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I keep the law,
I hold the mysteries true,
I am the vine,
the branches, you and you.
— H.D.

Arise ye fella fellahin! Know it: Let us know our own divinity. True love never dies. Let us know our own divine love (bhakti)
Let us be in Bodhichitaa (awakened heart, enlightened mind)
Om this is perfect that is perfect/
when the perfect is taken away from the perfect
only the perfect remains. // Sanskrit blessing.

AN INTRODUCTION

Greetings fella Fellahin! I speak to you from the great place of our source and birth. Here we are in the twenty-first century. Many time done gone by since we began our journey on this earth planet. We come heah and find many thing for this is purpose. Our grandmother grandfather spirit teach us many thing. We are the spiritual heirs of the future come into full flower. We have learned many thing. We have had many teachers. Let us honor them all.

And who be me that talkin t yah? I am the Primordial One. I am the Post Modern Pilgrim. I am the Rock and Roll Nigger. I have a thousand names Bow low to me and exhault me, for I am YOU. I am your very own SELF.

So the Fellahin been travellin down a long road. At the end of that road ain't no place but HOME. Home is where the heart is. Somdem find it in a cabin inda woods. Somdem find it in their child's face. Somdem find it in their art or craft. Somdem find it in their meditation practice, some inpoetry, some inda soil. This heah Fellahin been wit many o dem. Yah man. AH.AM!

This heah Fellahin been on the road in the twenty-first century. This heah Fellahin has had her finger on the pulse of our primordial heart beat (beat, beat, beat, repeat). This heah Fellahin speaks to her own Self which is the Self of all. OM &AHAM!

I am worthy we are all so sublimely worthy
more than anything the light was so bright those first
days on the road

excerpts from ON THE ROAD IN THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY, a work perpetually in progress, by NATASHA BERNSTEIN
A PLACE FOR WICKED THOUGHTS

Brendan Connell

Mankind's sexual proclivities are like a peacock's tail whose eyes only shine towards the inside of the soul and each one of us alone knows his own desires.
—Villiers de l'Isle Adam

Father Wright was considered a model of virtue by his associates. Few men led a more pious, ascetic existence. The stern look of his chiseled features, that deliberate and aggressive swish of his garments, filled other priests with awe. Often he was consulted about sticky points in the text, matters of authority. His contemporaries considered him to be the equal of Abbot Pambo, Macarius, or John the Dwarf.

He was very fond of taking on the burden of others' sins. Eagerly, a corner of his mouth faintly twitching, he advanced to the confessional, shutting the little door behind him with actual haste. A troubled soul would darken the grate to ask forgiveness. With rapt attention the embracer of poverty listened, felt mundane breath filter through.

All too often it was some old woman frightened of her own evil thoughts, strands of greed, quaking lest they lead her to grim purgatory... As soon as the nature of her dilemma became known, he offered absolution, disdaining even to hear her out, advance the downed creature the opportunity of an audience.

And he was hardly more fond of the cheating wife. Seldom would such a being have anything interesting to say, always weeping, whining over the unsanctioned horizontal position. Adultery, cut and dry, was the general trend. Rarely indeed would those lips give utterance to admission of the rollicking orgy, the threesome, foursome.

His peccadillo, of course, was to hear the lisp of young boys. A handkerchief he kept handy to wipe the sweat from his vein-marbled forehead. He delighted to listen to the kids describe their self exploration. It was all he could do to keep from offering up an enlightenment such as Rousseau, that genius, had at an early age.

The air in his body would issue forth humid and short. Gasping, the man asked for particulars amidst words concerning the cleansing of the soul. He wanted a detailed map of the sensations, a step by step expose of all the sordid actualities.

After such an occasion his form would stumble forth, face pale and drawn, more severe and ascetic in appearance than ever. With hasty steps the way was made back to his cell, a bare chamber, a chair, a bed and a plain wooden cross. And he would pray.
Do you remember Mother, how we used to talk of what I would be? In my pajamas I
snuggled close to you, and was soothed by the breath of your sweet mouth. How did you
make your teeth so white, and lips so jungle red? If I knew this, and other secrets, the
love of orchids might last for longer than an hour.

In the fall we walked through the woods, me with my yellow suspenders, you with
your broad straw hat. The mushrooms called to us, the boletus, the morel, and how
attracted we were together, to those moist and conical caps. Do you know, it was you
who first told me, that to eat such things could be deadly? But how we enjoyed the
succulence of those that were safe and there. They were more than just a feast for the
eyes.

And have I ever told you, that still I awake, from dreams of those days, and
mushrooms?

Yes, it is true – I have far too many pairs of boots for a man who prefers to wear
sneakers. But you know mother, how much I adore the smell of leather and the grooming
of the soldier. I would lean against the trunk of a tree and examine its roots, while you,
with your little knife in hand, continued to sever the stems of the mushrooms we would
later fry in butter.
Banking on Tissue

The technician adjusted his visor and put his feet on his desk, arms stretched behind his head. His white smock had a stitched over his breast pocket, although he seldom went on ambulance runs anymore.

The intercom buzzed, his secretary rasped, “Dr. Sartorius, the president of Cleavage Tissue Bank FDIC, is on the line . . . a Dr. Kupfer.”

“Hello Bill, Jim Kupfer here. I know you’re a multi-purpose bank. We’re specialists, only take deposits from above the shoulders.

“We’ve an applicant for a right lung. Since we don’t have an organ on deposit, and are momentarily on diminished inventory, would you like to make a trade?”

“I have a question, Jim. What’s this FDIC after your bank title? Tissue banks aren’t insured by a federal corporation.”

“Oh that. It’s just window dressing. FDIC for us means Frequent Deposit Inspection Compliance. Looks good on our letterhead and we do comply with all inspections,” Jim said. “It generates a little interest for the bank.”

“Banks are supposed to produce some interest,” Bill said. “I could loan you the lung at the usual interest, prime rate plus one point.”

“No deal, inventory’s short, cash flow is impinged. We’d rather promote the barter system.”

Bill cleared his throat, “We could swap you a lung for four corneas.”

“Pass. How about one lung for two corneas and an ear cartilage?”

“I’ll see your ear but raise it one tendon and we’ve got a deal.”

“Would you consider ten square millimeters of skin instead of a tendon?”

“Done. We’ll take the lung from the freezer and deliver it tomorrow with our cadaver run to the hospitals and morticians.”

Jim said, “It’s nice to have a no cash transaction, don’t have to defend ourselves about a ‘reasonable profit.’”

“Yes. Right now we’re selling all our skin to a plastic surgeon to enlarge lips.”

“What a waste,” Jim shook his head, “should go to bum centers.”

“We picked up one stiff yesterday,” Bill started to pontificate, “an electrician who fell from a pole. He was a psychotic wife-beater, a morally worthless individual. The wife will get a tidy sum from the utility company but she’ll make significantly more from the body parts. We already have secure bids for heart, veins, tendons, skin and bone.”

“Performance returns may get to the position where a carcass goes to the highest bidder, like a commodities market, with exempt-interest dividends taken in to account.”

Jim’s finger stabbed the air.

“As the philosophers say, ‘every exit means another opportunity, an entrance,’” Bill said, his voice in his best fake-sweet voice.

“Yes, some aspects of the banking business are uplifting. Sort of overcomes the bad odor the general public perceives about our institutions. No pun intended.”

“Nice doing business with you.” Jim’s voice took on a knowing edge. “Reminds me of what President Clinton said recently, ‘What this country needs is a good five scent cigar.’”

Roger D. Coleman
Box 7073
Laguna Niguel, CA 92607-7073
Roger Coleman writes short stories in retirement. He's had several stories published; some complimentary rejections, and a passel of "not our needs." An interesting rejection said, "... Really liked your piece, but this month, we had several admissions from important people."

For forty years he owned a medical laboratory which he sold to a corporate conglomerate at the right age, and the right time, with the state of Medicare.

Since he has a working wife (Prof. of Econ.) he took over as 'houseperson.' Cooking was easy as he studied organic chemistry in college. Fortunately the Economist, not a remarkable cook, endures almost anything in his cuisine.

Coleman had published several scientific papers and worked occasionally as a forensic legal expert, while being the medical laboratory director. He spent four years in WWII as Laboratory Officer in a 750 bed hospital. In the Army he had, in addition to his other duties, the responsibility for the morgue and autopsies.

He is the author of six collections of short stories: The Oddities of Homer, Unrecorded Moments in History, The Seven Deadly Sins, Slam Dunks, Another Look at Religion, and Collected Short Stories. All personally self-published (20) for his five children and any slightly interested friends.

XXIII. Gambling

Sheila Holtz, 1981

"To enter the goddess anus is more difficult than passage of a dromedary through the eye of a needle"

9/25/99 Duke exalted on human spirit

Gambling is a powerful disease: same as a first hit the coke user felt he's top of the world above anything get away with it! For an alky: a couple of shots he thinks tomorrow is another day no problem Mamma he can stop drinking anytime he wants too and that remains to be seen! Lust is another variation the guy scores, want a trophy. The women think If the gal she hates got a man she must have him too!

Now come to gambling: once or twice the guy plays horses happen he won sound easy, he tries roulette few times he won too, look simple as he has his favorite numbers and here he goes for broke.

Cherokee Land

(Book no 5)

by Nguyen Ducmanh
The 1932nd Psalm by E.J. Sullivan*

Hoover is my Shepherd, I am in want,
He maketh me to lie down on park benches,
He leadeth me by still factories,
He restoreth my doubt in the Republican Party.
He guided me in the path of the Unemployed for his party's sake,
Yea, though I walk through the alley of soup kitchens,
I am hungry.
I do not fear evil, for thou art against me;

Thy Cabinet and thy Senate, they do discomfort me;
Thou didst prepare a reduction in my wages;
In the presence of my creditors thou annointed my income with taxes,
So my expense overruneth my income.
Surely poverty and hard times will follow me
All the days of the Republican administration.
And I shall dwell in a rented house forever.
Amen.

At the savings bank hangs a picture of a bread line and a line at the teller's window. "On which line will you be at 60?" it asks. The likelihood is that we shall be at the teller's window, withdrawing enough to pay an income-tax installment. And it is a more depressing thought than the speculation upon being in the bread line at 60.

Those who at 60 still are concerned with savings-bank deposits, are, it seems to us, the cautious and the fearful.
Life has beaten the breadliners; but the savings-bank liners probably never even qualified to enter the fight.
Sculpture by Janice Kelly, Joanne Whitehead, Wally Warren, Lester Trentmore, whose assemblage is shown above, Gretchen Lucchesi and Bern Porter will be on display throughout the summer at Porter's Institute of Advanced Thinking, 50 Salmond St., Belfast. Admission is free.

from THE LAST ACTS OF SAINT FUCKYOU by Bern Porter:

The xerographing of copyrights
The xeroxing of xeroxes
The x-ing of entries
The x-radiating of negatives
The xylographing of obscenities
The xylophoning of dirges
The xystering of skulls

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