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FALLOUT SHELTER Handbook
By Chuck West

FALLOUT Radiation MEASUREMENT

SHELTER HEATER
SHELTER LAMP
SHELTER TOILET
SHELTER FILTER
SHELTER BLOWER

Bilco Basement Doors—Always The Sign Of A Well-Planned Home

1. "In Basement Shelter"
2. "Attached To Basement Shelter"

Bilco Basement Door is ideal for fallout shelter access and is approved for this use by the Office of Civil Defense Design Headquarters. Its rugged, heavy-gage steel construction, easy operation and watertightness make it ideal for fallout shelter access. It affords a convenient stairway entrance more efficiently and effectively and at lower cost than any other type of enclosure.

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While there are four primary shelter types—on all of which Bilco Doors can be used—it is important to note that shelters may not adhere strictly to these designs, due to terrain, basements, and other physical characteristics. In all shelter types, a buffer wall separates the access stairway from the shelter itself. Homeowners who have a stairwell covered by an ineffective wooden door should replace it with a modern Bilco when their "in basement" shelter is constructed. For a new home or for access to an outside shelter, four sizes are available to the shelter builder.

How Bilco Is Applied To The 4 Basic O.C.D.M. Shelter Designs

* "In Basement Shelter"
* "Attached To Basement Shelter"
* "Outside Above Yard Shelter"
* "Outside Underground Shelter"

Every Home Needs A Bilco Door

For new homes, or as a replacement for wooden doors on old basements...or for access to fallout shelters, include a Bilco Basement Door and you automatically pre-plan your low-cost basement space for a safe, convenient, permanent storage, workroom, or man-cave area.

Bilco Basement Doors—Always The Sign Of A Well-Planned Home

Every member of your family should carry a dosimeter starting now!

SHELTER TOILET

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THE BILCO COMPANY
Dept. P.O. New Haven, Conn.

WITH A BILCO DOOR BASEMENTS QUALIFY AS "OUTSIDE" STORAGE SPACE UNDER F.H.A. REQUIREMENTS. SOLD BY LEADING LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS DEALERS.
FOR INSTANCE

WHEN THE

"elk", "elixir", "lilk" (L. lex; n. s. L. iex, prob. lit. overcoming death, fr. nek-, prob. akin to Sk. nara, to overcome; overcomes) — more at NOXIOUS, TERM —

b. elixir of life

"Variations on a Theme"

Shelia Holtz and John W. Powell Jr.
I took liberty to rearrange my kisser: photo 5 years ago... the woman behind is Lois Kogan wife of Charles Mingus III, good friend of mine!

An Accident Of Nature

166 Ong Vua (Le Roi)
by Nguyen Ducmanh

Approximate translate from the Vietnamese lingua:

Ong Vua
An tuc
Noi phet
Lap dit
That la
Ong Duc

The King?
Uncouth manner
Loud mouth
Screw in the arse
Real man
The Archduke!

Photo: "The President and the King."
Congratulations!

We’re excited to announce insurance of the additional defray.

Sincerely,
Adolph Hitler

It occurs elsewhere when Thrifty

U.S. POST-OFFICE
197
LUCKBACH, TX

PAGE 3
#9

Natasha Bernstein is the dust of my body. I seek The Real. What is a soulmate and what with the life of silence and 16 years? As great a gift coincidentally in time of p fate, this loss has hau that surpassed love, why th in a lifetime, to eternity an

Sheila

THERAPIST SEEKING

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Collecting testimonies will be published and returned to all contributors by Aug. 31, ‘00.

I am having second thoughts about very reason. I see now, today 40 hour week, my one chance at ho but 1 do not give a fuck, not even.

The difference between about what I need to write to sit down and wrote it. Perhaps a difference between whine about why they can’t;

I am a poor person. I am a I can cook a meal. I don’t to wash with. I do have th sanctum sanctorum, a room of writer and a new $6.00 r-bt

These words are a thousand years.

"Variation on a Theme" - from BAD POETRY DIGEST, D.A. Russell, editor.
THE CONTINUING TRAVELS OF
BLACK BEAR BOB!

5-27 SAT ~ 11AM (il can't
tell time because watch battery needs replaced or
water got in it ...)

I am now in SOUTH Carolina!

At a very pretty spot — "an excellent
compost," as Bartram would've written back to
his benefactor, Lord Dolegill (the guy who
gave him the virtuism) as he wended his way
through these parts 225 years ago: an
open pine/hemlock woods on the East Fork
of the Chattanooga; lovely breezes rustling thru
it; sun and shade coming & going; a fire
ring I made a fire in last night (had to modify
it — see below), and two very long, dead
tree trunks; now green, lying parallel and
nest to each other; which I am comfortably
sitting on, using one as seat and other as back
rest. WISH YOU WERE HERE, BABY!!!

Even my tent looks beautiful — it's just the
same junky hexagon dome tent (blue) we bought
in Belfast, but with a difference (for the better):
I had to throw away the 3rd cross pole because
it started to shred + was no good — the net result
is this diagram.
This is an aerial view, but does not reveal how much more pleasing the overall shape is, which now is more of a wigwam or A-frame because the sides are flattened since 3rd pole not forming arch like it did — take my word for it, it just looks a whole lot better!

As for the Campfire: Some people just don't know how to make one. You always find just these five rings, just a ring of rocks. But in order to properly cook a good meal, you must, as Horace Kephart, the wise old man of the Smokies and dean of American Campers, says:

2 large, long rocks as ANDIRONS to hold logs at least 6" off ground

2 small logs about 2" diameter and 4" apart, to lay pote on

My object is to show what I have found, not what I am looking for.

Pablo Picasso
the leaves would be red on the beautiful tree outside my window right now if the city workers hadn't hacked it down this summer. this morning i looked out my bathroom window, and there was a beautiful red leafed tree, and i ran to the other window to see the stump because i had forgotten that one was gone. that beautiful one. gone. when i heard the chainsaw this summer i went running out the door. i grew up in the woods and chainsaws are a most hateful and constant sound, as common as the birds and insects filling the air with their songs. i ran outside because i know how hateful the sound is and i can't live in denial in the city about trees in the distant forest i can't see being ripped to the ground. a chainsaw in the city makes an obvious impression on the landscape, like someone just yanked an arm off you and ran away with it before you could get used to the jagged bleeding remains. i ran outside and knew my defeat knew my hysteria and knew i wouldn't be rational or be understood before a single word came out of my mouth. i ran outside and screamed over the chainsaw WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT TREE!? the men both looked at me with their city issued hard hats a little worried by my volume and kindly stated the obvious. BUT WHY!? i asked. the chainsaw was not turned off to talk to me and he yelled back IT'S DISEASED! i looked at the tree and saw nothing much wrong with it CAN'T YOU GET SOMEONE TO HELP IT!? they both shook their heads and one yelled NOT WORTH IT! IT'S EASIER TO CUT IT DOWN AND REPLACE IT! it was so beautiful, it was so amazing, it had so much reaching overhead, all these fucking men and their fucking saws and their fucking buildings and their fucking garbage trucks and their fucking car exhaust and their fucking corned beef and their fucking dirty toe nails and their fucking bank accounts and their fucking fear and their fucking jobs keeping them there and their fucking parents raising them up into fucking savages fucking ripping the fucking world to a fucking heap of fucking shit! fuck them! FUCK THEM! it was so beautiful, the birds understood too, and a dragonfly i couldn't BELIEVE i saw one day IN THE CITY on that tree that amazing beautiful living reaching tree. well i LOST my mind and screamed over the chainsaw IF YOUR FATHER GETS A COLD I'M COMING OVER TO HIS HOUSE AND HACK HIM OUT OF HIS SHOES GODDAMN IT ALL THE FUCKING HELL! and went back inside not wanting to see their faces not wanting to know how much failure there is to love something.

Subject: Aura of Purgatory by: James I. McGovern
Date: Fri, 13 Oct 2000 12:59:16 EDT

The relationships between American culture (especially American "interests") and cultures in distant lands are generally treated at length only in esoteric journals. The general reader receives fragmentary, slanted accounts that promote simplistic concepts of foreign cultures. That another land may be as complicated as our own in terms of conflicting forces is a rarely considered possibility, perhaps because it doesn't suit our "interests." Aura of Purgatory renders this possibility in story form, with its lead character challenged to respond to the cultural complexities he encounters. This novel reflects our persistent involvement within developing nations and the aftermath of colonialism in many of them. In it, an American agent seeks personal vindication within the web of forces controlling a Southeast Asian country. He has a mission with accompanying pressures, but it becomes secondary to personal conflicts he must work out. There are elements of espionage and romance, with insights into the local politics and unique subcultures. Aura of Purgatory, by James I. McGovern, has just been published by Fithian Press. It sells for $14.95 in a quality paperback edition with attractive cover.
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