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And then the many sick and maimed came to Jesus, asking him,
"If you know all things, tell us, why do we suffer with these
 grievous plagues? Why are we not whole like other men? Master,
 heal us, that we too may be made strong, and need abide no longer
 in our misery. We know that you have it in your power to heal all
 manner of disease. Master, have compassion on us."

And Jesus answered, "Happy are you, that you hunger for the
 truth, for I will satisfy you with the bread of wisdom. Happy are
 you that you knock, for I will open to you the door of life. I
 will lead you into the kingdom of our Mother's angels, where the
 the power of negativity cannot enter.

And they asked in amazement, "Who is our Mother and which are
 her angels? And where is her kingdom?"

"Y our Mother is in you, and you in her. She bore you; she
gives you life. It was she who gave to you your body, and to her
shall you one day give it back again. Happy are you when you come
to know her and her kingdom; if you receive your Mother's angels
and if you do her laws. I tell you truly, he who does these things
shall never see disease. For the power of our Mother is above all.
It has rule over all your bodies and all living things.

"The blood which runs in us is born of the blood of our Earthly
Mother. Her blood falls from the clouds; leaps up from the womb
of the earth; babbles in the brooks of the mountains; flows wide in
the rivers of the plains; sleeps in the lakes; rages mightily in the
tempestuous seas.

"The air which we breathe is born of the breath of our Earthly
Mother. Her breath is azure in the heights of the heavens; soughs
in the tops of the mountains; whispers in the leaves of the forest;
billows over the cornfields; slumbers in the deep valleys; burns hot
in the desert.

"The hardness of our bones is born of the bones of our Earthly
Mother, of the rocks and of the stones. They stand naked to the
heavens on the tops of mountains; are as giants that lie sleeping
on the sides of the mountains, as idols set in the desert, and are
hidden in the deepness of the earth.

"The tenderness of our flesh is born of the flesh of our Earthly
Mother; whose flesh waxes yellow and red in the fruits of the trees,
and nurtures us in the furrows of the fields.

"The light of our eyes, the hearing of our ears, both are born
of the colors and sounds of our Earthly Mother, which enclose us
about, as the waves of the sea a fish, as the eddying air a bird.

"I tell you the very truth, Man is the Son of the Earthly Mother,
and from her did the son of Man receive his whole body... I tell you
truly, you are one with the Earthly Mother; she is in you, and you
in her. Of her you were born, in her do you live, and to her shall
you return again. Therefore, keep her laws..."
INVENTIONS (excerpts) by Richard Eaton

3.
Today there has been
Left to my concern
By research scientists
Scanning
The long-term memory unit
As must be done
Periodically
By the Brain (my boss)
A pervasive problem.

Who am I?
I am your memory speaking.
No, I am memory.
There is nothing
Really wrong with my memory
As there is reported to be
On my slate
A real humdinger of an indictment!
ARE HUMANS OBSOLETE?
The argument has become more meaningful
Not just because of Computers
Winning over Chess Masters
But with the missing behavior of
Generations
Repeating the mistakes of just
Yesterday
Without constant prompters
Not over an occasional
Or monthly to weekly
But a daily period.
In this fin de siecle
What has happened:
Technological paradigm shift?
Weaned and bred on TV screens?
High-tech toys as opposed abstract sources
Like reading, calculations?
Re-enforced and nurtured
By teachers and schools
That care nothing about history
Memorization, rote, adventuresome research?

All we know is
The memory of children
Has grown lazy, soft, discouraged.
No where is this more evident
Then with the supposed ahistorical line
That the past is inadequate
Or at the most radical it
Simply does not exist
Or need be studied, remembered, envisioned
And when it is
It is nothing more than fiction. continued, next page
But I not just any memory
I am a kind of trouble-shooter
For a company of worker-memories.
I love my work
So you must pardon
If I repeat myself.
What the evidence proves so far is this:
Problematically
People are discouraged to use
Long term memory
Which is rusting rusted into inaction
Take what it actually means to write:
Simplicity does not
Omatically mean profoundity--
Unless one is interested
In mental handicaps--the lowest or the most modest
Standards of a Memory's capability--
Thus the puzzling absurd repetition
And the belief it is "NEW"!?

But I digress
And even sound tangential
But I must emphasize
After all these years
I must state the urgency of the alternative case
For revolutionary inventions:
Mnemonic, mnemonotechnics.
That is my particular particular interest:
I try to make devices
To keep you not-so-normal thinkers
From really screwing up your lifes, making more
Of a mess then you do already
But much more than this
I approach problems bordering the crisis zone.
Hence the Brain gave me an order
To do something about the statistically
Exponential trend toward many subordinate
Memory failings
Of what is called Long Term Memory Capability (LTMC)
As soon as possible but no deadline
For the Brain knows I do not invent that way.
What off and on I am currently working on
Which may be an effective alternative
To long-term
Memory disconnecion
Is a microbe chip/transistor so minute it can be inserted
Surgically into the part of the on-going but misfiring
Functioning organic brain
Mechanism which is suppose to oversee and correct LTMC.
On this chip
Which deals with only some two thousand years
Of physical and mental
Written and recorded information
Are mnemonic prompters
That are triggered
By a number of certain birdsongs. continued p.6
38 Schisms believe

I am a believer in God, try live the right way; the ideas eradicate the poor and the rich is my way humorist writing. I don't let my trust in destroy lives and thing... only revolutionary in art: never done before as art has no norm, no tenet neither school. Maybe your belief is right on the money as Galilee or Christopher Columbus. My art don't get respect or recognition due to its aspect far out... few presents its substance! A woman in Eire told me that I do art for 200 years later? Shit man I would be dead before!

Roman era they would throw you in arenas to be rend by lions nowadays new methodology they just stay coy, ignore, neglect your thinking... when you are kaput they may make a bronze, your name to a street: honor you as Emma Goldman!

Our direction is incompatible only ground for communication is the bed! Alas but that is better than none! Isn't? By love the stars move L. da Vinci
The Blue Jay's
Instantly signals
The Age of Christopher Columbus.
The chickadees's dee dee dee dee
Makes the mind think of
All the Crusades, the first millenium.
The Indigo & Lazuli Buntings' sharp chip
Takes one on a long trip
To Augustus Rome and the times of the 12 Caesars.
The Mockingbird's indescribable medley, virtuosity
Harsh and sometimes unpleasant
In a split second
Can only mean Lewis & Clark, the early American West, pre-1849.
The Bobolink's bubbling
Reminds one of life/seasons along the Great Pharaohs' Nile.
The Belted Kingfisher's rattle
Smells now the fumes
And gore of Civil War battles, 4-years, before, during, after.
The Barn Owl's eerie cries and screams,
Hisses, snores, sharp bill clickings
Ressurect the birth of Christ, his promise, teachings, Crucifixion.
The Purple Grackle's cacks
Harkens back to the scenes of
The numberings and figurings of Einstein's theories.
The White-Throated Sparrow's sweet plantive song
Signals
The heady days of Raphael, Leonardo, Micheanglo, Titian.
The Meadow Lark
Brings gunsmoke, speeches, intrigue of The Russian Revolution.
The crow
Makes the mind think of Classical Athens, rise & fall, and Hellenic passage.
The Prothonotary Warbler's long ringing tweet tweet tweet
Neatly
Pictures the Age of Victoria and nearly a century of diplomatic Peace.
The Derby Flycatcher's
Clues one in
To lives by the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, Gilgamesh, Hammurabi, once again to see The Hanging Gardens.
The Red-Eyed Vireo's
Evokes
The bridge between 18th to 19th English Industrial Revolution.
The Winter Wren's
The dawning age of Los Conquistadores, Pre-Columbian geography.
Darwin's Finch with long sweet warble
Fanfares
The court of the Sun King, rococo art, Wars of Devolution And Succession.
All reminded
Remembered in every little detailed lived
As if in a time-loop
The long-term memory is refreshed, ready to answer and pass
Any test.
I am looking forward to showing it off
On new volunteers for the Brain:
The last batch vanished
After an assistant prematurely
Let them out of the Lab too soon
They were
Last seen running through the park screaming
We are still investigating
Their whereabouts
But the Lab tests look promising so far
To problems society has made
And we can fix, and why not, it is a
Very pleasant way indeed
Of learning
History.

BERN ON BERN

In 1996, the year following the publication of Bern Porter's Questions About Henry Miller That No One Ever Asked Me—With Answers, I suggested to Bern that he create a follow-up booklet wherein he would pose questions to himself, then answer them. Bern kept this project on hold for several years, completing a number of other writing activities during the interim. Then, about a month ago I received the fruition of this long-awaited project, now modified to include both new and previously published text, all selected by Bern himself. The finished booklet gives us a personal look at Bern Porter as he takes his first steps into the 21st Century. This publication contains: Bern on Bern, The Number Three, Me, Not Me, These Fifty Years Gone, along with a cover photograph of Bern Porter.


Roger Jackson, 339 Brookside Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48105

BOOKS ABOUT BERN PORTER

My Affair with Bern Porter by Natasha Bernstein and Alan Abrams. 48 pp. Illustrated by Al Berlinski. Publication date: 4/17/97. 250-copy Trade Edition $12.00

Return to Belfast by Natasha Bernstein. 32 pp. Publication date: 11/1/98. 100-copy Trade Edition $8.50

156 Art
by Nguyen Ducmanh

What is art?
Art is futile
For some is
A must, while
Other, for what
But its make
Us a Singular
Species besides eat
Shit, fuck; then
Here wonderful suckers
Still do Art
Which make them
...
I am artist
No shit man!

Order from:
Roger Jackson, Publisher
339 Brookside Drive
Ann Arbor, MI 48105
From: Bern Porter To: the World, by Bern Porter. 105 pp., 8.75 x 11, spiral bound. Limited edition of 100 copies; 1999. $25 (Roger Jackson, Publisher, 339 Brookside Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48105.)


I have lost count of Bern Porter's recent publications. Among them—the majority published by the indefatigable Roger Jackson of Ann Arbor, Michigan—are a multi-volume memoir of his affair with Anaís Nin; an aphoristic book of wisdom; a treatise on physics and creativity; a book on food (which includes a detachable recipe for "Bern's Brickel Chip Blondies"); an excellent descriptive catalog for his Belfast, Maine, sculpture garden; beseeching the world to come on his 79th birthday, 1911—according to several recent editions of the International Directory of Small Presses and Little Magazines. For this possibly unique achievement alone, Mr. Porter will always enjoy my devoted admiration. But he often surprises in just this way. Both Bern and his press remain vital and, I might add, accessible—especially Bern himself, as we enter into the new millennium. If you write Bern Porter, I daresay a response will be forthcoming within a few days time.

In this vein then I can heartily recommend a subscription to Bern Porter International, a Literary Newsletter and Bulletin of the Institute of Advanced Thinking, 50 Salmon St., Belfast, ME 04915 at $10/year (e-mail inquiries may be directed to bpinternational@hotmail.com). A list of in-print Bern Porter Books is available either by writing Porter himself at 50 Salmon St. or contacting Mark Melnicove (who handles their actual distribution) at 216 Cedar Grove Rd., Dresden, ME 04342. Enclose a SASE with your query.

Still more Porter material—including tapes and videos—can be found at Xeroxial Editions, Elizabeth Was, 3rd Fl., 1 Box 131, La Farge, WI 54630. Even Found Poems (Something Else Press, 1972) is still in print via some marvelous vagary of small press book distribution. Contact Ultramarine Books, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY, for price and terms. The Fertile Mind Bookshop, 105 Main St., Belfast, ME, 04915 maintains a section of Bern Porter Books—if you are ever in that part of the woods, perhaps you might be en route to the Institute of Advanced Thinking.

Offhand I cannot think of another living individual other than Bern Porter who spans the world experiments of Bob Brown (1886-1959), inventor of the "reading machine" and its "readies"—in theory, reading's answer to the "movies") and the borderless internet revolution. If for some odd reason you thought the well of creative publishing had recently run dry, please check again.

—SPANISH WRENCH

A Found poster contributed by Bern Porter especially for this issue of the magazine is located on the reverse side of this page.