2003, Phil Weidman's poetry has appeared in periodicals as varied as The American Bard, Hearse, Scree, Olé, Stance, Pinch Penny, Poetry Now, Red Cedar Review, The Wormwood Review, Nerve Cowboy, Pearl, Chiron Review and Rattlesnake Review. He lives in Pollock Pines with his wife, Pat., Phil's ninth collection of poetry, Fictional Character: The Ernie Poems, will be released by Rattlesnake Press on September 13 at The Book Collector. (See calendar for details)*

The charm is one of the first cases of performance poetry in the Anglo-Saxon world in that they were performed towards specific practical ends, even for things like returning lost or stolen property. The contemporary notion of charm does not do justice to the original meaning of the word, derived from the verb *galan*, which means "to sing," "to enchant," "to cry aloud." A charm blurs the distinction between the oral and the literate as well as sense and nonsense.

### **Applications in the Home:**

Certainly any incantation that will bring back a lost hat or pair of glasses might be a valuable thing to write or perform even if it only achieves scaring the relatives. In fact, though, one might be able to score points with small children who will most assuredly be convinced that you can speak to inanimate objects and bend their will to return. However, there is also the possibility that one could produce a charm that returns not just lost things but lost states of mind, lost feelings of good will or even lost eras. The picture might even be more interesting if the speaker of the charm perceived these items as being somehow stolen from him/her.

Though there is much old charm in producing a charm to influence the weather or outcomes in hunting or love, there is much in the modern world that deserves to be charmed as well. Of course, there is one's lottery ticket or one's mutual fund, but, really, how crass! One who is more high-minded might be better at charming Hezbollah's Katyusha rockets or the charming the spread of West Nile virus. These would be grand efforts indeed, but with a room full of one's friends and co-workers all chanting the same words, who knows what would be possible?

Could one charm one's computer from acting erratically? If so, what kind of nonsensical technical terms would need to be invoked. Would just enough jargon have to be invoked in order for the computer to realize that you are serious about challenging its blind opposition to the magical world? Would one have to cast the voice with just enough hint of a threat so that it might be able to muster some respect for the speaker of the charm?

When all is said and done, the charm and its angular language should invest its readers and listeners with the fierceness of its novelty and extravagant sound. The words of the charm are intense, and in this intensity they enter into the realm of poetry. For isn't it right that all poems, in a way, are charms, uttered to foster connections between people . . . shouldn't poetry charm us?

-Tim Kahl

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### **PoetNotes**

Oct. 1 is the deadline for submissions to Snakelets from Rattlesnake Press, the journal of poetry from youngsters ages 0-12. For information about how and where to send your poems, write to [kathykieth@hotmail.com](mailto:kathykieth@hotmail.com) or P.O. Box 1647, Orangevale, CA 95662. Snakelets: Smaller Fangs, but Just as Dangerous!

Come help SPC volunteers make poetry necklaces with kids at Fairytale Town! Weekend of Sept 23 and 24, 9:30 - 4pm. To volunteer to help, or get info, call Heather at 916-457-5119.

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# MUNDIAL EXPERIMENTAL

## The Charm

**Materials and Methods:** The charm has been used for many ends both in and out the home. It is a spoken magic formula or incantation used to produce magical effects. Charms accompany ritual actions and are often seen as verbal affronts in many cultures. They are used around the world in traditional cultures for healing, for success in hunting, success with love and for good weather. They can be used as an aggressive utterance or as a defensive one that wards off curses. They are usually texts that have been already established (not improvised), and they often use a “special language of power” that differs from ordinary everyday speech. Charms often employ irregular patterns of repetition and frequently use out-of-date vocabulary. Often they employ esoteric names and references to items that will ensure that the meaning is obscured.

The most famous charm in the body of English literature takes place at the beginning of Scene IV, Act 1 of Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*, where the witches intone:

*Double, double, toil and trouble;  
fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

*Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches’ mummy, maw, and gulf  
Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg’d i’ th’ dark  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew*

*sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar’s lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver’d by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
And thereto a tiger’s chaudron,  
for the ingredients of our cauldron.*

*Double, double, toil and trouble;  
fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

These famous witches use this charm to call forth the apparitions for Macbeth, which inform him of his future path. A more contemporary usage might be from Ezra Pound’s “The Alchemist.”

Saül of Claustra, Aelis, Azalais,  
As you move among the bright trees;  
As your voices, under the larches of Paradise  
Make a clear sound,  
Saül of Claustra, Aelis, Azalais,  
Raimona, Tibors, Berangèrè,  
'Neath the dark gleam of the sky;  
Under night, the peacock-throated,  
Bring the saffron-coloured shell,  
Bring the red gold of the maple,  
Bring the light of the birch tree in autumn  
Mirals, Cembelins, Audiarda,  
Remember this fire.

Elain, Tireis, Alcmèna  
'Mid the silver rustling of wheat,  
Agradiva, Anhes, Ardenca,  
From the plum-coloured lake, in stillness,  
From the molten dyes of the water  
Bring the burnished nature of fire;  
Briseis, Lianor, Loica,  
From the wide earth and the olive,  
From the poplars weeping their amber,  
By the bright flame of the fishing torch  
Remember this fire.

**26 Tuesday**

**Craig Paulenich** reads at 7 pm in the library gallery at CSUS. His new book of poetry, *Drift of the Hunt*, is the first offering from nobodaddies press.

**27 Wednesday**

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM

Mahogany Poets presents *Mics and Moods* at Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by Khiry Malik. Info: www.malikspeaks.com or 492-9336. 21 and over / \$5 cover.

*Moore time for Poetry.* Terry Moore's Access Television Show, 9pm, co-host Tyra Moore.

Poetry reading at Hidden Passage Books (352 Main St., Placerville), 6-7 pm, features an open mic read-around.

**28 Thursday**

Poetry Unplugged features **Matt Amatt** and **Jennifer Jeanne O'Neil-Pickering**. Open mic before/after. Hosted by B.L. Kennedy. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

*Vibe Sessions* at Cobbler Inn, 3520 Stockton Blvd. (next to Colonial Theater). Hosted by Flo Real. 8-11pm. \$5.00 All ages. Open Mic for comedians, singers, poets.

**30 Saturday**

"The Show" Poetry Series features **Prentice** "2006 OAKLAND/SAN FRANCISCO GRAND SLAM CHAMPION" **Noah "SupaNova" Hayes** (Birthday) **Lawrence Brooks, Jason Banks** **Miss Ashleigh**

**Love Jones Poetry Night**

7-9 pm Wo'se Community Center (Off 35th and Broadway), 2863 35th Street, Sac; \$5.00. Info: T.Mo at (916) 455-POET.

Take a ride to Murphys on Saturday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> for the gala celebration of the publication of Volume 5 of *Manzanita: Poetry and Prose of the Mother Lode and Sierra*. Over 80 writers and artists are represented in the 188-page collection. Writers will be reading, musicians will be playing. Come enjoy the literary atmosphere in the great tradition of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and doggerel poet Black Bart. Artists and photographers will have prints available of their work, and you'll have a chance to mix with many of the best writers in our region. Bring a friend, and bring a poem to read at open mic. The ambience will be sublime. And it's free, from 2 – 6pm at Kautz Ironstone Winery in Murphys (about an hour and a half east of Stockton or Lodi).

When you get back to Sacramento that night, you have at least two choices for more poetry – Felecia McGee and Black Men Expressing Tour will be at Underground Books -- 35<sup>th</sup> and Broadway from 7 to 9pm. The all-Spanish reading in Mariposa Hall at Sacramento State will celebrate Mexican Independence Day with readings of Lorca and Alberti, Avendaño and Santana. Sound like a full day? Somebody take the bait – and send your review to Poetry Now!

Other features not to be missed in September – David Ransick reads at Sac City College on the 21<sup>st</sup>. It's a rare local performance by a fine Colorado writer, at noon in the SCC little theater, room A6. And SPC offers the irrepressible Frank Andrick on the 18<sup>th</sup> and National Poetry Series award winner Camille Norton on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Check out this month's calendar carefully because it's overflowing – thanks to everyone who submitted information on local venues. All these events, as Summer turns to Fall, fill up River City with poetry, spoken word, new books, celebrations. Maybe we do need a new stadium – but this time it's one for the poets...

Bob (In Defence of Poetry) Stanley

### 16 Saturday

Celebrate the publication of Volume 5 of *Manzanita: Poetry and Prose of the Mother Lode and Sierra 2* - 6 P.M.

Kautz Ironstone Winery in Murphys  
(see article page 4 for details.)

Underground Poetry Series presents **Felecia McGee** and **Black Men Expressing Tour** plus open mic. 7-9pm, \$3.00. Underground Books, 2814 35th Street (35th and Broadway). Mother Rose is the bookstore manager and La-Rue' is the series host. If you would like to be a featured poet contact Terry Moore at 455-POET.

Come hear the poetry of two immortal poets of the **Generation of 27**, **Rafael Alberti** and **Federico García Lorca**, as well as poems from **Dr. Fausto Avendaño** and **Mariela Santana**. You are invited to read your favorite poem in Spanish during the "open mic" period. 7:30 - 9:30 pm. Mariposa Hall, Rm. 1000, California State University, Sacramento, 6000 J St.\* *Donation:* \$5.00 (\$3.00 students and members; no one turned away for lack of money.)

*This annual all-Spanish reading is held each year to acknowledge September 16: Mexican Independence Day, and is sponsored by the Writers of the New Sun/Escritores del Nuevo Sol.*

### 17 Sunday

Poet's Corner Presents Open Mic.  
Barnes & Noble, Stockton's Weberstown Mall. 7:00 pm [www.poetscornerpress.com](http://www.poetscornerpress.com).

The Pomo Literati Radio Program – 2 hours of spoken word hosted by frank andrick. KUSF 90.3 fm. San Francisco - [www.kusf.edu](http://www.kusf.edu) for global streaming broadcast - 2pm tp 4pm

### 18 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **frank andrick and friends**. Host Bob Stanley. 7:30 p.m., SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719-25th (25th and R) 451-5569. Free.

### 19 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, (See September 5 for details)

### 20 Wednesday

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or [www.kdvs.org](http://www.kdvs.org).

*Mics and Moods* presents the live music of **Sparlha Swa** (who has been featured on BET J) at Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by Khiry Malik. Info: [www.malikspeaks.com](http://www.malikspeaks.com) or 492-9336. 21 and over / \$5 cover.

*Urban Voices* presents **Bill Carr** and **Terry Moore**. Hosted by B.L. Kennedy, 6:30 – 8 p.m. South Natomas Library, 2901 Truxel Rd. Free.

### 21 Thursday

*River City Writers Series* presents Denver poet **Chris Ransick** reading at 12 noon at the Little Theater (Room A6) at Sacramento City College. Ransick's new collection of poetry *Lost Songs and Last Chances* has just been published by Ghost Road Press.

Poetry Unplugged features **Todd Mann**, **Leslie Kramer**, and **Rachel Gregg** plus open mic before/after. Hosted by frank andrick. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or [www.lunascafe.com](http://www.lunascafe.com). Free.

*Vibe Sessions* at Cobbler Inn, 3520 Stockton Blvd. (next to Colonial Theater) Hosted by Flo Real 8-11pm. \$5.00 All ages. Open Mic for comedians, singers, poets.

### 24 Sunday

Poems-for-All presents **Bill Pieper**. A Book Release Party for his latest novel, "Belonging," a tale of Downieville and California's Modern Gold Country. 4 to 6 pm. The Book Collector, 1008 24th Street, Sacramento. Free. Info: (919)442-9295.

### 25 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center features **Camille Norton** - National Poetry Series Award Winner for her book, *Corruption*. host: Tim Kahl. 7:30 p.m. SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719-25th Street (25th & R). Info: 451-5569. Free.

### 26 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, see September 5 for details

# Sacramento Literary Calendar for September 2006

## 2 Saturday

*First Saturday Poetry Series*  
Sojourner Truth Art Center, 2251 Florin Rd.  
(Corner of Tamoshanter and Florin). 7pm.  
Hosted by Noah Hayes and Felicia McGee.  
All ages / \$5.00. Come early for workshop.  
Info: [www.malikspeaks.com](http://www.malikspeaks.com)

Escritores del Nuevo Sol's writing workshop  
and potluck on 1st Saturdays. 11am.  
La Raza Galeria Posada, 1024 - 22nd Street  
(NEW LOCATION) Sacramento. For info call  
Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323 or  
[joannpen@comcast.net](mailto:joannpen@comcast.net).

## 4 Monday (Labor Day)

SPC – no reading tonight

## 5 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm,  
Hart Senior Center, 27th & J.  
Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem.  
Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228. Free.  
[www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org/SPC](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org/SPC)  
Workshop News.

## 6 Wednesday

*Mics and Moods* presents **Taalam Acey** at  
Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to  
midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by  
Khiry Malik. Info: [www.malikspeaks.com](http://www.malikspeaks.com) or  
492-9336. 21 and over / \$5 cover.

## 7 Thursday

*Vibe Sessions* features **Taalam Acey** at  
Cobbler Inn, 3520 Stockton Blvd. (next to  
Colonial Theater) Hosted by Flo Real 8-  
11pm. \$5.00 All ages.  
Open Mic for comedians, singers, poets.

Poetry Unplugged presents **Vincent Kobelt**.  
Open mic before/after. Hosted by Mario Ellis  
Hill. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th Street.  
Info: 441-3931 or [www.lunascafe.com](http://www.lunascafe.com). Free.

## 11 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents TBA  
hosted by Indigo Moor. 7:30 p.m.,  
SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719-25<sup>th</sup>  
(25th and R) 451-5569. Free.

## 12 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm,  
See September 5 for details

## 13 Wednesday

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour,  
host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or  
subscribe to podcast at [www.kdvs.org](http://www.kdvs.org).  
[www.culturelover.com](http://www.culturelover.com).

*Mics and Moods* presents **Ranonsense** at  
Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to  
midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by  
Khiry Malik. Info: [www.malikspeaks.com](http://www.malikspeaks.com) or  
492-9336. 21 and over / \$5 cover.

*Moore time for Poetry*: Terry Moore's  
Access Television Show, 1st & 3rd  
Wednesdays, 9pm, co-host Tyra Moore.  
Access Sacramento, Channel 17. updates:  
[tvguide.com](http://tvguide.com). (916) 208-7638.

Rattlesnake Press presents **Phil Weidman**  
at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St.,  
Sacramento, from 7:30-9 PM to celebrate  
his new poetry rattle-chapbook,  
*Fictional Character: The Ernie Poems*.  
Refreshments and a read-around will follow;  
bring your own poems or somebody else's.  
More info: [kathykieth@hotmail.com](mailto:kathykieth@hotmail.com)

## 14 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged presents: **Marian Jones**.  
Open mic before/after. Hosted by Geoffrey  
Neil. 8pm at Luna's Café. See September 7  
for details.

*Vibe Sessions* at Cobbler Inn, 3520  
Stockton Blvd. (next to Colonial Theater)  
Hosted by Flo Real 8-11pm. \$5.00 All ages.  
Open Mic for comedians, singers, poets.

## 15 Friday

**David Humphreys** and **Paula Sheil** are  
featured readers at *Our House Defines Art*.  
(El Dorado Hills Town Center, just south of  
Hwy 50 in El Dorado Hills) at 7 pm. An open  
mic follows.



# PoetryNOW

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## spc poetry contest 2006

first prize \$100

second prize \$50

third prize \$25

+ ten honorable mentions (\$10 gift certificate from barnes & noble)

entry fee \$3 per poem

send your poems to

spc 2006 contest

1719 25<sup>th</sup> Street

sacramento, ca 95816

deadline: december 15, 2006

winners will be notified in january, featured in feb. issue of **poetryNOW**,  
and invited to read at a special reading at spc in february 2007

*send us your poetry now*

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### In appreciation - notes from the 2006 CSUS Writer's Conference

Marilyn Reynolds reading, to a rapt audience, her thoughtful and celebratory essay on the day she learned her young adult book about the consequences of unprotected sex had been banned.

David Bianculli's vivid demonstration of why, in his TV reviewing, he continues to plow through hours of dreck looking for a gem. The brilliant example: David Attenborough narrating 2 amazing minutes on the imitative genius of the lyre bird. As we all heard with our own ears: the bird can replicate not only any other bird it hears but also camera shutters, car alarms, chain saws! The finishing touch: the incredulous man in the back of the room exclaiming, "No way!"

The two remarkable actresses of Richard Helleesen's 15 minute play transforming themselves into 50+ year old sisters at a backyard party and making us believe every word they said—even though they were reading from scripts.

Jim Dodge peering down at, trying to read from, the PFA of his poem and declaring, "I feel like a giant." Laughing wildly and wiping my eyes (looking around at an audience of people doing the same) as Jim Dodge read from his hilarious elegy for his brother/dog-bathing saga.

Dan Melzer's free-writing session when he had us all going on an exercise and said, "It feels so good to look out at 100 people writing and writing."

- Mary Zeppa