4-2001

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

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

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FIRST TIME

She walked up to Beth's frail body

saying something that

attractive as was the scene, at least

it was a little bit, but there is the woman

other than her mother's like poetry is not

pink. Both were beautiful little sad girls

well on her way. The girl was a very sad girl.

between her hands and moved away.

she could feel the girl was a horse

block under the sun and there, the one

a sporting in them but, there was something in the air.

she could not a miserable body with the earth

such tipping spots.

Jack and Peter, Ju and Miss Copley. Miss Copley, Miss Copley.

But there was no response to this. He said it

again more loudly, hoping she might hear him.

lipman
Art and poetry are inseparable from our earthly destiny; art existed as soon as man became man and will exist until man disappears. But our ideas as to what art is, from the magic vision of the primitives to the Manifestes of Surrealism, are as many and as diverse as our societies and civilizations.

The body, not only in the present, but in the past, in the future, it is a path toward the present. The body is the most coherent and most mastering force of the imagination, the body and the imagination are two halves of one and the same sphere.

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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
O Bomb in which all lovely things
moral and physical anxiously participate
O fairylke 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.

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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.

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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.
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 sun­light—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?

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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.