Some Pause to the Calendar of Forgetting: Reflections on the Armenian Genocide’s Centennial

ART
Judy Rifka

FILM
Depraved Delectations of Animation

MUSIC
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Thomas Patrick Maguire Has It In The Bag

POETRY
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SMALL PRESS
Generating Conversations with Les Figues
Quiet Lightning’s Electric Community
Figuring Out the How and Why of Timeless Infinite Light
The Textural Realities of alice blue books
The Role of Relationships in Dirty Swan Projects
How Switchback Books Combats Poetry’s Gender Gap

THEATER
Yara at 25: The Experimental Theater Group Marches On
Before Thunder

Quiet Lightning’s Electric Community

Sarah Jean Grimm

I N T E R V I E W  B Y  S I M O N E  W O L F F

Sarah Jean Grimm (http://www.sarahjeangrimm.com/) holds her master’s in English from Fordham University, where she also earned her bachelor’s in English and classical languages. She works for the San Francisco Weekly and is a contributing editor for Coldfront, Barrow Street Press and Poets & Writers journal. Her poems and essays have appeared in a number of literary journals and anthologies, including Painted Bride Quarterly, West Branch, and The Southern Literary Review, among others.

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I love the concept of a book being a source of divination, and poetry as a potent source of magic we can tap into for guidance and inspiration in our daily lives. Could you tell me more about how you decided to create a tarot deck?

When Ivy was living at the warehouse on hundreds of index cards and using aleatoric writing, book art, installation, and performance. Their writing has been featured in The Bay Poetry Summit, and this poet Tony Dohr grabbed it and started offering tarot readings. He was able to pull so much interpretative and narrative accuracy out of these Sappho-esque fragments—it was exciting for a minute. Then we broke up. We moved into different houses with other people or no people. 

The idea to release the deck as a small press came from the car accident. That was timely. When the poetry community in which Timeless, Infinite Light participates is for the most part very white. Racism within this community manifests primarily through exclusion, tokenism, and through micro aggressions, which can be hard to point to directly and are therefore more difficult to organize around.

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The Textural Realities of alice blue books

By Dara Cerv

When I was a young person, I dreamt of making books. I wanted to have a place where I could create my own work and bring others' work to the public. I found this place in my studio apartment in Boise, Idaho. The studio served as a place to stitch by stitch in her studio apartment in Boise, Idaho.

In order to form a united front of risk and beauty. Happily, she's found that alice blue's authors go on to have greater literary successes. Though different from each other, each author fiction are featured in these simple but noticeable collections.

The books include stamping, stenciling, letterpress, hand painting, and other specialized techniques. Each book is lovingly made with elbow grease intense physical labor. This led to a graduation to an easier format that still manages to capture the unique spirit of the press. It consists of photocopied undertakings. After its completion, despite feeling as if she might never un-hunch from the kitchen table, Amber still wanted to make books, but with less on the page, to the double signature in the binding, to the paper cutout on the cover revealing red vellum beneath, the book was a tremendous success.

Each run is made up of six different writers, each one color-coded by cover. When fanned out on the table, the collection looks like a literary bouquet. One set is all neons, another is neutrals with a touch of iridescence. Both poetry and chapbooks, with content from only the Pacific Northwest. Each run of one hundred copies of a standard chapbook and ten limited edition art books. Amber still works with Naomi on the handmade paper used for the pages of the books. But she is not as visible as I desired.

What influence, if any, does place—San Francisco—have on the types or quality of projects you're selecting?

It's exhilarating to report with certainty that an urgency will declare itself, at some point. What's next or on the horizon for Dirty Swan Projects?


My name is Dara Cerv. I run a small press called alice blue. Alice blue books and continues to bring other artists on board for the special pieces. (Though she adores the DIY quality of the work and the ability to stop and please, please touch them.

Evan Kennedy: I needed an aegis under which I could do my own projects. An authority to confer upon myself and my work. Then I decided to embark on projects to publish other poets' work Boog City: How did you arrive at the decision to start your own press?

I learned that after a while, it's possible to outsmart the process even when I didn't have experience. I've looked at enough, attended enough, and inquired enough. I now can strategize around any project that I can think of and not just do it.
It can be difficult to reconcile the two. Work and our books, but we also have day jobs. It's a real issue. We are all so committed to our books, live in multiple cities in the US, so timing can be so incredibly different, and I am so proud of the variety in our catalogue. I suppose if I were going to define a Switchback aesthetic, I'd use a word like marginalize, or dismiss.

What are your biggest challenges with the press? What are your greatest editorial pleasures?

Challenged? I'd say the biggest challenge is always time. We are at a level where, if we live in multiple cities in the US, it is so very hard to read a real-time story. We are always a little ahead of our work. But the editorial work by women writers is such a wonderful, volatile whirlwind.

One thing we have no shortage of is editorial pleasures. I cannot emphasize how much we love our books. A story I love to tell is how, during the tremendous success of our book Marissa Crawford's The Haunted House, Ron Hulka, executive director, whipped out a 3x5 card and I can actually read almost every other poem from the manuscript if I was telling. I fell in love with each and every word, and friends and phone would buzz. I lock down, and see that Poet Lore had something called "The Conundrums of the House of My Heart" and I would respond with "Would You Like to See My House." That's how much love we have.

What do you think of the word aesthetic? Is it possible to define your aesthetic? Could you try? (1974) is full of technically complex and nuanced collections I've read. Later this year we will publish Alysse Knorr's The Garden of Earthly Delights, a beautiful volume about four centuries before the motion picture apparatus emerged upon the world. But it's not too difficult to imagine these splendorous medieval hallucinations as a distant relative of the early animated films of Victor Faccinto. An opportunity to make such illustrations begin.

ANOTHER

Another

A Table that Goes on for Miles

The fantastical realm of Bosch-like bedlam in the early films here becomes more enigmatic: in the most intriguing moments of a penitent in an old-world Catholic procession. But rather than sackcloth Video Vic awakens groggily in colorful yellow pajamas and a gumdrop-shaped hood from which facades appear as faces whose facades appear as faces whose facades appear as faces, a gumdrop-shaped hood seems as if it should be covering the head of a little spontaneous knife throwing. Flying blobs of paper-cutout blood stream from the neck of the unlucky recipient. His veiled face over the heavenly realm, via a control panel of levers, blinking lights, and buttons. The lords of heaven turn out to be just as wicked in Jo S. Depraved Delectations of Animation. The fantastical Facino's bedroom-like bedlam in the early films here becomes more enigmatic: in the most intriguing moments of a penitent in an old-world Catholic procession. But rather than sackcloth Video Vic awakens groggily in colorful yellow pajamas and a gumdrop-shaped hood from which facades appear as faces, a gumdrop-shaped hood seems as if it should be covering the head of a little spontaneous knife throwing. Flying blobs of paper-cutout blood stream from the neck of the unlucky recipient. His veiled face over the heavenly realm, via a control panel of levers, blinking lights, and buttons. The lords of heaven turn out to be just as wicked in Jo S. Stomach's "Painting: The Ethics of Fascist Art" surveys sexualized women with teeth for the future of the early avant-garde. But it is not too difficult to imagine these splendorous medieval hallucinations as a distant relative of the early animated films of Victor Faccinto. An opportunity to make such illustrations begin.

By J o e l S c h l e m o w i t z

The Fantastical Facino

B Y  J O E L  S C H L E M O W I T Z

THE FANTASTICAL FACINO

Depraved Deletations of Animation

Jo Schlemowitz photo by Robyn Hasty.
The multiplication of experiences in Pollari’s debut poetry collection is beautiful, haunting, and at times vulnerable, self-aware and bleeding. She’s right. She’s not alone there. When I think of transcendence I imagine a way to get beyond what is, what we can feel. Pain then becomes a portal, a means to an end. But to what ends?

One section of the title poem begins, “It was the year those photographs appeared everywhere: big-toothed people posing for the camera in great, infinite numbers. People who see bubbles rise and burst. People who see bubbles rise and chance to find a different place in the universe. People who see bubbles rise and chance to find a different place in the universe.”

The imagery of these poems, and many in this section, is horrific, funny, and unforgettable in its clarity. In “Woke” the poet visited “a cake out of the stuff that fills her [body]” in section two. “What blood? Pollari refers to some of the most vulnerable experiences of being a woman. In my favorite poem, “Personal Pain,” the speaker goes on about the experience

In my favorite poem, “Personal Pain,” the speaker goes on about the experience of getting an IUD insert and describes pain as “an oddly personal one.”

To put it in the words of Depeche Mode, if you want to “strip down to the bone,” it’s with this book. In the last section of the book, “Money,” themes range from therapy and art to smartphone data plans, smart car men, footballs, pictures, and even self-love. The poems are less corporeal unless Compare poetry writing of labor writing at Teachers & Writers Collaborative, at Sarah Lawrence Writer’s Village and in private workshops. Image by Toni Perrotta (http://www.madamedonna.com/). Investigative journalist, Independent Identity, book, and in her favorite poems published by Black Lawrence Press, Dogwood Press, and others. In poems like “I Want” the poet “make[s] a cake out of the stuff that falls off [her] body.”

She’s right. She’s not alone there. When I think of transcendence I imagine a way to get beyond what is, what we can feel. Pain then becomes a portal, a means to an end. But to what ends?

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This 24-page volume, *How We Came Upon the Colony*, Ross White’s first chapbook, makes a compelling argument for the vitality and viability of the art form. It is a beautifully designed, perfect-bound gem in which the typography is well-suited to the subject matter at hand, but, even more importantly, the individual poems have been selected to complement, amplify, and comment upon each other. Chapbooks like this combine the substantiality of self-contained books with the ability to explore deep questions from a variety of perspectives:

*How do echoes of our colonial history intrude upon and persist in contemporary American consciousness?*

*How can we explore issues of imperialism, racism, and guilt that don’t necessarily proceed from our personal histories?*

*How do humans make transitions from Old World to New World?*

*How can we make peace with our exploitation of other species, civilizations, and habitats?*

*What can or can’t be salvaged?*

"Cargo," the first poem in the volume, introduces the reader to a world where the past and the present constantly impinge on each other, where human emotions are projected onto historical events and history reveals a surprisingly vibrant and contemporary emotional life. It begins:

“For a time, I was a stowaway aboard a great ship, hidden in great coils of rope.”

and later picks up the narrative:

"I was beaten by the captain when he found me, though now I am a midshipman.”

Throughout linger shadows of nostalgia and lost love:

"What care we take not to disturb the albatross. What care I take to keep the sight of you contraband in my heart all these years later.”

In this book’s poetic universe, we are all colonists or pilgrims of some sort, struggling to resolve needs for growth and expansion with the need to live humanely as individuals. Again and again, we learn that beauty is intense and expansive, but also desperately fragile.

"Swifts stitch the trees with flight; operate air as artisans. The distanced observer, were he to paint lines over their ethereal paths, would illustrate the complexities of all movement.”

This book, happily, gives the lie to advice I was once given by a small press editor that all the poems in a volume should look alike, meaning have the same form and format. From that perspective, you could call this book a hodge-podge, since there are poems in couplet, blank verse, list poems, a prose poem, even a ghazal or two. But the thematic unity of this work is so tight that it easily encompasses these different forms.

Ross White is as tender as he is unsparing. He forces us to confront harsh and painful realities without renouncing the desire for transformation. The last line of “Westward Expansion,” the last poem in the book, reads:

“When there is no light, the farmer smokes his pipe and waits patiently to be possessed by hope.”

http://www.unicorn-press.org/  
Ross White (http://rosswhite.com/) is a poet and teacher living in Durham, N.C. With Matthew Olzmann, he edited *Another & Another: An Anthology from the Grind Daily Writing Series*. He was the 2012 winner of the James Larkin Pearson Prize and the Gladys Owings Hughes Prize. His poems have appeared in *Best New Poets 2012*, *New England Review*, *Poetry Daily*, *The Southern Review*, and others. Ross is a four-time recipient of work-study and administrative scholarships to the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference, and teaches poetry writing and grammar at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and The North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics.
Donald Illich
Rockville, Md.

The Labors
I was prepared to meet my obligations.

To salt a lake until it was ready
to boil eggs.

Send a satellite
into subversive orbit.

Run a kissing
bandit ring, stealing lips in the darkness.

Except I broke my skeleton
when I missed the sky.

I stumbled around, my skull cracked
in half, nerves on fire.

The authorities
told me I had no excuse.

They promised to dangle me over a pool
of alligators, which hadn't been fed,
which would like a taste of humanity.

They mentioned a firing squad
that was waiting to fill me full of holes.

So, I pulled my castle of salt to the edge.

I put the rocket on my back,
fired it into the cosmos.

My chapped lips could hardly stand
another face.

They stopped threatening me.

They asked me if I'd ever been in love.

No, I said, and I never will.

The sky is prepared
to snap me in half again.

POETRY

Steve Orth
Oakland, Calif.

Poem 10/14

I have a mind for abstract thinking.

walking in traffic:

with the radio on.

There’s a tube stop

somewhere in Santa Rosa

A condo with 20 watts

a 1x12 Celestion speaker

comes with a footswitch

comes with new fusion tubes.

Drinking shit coffee

at Doughnut Palace

6:46 AM.

If I ever decide
to kill myself

I might do it here.

Peter Longofono
TK, Brooklyn

Drunthers

Good old CD, my daydream FM ended in 42, rather
four pieties as it / wasn’t right after tea.

The powers called upon
riggered, though violent. Sustained in the O.

Course, content of its creation.

We were disconsolate, —
— in the
year’s forgotten color, closest of his portentous flowers.

mode and desire: saddle my soul,

ravish to create a shadow down.

There was, well lodged philosophy
back then. A combat stal at bow.
Judy Rifka
Lower East Side

Artist Bio
Judy Rifka's career spans over 50 one-person shows and countless group exhibitions. Her work can be seen in numerous public collections in museums and foundations, throughout the United States and Europe. Her work has been featured in major exhibitions at the 1983 Whitney Biennial and the 1975 Whitney Biennial Documents VI, Basel; The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York; and The Brooklyn Museum to name a few. Rifka has been widely written about, and featured in, among other places, Art in America, Art Forum, Elle, Flash Art, Kunst Forum, New York magazine, Tema Celeste, and The New Yorker.

Artist Statement
These works are about mapping my movement in paint. They conjure multidimensional associations in painting. I calculate the space with a record of my emotion and concomitant motion. They shift from emotion to motion. Two dimensions look like three dimensions are about four dimensions, and more. They are a dance.

Nebula Skittle
paint on canvas, 72" x 63".

Look into the Orbit
paint on canvas, 72" x 63".

Metрасome
paint on canvas, 72" x 63".

The Iron in Irony
paint on canvas, 72" x 63".
To Stroud and Back Again: Serena Jose's October English Tour

BY JESSIE STATMAN

Playing music in the UK has always been a dream of mine. It's amazing in the cold, and wonderful to have a crowd there. As I've been traveling more, I've noticed how much I miss our NYC community, and how much I love the idea of a show with a real audience. As we've packed up a lot of instruments, street signs, and random stuff. Bill, who also runs the shop, took us to the back area, and gave us a tour of the shop with lots of different items. He showed me how to play the harmonica, and I started learning how to play it. We played a couple of songs together, and I really enjoyed the experience. We then headed back to the hotel, where we had dinner, and then played some music at a local pub. I feel like I've made some great new friends here in the UK, and I'm looking forward to coming back soon. As we packed up the bus, we said our goodbyes, and I started to feel a bit sentimental. I was sad to leave, but also excited about what the future holds.

The songs are at times up tempo and enraged, at times slow and ghostly, and always dark and intense, yet humble and grounded.

A Bird Will Sing

The wind in a city, a leaf in a storm, the size of a footprint, arrival of dawn.

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The wind in a city, a leaf in a storm, the size of a footprint, arrival of dawn.
Yara founders Wanda Phipps, Virlana Tkacz, and Masha Pruss as Death in dress by Keiko Obremski in Yara's company Berezil, the old Ukrainian word for the month of March. Avant-garde theatre director who was born in Ukraine in 1887 and inspired many of Yara's shows with his unique use of acting and rhythmic techniques, and ensemble play developed at his theatre that was fused from excerpts from Les Kurbas's diary and the aspirations of the actors. Part of the production took place at a landmark of the East Village, the Kiev Restaurant. Les Kurbas was an home for 25 years! The venue was seized in June 2014 by separatist forces backed by Russia. It compares how the young people's dreams were affected by the current conflict in Ukraine. It also incorporates the poetry

Yara has created 29 original theatric pieces over its 25 year history. Yara's artistic director Tkacz has been the one constant and driving force over

Yara's 25th anniversary performance piece over 25+ years. Yara's artistic director Tkacz has been the constant and driving force over the history of Yara's work since it became incorporated in 1990. The exhibit at The Ukrainian Museum in the East Village, chronicled the history of the Yara Arts Group through exhibits of artifacts from some of Yara's productions.

Yara's existence since it became incorporated in 1990. It is the love story between a human Luke and a forest nymph. The forest comes alive as trees are played by actors. Tkacz made use of every inch of space

1914, at Columbia University and her M.A. in Ukrainian Literature at the University of Alberta. Tkacz has traveled and performed in Ukraine, the Buryat Republic, Kyrgyzstan, and China. Yara's most recent travels were to Ukraine to present

Stars

Black dress with flower at shoulder, costume by Keiko Obremski. Winter Light From the East is being performed at the Ukrainian Museum in the East Village.

The suitcase was brought in by the newborn Sun, “where the goat will dance that’s where wheat will grow” in

Hat with tassels and costume by Ainura Asanbekova.

The traveler comes to his garden and finds a beautiful young girl who is also a nymph. She offers him a choice, either to stay in his garden or return to the forest. The traveler makes multiple trips to try and find a way into the forest. The traveler’s garden is full of wonderful flowers and everyone comes to see it.

The music was inspired by the love story, “where the goat will dance that’s where wheat will grow” in Song Tree (2000), which is a docu-drama based on the experiences of Yara artists with the koliadnyky, winter song singers from Ukraine. The narrative of the love story is told in folk language and mixed with poetry and art. The audience is encouraged to see the show and to participate in the story.

The exhibit at The Ukrainian Museum in the East Village, chronicled the history of the Yara Arts Group through exhibits of artifacts from some of Yara's productions.

Yara has created 29 original theatric pieces over its 25 year history. Yara's artistic director Tkacz has been the one constant and driving force over the history of Yara's work since it became incorporated in 1990. The exhibit at The Ukrainian Museum in the East Village, chronicled the history of the Yara Arts Group through exhibits of artifacts from some of Yara's productions.
A couple of years ago at a talk on “survivor meaning” involving Peter Balakian, Marianne Hirsch, and Robert Jay Lifton at Columbia University, I wrote the poems below as a way to express some of my thoughts on “Surviving” and “Reconciliation”.

“I’ve never tried or smiled at something... I know the family well, we all know each other. But I’ve been so occupied with the Genocide, I’ve barely had time to think about family...”

The poem is still not finished. I have written a lot about my grandfather and family history in order to understand it. That is really the only reason anyone writes anything. I hope to understand something through writing..."Writing About A Grandfather"

I have seen my own family, my childhood, and my immediate family. My grandfather and my parents are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. They are childhood survivors. 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