

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear, there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer. Up front is a small stage, occupied by copernicus, a fifty-year-old poet-performer who talks about himself in the third person. Copernicus' philosophy is that "nothing exists"—in the event that he's wrong and you can find the Knitting Factory, he'll be leading one of his post-everything improv bands here on July 12. Music after nine.