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"The desert shook," the Government of India informed us (its people).

"The whole mountain turned white," the Government of Pakistan replied.

By afternoon the wind had fallen silent over Pokhran. At 3:45 p.m., the timer detonated the three devices. Around 200 to 300 m deep in the earth, the heat generated was equivalent to a million degrees centigrade—as hot as temperatures on the sun. Instantly, rocks weighing around a thousand tonnes, a mini mountain underground, vaporised... shockwaves from the blasts began to lift a mound of earth the size of a football field by several meters. One scientist on seeing it said, "I can now believe stories of Lord Krishna lifting a hill." —India Today

May 1998. It'll go down in history books, provided, of course, we have history books to go down in. Provided, of course, we have a future.

There's nothing new or original left to be said about nuclear weapons. There can be nothing more humiliating for a writer of fiction to have to do than restate a case that has, over the years, already been made by other people in other parts of the world, and made passionately, eloquently and knowledgeably.

I am prepared to grovel. To humiliate myself abjectly, because, in the circumstances, silence would be indefensible. So those of you who are willing: Let's pick our parts, put on the discarded costumes and speak our secondhand lines in this sad secondhand play. But let's not forget that the stakes we're playing for are huge. Our fatigue and our shame could mean the end of us. The end of our children and our children's children. Of everything we love. We have to reach within ourselves and find the strength to think. To fight.

Once again we are pitifully behind the times—not just scientificaly and technologically (ignore the hollow claims), but more pertinently in our ability to grasp the true nature of nuclear weapons. Our Comprehension of the Horror Department is hopelessly obsolete. Here we are, all of us in India and in Pakistan, discussing the finer points of politics, and foreign policy, behaving for all the world as though our governments have just devised a newer, bigger bomb, a sort of immense hand grenade with which they will annihilate the enemy (each other) and protect us from all harm. How desperately we want to believe that. What wonderful, willing, well-behaved, gullible subjects we have turned out to be. The rest of humanity may not forgive us, but then the rest of the rest of humanity, depending on who fashions its views, may not know what a tired, dejected, heartbroken people we are. Perhaps it doesn't realize how urgently we need a miracle. How deeply we yearn for magic.

If only, if only, nuclear war was just another kind of war. If only it was about the usual things—nations and territories, gods and histories. If only those of us who dread it are just worthless
moral cowards who are not prepared to die in defense of our beliefs. If only nuclear war was the kind of war in which countries battle countries and men battle men. But it isn't. If there is a nuclear war, our foe will not be China or America or even each other. Our foe will be the earth herself. The very elements—the sky, the air, the land, the wind and water—will all turn against us.

Arundhati Roy is author of the novel The God of Small Things (Random House). A longer version of this essay appeared in India in the magazines Frontline and Outlook on July 27.

RECURRING RAGE

sweep your hand over my body
swirl your tongue over my eyes
kiss the pain
let it flee
i scream in rage
i scream in revenge for beatings
i want to fuck my shell
i want to spit my organs out with diesel
crying in my savouring gash
i lick my wounds tenderly
as i would lick you.

SALT PORK AND SUNSETS

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BERN PORTER WEB SITE

THIS IS THE WORK OF TOM FALLON

Bern Porter is

BERN

UNDER

CONSTRUCTION: YES the

formula as in a
BERN PORTER WEB
SITE
IS ALWAYS
UNDER CONSTRUCTION
AS FOUND: LIFE, POEMS
are, he has

FOUND

1, 2, e, 4, 6, 7, 8, b, z, 11, 12 &
we have it as we don't want it
but will accept it if we are forced to & then may
or may not come to some acceptance because we must accept free.
Bernard Porter was born Feb. 14, 1910, at Porter Settlement, just south of Houlton, Maine, a human child, and worked on the atomic bomb as a human adult, (freely creating however, yes). So be it. And, the question now is, where would Porter suggest we go on this website?

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Bernard Harden Porter (1911 - )

graduated from Colby College in 1932 went on to get an M.S. Brown University worked as physicist on cathode ray tube technology before WWII when war came, Bern was drafted for uranium separation work on Manhattan Project, a job he quit after the bomb dropped on Hiroshima in Aug. 1945.

1944-1948 Porter and George Leite published the literary magazine "Circle 10" he also published Henry Miller's anti-war tract, "Murder the Murderers" first U.S. publisher of Miller. Actively promoted & published other writers under Bern Porter Books at same time developing his own art including poetry found poetry ("founds") sound poetry performance art experimental essays surrealistic photographs collages mail art architectural sketches & found sculpture. Porter also worked again as physicist on NASA's Saturn V manned space project & working on integration of science and art formally developed

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in his Sciart Manifesto (1950). Also founder of the Institute for Advanced Thinking a network of non-academic scholars in various arts.

James Schevill wrote 1992 Porter bio - Where to Go, What to Do, When You are Bern Porter - take-off on one of Porter's own titles. The book has a lengthy bibliography & numerous photos of Porter and his work. There's a fairly long description of Porter's writing (especially his poetry) & biographical background provided by Penn State's physics dept. An interview with Porter available in the book Bern! Porter! Interview! (1983; conducted by Margaret Dunbar).

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Andrew Russ home page connected with the Physics Dept of U of Pennsylvania

Okay, go to Updates

BERN PORTER'S drawings and photographs appear in the following: Poems Pennyeach (illustrations/1927; James Joyce), The American Fantasies: Original End Papers and Page Illustrations (1959; for James Schevill's poems), Die Fabelhafte Geträume Von Taifun Willi (decor/1970; by Dick Higgins), Judgement [i.e. To Have Done With the Judgements [sic] of God]: A Radio Script (pen drawings/1971; by Antoine Artaud), and City with All the Angles: A Radio Play (photos/1974; by Dick Higgins).

This artist is always under construction
Scholar's report: On the way to Los Angeles, In Deming, NM as I exited a McDonalds I was delayed by an apparent human male who questioned me, "How would you shut off a diesel engine?" I told him, "You have to turn off the fuel because it's not like a regular car where the firing power is supplied by electricity. In a diesel the fuel is ignited by compression. You have to turn the fuel off to stop it." As I stood there I happened to look out the window and see an apparent homeless man cross a vacant lot and begin to sing to the sky as he passed directly in front of where I'd parked, apparently by random choice. I then went outside to that spot and said, very softly, because a car had just parked beside my truck and the driver might be watching, "Hey, I claim this power for me today," and got into my truck." I then drove out the back entrance to the McDonalds (I had entered from the front, the main avenue of Deming) and stopped by a huge agave (five-feet tall), where I considered how much pain and trouble you'd have, were you to mess with it bare-handed. Agaves have sharp thorns everywhere, some of them four-inches long.

The soul is a star.
It's the first Saturday morning in October. The sun, up since 6, has set ablaze the rustling leaves along Belfast's quiet, tree-lined streets. Four cats in a dooryard bask in patches of sunlight on a warm bed of grass.

Tripping ever so lightly across this landscape is a troupe of life-size animal puppets, a host of zany characters and a clown kazoo band.

The revelers are participating in one of Waldo County's most unique traditions — the 17-year-old Church Street Festival Parade. That parade, scheduled to get under way this Saturday, is the quirky showpiece of the Church Street Festival, an annual block party celebrating the county's harvest and creativity.

Each year the parade is organized around a theme. Some of the themes over the years have included: Waldo County Heritage and Culture; How Does Your Garden Grow?; Jesters; Birds and Bugs; Mother Goose Characters; Fantastic Fruits and Skunks; Fashion Statements and Hair Designs; Neon Purple; Birds of a Feather; Babies; Dancing Buddhas; and Custom Culture. This year's parade will be created around the theme Birds and the Bees and the Flowers — and Custom Culture. This year's parade, made their appearance back when the real birds were a familiar presence in Waldo County. The "chickens" let fly feathers that were plucked from a feathertick mattress carried in a wheelbarrow. Afterward, says Weaver, the feathers were tracked into businesses along the parade route.

Audience is extremely important, says Lyon, who paraded once as "The Unknown Ex-husband" and reaped knowing smiles by yelling, "Pay your child support, Man."

"I don't think I would have gotten that hip an audience, except in New York."

As in year's past, paraders will set off from Weaver's High Street home just beyond The Republican

What's nice about parades," is that everything stops and something silly comes along," And over the years, Weaver has seen a lot of silliness.

One of her all-time favorite acts was a group carrying a sign that read, "Stinson's Synchronized Sardines." Dressed in tightly wrapped Mylar and sporting white bathing caps, the "sardines" wiggled their way down Church Street doing Esther Williams-type routines, remembers Weaver.

Another favorite act, the Church Street Chickens, a staple of the parade, made their appearance back when the real birds were a familiar presence in Waldo County. The "chickens" let fly feathers that were plucked from a feathertick mattress carried in a wheelbarrow. Afterward, says Weaver, the feathers were tracked into businesses along the parade route.

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The parade's organizers, Belfast residents Mary Weaver and Phillip Prince, say the parade is people-powered and joke that it relies heavily on the use of safety pins.

Repeat and new paraders are encouraged to join the nonsense and design skits and costumes that reflect the theme. All who want to be in town and hear about the parade drop by," says Prince. "You feel like you're tapped into, or that you've tapped into, the creative flow."

Also, on the scene will be Weaver's former husband Fritz Lyon, who says anyone can walk in and be the grand marshal. In fact, he has appointed himself just that for this year's parade. And, to demonstrate his point, he says he will dress as Mr. No Talent — "can't sing, dance, act, not funny."
Scholar in Drama
Mary Weaver

Tripping ever so lightly
across this landscape
along Belfast's
quiet, tree-lined streets.