



Yes, this is a high-brow excuse to get drunk.

**read.**

Years ago I started to hold readings at my apartment, often called "salons" by those who like to prove that they're more educated than I am. I like calling them "readings" because it doesn't require as much explaining and never gets confused with all those parties people have that evolve around getting haircuts. (What? Never been to a hair cutting party? What a sheltered life you must lead...) The only requirements are that you must bring something to read. (Yes, reading out loud, but don't worry you'll be drunk... just keep it between 3-5 minutes.) And bring something to eat and drink. (Most like to share their chosen food or drink, but feel free to keep it all to yourself, you selfish drunken glutton.) In the past there was a strict rule that you couldn't read anything you've written, but that was mostly to keep from being bored to death. If we could write something as great as our favorite authors we wouldn't be working at copy shops and such. We'd be writers. But if you want to read something you wrote, go ahead... who knows, there may be some people who won't laugh at you. But mostly bring along something that you haven't written, so if time permits we can discover new writers who aren't us.

Saturday, November 12th 2005

6pm

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Apartment #22

(Between Polk and Taylor)

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