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An Accident Of Nature

Scholar of the Month:
NGUYEN DUCMANH

162 Have a Life
by Nguyen Ducmanh

If I have a life again
What would I done
Think of it
All bliss's and ordeals
That made the man
I become
Heavens only knows
There is purpose
God Bless America!

continued on page 4
2 conversation/poems in last 2 days

SHE WALKED INTO THE BOOKSTORE WHERE I WORK
J.Z.: (sneer of disappointment) So you're STILL here?
ME: Ask the homeless why don't you.
J.Z.: Huh?
ME: That's right, you told me already, you've got a "real job" now.
J.Z.: Yeah, well, it keeps me busy.
ME: Sorry to hear that.

HE WALKED INTO THE BOOKSTORE WHERE I WORK
HE: (sloppy & drunk) If you lost 20, 30 pounds, you'd be my ideal!
ME: Really? Well how much do you weigh?
HE: (beats his chest) 175 pounds of PURE muscle!
ME: Well, if you lost 175 pounds YOU'D be MY ideal.

--CAConrad

FINDINGTHEWORD: An E-Zine of Epigrams & Epitaphs, FREE & OPEN TO EVERYONE.

This is not the typical magazine where readers and writers are encouraged to submit their own work. This is a study in listening for the word, feeling word. This is a magazine of the ear.

All are encouraged to submit quotes from various sources: books, people, tombstones, etc. Find the word, share the word. And spread the word about FINDINGTHEWORD to other like ears.

issue 1, September 2000
CAConrad
editor
Philadelphia, PA USA

From: FINDINGTHEWORD@aol.com
To: undisclosed-recipients:
Subject: issue 1: FINDINGTHEWORD
Date: Wed, 6 Sep 2000 22:53:17 EDT

"The moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or a dishonest tradesman."

--Oscar Wilde
Submitted by Mary Bridget O'Conner, Dublin, Ireland.

"Besides, as Adrian Mitchell points out, every poet wants all other poets to write like he or she does--except worse."

Submitted by CAConrad, Philadelphia, USA.

as a woman, I have no
country...."

--Virginia Woolf, Three Guineas
Submitted by Miliza Devaro, San Francisco, USA.
"When I made the discovery that life itself is my art, and music is my craft, a tremendous weight lifted off me. I fell in love with my music again."

--k.d. lang, in an interview with The New York Blade, 7/28/00
Submitted by CAConrad, Philadelphia, PA, USA.

"Once art is really accepted it will cease to be. It is only a substitute, a symbol-language, for something which can be seized directly. But for that to become possible man must become thoroughly religious, not a believer, but a prime mover, a god in fact and deed."

--Henry Miller
Submitted by Dugan O'Neil, New York City

"Between waking and being awake there is a moment full of doubt and dream, when you struggle to remember what the place and when the time and whether you really are. A peevish moment of wonderment as to where the real world lies."

-- Keri Hulme from THE BONE PEOPLE (©1986, page 36)
Submitted by rtjr, smithville, nj, usa

"What lies behind you and what lies before you are tiny matters compared to what lies within you."

--Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Submitted by Enrique Gonzales, New York City, USA.

"When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I never tried before."

--Mae West
Submitted by Jackie Addisson, Trenton, N. J., USA

AND NOW, A FINAL WORD FROM THE KING!

"I like it well done. I ain't ordering a pet."

--Elvis Presley

Every issue will end with a word from The King, and that's a goshdarn promise from me to YOU! Until next issue, don't be nice unless you mean it, CAConrad
Age
by Nguyen Ducmanh

Women hide their age
I have no reason too
Silly for a man
Atavistic as cat hide
Their dodo
I past 83, wish
To be a hundred
My heart is 17
My body nope
With no regret
I did my time
Walk the line
All of I learnt
Is to restrain
But I have hope
They can clone
An old clown like me!

Love Poem
by Nguyen Ducmanh

Between us
Sea and mountains
Time we steal space
To drown our corps
au nid d'amour!
True love is never smooth
sailing our torrid throttle
Love you as a fawn
In love by afternoon
of Debussy!

My Poet
© Nguyen Ducmanh

In the beginning
It was the verb
God has his painter
The butterfly!
I was a tot
Summer hot tree
With a long glue stick
I rapt a cute thing
To my pinkie
Tied him
With thread
In my palm
He sings aloud
My cicada!

My Right
by Nguyen Ducmanh

I had to be right
All time
But it ain't so!
Until I look up at
The bees and ants
From above
Beyond
Allow us to live
Our dream and
Wind to move
I to my love.

"To make a prairie, it takes a daisy and a bee"

"To make a Nation, it takes a cock and a cunt"

Duke

I try to infuse energy in my painting: the matters crystallize in substance... radiate emotion. Art communicate to the viewer. I work fast; nursing the idea for months before explode in flashes of intensity! The painting is good when it becomes immutable.

Philosophy of Art:

Barnett Newman said: "Esthetics for artists is like ornithology for the birds "Who need art? Art is for whom who want it. Art isn't so easy subject: people kill for their religion... Kings and invaders have loot art to appease their lust. Artist's does art because the calling! Nobody does art for fun.
163  *The Five Elements*

by Nguyen Ducmanh

Water makes my blood flow
Fire enlighten my senses
Air reminds me my heart
Earth my passage
To the Infinite

Next live I return
Wish to be
An Elk king
Of Greenland!
The Happiness of the People Requires Unfailing and Swift Communication"

(Reduced to Simple English)
hospes about it almost a year ago and at the
time it conjured up image of a very decaying
Southern hamlet where there was a combination
grocery store/tavern/gray spoon restaurant
where you could get a burger for 2 BUCKS
and a beer for a BUCK, and where a couple
'a quint - looking plow - hatted patrons on
bar stools would stare at and mutter sus-
piciously at any Yankee fool damn backpacker
who dared come into the place! BUT ALAS:
Apparently there is no such spot in Grimshades.
As my disillusion with THE NEW SOUTH
continues...

Where, OH WHERE, is THE Old South?

REMEMBERING SPEECHLESSLY WE SEEK THE
GREAT FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE, THE LOST
LANE- END INTO HEAVEN. A STONE, A LEAF,
AN UNFOUND DOOR...
O LOST, AND BY THE WIND GRIEVED,
GHOST, COME BACK AGAIN!

Thomas Wolfe
Look Homeward, Angel

5-24 3:30 pm

To be continued...
INTRODUCTION

For the first forty years of my life I was involved with my creations and promoting them:

Mail Art
 SCI Forms
 Sun Power
 Houses of Air
 Light Organs
 Light Churches
 Towers of Light
 Power from Tides

Steam Automobiles
 Electric Automobiles
 Do Das, Toys for Adults
 Sun Powered Roller Skates
 One Piece Disposable Suits for Males

Then one day there was a Personal Ad in the New Republic "Lonely woman seeks mate." Elizabeth Dunker, at age 72, mother of son 44 answered my response and for the next two years became my sex teacher at my place in Belfast, her place in Cambridge, Massachusetts and numerous motel and hotel rooms she paid for.

The abnegating of treaties
The acidifying of alkalis
The affiliating of bastards
The aligning of booby-traps
The ambulating of cripples
The annuling of covenants
The assessing of polls

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