Dan Wilcox, Photographs

Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Tom Nattell, Tom’s House, Albany, N.Y., September, 1994
Segue reading series presents

Joey De Jesus and erica kaufman

Sat. Nov. 16, 4:30 p.m.

at

The Zinc Bar
82 W. 3rd St.
NYC

$5 admission goes to support the readers

Joey De Jesus is the author of (Operating System), NOCT: The Threshold of Madness (The Atlas Review), and co-author of Writing Voice into the Archive vol. 1. Joey is on the Advisory Board at No, Dear magazine. They received a 2019-20 BRIC ArtFP Project Room Commission & 2017 NYFA Fellowship in Poetry. Joey is an adjunct at BMCC.

erica kaufman is the author of Post Classic (Roof Books), Instant Classic (Roof Books) and censory impulse (Factory School). She is co-editor of No Gender: Reflections on the Life and Work of kari edwards and Adrienne Rich: Teaching at CUNY, 1968-1974. kaufman is the director of the Bard College Institute for Writing & Thinking.

Venue is bet. Thompson/Sullivan sts.

Nearest wheelchair accessible subway is A/C/E @ West 4th St. Zinc bar is not wheelchair accessible but if you need an accommodation please email seguefoundation@verizon.net.

For the full fall/winter lineup:
GREG FUCHS’ UNGUIDED TOUR

Mount Hope Place & Jerome Avenue, Bronx October 2019

Inside Boog City

PLAY

Kevin Killian’s The Lenticular

POETRY

Tanya Larkin, Brendan Lorber, Erín Mouré, Jess Mynes

PRINTED MATTER

Paul Siegell Picked a Hot Pepper People but Good
Tanya Larkin

Sonnets

Graceland (or Girls I Played Ball With)

Larry L. Brown is a writer who knows the beats, the sounds, and the rhythms of his urban childhood. He was born in 1943 in Boston to parents who prized education and achievement.

Graceland (or Girls I Played Ball With) is a collection of poems that celebrate the author's experiences growing up in a working-class neighborhood in the 1950s.

The poems in this collection reflect on the author's memories of childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood, highlighting the challenges and joys of growing up in a complex and sometimes contradictory world. The poems explore themes of family,友情, 迷恋, 響應, 免疫, 朋友, 感情, 21st century.

This book is a hybrid, a cross-genre work with its home in the 21st century.
I ruin everything.
I have something in common with science.
spilled on a waterproof surface.
My fingers have arthritic
Lumps
Orange
Ukrainian bread.
spread on
White noise
trying to decide whether to stay.
What are you serving, she said,

2 Poems With Mistakes in Them

Where oh where did the bears lumber off to when the rain stopped
Why did we all have bears!
He knew about combines and the wide seeder.
He grew up so tall and brought home ducks, turkeys, geese, deer.
The littlest one bounced this tiny bear.
Bouncer!
Bouncer!
Or rained on for several days.

Brendan Lorber
Poetry Bios

Brendan Lorber is a poet, prose writer, and editor who lives in a little castle on the highest geographic
point in Brooklyn, across from the Green-Wood Cemetery. Over two decades in the making, his first full-length book just came out. It's called If this is paradise why are we still driving?

Follow @boogcity
Bio

Although Dan Wilcox once worked as a dishwasher & as a short-order cook, he has never driven a cab, or played professional baseball. For most of his career he worked as a bureaucrat and wrote poetry. He has never served time in the G.I. Army, except by proxy: in 1980 he was drafted & volunteered as a conscientious objector to nuclear weapons & antinuclearism. Over the years, most notably in China taking an International Fellowship in 1984 & again in South Korea in 1990 to study the question: what makes a country, or a city, or a country-city, a city-country?

His poems have been published widely in small press journals and anthologies over the years, most recently in Ghost Fishing: an Eco-Justice Anthology, edited by Melissa Tuckey. He has published a number of chapbooks, most under his own imprint A.P.D. (all poets die, etc.); Gloucester Notes is available from FootHills Publishing.

Currently he organizes poetry events in Albany, N.Y. and is an active member of Veterans For Peace. You can read his Blog about the Albany poetry scene and some of his poems at https://dwlcx.blogspot.com/.

Artist's Statement

I began taking photos at poetry readings in the late 1970s when I lived in the East Village, mostly to remember who the poets were if I spotted them on the street. I continued on to when I lived in Yonkers and went to the poetry series at the riverrun bookstore in Hastings-on-the-Hudson. I moved into Albany in 1986 just as the local poetry scene was beginning to build. The folks didn’t carry around cameras but people would carry around a pocket notebook, note the names of the poets and also something about what they read, titles, themes, whatever, and I was usually the only one with a camera. I would take photos at all the poetry readings, open mics, and other events, such as the 24-hour Readings Against the End of the World. Even before I went digital in 2008 I claimed to have "the world’s largest collection of photos of unknown poets." I would carry around a pocket notebook, note the names of the poets and also something about what they read, titles, themes, whatever, and I was usually the only one with a camera. I would take photos at all the poetry readings, open mics, and other events, such as the 24-hour Readings Against the End of the World. Even before I went digital in 2008 I claimed to have "the world’s largest collection of photos of unknown poets." I would carry around a pocket notebook, note the names of the poets and also something about what they read, titles, themes, whatever, and I was usually the only one with a camera. I would take photos at all the poetry readings, open mics, and other events, such as the 24-hour Readings Against the End of the World. Even before I went digital in 2008 I claimed to have "the world’s largest collection of photos of unknown poets." I would carry around a pocket notebook, note the names of the poets and also something about what they read, titles, themes, whatever, and I was usually the only one with a camera. I would take photos at all the poetry readings, open mics, and other events, such as the 24-hour Readings Against the End of the World. Even before I went digital in 2008 I claimed to have "the world’s largest collection of photos of unknown poets."
Thanks to Mitch Corber for shooting the video. featuring Rolls Andre, Lee Ann Brown, Shiv Mirabito, Aeliana Nicole, and Alexa Smith is on YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JOUqsy29bQw&t=6s.

GRETA. I don't know, but I love him the way meat loves salt, as much as, or more than, my sister loves her lenticules.

KABIN. Have I met Tim?

let Allison browbeat him with her LQ test.

KABIN. Dear, you can always get new goldfish!

looking, and she sure can rock a caftan.

KABIN. Ah me! She and I set a date, and she broke it off. Why? Hard to say. But I still love her, speaking as an aesthetician. She's quite extraordinary.

GRETA (wearily). It is. The question is, what to do with Allison? You were engaged to her once, Kabin—give me some advice. I don't really love her the way a sister should.

KABIN. I wonder if the extraction procedure to which you allude is the same one I'm thinking of.

obsessed. She's turned our entire dining room into a large lenticular artcube, that stretches from hutch to sideboard and gives the unsettling illusion that one has

GRETA. When they learn I'm a nurse, men will always hone in on one ordinary extraction procedure. But in my case, Kabin, I'm concerned about my sister. She's

KABIN. Between lentil beans, and those gerbils, and flashlights—

GRETA. I suppose we do.

derive their name from the same root as the quotidian lentil.

GRETA. I shouldn't know this, but somehow I do, through osmosis I guess—my sad fate—lenticular images in fact do

KABIN. Why do I so frequently think of lentil soup when you mention that word? [Snaps fingers at an unseen

GRETA. The lenticular, Kabin. That's her King Charles' head.

KABIN. Their wee, mincing tails—so flirtatious. Tell me, is Allison home? I tell you, I'm dying to hear the latest

ALLISON (pleased to get a chance to let her LQ test sparkle) So Doctor, peer through those lenses and tell me what you see on my dining room wall.

GRETA. Oh dear!

ALLISON. I'm sorry!

GRETA. Please, Allison, relax. Let this be one occasion where you don't whip out your LQ test at the drop of a napkin ring.

ALLISON. Rings a bell.

KABIN. Allison, don't be so disconnected! You were my fiancée; you know I'm no doctor. You've known me since RISD where we worked with Dale Chihuly.

ALLISON. And who's this—is this the famous Doctor Tim I hear so much about?

MIDGE. Think of penguins!

GRETA. I'm sorry! I shouldn't know this, but somehow I do, through osmosis I guess—my sad fate—lenticular images in fact do

MIDGE (producing a tray with hors d'oeuvres). While we wait for the final guest, won't you try some nibbles? This is (scrunches face to remember) goldfish

KABIN (fretfully). —Yes, think of Allison's work as performance art of a sort. You stood on line for eight hours at the Met, to watch Alexander McQueen fit Marina

MIDGE. "Tino Sehgal, 2011."

KABIN. —Yes, think of Allison's work as performance art of a sort. You stood on line for eight hours at the Met, to watch Alexander McQueen fit Marina

GRETA. I'll have to check my own heart rate, after I scream.

MIDGE. Think of penguins!

KABIN. And what's an “LQ test?”

GRETA. Our salons are now catered, out of household things.

MIDGE. Miss Greta, we're going to start laying down the food in a minute, okay? You're hungry. Oh! Who's that?

KABIN. I'm Kabin Karki, from Nepal. Don't bother re-pronouncing my name, just remember it's like the little dog, and under its tail it's like my own key.

MIDGE. I'm Midge, of Midge's Digestibles. May I give you my card?

KABIN. But would you let me at least get one drink to steady us, too?

MIDGE. Please, Allison, may we have a chance to talk about getting my heart wall? So, your product wall. It's not something I'm really thinking about, and I'm about

MIDGE (producing a tray with hors d'oeuvres). While we wait for the final guest, won't you try some nibbles? This is (scrunches face to remember) goldfish

GRETA. I wish I could check my own heart rate, after I scream.

MIDGE. MIDGE. [meekly]

KABIN (to Midge). Miss Allison has ordered the Thayer Abbott special. Camouflage birds. From above, they're blue to match the sky, from below, nature gives them white

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ALLISON. Re-apply these binoculars to your eyes, Doctor, uh—Mr. whatever. And turn them to focus into the room on the far side of the threshold. What appears?

ALLISON. "Now run over to the other side and see what appears."

KABIN. Hastily, I see what looks like a gravestone in an autumn cemetery.

Kevin Killian's Play The LENTICULAR

Kevin Killian

CHARACTERS

KABIN, on-set

MIDGE, on-set

GRETA, on-set

MIDGE (puzzled). Oh Miss Court, that mural in your dinette! It frightened me. I walk in here one time, I see a field of African veldt. Coming from the poetry, it's like a fantasy space in an anatomical context (you know, unlike, no roots)

KABIN. When we used to do “lentils,” Miss Allan, one of about getting the heart wall? So, the product wall. It's not something I'm really thinking about, and I'm about

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Dr. TIM (impressed). My word, Miss Court, you're a firework! Come on, show me what you're worth!

KABIN. “Jerry”?

squares we despise. lives, turning us into quiz kids, and then back into the doldrums of the mundane, where we realize wisdom is but a fleeting thing. We're really as phony as the

ALLISON. “Brassy!” I think not. They do the trick, don’t they? For Jerry, the lenticular bounces us back and forth from the illuminations that sometimes rattle our

Dr. TIM. Mistress Allison, do you ever see clients alone? I have a bit of an extraction problem your arts might assuage.

world affairs.

KABIN. Maybe “doubted” is the wrong word. I never “doubted” per se. But when we were an item, Allison, you used often to exaggerate your influence in

ALLISON. How ghastly! Isn't she that catering girl so keen to pass on her card?

GRETA. I'll be fine. Let's hold the mirror up to dialectic, shall we?

KABIN. Doctor Tim, do something, poor dear's at the edge of shock!

ALLISON. Hold up the mirror, do, angle it so we can see into my newly carpeted dining room.

ALLISON (eagerly). Finally, one who understands! As a little girl I was drawn to the flame of the candle, rather than its wick. Daddy gave me a set of tiny cards, another notch and the tree is shining white with cold.

KABIN. It makes time pass by quickly—a boon to the bored! One step and you're in the grid of life, proud as a peacock, but blink and, well, you're dead.

ALLISON. Blow out the candles, Greta!

Dr. TIM (from offstage). By Jove, I think it's capitalism!

GRETA. It is not one person who ruined our lives, but a whole nexus of market demands.

ALLISON. The Lenticular is death, but only the sort of death Missumi, echoing Michel

MIDGE (from kitchen). Not literally!

KABIN. It was an enormous battleship and made the world listen to itself! The tortoise nearly mated the hare.

ALLISON. And back again.

GRETA. Is it really about the passage from death to life?

ALLISON. The Lenticular is death, but only the sort of death Missumi, echoing Michel

MIDGE. Honor Midge is passing around some delectable goldfish almondine.

In a second card a lighthouse stood wet and dark on a mossy cliff, but when I spun the card around my head, beams of light burst out of its lens, under its dome, circling the dark bloody sea below.

ALLISON. And you doubted the power of the purposive lenticular!

ALLISON (slowly). I think I remember…. Doctor Tim.

Men touch them, and change in a trice

Whenas in silks my lenseic self goes,

sense?

in colors, everywhere. Do you know this poem, which I sort of adapted to my own style

ALLISON (flippantly). Have you checked the—nurses’ station? That old-fashioned white

KABIN. Somehow Greta exited without being seen!

POETS THEATER