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Now Available

A New Visual Book of Found Poetry, by Bern Porter

FROM: Bern Porter TO: The World

105 pages, Oversized at 8 1/2 x 11 inches, Printed on Classic Crest #70 Natural White Stock, B & W and Full Color Illustrations, Spiral Bound Limited Edition of 100 Copies.

FROM: Bern Porter TO: The World is primarily a book of visual images, text bits and found (and manipulated) objects gathered over a number of years and edited in a sequence to evoke a variety of themes. Includes an original introduction by Bern Porter dated March 5, 1999. Attached to the back of the book is a small envelope containing Hawaii, a 4-piece, three-dimensional re-casting by Bern Porter that has been reproduced in full color from the original.

The First 26 copies have been signed and lettered by Bern Porter.

No ISBN Published at $25.00. Sent postpaid.

“Some of the found poetry of Bern Porter is like this—you can open a book and see things there that look like poems, but they’re laundry lists, or they’re cut-up bits of ads, or pages of mail-order catalogues. Whatever. But in some way they become poems too, particularly, say, the was a really good found-poet like Bern Porter utilizes them.”

—Jerome Rothenberg

Available from the publisher:

Roger Jackson
339 Brookside Drive
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48105

(continued on page 4 – 5)
three found poems by Bern Porter, from FOUND POEMS
© 1972 by Bernard H. Porter, published by

"Porter's found poems have the same seminal position as Duchamp's objets trouvées. Does this reflect Porter's own 1930's surrealist past? Only time can answer that."

(flap)
yet more ecstatic praise

No joke, my friends and I can sit for hours listen to him ramble on and on. The more we listen, the more we love it. It's so soothing and calming. Please Roger tell us who this Burn Porter is. He, to us is such a mystery. How long has he been rambling. Please tell him he has a huge following here in Ontario with my friends. We have set up a little group that try to ramble on like he does, but we can't even come close to his imagination. We all meditate for about 20 minutes then start. He must meditate for hours to be so imaginative. My dad, a retired math professor even gets a hoot out of his tape. It is so soothing to hear him speak. Has he done it all his life. I want to make him my mentor. He is an absolute genius. Hearing his voice almost makes me want to sleep. I could almost die listening to him speak. We become smarter hearing him talk. He seems like such a down to earth guy. Please hihie all the ones you think my friends and I will enjoy. The more the strange rambling the better.

Roger, you may think we're crazy, but we can't get enough of it. I get a kick out of the zany stuff he comes out with. The slite hint of baby in the back ground crying and the car the zooms by, while his rambling. God bless! This Burn Porter is the Burners biggest fan. I get a kick out of the zany stuff he comes out with. The slite hint of baby in the back ground crying and the car the zooms by, while his rambling. God bless! This Burn Porter is the Burners biggest fan. I get a kick out of the zany stuff he comes out with. The slite hint of baby in the back ground crying and the car the zooms by, while his rambling. God bless! This Burn Porter is the Burners biggest fan. I get a kick out of the zany stuff he comes out with. The slite hint of baby in the back ground crying and the car the zooms by, while his rambling. God bless! This Burn Porter is the Burners biggest fan. I get a kick out of the zany stuff he comes out with. The slite hint of baby in the back ground crying and the car the zooms by, while his rambling. God bless! This Burn Porter is the Burners biggest fan.
INTRODUCTION

High School and College education years both taught and insisted words are words and cannot be changed.
Churches also taught the same for biblical hymns and words.
Art Directors publicly claimed there can be no other art.

The American College Dictionary in the course of defining found, founder, foundry, page 480, reveal anything, everything can be cast, recast, including words, hymns and art.

In the course or waking in the morning and retiring at night in a world of computers, cars, trains, planes, trucks, ships, earthquakes, snow slides, cables, war, famine, death and peace, it is gratifying that words and scenes can be recast.

What is readable can be read
What is feelable can be felt
What is seeable can be seen
What is hearable can be heard
What is dreamable can be dreamed

In a possible looking, feeling, seeing moment one can search and find in multiple form and what is found is a FOUND—one’s own for all time.

Bern Porter
March 5, 1999
Return to Belfast, Part II
(The Long-Suppressed Bootleg Version)

When Natasha B. returns to Belfast something that has slept within her
wakes. By the lapping ocean water, it is her pagan self that wakes. It is
her oceanic sacred Self, her Goddess, the Universal Mother within her. She
is the spirit of Ganga, of Gaia, of Oango, of Oshun, of Uma, of Kali, of
Keridwen.

Every time she comes it's so apparent. Everything slows down within
her and she feels her blood as the lapping tide, her breath as the salt wind,
as Vayu, as the elemental air. She feels within her fire and earth and wood.
Salt brine, shells, seaweed, barnacles. Shards, bricks, glass, driftwood.
Stone, sand, sun, sea, sky.

She wants to lose herself in the water.
She wants to lose herself in the water.

This is her work here, to inhabit this mystery. She dips her fingers into
the water. She removes her sneakers and socks and gently steps into the
water. The water laps around her ankles, chills her toes, and, like a lover
gently licking, worships her. She receives this tribute graciously and
gratefully. She and her lover are one.

The sun warms her back. The stones and sand support her. She is of
them, mind to mind: stone-mind to woman-mind, water-mind to god-mind.
Fire to fire. Here she feels the Goddess rising from within. Here she feels
the balance, dark and light, Shiva and Shakti, energy and matter, thought
and form.

This is her work here, to inhabit this mystery, and thus, to slowly
apprehend it.

When Natasha returns to Belfast, she feels herself to be that which she
truly is. Veils fall away. Veils of false identification fall away. When
Natasha returns to Belfast, she feels herself to be divine.
“O Belfast I prepare myself as an offering to you, I prepare myself with bhasma and kumkum and sandalwood oil. I adorn myself as your bride, your concubine.

“O Goddess and God, O Saraswati and Vishnu, I prepare myself as your priestess in the temple of experience. I annoint myself for you.

“O lover, Master, teacher, friend, Beloved, O Tantrika, I am for you and only you. There is but one consciousness. I and That are One.”

To live this experience is Natasha’s work when Natasha returns to Belfast. In Belfast, true lust scintillates in the air, unlike the gray eastern cities where it is buried under fear and lust for money. Natasha’s work in Belfast is to celebrate and praise this energy.

Natasha adorns herself for her lover who is her own sweet Self, and none other. It is the Self that takes on these diverse and varied forms. “Let Me become many,” says the Self, “for My own enjoyment, My pleasure, My bliss.”

Natasha is the Holy Whore. Natasha performs worship with her lovers. Natasha is the Temple Wanton, the civilizing female force, as well as the Wild Woman.

She is Domina and slave.

She seeks as slave to terminate her will, to merge her drop with the ocean. to submit entirely to the Master and thus to feel the joy and power of surrender, the all-consuming joy.

As Domina she feels the Goddess coursing through her; the omniscient omnipotent One is one with her and her lover. In the dance she leads, and in leading learns to follow the dominion of the heart.

When Natasha returns to Belfast she feels her ancient bones buried in the depth of memory. She no longer feels herself small and alone; she feels the tide of history as it carries her to her goal, like the Mother Ganges floating corpses to the sea.

When Natasha returns to Belfast she looks to the other shore. The water is wide. She feels the ancient beat of language and song coursing through her like blood, like nerve impulse, like prana.

(... to be continued...)

4B
I've come to where the entire human universe is poised on the sharp end of my warrior's sword and I don't care to act. Except maybe lose the 25lbs I've been trying to get rid of for the last 12 years: Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain. I am the great and powerful Oz.

When in doubt I comb the shadows. I look at the small events of life. I go to a job interview, which I would never accept (the position) should they offer ten times the salary ($8.00 an hour), for 8 is the jewel of Harmony/Balance, which is always transitory. Thus I advance along the road to nowhere.

In my dreams I take the symbolic Natasha with massive hands to probe her anus and separate the folds of her womanhood, then cram her onto my thick, fat lodgepole. When I wake up, I'm a fat old man, alone in bed. Which is my volitional choice.

Little joy
is to pee.
A rainbow!
So is
Great joy when I sit on the throne
Pushing out bowl acrid
Thinking as alchemist
Make gold out of shit!
...
Reality is if
I don't do those tidbit
I will be in deep Manure!
Imbibe
for Michelle

I've never played violin never touched one till now
how did I convince them my god the place is packed balconies even I walk out how am I doing
(applause applause)
I could run off I could tell them I could stare laugh cry fall over I could faint "Violinist faints every evening and Sunday matinees"

how do you die when you really need to

instead I lift my bow play Vivaldi and wonder how it is I came to surrender

RETURN TO BELFAST

by Natasha Bernstein

Afterword by Bern Porter
Roger Jackson, Publisher
Ann Arbor, Michigan

BERN: You kids from Philadelphia are so sharp dear! So organized! So smart! So efficient!

ME: Well, compared to most people down there, Bern, I'm not really very smart. That's why I like to come to Belfast, dear. You don't have to have too much on the ball to get along here. Have you noticed?

BERN: Oh, yes! Well, how is it that you have so many boyfriends down there?

ME: Because I ADVERTISE! (singing) "If you want it here it is, come and get it! . . ." so breakfast is ready dear. KIX AND BANANAS! Yum! It sez right here: "Kid tested, Mother approved." Cool, huh?

BERN: Oh, yes, there's no end to it, dear, no end to it!

*****

BERN: Well, what are these pieces in the soup, dear?

ME: They're turnips, Bern. Do you like them?

BERN: Well, I don't know what I'm doing.

ME: You're eating soup dear. Are you having trouble chewing them?

BERN: Well, I'm having trouble tasting them.

ME: You want some salt? Some cayenne pepper maybe?

BERN: Well, I don't know who I am or what I'd doing, dear.
That Trio Again
Monica, Hillary,*
and Bill!* 

By Bern Porter

Illustrations by Al Berlinski

* [About What? Monica said Bill was up in her eleven times and Hillary twice during the same period.]

Bern Porter, 88-year old Art Innovator and Director of the Institute of Advanced Thinking, provides us with a rutting tally and commentary for President Bill during those now famous, eventful months. Illustrated with 5 original erotic drawings by Allen Berlinski.

24 pages 5 3/8 x 4 ¼ Inches [oblong] Text has been printed on 70# Natural White stock in 3 different colors Stapled Spine

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Roger Jackson
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Ann Arbor, Michigan 48105

Monica (1)

“I’ll be right back,” he said, “and will put mine full length up in you.

Monica (2)

While this is up in you full length I’ll try not to stain your clothes.

Monica (3)

I need mine up in you to relieve me from the strain of the nation’s business.

Hillary (1)

Yours is the old reliable. It helps me to adjust to the daily rising surplus.

Monica (4)

While I am servicing yours I feel you in turn should find me a job.

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