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ARTICLES OF FAITH
Sacred Objects and Secular Narratives

Paintings, Sculptural Forms and Constructions on Display at the Philadelphia Art Alliance through August 31, 1998. The following quotations were stencilled on the walls as backdrop and commentary to the artworks.

"Not even the visionary or mystical experience ever lasts long. It is for art to capture that experience, to offer it ... to be, for a secular materialist culture, some sort of replacement for what the love of God offers in a world of faith."

Salman Rushdie

"The journeys of the artist and the saint have similarities and differences. Artists and saints speak with quite individual voices about their struggles with their angels and their demons. For both, imagination is a source of inspiration and deception. Those who find the spiritual quest difficult and think that the artistic quest will be easier are mistaken."

Karen Laub-Novak

"When, out of my delight in the beauty of the house of God, the loveliness of the many-colored gems has called me away from external cares, and worthy meditation has induced me to reflect, transferring that which is material to that which is immaterial, on the diversity of sacred virtues: then it seems to me that I see myself dwelling, as it were, in some strange region of the universe which neither exists entirely in the slime of the earth nor entirely in the purity of heaven; and that, by the grace of God, I can be transported from this inferior place to that higher world in an analogical manner."

Abbot Suger of St. Denis, 12th Century

"We understand a piece of wood or stone only when we see God in it."

John Scotus Erigena

Albert Einstein on Art and Science

“One of the strongest motives that lead men to art and science is escape from everyday life with is painful crudity and hopeless dreariness, from the fetters of one’s ever-shifting desires. A finely tempered nature longs to escape from the personal life into the world of perception and thought."
ON THOMAS MOORE'S ENCHANTED SCIENCE

You were right. I found Thomas Moore's opinions rather silly. It is a false dichotomy that separates science from "enchantment" to use his term. If "enchantment is nature's song" then science is the notes and chords that make up that song. Being able to quantify and explain how a flower grows doesn't diminish its beauty. If anything it increases my sense of wonder that such beauty can arise from such an orderly underlying structure. So there!

The thing that has long since ceased to surprise me is that most of the people who attack science for its unimaginative or secular world view don't really understand much science. If they did they would realize that being able to explain how parts of the universe works doesn't diminish the mystery of the universe. In fact, the greatest mystery is that any aspect of the universe yields to our explanations.

Yours in mystery,
Sam Sedgefield
Does your wealth have anything to do
with my poverty?

I see you on my islands
you come into the hotel
my father carries in your baggage
the load is always heavy
more than I'll own
if I could live to be a hundred.

Does your pleasure have anything to do
with my pain?

My sisters entertain you
they dance for you
the hula
or the tango
or the limbo
anything arousing
you hold their youthful hips
and break their ancient spirits
my brothers sing Wayne Newton songs
in their native tongues
you flit your paper umbrellas
and blow our dreams away.

Does your hunger have anything to do
with our starvation?

The fruit our Mother gave us
no longer grows in freedom
it's locked in silver cages
and branded with your gold
our crying babes and children
are stranded in your garbage.

Does my cancer have anything to do
with your life?

Beyond those pretty hotels
those rainbow beach umbrellas
you hide your ugly factories
that make the pills
that we can't take
but you're spitting out your venom
and I drink it
and I eat it
and I watch the dead fish float
by my kitchen window
and I bury my dogs
and feel the lump in my neck
every night
every night
it's getting bigger
and it's getting harder to swallow
the poison that you give me.

Does your god have anything to do
with my demons?

by Larrilee Praskievicz

---

dear tannace
please campac all you trase (step it down)
trash must take it out at sunday night only
do not put any trash at the hill way any more
do not bag it letle bag bag on top of trash can please ---- specie right now
are summer time
all glass bottle aluminum all paper are recycle acort to the city recycle low
for the better plase !!!!! thank you r
Mr. Nguyen Ducmanh has spent 2 years in Ireland, 1974/76. On the 11 of April 1996: return to the source, Duc retrieves his family original name "LE" established since "The Xia Dynasty" long line of kings, chieftains, barons robbers, slaves traders, traitors, whores, ac/dc propensity dc, poets, duchesses, junkies, gamblers... revolutionaries, mostly hard-core alkies

***********

After 40 years, I don't do Art anymore, I do me, me, me!

An immigrant is an unenlightened ignoramus, who thinks one country better than another. Ambrose Bierce.

Manhattan, 12/8/94, as Ms Claudia Stone suggests that I could write my life's story, (not that I set the world afire, but about mon long voyage of the "the drunken canoe").

Manhattan 1/21/95, I came to France in 1950, I was 17 years old, my mother hardly sent me any money; she has sold me and stolen my heritage!

Today Jan. 1995, the past flashes back, the summer of 1973, I was in an artist colony in Ardeche, France. I did some wooden sculptures and in following winter a fellow artist reported to me that the director R.P. Vallee, had burned them, used for heating.!

***********

I do art but I don't want to talk about it, so I rather talk about women, primordial. Takes me longtime to know: should I leave them alone or give them a lot of tenderness?

At 17, I knew a girl. She was 19, her name was Hiep, a quarter white and chubby, big poitrine like miches and taller than I, her mother is from Hue and owns a fancy boulangerie and patisserie in Hanoi.

Because of the war, they went to France and lived at Versailles.

One day her mother goes to Paris to gambling and tell me to take care of her so I take her to the movies and I hold her. She was so wet... afterward in the hotel we do the thing Nature has preordained, next day the hotelier gave me a cursed look because the sheets soiled with pomegranate tint., we was both virgins.
Without mother love, I was taken care by nannies and aunts. My sister hates me. I sucked my grandma titties until I go to school, 6 years old (Jesuit Prep.) I was spoiled; in the evenings try to spell the alphabet by the pupilre, sat across the amah who spilling out two alabaster melons feeding my half-brother, as soon she put the little turd to sleep I jump on top of her, my head buried in her chest and I play dead for while.

Who sees the difference in the body and soul don't have neither. O.Wilde

From 6 to 12, I always slept in large bed accommodated to 6 peoples, I lay between 2 aunts (father side); the younger 20 always make sure I am around when she changes her panties, looking at hairless pink hot tuna is one of my day's highlight, the older 32 widow snoring strong and most of the time when I waked up finding my hand resting on her Vesuve... magnetic law later on sent me to SA. Time to time, she took me out for ice cream, she let me wait with the chauffeur, meantime she joint her married lover in a private house. I like the chap, he let me see free movies of Tom Mix and Buck Jones... he owns the place.

I lost my father, I was 3 months old, some says he drowns or he just walks in the Mekong and died. Between the flaky wife and the pere tyrant, he could not handle it. Later a gypsy told me : I have all the luck, and god looks after me.

My grandpa is a monster, have 3 wives same time. He a top dog lawman in town, a warlord, he catch and sell the heads decapitated of resistent tonkinese to the French, he ends up as an ADC to Marshall Foch. While in Paris at the Opera, his superior said to the diva that he is a cannibal, because his teeth dyed black! Grandpa said to the soprano: "yoo mujere, je bouffe seulement les femmes" this chickadee follows him to Hue... and become insane.

My mother is not particularly belle, but lithe barely 5 feet, men are crazy about her, where she get the power? (her brain is between her thighs)! My mother chauffeured in a Citroen 15 CV a gift from a son of a tanner, from this liaison she has a boy, they whisk him to France as soon up he is born. One day my stepfather pick me and the nourrice, we sat in a rumble seat car, an auto concessionaire owner gave to my mother: this pur sang is : Bugatti. Here is a gentle man, a whistle from my mother he ran in with a valise full of dineros so she can go gambling, he is a pharmacist, passing from his house through my street, looking the window of my mother room seem as he look as the sun rise or the last ray of the sundown.

My stepfather has 4 kids already before he tangos my mother, I don't get what my mother sees in this illiterate dog face, until one day ...by the pool I saw this repugnant thing between his legs, it resembles an eggplant. He fabrics 9 kids to my mom: a superwoman; this flock all come out not too bright, all become dopes, alkies or pathological liars.

To lose one parent, Mr Worthing may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. O. Wilde.

"To Whom Who Returns to Naas"

copyright @ 9/5/1996 by Le Duc
Assembled Players production has quiet strength

BY PAGE McLANE

BELFAST — Holding onto our fears will make them all come true.

That is the mortal of Suzan L. Zeder’s Do Not Go Gentle, the current production of The Assembled Players Company at The Playhouse on the Hayford block.

The play, set in St. Louis in January 1991, revolves around the life of an 84-year-old recently deceased woman, Lillian Barron (played by Mary Weaver). Her husband was killed in World War II, and until the last moment of her life, she firmly grasped onto the pain surrounding that experience.

The military artifacts of the dead man — his uniform and pistol — are kept in a box Lillian has allowed her son Windsor (Greg Marsanskis) to examine only once. She refused to allow him to play with cap guns, and when he fashioned a toy gun out of sticks, she took that away and forbade him to use his fingers. Then he bit his breakfast toast into the shape of pistols.

When the Vietnam War was in its early stages, Windsor joined the Air Force, seduced by the recruiter’s promise to train him to be a pilot. Because Lillian refuses to face her fear and pain, she creates the situation she wanted to prevent.

“This is not about you or my father. It’s about me, my life, my choice. I am doing it for myself, because it might be something I’d be good at,” he tells her, in a flashback.

“I don’t need your permission. I don’t expect your approval, but I’d like your understanding,” Windsor pleads with his mother.

“I’m sorry, Windsor, that’s something you’re going to have to live without,” she tells him, and is true to her word.

Windsor becomes a career military man, and on the eve of the Gulf War, he returns to the house he grew up in to bury his mother. Now a lieutenant colonel, Windsor has his own family crisis that parallels the one in the nation over Saddam Hussein and the impending conflict with Iraq.

Windsor’s 13-year-old daughter Kelly (Kelly Newell) longs for a life of stability and rails against the nomadic existence of a service family. Everything seems to close in on Windsor as he grapples with his memories of Lillian, his daughter’s emerging identity, his cousin Joanna’s (Lisa Goodridge) grief, an estate agent Mildred (Lynee Thomson), who wants to pick Lillian’s bones, and an unexpected visitor Nobody (Kory Boulter).

Lillian has managed to find peace through her creative impulses. She decorates the walls, floors, windows and furniture with art that exercises the family’s pain and fear. Her last words were from a Dylan Thomas poem that was going around in her head.

“My last words, and they weren’t even my own,” she tells the audience.

Do not go gentle into that good night

Old age should burn and rave at close of day

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

SEE PLAYERS ON PAGE C6

The poetry of Zeder’s play dovetails with that of Thomas to present, in a family entertainment format, a piece that challenges audiences to look at common assumptions and dash them. Lillian is healed by her insight into the situation she has brought about.

“Unless you look at the violence, and see it for what it is, it will always be part of you and you’ll be part of it,” she tells the young boy. Nobody. Look at the fear. . . Give it a color, a shape. Look at it and let it GO! . . .

The rest of the cast is also fine. Marsanskis does a good job of creating a character who has stuffed all his emotions into his shirt, and despite his efforts, they sometimes leak out.

I can’t say enough about Weaver’s work, however. All of her students of the past 30 years should come and see how it really is done! I can only say, I hope she will grace the stage again in the near future.

Patti Toy’s paintings on the set are original and varied. They are renderings of graphic and abstract images that serve the play.

Do Not Go Gentle runs two more weekends on Church Street: at 8 p.m. Thursdays through Sundays, Aug. 20-23 and 27-30. Tickets, $8, are available in advance at The Fertile Mind and Canterbury Tales bookstores or by reservation at 338-3548.

Scholar in Drama

Mary Weaver, above right, in her starring role as Lillian Barron, an 84-year-old dead woman, in the Assembled Players’ production of Do Not Go Gentle, at The Playhouse, in Belfast, Aug. 20-30.
WHAT YOU WANT

FOUND POEM

by

Natasha Bernstein

PERSONAL PREFERENCES (Circle Those You Enjoy)

- Chunky gals
- Slim gals
- Single gals
- Married gals
- Older gals
- Younger gals
- Rimmer lovers
- Anal exotic
- Expulsion lovers
- Brown shower gals
- Large buxom gals
- Orgy loving gals
- Small gals
- Buxom gals
- Big butt gals
- Skinny gals
- Long legged gals
- Fat gals
- Big nipple gals
- Piercing gals

Blonde gals
Kinky gals
Amazonas
Female "jocks"
Exhibitionists
Photo models
Traveling gals
Nairy gals
Short haired gals
Mistresses
Spankies
Corporal lovers
Exotic dressers
Exotic gals
Phone fun gals
Bi gals
French lovers
English lovers
Multi-organic gals
Bitchy gals

Red heads
Passionate gals
Aggressive gals
Muscular gals
Flashers
Video models
Super butts
Shaved gals
Party gals
Dominas
Bondage lovers
TV lovers
Nudists
Golden shower gals
XXX lite lovers
Lesbian gals
Roman lovers
Scat lovers
Finger fun gals
Heavy petters

Brunettes
Submissive gals
Passive gals
Body builders
Teasers
Kinky posers
Small butts
Long haired gals
Lingerie lovers
Spankies
Discipline lovers
TS lovers
Consort lovers
Enema lovers
XXX photo lovers
3-some lovers
Greek lovers
Toy lovers
Voyeur gals
Seek sexy offers

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QUANTUM REALITY

NICK HERBERT

SCHOLAR

Andrzej Dudek-Dürer
Wroclaw, Poland, has recently completed an
art tour of Spain and Portugal. Andrzej is
Scholar in Music, Performance, and
Living Sculpture and
is known in the global
mail art community
as founder of "Meta-
physical Telepathic
Activity."
NOTHING MORE SEXY.
NOTHING MORE PROVOCATIVE.
NOTHING MORE FUN.

THE UNION OF SCIENCE & ART

Sciart Manifesto

Finite worlds of infinite reality and beauty revealed by the tools and discoveries of Science are ripe for aesthetic development.

1. Of light, besides the common employed natural and artificial, there is the polarized, the radiating chemical, mineral and radioactive types along with x-ray, cosmic and nuclear-particle beams with all related electro-optical phenomena.

2. Of other vibrations, there are the natural, the mechanical oscillatory, resonant and supersonic sound, the entire frequency range of electrical and thermal waves.

3. Of movement, there is mechanical and electrical acceleration to light speeds, nuclear, gravitational and magnetic interactions, the mechanics of flow and change in matter.

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