4-2001

Bern Porter International: Volume 5 Number 7 (April 1, 2001)

Bern Porter
Sheila Holtz
Natasha Bernstein

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/porter_newsletters

Part of the American Literature Commons, Art Practice Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Porter, Bern; Holtz, Sheila; and Bernstein, Natasha, "Bern Porter International: Volume 5 Number 7 (April 1, 2001)" (2001).
Newsletters. 42.
http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/porter_newsletters/42

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Bern Porter Collection of Contemporary Letters at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in Newsletters by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby. For more information, please contact mtkelly@colby.edu.
FUCK! seeks highly original short poems on any subject and art that will photocopy well. Payment in small unmarked bills. No return without SASE. FUCK! is published monthly. Subscriptions are $10. Make checks payable to Lee Thorn. For a back issue send two bucks in cash and a SASE. A full run of FUCK! (all 33 issues) is $37 postpaid. Address ALL correspondence to Lee Thorn, Box 85571, Tucson, AZ 85754. (Not everyone who sorts the mail is possessed of the literary pretensions that render the word "fuck" inoffensive.)

FIRST HOME

had walked. He had seen

her body like a poppy

one that's been

saying something to

her as attractive as was the scene.

She was the lightest of figures in that room

and her breath as white as her face.

pink. Both of her cheeks had a little red

well on her cheek. Her arm was on the table

between her hands and moved away.

one who is in the way of the horse.

Black, Peter, and Miss Cornwells after the ball. Miss Cornwells had

at the ball. They were all there, and Peter and Miss Cornwells had

Miss Cornwells.

But there was no response to this. He said it

again more loudly, hoping she might hear him.
The body not only rejects the future; it is a path toward the present, toward that here and now. The present has become critical of the future and is beginning to displace it. Marxism was probably the most coherent and most daring expression of history as a progressive and linear process.

The body and the imagination do not know the future; life and death are two halves of one and the same sphere. 

Art and poetry are inseparable from our earthly destiny; art is from the magic vision that we are living. Negation of the end of art is no longer possible; we are living. I am not living at the edge of the world, but in the center of it. The Last Judgment was to be the day of its abolition and the advent of an eternal present. The critical process of the modern perspective of medieval Christianity the future was mortals, the only eternity known to man was the height of perfection lies not in an eternal life beyond death but in the evanescence of the present. Then eternity of history as a progressive and linear process has been proved inconsistent. That belief was born with the modern age, and to its extent, has been its raison d'être. The loosening of the hold reveals a fissure in the very heart of the contemporary consciousness; the modern era is beginning to lose itself in itself.
I am standing before your fantastic lily door
I bring you Midgardian roses   Arcadian musk
Reputed cosmetics from the girls of heaven
Welcome me   fear not thy opened door
nor thy cold ghost's grey memory

O Bomb I love you
I want to kiss your clank   eat your boom
You are a paean   an acme of scream
a lyric hat of Mister Thunder
O resound thy tanky knees
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
Oppenheimer is seated
in the dark pocket of Light
Fermi is dry in Death's Mozambique
Einstein his mythmouth
a barnacled wreath on the moon-squid's head
let me in Bomb rise from that pregnant-rat corner
nor fear the raised-broom nations of the world

O Bomb in which all lovely things
moral and physical anxiously participate
O fairylike plucked from the
grandest universe tree
O piece of heaven which gives
both mountain and anthill a sun
The vision of the present as a point of convergence of all times, originally a vision of poets, has become the underlying belief in the attitudes and ideas of most of our contemporaries. The present has become the central value of the temporal triad. The relation between the three times has changed, but this does not imply the disappearance of the past or of the future. On the contrary, they gain more reality: they become dimensions of the present, both are present—both are presences in the now. The time has come to build an Ethics and a Politics upon the Poetics of the now. Politics ceases to be a construction of the future; its mission is to make the present habitable.

The ethics of now is not hedonistic in the ordinary sense of the word, although it affirms both pleasure and the senses. The present reveals that the end is neither different from nor opposed to the beginning, but its complement, its inseparable half. To live in the present is to live facing death. Man invented eternity and the future to escape death, but each of these inventions was a fatal trap. The present reconciles us with reality: we are mortal. Only facing death, life is really life. Within the now, death is not separated from life. Both are the same reality, the same fruit.

The end of the modern era, the fall of the future, can be seen in art and in poetry as an acceleration which dissolves the notion of future as well as that of change. The future instantly becomes the past; changes are so swift that they produce the sensation of immobility. The idea of change was the cornerstone of modern poetry, rather than the changes themselves: today’s art must differ from yesterday’s. Now, to perceive the difference between yesterday and today there must be a certain rhythm.

Romanticism brought the mixture of genres. Symbolism and the avant-garde completed the fusion of prose and poetry. The results were marvelous monsters, from Rimbaud’s prose poem to Joyce’s verbal epic. The mixture and ultimate abolition of genres culminated in the criticism of the art object. The crisis of the idea of oeuvre became apparent in all the arts—painting, sculpture, poetry, the novel—but its most radical expression was Duchamp’s “ready-mades.” Derisive consecration: what counts is not the object but the artist’s act in separating it from its context and placing it on the pedestal of the old work of art. The gesture takes the place of the work. In China and Japan many artists, on discovering a certain aesthetic irradiation in an anonymous stone, would pick it up and sign their name to it. This gesture was one of recognition rather than discovery. It was a ceremony which paid homage to Nature as a creative force: Nature creates and the artist recognizes. The context of Duchamp’s “ready-mades” is not creative Nature but industrial technology. His gesture is not an act of choice or of recognition but of rejection; in an atmosphere of non-choice and of indifference, Duchamp finds the “ready-made,” and his gesture is the dissolution of recognition in the anonymity of the object. His gesture is an act of criticism, not of art, but of art as object.
"Gemellaggio Bologna-Tolosa"
Quando il mondo sarà un giardino, le città ne saranno i fiori.

Tecnica mista - documentazione a tutti
Scadenza: 13/4/2001
Mosta a: Palazzo della Posta Centrale di Bologna

Inviare i lavori a: MARIA GRAZIA FRATTINI - TIZIANA MASSA
Fermo Posta Centrale - Piazza Minghetti - 40121 Bologna (Italia)

I lavori non saranno restituiti.

"Twinning Bologna-Toulouse"
When the world becomes a garden, the towns will be flowers.

Free media - Documentation to all.
Deadline: 13/4/2001
Exhibition in the Central Post Building in Bologna
From 21/4/2001 to 5/5/2001

Send the works to: MARIA GRAZIA FRATTINI - TIZIANA MASSA
Fermo Posta Centrale - Piazza Minghetti - 40121 Bologna (Italia)

No returns
We are not trying to

Fits of Gardenia

It is an open mouth, an iridescent crow,
an umbrella left upside down in a hallway.
Bats in the attic like purple lips.

A belfry is a place of echos, a conch’s
delight in capturing the sea’s breath.
The way a person vanishes on the green
horizon, having entered a cornfield
in search of snakes, a blow-torched cane
field in the middle of the night–

all this is what is promised in a kiss
of white gardenias, made yellow in sun-
light–a blooming so intense it burns
to look at, the way a mockingbird
dips and rises in a cotton field, a blur
of memory–could this be its secret?

Hunger

a bromeliad’s fiery mouth,
one look inside & you drown,
ask the dragonfly nymph–

whole like a clenched fist,
the dizzying vortex of a Chinese
hibiscus, the orange anvil-pistil

of the bird of paradise, blue
tongues stuck out in self-mockery,
sexy for sure, make Freud proud,
a swan’s neck followed by three
perfect orbs, lights in the fading
sky, stars ablaze with possibility–

don’t blink now, there they go.

author of over fifteen books
*In the Republic of Longing.*
**Virgil Suarez**

was born in Havana, Cuba in 1962. Since 1974 he has lived in the United States.
a new collection tentatively titled *Caliban Ponders Chaos*
, from which these poems
are taken.