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THE OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT

NUCLEAR SURVIVORS' MANUAL

sooner or later bombs will fall. It is with that inevitability in mind that this manual is offered to the American public.

Katherine Donithorne

EVERYTHING THAT IS KNOWN ABOUT EFFECTIVE PROCEDURES IN CASE OF NUCLEAR ATTACK
3/4/01
the puddle of urine
last night is in
the air this morning

3/5/01
dreamt they
forced my face
in Kafka's crotch
it's amazing they
never noticed
i didn't resist
Kafka is dead
his penis
something
no one
knew
serious dream
is serious need
though i wouldn't
hurt a
monster

3/6/01
she said shit should never come up in a poem
and i thought how shit always comes up with
me shit is life shit is always always always
coming out of you unless you're sick or
dead and dead is as good as shit to life
crawling with every possibility how did
shit get such a bad name why is shit
everybody's dirty little secret i know
you shit i look you in the eye am
listening to what you say but i'm
thinking you'll be taking a shit
sometime today she said
don't write about shit it's
awful it's disgusting
write about the
sunny day she
said write
about how
you feel
on this
sunny
day

3/7/01
whoever invented
The Door had
their reasons but
before it
endless
the wages
due endless
imagine
endless

the most
daring escape out
of your arms

i want to hold
an original
hand

yours
will do

3/11/01

3/12/01
isn't it amazing your rectum
knows when to let go?
my rectum even rejects
people
just 1
or 2 oh maybe
3 but no need
of laxatives in
a world of
trust

it's actually
a trust of
world
my rectum once
in awhile wants
someone mmmmmm
implores

he has beautiful glasses and
gives me his number his
glasses calm
my nethers

broken branch not under
tree but carried by
stream goodbye
Mother (can she
hear my
goodbye?)

3/18/01
old friend wrote COMPLAINING
my little book costs $5
closing the letter "ART
SHOULD BE FREE!!!"

i wrote back "RENT & FOOD SHOULD
BE FREE GODDAMMIT! Art i will
gladly pay for with whatever
means i can."

3/16/01
watched my drunken
stepfather chew
tips of his
plastic fork
broken in
the meat
proclaiming "BONE
in THIS MEAT
IS GOOD FOR
THE BLOOD!"
I WANT THE NOVEL THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN IN YOU.
Many artists are victims of their art! How is that? Very simple by their production like living in a place for 20 years you would see their output plus things the artists amassed: mountains of art also heaps and heaps of junk, books, newspapers, magazines, etc... If the artist is successful he can command larger studio then no problems!

Unfortunately most artists don't have rich parents, few have art patrons and collectors, and the rest do teaching or wait table, odd job to survive!

I don't have success because my art is odd, not oriental nor Flemish neither Caravagism school not pome or fesses to epater the bourgeois also if I do erotic art and that is to annoy or insult public intelligence!

I do get respect from fellow's artist not much for because I am a good artist the point is I beat the booze! That is miracle besides no mas sucking Gauloises! Since I sober up I create more art, more of art a kind of addiction art as drug never enough of art same disease as the art collector: acquire more of art, matter of fact in 1965, I went to see an art dealer -collector who bought two time my port-folio full of drawings amount to 250 pieces!

The American disease is disease of more; more of everything, more is better no wonder I worked for a man who his favorite words is abondanza!

So I paint, I paint with vengeance to catch up my years of drinking instead of making art... Reward, people give me show because I am sober...
Life is beautiful then the unexpected come... my landlord signify me that he give
10 days to cure, remedy my place because infractions of safeties, fire hazards too much
paintings too much stuffs anyhow he will evict me within 3 months! He want me out,
obviously reason, I pay 5 hundreds a month, and after redo the flat he will rent it for 2
thousands! Of 20 apartments he had done 10 of them!

My attorney suggests I clean up the place by hiring professional people! Some
helpers, myself and these people we threw out 33 (50 gallons) trash bag. My place
suddenly looks beautiful air come in, light shine in... I can get into any corner of my one
bedroom flat... Miracle happens again, no matter what I am not afraid of the landlord , I
had changed and fight instead of committing seppuku or hang myself, as I think kick out
an 68 years old man out to the street isn't nice for what to gain few pesos of more rent.
Money is like drug never enough. I came here 35 years ago with 5 bucks now I has 6
dollars and without debt then I must do something right!

What I learned from this ordeal “bottom out” amass much stuff is fun in the
beginning then become unmanageable as we can see its in the museum basement:
tons of junk pedigree!

Waste and garbage man is global problem, America Number Uno World Power
production, that made me realize I had enough create havoc in my life now is the time I
surrender, I want nothing, own nothing, free myself of all worldly and worthies
materials! Free at last and no more of co-dependency!

Well, I’m sittin on the street, page...
Hemorrhoids and Swollen feet
I’m way too old to be your d
ouac and Burroughs...Alan G
th these fucking facial furrows
creates concern. We want to I
they do that. Once we compr
just like anyone’ who has wat
a hot slider fall low and away
as the birdwatcher does, how

Daniel Russell
you have come
you have come to know
you have come to know you Self
heal.

Boredom Ennui slipping of to thee
Looking downward as thoughts flow
Or is it emptiness do you know

If God already knows
your heart wishes to speak
May the angels deliver and keep

This prayer this heart safe from harm
And deliver me into Christ’s arms
for I have been sleeping it seems
With angels in my dreams

Crashing collapsing floating signing
Endangered angels a rare species
The love of a flower
The love water

The universe always seems to surprise us.

Sheila Holtz & Molly Brooks
By Todd R. Nelson

They thundered, those percussive strokes of my father's fingers on his manual typewriter. This is my earliest and most enduring emblem of written language, and of dad's verbal gifts. His Royal typewriter was a word engine: a gleaming black industrial mechanism, a factory of printing, hammering letters directly onto paper winding down below its shiny hood where the levers, rods, connecting pulleys and metal type lurked. It had a hood like a '55 Buick and the innards of a knitting machine.

As dad wrote newspaper stories or worked on his books at night, the soft light from his gooseneck lamp seemed to pool around his concentration. I recall the poise of his hands above the home keys, attending the next flurry of prose. As I listened from my bed, the sound of those keys striking paper wafted upstairs to my room. The cadence his certain thoughts punctuated summer twilights. It melded with the sprinklers and cicadas outside, every 10 or 15 words the typewriter's little bell sending its carriage zippering back to drag a new line of words across the page from the opposing margin.

Four-bar rest: the nonsounds of pondering, then a few phrases murmured under his breath as he tested the next passage. More thunder, then another pause to backspace and delete. This was typing, not word processing; and typing was music. Keys hit paper, telegraphing letters down into the very floorboards through the metal legs of the typewriter table. The Royal had sharps and flats, bass and treble: a staccato space bar; the timpani capital letter shift; the triangle of the pinky finger making a question mark. It had 16th notes of familiar patterns and convenient phrasing: "the," "is," "without," words which alternated hands allowing greater speed or swinging rhythm to accompany a jaunty thought. Boom, clatter-clatter-clatter, ta-ta-ta-ta-boom. Ting.

Typewriting broke the silence of the house at bedtime. Stopping and starting, back and forth, the song of text proceeding out of silence — writing, dad was telegraphing to me, was something you worked at, tried and retried. It charged my fourth-grade storytelling with the effort to be correct, clear, even stylish. And I wanted to type — fast. Stories written on a typewriter had more authority because they looked real. Over 40 years his newspaper career bridged the evolution from lead type to computer layout, and downsizing from broad sheet to tabloid. Efficiency. If I was lucky, a visit to dad's desk in the newsroom might include a walk down the hall to pick up lead-type banner headlines left over from the prior day's edition, awaiting smelting and a return to the Linotype machine as fresh ingots. This was alchemy: base metal turned to stories on paper by men who typed for a living.

My own children have never used a standard typewriter, much less the classic Royal. As they peck their way through book reports, watching their words flicker on the computer monitor, writing is television. No heft. My laptop replaces a whole newsroom and composing room as it lays the illusion of publishing at my fingertips without weighing more than a few paragraphs of the old lead type. Hundreds of fonts; any size type; bold, italic, underlined and shadow; even color; justified margins reside in its circuitry. It is the apotheosis of Gutenberg's revolution. But it has changed the rhetoric of invention: This paragraph has no living history, no record of its clinkers, deletions or verbal heritage, only a current avatar. Every text file is a palimpsest; writing and editing is
Hi, Joe! Since when are you in the mail art business?

Hi Joe! Since when was I ever a poet?

Learned how to use scissors at home. Learn
while I learn pasting, cutting, bad poetry by Y#.

Sounds great! I hear terrible poets make real money these days!

You said it! I may even open my own idiot shop when I graduate.

Radio Free Baghdad sent me this swell box of sex toys. It's part of my course!

What a deal, I'm finding out about this bad poetry digest zine today!

I'm going where the summer fires have gone sweeping through the dark like brooms.

Bern Baby/Christopher Robin

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PEACE TO THE WORLD AND PLENTY TO THE POOR.