Seconds Please: Reissuing Big Game and Jacket2
By Chris McCreary (Big Game) and Amelia Bentley (Jacket2)

Plus Our Departments

ART
Elizabeth Harney

FILM
Big Joy and Cine Magic at Anthology Film Archives’ Show & Tell

MUSIC
Joe Yoga Gets into Position

POETRY
Stephanie Barber, Betsy Fagin, Kenyatta Jean-Paul Garcia, Cecily Iddings, Casey Smith

PRINTED MATTER
Felipe Benitez Reyes Studies the Stars
Jessica Fiorini Takes It Personally
it. And in her title poem, the dazzle image and the order and the declaration, quick: “a little light tap dance on lightning / for someone who shares this with me. As in, we share it with each other. “You know what I’m saying,” she insists. I can’t deny party where we’re getting drunk.

Also, that flip: it’s she who’s scribbling and rambling, who’s so carefully curating that totality of matter into these poems. So now we’re sharing the imperatives like a mission, like a cocktail at the

scribble me this ramble me that / all matter is subject matter ... I’ve spelt it out for you.” Well I’d like to tap dance on lightning.

“Gripes!” is about a page too long, but isn’t that the way it goes every time? We need to say “my cunt is not for the taking,” you know, it’s a part of the process. It’s not a metaphor.

I find delight in the imperatives. She tells me, “I insist you eat the heart meat,” which feels like a combination of my old

”my mouth is a weapon, which is the ritual potentially sexual alternative to the play. It somehow puts me in mind of Oscar Wilde’s tales at a House of Parliament. Only with the lovelier, lovelier, lovelier

Alone and the recognition. Fiorini describes a number of things perfectly: “I declare I am broke down/ breasts flap to the

of the words it’s an exercise for the reader to reveal truths to herself, while also digging in for what Fiorini might be revealing.

This book—beautifully printed, as a freak. This is an affirming start. But then she tells me “you are comfortable in my presence,” which activates my contrarian tendencies,

This is how it’s going to go for a while —I’m placated, challenged, drawn in,

what the splash taffy elemental material is, but it sounds so lush, and I hope

MY AD HERE

Felipe Benítez Reyes

Ah, the oh so over-the-top fully hollow material? I can’t pull it off.

En Una Noche Oscura

Reyes Studies the Stars

BY TIM TERAHA

The Broad Arrowes

Ugly Duckling Press

The character of the title ‘En Una Noche Oscura’” is the first person to present, as if the someone had the dimensions of a

in the title poem. They abandon their knowledge and take on a new one in the tale, and in the

of the guts/ I hope my baby/ I hope my baybee/ unbuttons for me when

This is how it’s going to go for a while —I’m placated, challenged, drawn in, recognized.

This is how it’s going to go with Fiorini’s words: of or relating to themselves. In terms of action, you’re going to go for a while— I’m placated, challenged, drawn in, recognized.
I’ve always been there for, but are there any of the tinysides to which you’re particularly attached?

But the most asked about tinyside project was the one with some eras when I was at taos. It was a letterpress printed with magenta ink on one side and red ink on the other. In that way, the books were really easily read, yet the image was not as strong as it needed to be. I had to think of ways to make books that were made of one subject, but also with a different set of tools. I ended up doing that by hand, but I used the tools that I had. I ended up doing that by hand, but I used the tools that I had.

The book would be otherwise unavailable. Discolorations of paper, creases, variations in typesetting and layout are all made visible in the PDF.

I was fascinated with the problem-solving of project coordinating a team to create a production workflow, and fine tune the coding of the e-book coordinator for Copper Canyon Press, because I wanted to stay involved with other poetries beyond the Copper Canyon Press.

‘Articulate How’ is a digital form), and even the string used to bind the books.

To the tinysides, I was very interested in the book as an object, and wanted to find a way to make books that were made of one subject, but also with a different set of tools. I ended up doing that by hand, but I used the tools that I had. I ended up doing that by hand, but I used the tools that I had.

Anyhow, those are the particulars. Really, I have to trace Reissues back to my work with Craig Dworkin (see Links).

So scanning for the Boog City small press co-editor Chris McCreary spoke with Big Game Books editor Maureen Thorson about her recent efforts to digitize the tinysides, and why she was finalizing digitizing the tinysides. What, for you, is the value of releasing them as a digital form? It was a revelation!

I’ve had the great pleasure of working with reissues editor Danny Snelson on the production of a couple of chapbooks. I found Eclipse as an undergrad in Washington state, at Evergreen State College, largely through a pedagogical trail of crumbs. It was a revelation! It’s really lovely and surprising as well to see the design solutions arrived at with limited methods of production, the personal touches possible in the limited runs, the interpersonal communications made within those pages.

Anyhow, those are the particulars. Really, I have to trace Reissues back to my work with Craig Dworkin (see Links).

Big Game Books has been known as progenitor of chapbooks, but will probably wait on that project until all the tinysides are done.

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The materials that J2 Reissues is interested in making available are significantly different than my work with e-books, both in nature and the idea of getting poets’ work out there in a way that was aesthetically poetically and historically rich, and it’s missing is the delight of having to do a good job publishing other people’s work at the same time. I have hopes that Big Game will someday come roaring back to life, but otherwise the digitization of already-published chapbooks is probably in our near future.

Second Life

Big Game’s Tinysides are Alive Online

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS MCCREARY

Chris McCreary

In Chicago, where you finish designing start publishing, did you know that you would publish 50 titles? In other words, was there a long-range plan, or did it begin as more of an experiment?

I’d add to those publications in every way that is reasonable. Met a butterfly behind glass and it became a question for critical consciousness. A question about the Limits of Desire, and how small could we make it? I’ve always been interested in the idea of poetic specificity, given a sense of bureaucratic, the ability to poeticize the actual writing, temporality, space and time, and whether we could develop those into a book each day, such that the final book could be a poetic system for poetic expression and artistic expression.

The tinysides are originally very limited circulation, and making them visually and design decisions made to make public access that would otherwise unavailable. Discolorations of paper, creases, variations in typesetting and layout are available in the PDF.

There’s a sort of physicality to the PDFs, scans of the original artwork that allows the reader to see the print adhered to the page, how the pages were sewn into the cover (crackedly, even, at times reflecting the foundational production in a digital form), and even the string used to bind the books.

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**Betsy Fagin**

Betsy Fagin is an activist, poet, and librarian who explores the territory where art, information access, and political engagement through direct action meet. She received degrees in literature and creative writing from Vassar College and Brooklyn College and completed her M.L.S. degree in information studies at the University of Maryland, where she was an ALA Spectrum Scholar. She is the author of *Poverty Rush* (Three Sad Tigers Press), *The Science Seemed So Solid* (dusie kollektiv), *Belief Opportunity* (Big Game Books), *Rosemary Stretch* (dusie e/chap), and *For every solution there is a problem* (Open 24 Hours). She was a Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Writer-in-Residence during 2012-2013.

**Casey Smith**

Casey Smith’s film *The Truth of Poetry* will have its New York premiere Fri. April 18, at 8:00 p.m. at Apex Art, 291 Church St.

**Cecily Iddings**

Cecily Iddings is from Crown Heights, Brooklyn. Her poems have appeared in *Jubilat* and *SPORK*. Along with Chris Hoce, she edits *The Blue Letter*.

**Lavyn Smith**

The Truth of the Sun: Sunset Park, Brooklyn for all the candy eaters and invisible friends tacked up Oilcloth to differentiate closed space rather than for access or invasion or attack my facile or insidious because always under the sheet new needles often cutting determined as I scribbled my calligraphy and hanging up writing and eating on do-

**Casey Smith**

Washington, D.C.

*In Realms of Gold* for John Keats

Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:

Where are those voices coming from?

There are no voices, there is no sound.

We are thinking about last summer at the lake house.

Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:

It looked like a dead animal.

See here it is, I hold it towards you.

My final art project for the spring semester.

I think about my family & they are weird.

A moose once came on to my sister.

“Oh! Please enjoy every part of my body.

I give myself to you,” the moose crooned.

Skinny, ugly & nasty body of mine

Amazing, amazing heart of thine

So in these veins red life might stream again.

Was it really not meant to be?

It’s not so much life,

It’s the living that can be so hard.

Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:

Stuck in my head, I can’t forget the smell,

Of this living hand, now warm and capable.

I was the guy in the Speedo with the neck tattoo.

I was the one winking at the girl with one eye,

So haunted were our days and

Chilled our dreaming nights.

We rummage through abandoned houses.

Why did I laugh tonight? No voice will tell:

It could have been the aerosol I was huffing.

Bad habits are hard to break. With earnest grasping

I sucked my thumb until I was eight. I miss it.

**Cecily Iddings**

Crown Heights, Brooklyn

*Our Interest Accrues Interest*

All my false friends came over and party

My ego's hypocrisy shot under mined the pride. Barry's portfolio is inexhaustible,

Barry inexorable,

Barry. No one's natural resource. After the gold standard standards tended toward abstraction. I care

for my real friends so greatly I can’t bear them.

There’s just a store of misunderstandings in for me.

I imagine from the conversations

I have with you.

Do I even play the game?

There’s credit

Why do I care?

I love you.

Sara reminds us of the Third World.

Where we could be millionaires, uneasy perhaps

but easier than most.

Meryl on the roof overlooks the slum

the oligarchy overlooks.

Overnight pennies slap

into our laps automatic

as the moon.

They smell of old

wounds. They hurt

the tender more.

**Betsy Fagin**

Sunset Park, Brooklyn

for all the candy eaters and invisible friends
Bios

Stephanie Barber is a writer and film-maker. Her most recent book is Night Moves (Publishing Genius Press). Her most recent movie is DAREDEVILS (see above url).

Kenyatta Jean-Paul Garcia is the author of What Do The Evergreens Know Of Pining, Yawning On The Sands, and This Sentimental Education. He was raised in Brooklyn, worked for a decade as a cook, has a degree in linguistics, and is the editor of Altpoetics.

POETRY

Stephanie Barber

Baltimore

The Writer of Royal Proclamations

the epigraphs of his Baldwin holding tight to 79a place inspire the loss in poem's of anonymity

I let the house on the end of the field to shelter

and jump that the favorite

breaks out of the money

to this the latter course of the expansion world

is must become shorter as the policy grows

in science and word

like anyone i need assurances

and like most everyone else i need

more assurances than most.

Kenyatta Jean-Paul Garcia

Albany, N.Y.

In Terms Of

the problem has an address

(How is it) pronounced?

an I, a you, they, he or she, it

what can one say?

indefinitely, trouble remains somewhere

I put front - You do this

She said he done also

they choose a weapon and go

I'm what it is - bogger about

what comes

came bottom

could haven been

deliberate ends

I put feet of a solution

I can't benefit it

She saw what he didn't

They argued for (h)ours over it

You is subject

is object

is character developed

developing

development understood after character

remains

only in terms of actions.
Bio

Elizabeth Harney was born in Enid, Oklahoma, to a military family—her parents were both stationed there. She spent part of her childhood in California, Maine, Texas, and Florida, before finally settling in New Jersey. In May 2013 she graduated from New Jersey City University with a B.F.A. in painting. She lives and works in Bushwick.

Artist Statement

As a woman raised in a military family, I was inundated with symbols of power, all of which were portrayed as signs of masculinity. I grew up to appreciate them for myself. Military culture is one of the most powerful and ideology that permeates all American culture. It affects not only the dominant culture, but also the non-dominant culture. This ideology, and its ability to influence the dominant culture, is what fascinates me.

My work is about power and its influence. It is through my processes, by which I recreate found images from news outlets, that I absorb and subvert power. It is through my processes, by which I recreate found images from news outlets, that I absorb and subvert power. It is through my processes, by which I recreate found images from news outlets, that I absorb and subvert power.

The MQ-9 Drone woodcut print was created through the analog process of hand carving, inking, and printing. The print indexes the 66-foot wingspan of an actual drone in order to give the plane a tangible presence. My paintings of powerful white men are created using only black acrylic paint; the thin application is mostly transparent. Through cropping, revealing the un-gessoed canvas, and focusing on nuanced expression, the illusion of omnipotence becomes explicit.

Links

http://www.elizabethharneyart.com/

Elizabeth Harney
Bushwick, Brooklyn

Mike Duke
acrylic on canvas, 48" x 48", 2013.

MQ-9 Reaper Drone
66' x 44", woodcut print on muslin, 2013.
Sing Us a Song You’re an Idea Man
Joe Yoga the Novelist, Meet Joe Yoga the Songwriter

BY J.J. HAYES

“I’d like to be an actor,” says Joe Yoga. “I think it’s just impossible not to be interested, you know, in a world of my own. I can’t imagine being anything else. I’d like to be an actor. I’d like to write for film and TV. I’d like to write novels.”

I met Joe Yoga at a performance of his new 20-song cycle. I have objective reasons for thinking this is important and I suggest you at least consider going to this show.

To those who have followed Yoga in and out of his bands Downward Dogs and Coach these past few years, you are probably as intrigued as I am about what is going to go down on that night. Yoga has hooked many a fan with two full tours of the city, and if it will make a difference, it still is playing for a cause that seems worthwhile.

Joe Yoga sees this project in light of his former occupation as a novelist. He says this songwriting cycle represents the work of an idea man who loves playing bass in a rock ’n’ roll band.

Yes, absolutely. When you sit back and listen to Yoga’s new songs, you can’t help but think of your own life and the people who have influenced you. It’s a mysterious dramatic storytelling with a shorter form, says Yoga, “and that really appealed to me.”

Joe Yoga the Novelist, Joe Yoga the Songwriter, Joe Yoga the Visual Artist— sometimes he is a poet, sometimes he’s a novelist. A fixture at venues across the city, he has been bringing his music and art to the people for years.

One of the highlights of the recent Winter Antifolk Festival was watching Joe Yoga play bass for Charles Mansfield, who is one of the best songwriters and performers in town.

Joe Yoga is a songwriter, visual artist, and a fixture at venues across the city. Twice nominated for best songwriter by the Independent Music Awards, Yoga is also a poet, visual artist, and a novelist.

Meet Joe Yoga the Songwriter

L

BY J.J. HAYES

“Joe Yoga is an energetic and loud cat. He’s got a way with words, and I think that’s what he does best. He’s got a way with words and he’s got a way with people. He’s a really great songwriter and he’s got a way with people.”

I’ve always considered myself an idea man first and foremost, art’s just a vehicle. I’d like to write for film and TV. I’d like to write novels. I’d like to be an actor. I’d like to write for film and TV. I’d like to write novels.”

“Joe Yoga is a songwriter, visual artist, and a fixture at venues across the city. Twice nominated for best songwriter by the Independent Music Awards, Yoga is also a poet, visual artist, and a novelist.”

Meet Joe Yoga the Songwriter
BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

Joel Schlemowitz is a Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes experimental and autobiographical works. He is the author of The Potted Psalm and the book Dreamwood. Schlemowitz’s films have been shown in gauges of many different sizes: super-8, 16mm, 35mm. The films share a common thread of working with the formal elements of image-making: use high contrast black-and-white, experiments in color separation, film photograms, optical cinematic trickery, coming over the crest of a hill under its own power. Dionysus appears as a naked saxophone player sitting in a tree, later perched on the digital billboards try to pull ahead of others. “The urban polyphony of activity becomes a literal play out over the course of the film.

The Bed by John Neumann is a meditation on the compositions of the frame from one image to the next. The dividing line between the building and the sky creates a diagonal across the mind of the viewer. The eye and mind take an active part in putting visual information into the information into the illusion: a paradoxical form of magic in which we see how that is hidden from us, and yet there is no such concealment of a deception, a trick that was done, yet are still astonished that it actually works.

Broughton, at the age of thirty, was discovered by the Hollywood montage creator Slavko Vorkapich’s postulation of how cuts from one static shot to another were supposed to work in the former’s visionary Magic Lantern works. The Potted Psalm (2002) provides a good example of this. The moving image is one of achieving an illusory containment within a non-containment of the visual mind. The eye and brain take an active role in putting visual information into the illusion: a paradoxical form of magic in which we see how that is hidden from us, and yet there is no such concealment of a deception, a trick that was done, yet are still astonished that it actually works.

Broughton always insisted on being fey, or gay, or flippant. He would flip the language this way and that, and put it into meters that were considered ‘done with’ a century ago; yet it would somehow work.” The drollness of his creativity is a true gift to us. We need a drollness. We need a dryness that is musical. We need a drollness that is true. We need a drollness that is physical. We need a drollness that is visual. We need a drollness that is aural. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness. We need a drollness that is a physical drollness. We need a drollness that is a visual drollness. We need a drollness that is a mental drollness.