

*S*nterview *S*ssue 11 (Poetry)

Poetry Editor Hezekiah Scretch with Joey Scarfone

Tom Ball likes to call Joey Scarfone our Man in B.C. (just like he calls Fiction Editor Joey Cruse 'our Man in New Orleans'. He's always calling somebody something. I heard through the grapevine what he calls me but this isn't an X-Rated site so we'll leave that, munchkins, where we found it.) B.C. you ask? No, no Precious, not 'Before Christ'. British Columbia! Canada's erstwhile west coast where condos are worth more than people and the scenery puts a lump in your throat. Our dear Joey is so omnivorously talented it is a stretch for your devoted Scretch to list all his accomplishments in their entirety. Well, poet surely, playwright yes, fiction writer most certainly, graphic artist for sure—Tom & Charles have had the good sense to publish some on Fleas—designer, of what we're not sure—photographer, video artist, podcaster, underground event host, comic book creator, jeweler, former male stripper---let's see, have I missed anything? ...well, you get the picture. So I just had to find out what this Man-Muse was all about. Here we go...

HS: Do you prefer the moniker Joey to Duke or Flash or Tiger?

JS: I prefer Joey.

HS: Neat. Sweet. Do you find microcosms as inspiring as macrocosms? Are you more preoccupied with the absence of things than their expanses, the infinite say?

JS: Having spent many years as a custom goldsmith I am very used to working under magnification. If ten power magnification is macro I find that inspiring.....if ten power magnification is micro I find that more inspiring. However, I haven't sat at jeweller's bench for 6 years so I am enjoying a larger canvas these days. The infinite fascinates me because I can't comprehend it. It's the things I see in front of me that I don't understand that really fuck with my head.....like.....where did this pandemic come from anyway and why did it wreak havoc (sic) on the world? To simplify.....I would say yes and no.

HS: Do you keep a gun in the house and do you have a license to carry it concealed? Or do you prefer cats?

JS: I have a toy ray gun that makes really cool sounds. I wish you could hear it. You would be impressed. Now the question of cats is much more complicated. I never used to like cats but when I met my wife 19 years ago she was a cat lover. You can see where this train wreck is going but I'll simply say that I now love cats.....and I want to stay married.

HS: *If you were to chip a cat, how close to the green do you think you could get?*

JS: Now you have got me into some very morbid revenge fantasies. To be honest....I'm tired of having to clean up hair balls so I think if I was playing an 18 hole golf course with a cat instead of a golf ball I would probably shoot 5 under par.

HS: *In your writings do you find yourself expending as much lead as eraser?*

JS: It depends. Sometimes I wake up and a poem or a story is just there. I sit down and write it. Other times I agonize over a few words or a couple sentences for months. I just accept it as part of my creative process. I wish I could just write without struggling because I am lazy.

HS: *And finally, having covertly researched you, I am aware that you watch Inside the Actors Studio reruns in turpitudinous perpetuity in spite of its monotonous moderator (and the absence of an accent possessing 'Actors'). To snatch a question from the late Bodum Pebo, who also makes a great cup of coffee: Seeing as we already know your favourite curse words from your texts, 'If Heather exists, what would you like to hear God say to one of the Poetic Greats?'*

JS: You're really using too many big words, I'm not that smart. What does turpitudinous mean? As far as God goes....I think he's a good guy but I'm not crazy about his sense of humour.

HS: *Is there a question I forgot to ask? Kindly ramble, we have four more hours of their-time...*

JS: Yes I would like to ramble.....writing is more therapeutic than anything else for me. It is a hobby that costs nothing, in fact, I just got payed (sic) \$50 to read 3 poems. That's approximately \$300 dollars an hour. In a perfect world I would just read for one hour a day, five days a week and you can do the math from here. Call me Joey and call me lazy.

HS: *Mille grazie, as Charles, who's forever peppering his speech to NON (!) Italian speakers with la lingua bella and being tiffed when we shrug our shoulders (well, that's Italian) as much as to say WTF. But maestro, I do appreciate the time and beauty of your answers.*

Hezy all ways, your pyg-mammalian Prufrock, *'That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all'*

