It Took Us All to Take an Action

The People’s Climate March Takes NYC

We took action, made an action, made 400,000 actions. We were waiting in the streets and we were waiting for the call. It was Sept. 21, and we were there to make an action, take an action, to take action. And we waited to take action. Four thick miles of us, and marching, four thick miles of us, and mobilized, and ready to take action. For the people, for the climate, for the air that we would live in, and the air that we would breathe in, and the air that we would sleep in, and the air that we would die in. And the world that we would live in, thunder clapping, lightning clapping, people clapping, banners clapping, and our feet would take an action, and that day the sky was blanket gray. We acted, made an action. And we mobilized and moved. And then we waited. Then we walked and clapped. We had to take this action. And 400,000 thunders and 400,000 lightning strikes, the weather and the animals, the land, and humankind. Because the money wasn’t moving because money doesn’t like to move. We wanted to take action, walk with marching bands, and bears, and bees. Our action, we took action. We were acting, making action. And we walked with young and old and bored and rich and poor and tired and quick and black and white and spry and stooped and tall and smug and some that were so terrified you saw the buried sadness in their face was like a grave. And all these people from the city and the ones from other cities had arrived to make an action, make a movement, make a human wave. We gathered in the streets to move, to make the others move, to make the whole world move.

—Katy Lederer

The People’s Climate March was a breathtaking mobilization that spanned the globe. On Sept. 21, 400,000 people marched in New York City to demand climate justice and clean power. There were 2,646 solidarity events in 162 countries. For more information about the march and what comes next, visit: http://www.peoplesclimate.org

Photos courtesy of People’s Climate March
Daybreak: Noctuary Press at the Cutting Edge

By Ruth Baumann

You've got quite a busy schedule, don't you? Are there some new works on the horizon for you, especially your latest book, 

Yes, indeed. My schedule is filled with various projects and collaborations at the moment. New poems, new collaborations, new readings, and new publications are in the works. The next poetry collection is currently being edited and will be published soon, and there are several new projects in the pipeline that I'm excited about. I'm also working on a new series of poetry readings for the upcoming season. The details are still being finalized, but I promise there will be some exciting events in the near future.

Can you tell us more about the collaborative projects you're working on? Are there any particular themes or ideas that are guiding these collaborations?

Collaboration is a vital aspect of my work, and I'm always looking for new ways to connect with other artists and writers. Some of the current projects involve interdisciplinary collaborations with visual artists, musicians, and filmmakers. The themes that are guiding these collaborations range from exploring the beauty and complexity of the natural world to examining the human condition. I'm particularly interested in finding new ways to merge poetry and visual art, as well as experimenting with sound and performance to create immersive experiences for the audience.

Are there any other upcoming events or publications you're looking forward to? I'm always excited about the opportunities to share my work with new audiences. Some of the upcoming events include readings at a variety of venues, including literary festivals and universities, as well as contributions to anthologies and journals. I'm also looking forward to the release of my next book, which will be available soon. Stay tuned for more details on these exciting ventures!
It's weird, and messy, and it's surprised me in a lot of ways I wasn't ready for. But I'm almost there, I think.

But yes, I have often pricked myself or gotten a paper cut. I have to redo a few now and then, because I've bled on them. It's really something to go from emailed PDF through machine. (I picked up that trick in grad school from Shannon Holman, and I first did it this year.) It needs a lot of attention, but it's also a lot of fun, and it takes a long time to get it right.

How does Bloof differ from your usual work with Soft Skull? How is a different aesthetic involved after such these two books?

I don't know that my own editorial approach has changed much, though I've experimented now and then, and I have a much more refined eye. Things are more intentional now, I think. I'm always looking for good layout and laser printing for the interiors, trimming, sewing, and seeing them finished. I'm always sad to mail them out, but also love thinking of the editorial and design process with the author, including sometimes hand printing or painting the covers individually (or cutting faux fur), doing the back, knowing you're about to hold the first book in your hands. It's a lot of love and responsibility, but it's also a lot of joy.

You've always been a huge DIY leader and advocate. Can you summarize your DIY/self-publishing ideology in exactly 11 words?

I do, yeah, and it's very relaxing to me, and I love seeing them stacked up after I've finished them.

You sew all of Bloof's chapbooks yourself! When did you learn how to do that?

I taught myself when I was in grad school, and I really wanted to get my hands on all of the things I was dealing with. I didn't want to rely on people, you know? I've been sewing for myself ever since. I've always been a bit of a perfectionist, so I've gotten very good at it. I always like to try new things, and I'm always trying to improve.

The word Bloof is a comic book sound effect (BLOOF!) but also was chosen as an empty variable, one that we could fill. And I liked the shape of the word itself: it works nicely with BOOKS and symmetrical length.

What was your “Holy-shit!-I-really-have-my-own-press” moment?

It's weird, and messy, and it's surprised me in a lot of ways I wasn't ready for. But I'm almost there, I think.

This is an ongoing struggle for me, and I'm tackling it again now. Because I get a lot of creative fulfillment from working on these books with the authors, I don't want to lose that, but I also want to make sure that I don't take on too much at once. It's a lot of work, but it's also a lot of fun, and it's very satisfying to see the books when they come out.

I haven't been since the renovation, actually. I've done some pictures. Looks gorgeous.

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**Tongue Kiss Her Other Tongue**
Inside Jenny Zhang’s Hags

**BY NATALIE EILBERT**

**In Hags, the etoplasm of bossy girliness is in ecstatic cahoots with the mildewed breath of the hag.**

I’m interested in the shift in women’s ages from beautiful to grotesque, meek to powerful, from socially dominated to socially condemned, made possible by our distaste for the hag.

Zhang’s interest in the hero and hag... I’m interested in the shift in women’s ages from beautiful to grotesque, meek to powerful, from socially dominated to socially condemned

* * *

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Zhang’s interest in the hero and hag, subway sexnot, red-faced hag, a crooked face and hagly” I love the hag, I love the hero, I love the hero, I love the hag, I love the hero

Zhang invites us to stand at that liminal edge between saintly women, or else a fairy or goddess disguised as a wizened old woman. But disguised for what purpose? Exceptionally holy for what purpose? And the wrinkles in our faces and between our legs to shapeshift our status? As a girl, I pick up the white mask, a mask that is not supposed to be picked up, and put on, and then hop away. In the Brothers Grimm’s urban legend of the red mask, of a woman who chased children down in a blood-soaked surgical mask and asked them yes-or-no questions about the children’s mothers and fathers. It’s a mask that is not simply a mask, but a mask that is not supposed to be picked up and put on.

In Rebecca Solnit’s If I Live to Be a Hundred, do I really have to spend eighty-five or more of those years explaining why I don’t like this? And give no reason why at all.

Dead white guys and non-dead not-white guys hate it when you dismiss revered works of art and literature by saying, Uggggggggggggh. I hate the body of the first American President.

In Ferguson, there was an airplane drop. It’s a state by state issue and a nationwide issue. It’s all the same.

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Hirpled Viragos and Sideyard Gulleys
Tim Earley’s
Scenic Rural Journey

BY MIKE YOUNG

What these poems revel in is the ability to find particular arrangements of external wilderness that seem to accept their wild internal accumulation. They can be so unpretentious that we might almost not notice they exist.

For the Lord is a little song and I am a little mouse and my mother is a little mote and beyond that I / do not know.

The New Years
Mike Young

I’ll be reviewing Tim Earley’s
The Scenic Rural Journey
Horseless Press
B Y  M I K E  Y O U N G

The author of three collections of poems,
Sixth Finch Books), said this: “I am

I had no rivers or silver daggers inside of me therefore the lulitane ministries continued through the night but the night was not a solid thing nor was it parsable nor was the air costumed in feathers nor was

Brooks-Motl’s words. And that fear of such unknown can be profound

I love the new year like an object/ Or decide to, filling our hands with the unpleasant snow/ To type a thing you must be cold

Mike Young

Mike Young is the author of three collections of poems, The New Years (Horseless Press) and What We Talk About When We Talk About Books (Magic Helicopter Press) and the stories collection Look! Look! Feathers (Saltgrass Press). He publishes his work in such places as Denver Quarterly, The Paris Review, and Gulf Coast. You can find him online at http://mikeayoung.tumblr.com

5

This book却不 so much deponent as to say that everything the person you care for in the world will not have to come to an end, that the coupling of actuality and appearance — the “fuselage” — is not so much some sort of truth about the world as a resonance of suffering. It is true that, in some way of speaking, life is the labor of

I have learned to ignore it”). To “be

Brooks-Motl’s lyric is an expensive operation and my other heteronym is a Dodge Dart, uniquely in love with her fierce and naked mane.

To “be

I knew a parasitic jongleur once who extruded a bodkin from his anus to stab people with his ass. I knew

I knew

Earley’s, I mean; I’m not sure about Clare’s—stakes out and prays to exactly what it can know, and even

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An Ode to Ektachrome
Sarah J. Christman Films Screen

BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

The film "As Above, So Below" is a portrait of the disreputably putrid smelling, toxic waterway in south Brooklyn, as its name declares Robin Nagle, anthropologist-in-residence for New York City’s Department of Sanitation, as we view the debris scattered over the beach. "Garbage is one very chronic and unsettling reminder of the inherently ephemeral nature of everything," declares Nagle, heard by us in narration accompanying a variety of found images and original footage. Unlike the previously mentioned documentaries, Nagle’s voiceover interviews are expressed by the film’s voiceover, that bridges these two filmmaking modes, with the observational camera capturing the sense of place before the lens, and the reflective thoughts mines, photographic repositories, natural decay and mortality, that, in the words of the filmmaker, “draws unexpected connections among mining, computer industry billionaire, heard by us in narration accompanying a variety of found images and original footage. Unlike the previously mentioned documentaries, Nagle’s voiceover interviews are expressed by the film’s voiceover, that bridges these two filmmaking modes, with the observational camera capturing the sense of place before the lens, and the reflective thoughts

While the screening at Connectivity Through Cinema will not include the 50-minute experimental documentary "The Lunar Chandelier," beginning with the filmmaker’s letter to the viewer, and ending with the filmmaker’s letter to the viewer, it is a film concerned with the obsolescence of the instant and of material fact itself. As an instant—objectifying film, taking its title from her last rolls of Kodak’s discontinued Ektachrome color reversal film stock, the work takes the form of a eulogy for a film stock, each static composition a farewell to the beauty of these silver halides and dyes that gather upon the film’s surface, as the silver grains are reduced, then burned, through a photochemical transformation to form the images, that grip us, as they do the filmmaker. The work is one of observing an array of different subjects. We see the sky, with its bird songs, water images through the lens of the camera. Through its photochemical transformation we see a world of exquisite, transitory moments, glowing upon the screen, like the sand, we are given a view of the distant train running in perfect alignment with the straight, flat line of the horizon. We also encounter the people who have come to fish with line and net. We have the sense, in the particular way of such observational filmmaking, of capturing the transitory moment, further enhanced by the sounds of the environment and the voices of the beachgoers speaking in an appealingly polyphonic blend of different languages and accents. The beach, a place of practicality for those fishing for a fresh meal, and recreation for others, becomes an expression of the filmmaker’s concept of place, of a place of ‘sacred land’..."
Barbara Henning

The East Village

Our Sky is Our Sky

Billets doux being held up in a sky.

We in a sky.

If we go,

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Linda Griggs

Lower East Side

The First Time Is Not Like Porn - Car Sex (Dirty Windows)

14" x 30"
MEDIUM

Invisataint
20304 posts posted 20th Mar '08

... it made me think about my virginity story it was awkward!
It was in the back of a Ford Explorer on a main street on a saturday night. Cars and cops kept driving by so we'd be having sex and out of nowhere he'd plop on top of me so the cars couldn't see him... my head kept hitting the back of the passenger seat...

Colleen L.
9190 posts posted 20th Mar '08

The first time for me was in the back of a Pontiac 2000 LE. It wasn't too horrible, but definitely wasn't comfortable.

The First Time Is Not Like Porn - Car Sex (Steamy Windows)

14" x 24"
MEDIUM

Re: losing virginity stories.

Inspiration: Billy Joel's song "Only the Good Die Young"
Motivation: reluctantly going off to Bible college
Coalition: Andy Meador
Setting: a deserted lovers' lane-type spot
Pre-coital wining and dining: a Coke from McDonald's drive thru
Post-coital impression: much ado about nothing
Mimi Oz the Great and Powerful
Catch Her While You Can Still Afford To

BY J.J. HAYES

http://jjhayes.bandcamp.com/
http://www.mimioz.com

There is always a look of admiration, sometimes a smugness, even by those who admire someone else who "will have to listen to that song again" and "will have to listen to that song again" and "will have to listen to that song again" and "will have to listen to that song again". For me, the final product of hard work, craft, soul, and style. This is the problem that any song requiring a second listening, or even a second hearing, and the world of popular music is strewn with songs in which the melody and the music transport you to the heights from which you crash in violent and sudden moments of realization. The song "Rooster" by Mimi Oz is one of those songs that immediately transports you to a place where you are on the verge of some kind of moment of realization, but you cannot quite decide what that moment is. But, it is Mimi Oz's ability to not only get you there, but also to keep you there, that has made her one of my favorite performers. But don't just take my word for it. Oz says, "I really enjoy getting lost in the music, getting lost in the melody or the performance, the emotion of the music and the words. The words and the music together are what make a song. And when you get lost in the music, you forget about the words."

But how does a song get lost in the music? Well, for me, a song becomes lost in the music when it transports you to a place where you are on the verge of some kind of moment of realization, but you cannot quite decide what that moment is. But, it is Mimi Oz's ability to not only get you there, but also to keep you there, that has made her one of my favorite performers. But don't just take my word for it. Oz says, "I really enjoy getting lost in the music, getting lost in the melody or the performance, the emotion of the music and the words. The words and the music together are what make a song. And when you get lost in the music, you forget about the words."

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