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We Too Have a Dream...

A dream of a society based on mutual aid and voluntary cooperation without the coercion of a ruling elite. We dream of a world without wars, poverty and oppression, where all are valued and free to live our lives rather than the hollow lifestyle sold to us by corporate masters. We hope for a world of play and happiness beyond the dull monoculture of this one.

We must oppose the state and all forms of coercion. We oppose national borders. Ideas of ethnic or cultural superiority recreate the world we hope to escape. Private property and money create social division and injustice.

Reality today is full of unfulfilled people travelling in streets full of banks, shops, traffic and neon lights. Streets full of cops and adverts of things you don’t even need. We live rushing to work, punching the clock when we should be punching our boss. This is capitalist reality-selling lifestyles that are a very poor imitation of having a real life. There is a real world outside of this capitalist crap, as we say under the pavement a garden.

"Sowing the Seeds of Peace" by Eric Drooker
TO WHOM RETURNS TO NAAS

In his rhythmically fractured broken-English prose (which most often chronicles his amorous adventures in the wild manner of a slapstick Henry Miller—antic accounts of bold schemes, epic drinking bouts, and comic seductions) Nguyen Ducmanh proclaims himself an inveterate rascal, a recovering alcoholic, and a struggling sex addict, encapsulating all the reckless vigor of an extravagant and bohemianly exemplary existence.

--Ed McCormack, Gallery & Studio, New York

Born to a powerful landowning Vietnamese family, sold by his mother at the age of five so that she could gain his inheritance, then placed in a severe Jesuit school, Nguyen Ducmanh journeyed alone to Paris at age seventeen. There he was befriended by artists such as Picasso and Man Ray, and by leading European families such as the Guinesses. In his comic-erotic memoir TO WHOM RETURNS TO NAAS, the artist Duchmanh takes the reader on his whirlwind tour through Asia, Europe, and America, from the 1950s to the present. This unlikely international bon vivant shares his joyous embrace of living in a tale told in his trademark simulcast of English, Vietnamese and French. Reading TO WHOM RETURNS TO NAAS is like revisiting Henry Miller on acid.

# # #

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Artist Nguyen Ducmanh left his native Vietnam in 1950 to live in France. His first solo exhibition appeared both in Paris and London in 1959. He came to the U.S. in 1965 and became a citizen in 1973. He currently lives in New York, and shows at the Allan Stone Gallery. His work has also been exhibited at solo and group shows in Boston, Basel, Aachen, Zurich, Brussels, Dublin, and other cities. His most recent solo show was at the Galleria Peccolo, in Livorno, Italy in 2001.

His writing has appeared in Copulation Anthology (Eargasm Press, 1997), artezine.com (1999), and Bert Porter's International Literary Letter, among many other places. This is his first book.

PUBLICATION INFORMATION: Title: To Whom Returns To NaAs • Author: Nguyen Ducmanh • Imprint: Nguyen Ducmanh • Publication Date: April 2003 • Price: $29.95 • ISBN: 0-9726163-0-6 • Pages: 224 w/ 14 black and white illustrations
Night Travel

Roaming on our own without cruise control through mountains and rivers carving within we meet now those deserted long ago although faces have flattened and grown thin like wheat in communion wafers. So why do these faces appear again? Perhaps it is to do us the favor of taking us back to where roads begin the journey to the heart of our soul crossed by pathways leaking forgotten tales with unfinished chapters we could not foal because too many roadblocks nailed our veil. Now those chapters open, aching to close wounds still tethering us to long ago.

Night Awakening

Like a sneak attack detonating sleep splatters of the past firing in the night jolt us up before burrowing too deep into space where fireflies fight for life. Awake amidst warm comforter and sheet we slowly gather strength to sleep again less afraid of casting soiled lanterns deep into caverns of the dark, we begin descending fissures where our wrongs still lie entwined with racket’s sweet spot spitting blood from blackened lungs not yet wheezing sighs. Torso heaves the rules that we were made of. Shattering sleep, we exorcise their grip freeing us to clear a signature trip

Ocean Rain

It’s raining straight into the salt ocean: Long wet streams one right after the other. Sketching circles in the darkening sea, Pulling the sky closer like a brother. Ingesting a sister’s blue and white swells. Suffocating, the ocean heaves for air. Water snakes dissolve gobbling fat eels. Unsewing sister’s folds from the salt ties, The ocean veers like a windshield wiper Streaking away rain so the girl can see The freckled-faced fangs of the dead vipers Floating on the ocean into the lee. Sister, lifting her violated head Glimpses the sunset drowning in bald red.
No one can truly foresee the future, and it is very hard to make any kind of prediction about space travel. So much depends on what we expect from space travel; for instance. The first satellite launchings are for scientific purposes, and there would surely be more scientific information to be gained from any space projects. But the cost is very great, and it may be that the future of space travel will depend on its military value.
Many things have been written about how important space stations would be to our Armed Forces, but it is unlikely that some of the ideas are very practical, while others may make the cost worth while.

One thing, however, seems to be sure, and that is that progress is hard to stop. The launching of tiny, unmanned satellites surely is not the end. In some fashion, exploration of space will continue. Only time can give us details of future developments.

There may even come a time when space travel will
Drooped into memory

under the

TRAP E,

the juggler
of the Parthenon
lay slain

in

his ham
mock,

cooked
with huge
hog bellies

in old salt banks,

strewn
with figments
of the ravenous girth
of Saturn.

In tents and crystals,
gagged and scorched
laws and plaques
split iron walls
bound east.
The Saltimbanque
bumbled
from a barbed wire ledge,
dodged
a droning signal,
breathed rapidly
and obeyed
the star red dunes.
A bearded psalmsinger,
manacled in rubble,
hobbled
to an amused organ march.

The Lookout

A chunk of gluck
entered the silo.

A registered joke
 glued on top
dislodged a hint.

DAVID STONE, editor of the Blackbird anthology, is the author of nine volumes of poetry, three novels and one play. Born in Chicago, Stone has a degree in philosophy and currently is a resident of Baltimore.
**International Peace Quilt**

**Wanted:** 12” x 12” Quilted Squares  
**Goal:** Grassroots activism!  
Cover the White House Lawn with a Peace Quilt.  
**Theme:** Peace Now

Women’s International League for Peace & Freedom  
War Resistor’s League  
Women’s Strike for Peace  
and all  
Peace-loving People Everywhere

Drop off completed squares at Caspar Community Center or P. O. Box 216 Laytonville, CA 95454

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**Open letter**

**To the editor:**

Dear Mr. President,

Thought I’d drop you a line. It is 10 below zero here in the Northeast! Just wondered how you are. Are you warm? Do you have warm clothes and a place to sleep? Can you get medication and see a doctor?

Stand by your guns?

Oliver Outerbridge  
Belfast

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**One wonders...**

To the editor:

So here we are, with our unelected president leading us into another war we don’t want, fought over oil we don’t need, to ensure profits to the imperial corporate class that it doesn’t deserve.

One wonders what rate of exchange in blood for oil the public will deem acceptable. One wonders whether we will soon be witnessing a parade of yellow ribbons or a parade of body bags. Of one thing we can be sure: There will be many casualties, not least of which will be our Constitution and those freedoms that we as Americans are privileged to enjoy and obligated to defend. Confetti for parades will be plentiful as Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, et al, leave the Bill of Rights in tatters.

Complacency and cynicism are natural reactions to such a dismal state of affairs. But for the sake of future generations, and active response is imperative. Contact your representatives and demand an end to this ridiculous and dangerous charade! Join us on Wednesdays at 4 p.m. at the Belfast Co-op for weekly meetings of the newly formed Waldo County Bill of Rights Defense Board. We need your support and participation!

Oliver Outerbridge  
Belfast

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**ON LETTERS...**

The Journal welcomes letters to the editor, which can be sent to PO Box 327, Belfast, ME 04915 (or e-mailed to: trjmail@courierpub.com). The Journal does not publish unsigned letters; all letters must include a telephone number for verification. Letters should not exceed 300 words without prior approval from the editor. Arrangements can be made for a longer letter to be published as a guest column or community forum; please call the editor at 338-3333 or 800-675-3314. The Journal edits letters for space, clarity and libel.
submitted to *This Time*

by Travis York

I presumed that an effective method of exorcising demons of apprehension would be to visit the nation’s capitol with over 200,000 comrades. It wasn’t at all surprising to me the purveyors of genocidal mania’s absence, that they were conveniently out to lunch when the citizens came knocking. "Order," as they call it, was kept by a laudable storm trooper set, begging us for once to “please stay in the streets.” They were, to their credit, less oppressive than the Lewiston Enforcers defending their counterparts by threatening to shoot us with an array of non-lethal yet highly obtuse guns and a fire hose (in freezing temperatures) if we decided to take action. No undercover cops tried to run us over after the march, which was an added bonus (three of us were intentionally hit by the front end of some January 11.) Our loathing for misrepresentation was heard in our presence to stand up to the murder machine led by our puppet cretin. We are responsible for him, having not yet disposed of him—he is a participant in the deception. I wonder how many sheep support his plan of genocide and pan-americanism for oil under the cloak of “making the world free,” and thus are culpable for jeopardizing the safety of everyone. The ship of fools remains afloat and American greed is absolved in so many arenas. Here we remain with few options, in danger of reaping a terrible harvest, being represented by a moron who cannot support basic claims and has not produced a shred of evidence that he can protect us from the latest “Baddie of the Month.” He has proven that he can do an excellent job at making others miserable and getting us all killed. We, the people of the world, stand united against American tyranny.

Please act at once in accordance with the instructions enclosed.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ENTRY ELIGIBILITY FOR FULL AWARD</th>
<th>AMOUNT</th>
<th>PAYOUT</th>
<th>STATUS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bernard Porter</td>
<td>$120,000.00</td>
<td>GUARANTEED</td>
<td>ACTIVE/PENDING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernard Porter</td>
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<td>ACTIVE/PENDING</td>
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<td>Bernard Porter</td>
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<td>AWARDED TO SOMEONE ELSE</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Bernard Porter: - Total Active Amount: $537,500.00

We have firm evidence that you are cleared for full receipt of informational entry procedures regarding the collection of prize payouts as disclosed.

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PEACE TO THE WORLD AND PLENTY TO THE POOR

International

Bernard Porter