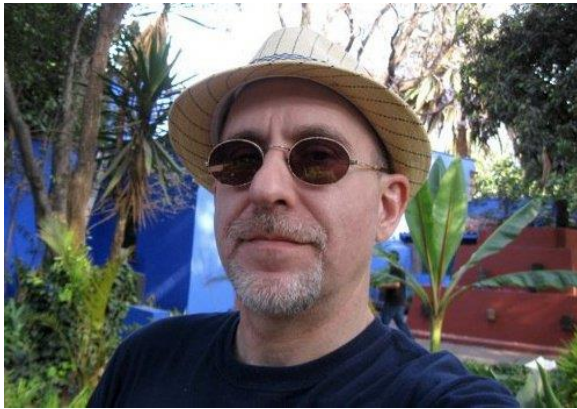


Marc Nasdor

What Miguel Algarín Meant To Me During My Time In New York City



Arriving in June, 1980, I lived in New York City for thirty-eight years, finally escaping in August, 2018. Without a doubt, the 1980s was one of the best decades of my life. I came to NYC in search of the poetry community, egged on by Andrei Codrescu, who was teaching at Johns Hopkins. By the end of 1980, having worked at the Strand Bookstore around such writers as Tom Carey, Emily XYZ and Tomi Weatherly, I made my way to St. Mark's where I met...everybody! There were a number of poetry communities, some of

which were “frenemies” of one another. There was a bit of racial/ethnic self-segregation going on, which annoyed me, but from my perspective, the more diverse the larger community was, the better, and I would follow my own interests.

I won't list all of the poets and venues, but the Nuyorican on 3rd Street generated all these poets who I probably met first at St. Marks, or at smaller venues. Sandra, Nancy, Pedro, Jesus and more – but here was Miguel, the head honcho, ruling the roost. I lived in Brooklyn, but hung out mainly in the Lower East Side. Without Miguel and his larger-than-life personality, his openness and kindness, my worldview would never have been wrung out, squeezed, expanded and enriched the way it was, and likely I would not have gotten focused on international poetry and music as well. Sometimes this put off some poets, who seemed stuck in their mud and couldn't get with the dynamism.

Miguel and Pedro were Abbot and Costello – no, Costello and Costello! Roadrunner and Coyote, energy upon energy. I hear Miguel's voice in my head: the mirth, the belly laugh, the voice that screamed “Who gives a shit, we got it and it's here for you!” We need characters to spring up, the ones who aren't judging everybody, the ones that attract the misfits and the ignored. Stick around in my head, Miguel, until the blood stops flowing.

Marc Nasdor is a poet, writer and musician; a native of Baltimore who lived in New York City from 1980-2018. He was involved for a decade in international literary festivals and the promotion and translation of world poetry for publication, readings and radio. He has also spent more than 25 years involved with the Hungarian arts scene in the US and in Hungary. His most recent book of poems is *Sonnetailia*, published by Roof Books in 2007. In addition to his literary activities, Nasdor (a/k/a Poodlecannon) is well known as a world music DJ in New York City. He has also DJ'd in Budapest and Pécs (Hungary), Nantes (France), Mexico City and Mérida (Yucatan). He now lives in Baltimore, MD.