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BOMB by Gregory Corso

Toy of universe the mace the flail the axe
Catapult Da Vinci tomahawk Cochise flintlock Kidd dagger Rathbone
Ah and the sad desperate gun of Verlaine Pushkin Dillinger Bogart
And hath not St. Michael a burning sword St. George a lance David a sling
Bomb you are as cruel as man makes you and you're no crueler than cancer

All Man hates you they'd rather die by car-crash lighting drowning falling off a roof electric-chair heart-attack old age old age 0 Bomb
They'd rather die by anything but you Death's finger is free-lance
Not up to man whether you boom or not Death has long since distributed its
categorical blue I sing thee Bomb Death's extravagance Death's jubilee
Gem of Death's supremest blue The flyer will crash his death will differ with the climber who'll fall to die by cubra is not to die by bad pork
Some by sea and some by man in the night
If there are deaths like witches of Arc Scary deaths like Boris Karloff
No-feeling deaths like birth-death sadless deaths like old pain Bowery
Abandoned deaths like Capital Punishment stately deaths like senators
And unthinkable deaths like Harpo Marx girls on Vogue covers my own
I do not know just how horrible Bombdeath is I can only imagine
Yet no other death I know has so laughable a preview I scope

A city New York City streaming starkeyed subway shelter Scores and scores A fumble of humanity High heels bend

Hate whelming away Youth forgetting their combs
Ladies not knowing what to do with their shopping bags
Unperturbed gum machines Yet dangerous 3rd rail
Ritz Brothers from the Bronx caught in the A train
The smiling Schenley poster will always smile

Impish death Satyric Bomb Bombdeath
Turtles exploding over Istanbul
The jaguar's flying foot soon to sink in arctic snow
Penguins plunged against the Sphinx
The top of the Empire state arrowed in a broccolli field in Sicily

Eiffel shaped like a C in Magnolia Gardens
St. Sophia peeling over Sudan
O athletic Death Sportive Bomb
the temples of ancient times their grand ruin ceased
Electrons Protons Neutrons gathering Hersperian hair
walking the dolorous gulf of Arcady
joining marble helmsmen entering the final amphitheater
with a hymnoy feeling of all Troys heralding cypresean torches racing plumes and banners
and yet knowing Homer with a step of grace
Lo the visiting team of Present the home team of Past
Lyre and tube together joined
Mark the hotdog soda olive grape gala galaxy robed and uniformed comissary O the happy stands
Etherial root and cheer and boo The billioned all-time attendance
The Zeusian pandemonium
Hermes racing Owens The Spitball of Buddha
Christ striking out Luther stealing third
Planetarium Death Hosannah Bomb
Gush the final rose O Spring Bomb Come with thy gown of dynamite green unmenace Nature's inviolate eye
Before you the wimpled Past behind you the hallooing Future O Bomb
Bound in the grassy clarion air like the fox of the tally ho
thy field the universe thy hedge the geo
Leap Bomb bound Bomb frolic zig and zag
The stars a swarm of bees in thy binging bag
Stick angels on your jubilee feet wheels of rainlight on your bunky seat
You are due and behold you are due and the heavens are with you hosanna incalenscent glorious liaison
BOMB O havoc anaphomy molten clefs BOMB
Bomb mark infinity a sudden furnace spread thy multitudinous encompassed sweep set forth awful agenda
By DOUG GLASS, Associated Press Writer
MINNEAPOLIS (AP) - Poet Gregory Corso, one of the circle of Beat poets that included Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, has died. He was 70.

Corso, who had prostate cancer, died Wednesday, his daughter, Sheri Langerman, said Thursday. He had been living with her since September, she said.

Born in New York's Greenwich Village, Corso was the author or co-author of more than 20 collections of poetry and other works. Ginsberg discovered Corso in the 1950s. Corso's first poems were published in 1955.

One of his best-known works was the 1958 poem "Bomb," an ode to atomic weapons in the shape of a mushroom cloud. "Know that the earth will madonna the Bomb/ that in the hearts of men to come more bombs will be born/ magisterial bombs wraped in ermine," he wrote.

Among his collections of poems are "Gasoline," "Elegiac Feelings American" and "Mindfield."

He remained active up until his death, recording a CD with Marianne Faithfull at his daughter's home, Langerman said.

Corso was born March 26, 1930, to teen-age parents who separated a year after his birth. His own biographical notes in a compilation called "The New American Poetry" give a sample of his style and the early hardship of his life:

"Born by young Italian parents, father 17 mother 16, born in New York City Greenwich Village 190 Bleecker, mother year after me left not-too-bright father and went back to Italy, thus I entered life of orphanage and four foster parents and at 11 father remarried and took me back but all was wrong because two years later I ran away and caught sent away again and sent away to boys home for two years and let out and went back home and ran away again and sent to Bellevue for observation ..."

At age 17, Corso went to prison for three years on a theft charge. After his release in 1950, he worked as a laborer in New York City, a newspaper reporter in Los Angeles, and a sailor on a boat to Africa and South America.

It was in New York City that he first met Ginsberg, who introduced him to contemporary, experimental work.

Maria Damon, an English professor at the University of Minnesota who has taught Beat literature, spent a week studying under Corso at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colo., in 1977. While Corso was lesser known than Ginsberg and Kerouac, he deserves no less recognition, she said.

"I would say that he was very gifted, also undisciplined, which is part of the beauty of Beat writing," she said. "He was very well-read but not from formal schooling. He put things together in a highly romanticized way."

Michael Skau, author of a 1999 book on Corso, said Corso was a media favorite when the Beat movement exploded in the 1950s because he was "the prototype of a bad boy."

"He was very disruptive whether it was a social setting or a literary setting, very antagonistic even toward his closest friends," Skau said. "Ginsberg tolerated behavior from Corso that made Ginsberg look like a saint."

Corso was married three times. Survivors include five children, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, Langerman said.

Funeral arrangements were not final, but a service was planned in Greenwich Village, with burial in Rome, Langerman said.
by the fire, his boots off and his stocking feet twitching with pleasure, a pipe clamped between his teeth. He loved to gossip about the family—the schemes Leah had!—the woman was ingenious—and Ewan’s behavior—and Hiram’s problems—and what Elvira said to Cornelia—and what Lily’s growing children were up to: the children were all growing up so quickly. Matilde laughed, but said little. She was deeply absorbed in her work. Noel complained of the swiftness of time’s passing but Matilde could not agree. “Sometimes I think time hardly passes at all,” Matilde said. “At this end of the lake, at least.”

The quilts, the enormous wonderful quilts! —which Germaine would remember all her life.

Serendipity: six feet square, a maze of blue rags, so intricate you could stare and stare and stare into it.

Felicity: interlocking triangles of red, rosy-red, and white.


Made for strangers, sold to strangers, who evidently paid a good price for them. (“Why can’t we buy one of them,” Germaine said to her grandfather, “why can’t we take one of them home?”)

Celestial Timepiece was the largest quilt, but Matilde was sewing it for herself—it wasn’t to be sold: up close it resembled a crazy quilt because it was asymmetrical, with squares that contrasted not only in color and design but in texture as well. “Feel this square, now feel this one,” Matilde said softly, taking Germaine’s hand, “and now this one—do you

harder even than sewing quilts. It was especially difficult to get the correct number of balls for each stripe.) In the living room there was an aged wood-burning stove, made of iron; and Matilde’s bed, a plain four-poster with white ruffled skirts, a cornhusk tick and feather bed on top, and one of Matilde’s quilts for a counterpane. The high hard goosefeather pillows were covered with starched white cases edged with handmade lace. Germaine often napped on this bed, with Foxy curled up close beside her.

“Why can’t we come to aunt Matilde’s to live,” Germaine asked querulously.

“You don’t want to leave your father and your mother, do you?”

grandfather Noel scolded. “What kind of talk is that!”

Germaine put a finger in her mouth, and then another; and then another. And sucked on them defiantly.
for gregory corso poet (1930-2001)
goat-boy gregory
puppet of god
clown of heaven
disembodied inebriate
dead but never gone
it began on a goddamned doorstep
that cackle
that whinny of a laugh
satyrlic grin
one of my favorite holy madmen

Obituaries

Gregory Corso, 70, a poet of Beat era

ASSOCIATED PRESS
MINNEAPOLIS — Poet Gregory Corso, 70, one of the circle of Beat poets that included Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, has died.

Mr. Corso, who had prostate cancer, died Wednesday at North Memorial Medical Center in Robbinsdale, his daughter, Sheri Langerman, said yesterday. He had been living with her since September; she said.

Mr. Corso was born in New York’s Greenwich Village on March 26, 1930. His mother, who was 16 when he was born, abandoned him and returned to her native Italy, and he spent the greater part of his childhood in foster care in 1955. Mr. Corso was the author or coauthor of more than 20 collections of poetry and other works.

One of his best-known pieces was the 1958 poem “Bomb,” an ode to atomic weapons shaped on the page in the form of a mushroom cloud. Among the lines are: “Know that the earth will madonna the Bomb/that in the hearts of men to come more bombs will be born/magisterial bombs wrapped in ermine....”

He perfected a rhythmic, incantatory technique that made his poems especially effective when read aloud. Typical are these lines from “Destiny”:

When the Messenger-Spirit comes to your door...
Religion is useless.

People are useless.

I'm sure hope poetry isn't.

Congratulations!

You made it to the next millennium.

I think Corso was one of the best of the poets of that period. He understood the language. But writers have no business being critics, so whatever I think was essentially worthless. Instinctively, though, it seemed to me to be the best of the lot.

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I think Corso was one of the best of the poets of that period. He understood the language. But writers have no business being critics, so whatever I think was essentially worthless. Instinctively, though, it seemed to me to be the best of the lot.
1-28-2001 Dear Sheila,

Once upon a time a nagual man who had invoked the Fire Within, and remained in his physical body, discovered he had many extraordinary privileges, among them, besides extreme longevity in excellent health, were the four winds.

Ordinarily four different women fulfilled that concept as set forth in the Rule of the Eagle, which had been in existence since the dawn of time, and was both a map and law that could not be disobeyed. They were the four different types of female personalities that exist in the human race.

The first is the east, because that is where Light begins. Her predilection is order. She's optimistic, light-hearted, persistent like a steady breeze.

The second is the north. Her predilection is strength. She's resourceful, blunt, direct, tenacious like a hard wind, dangerous when provoked to anger.

The third is the west. Her predilection is feeling. She's introspective, resourceful, cunning, sly, a cold wind that blows away everything that is undesirable.

The fourth is the south. Her predilection is growth. She nurtures, but is somewhat shy. She is warm, like a gentle wind in the night.

As regards these four types of females, this new and different nagual man decided he could probably personify them within himself, a strong departure from the ways of the past. Likewise he figured he could personify within himself the four different types of male energies: First, the scholar, who completes his tasks, whatever they are. When he gives you his word, you can depend on him. Second, the man of action, a poetic, humorous, and fickle companion. His life is a magical web of surprises. The third is the man behind the scenes. Nothing can be said about him because he allows nothing about himself to slip out. He is the arranger, the composer, often and always in secret, the prime director. Last is the courier, the perpetual quiet-minded assistant who does well if directed, but who always gets into trouble when he is on his own.

In the year 3350 this new Rule, which was formerly of the Eagle, and was Seen as a black eightball because the man had within him a gang of eight different energy configurations, was widely accepted. Many women and men copied that nagual man. But after a while he began to feel that something was lacking. He had lived so long, only in present moments, that he longed to have an official past. So in yet another departure from the old Rule of the Eagle, without having to die physically, he reincarnated into the best of all times, 65 years before the turn of the second millennium. And that's why and what for of Daniel A. Russell.
LAY OF THE LAND
By David Nielsen

The Big Blue Mint Eater had Rugburns on his Knees. The Big Blue Mint Eater had come to see the Lay of the Land on a Mountain Top, and he showed his Knees to her. The Lay of the Land did not think it Fair, because she did not have any Rugburns at all. The Knees of the Big Blue Mint Eater were Red and Raw. The Lay of the Land gave the Big Blue Mint Eater a Bandage for his Knees. The Big Blue Mint Eater held the Bandage between his Fingers. The Lay of the Land asked the Big Blue Mint Eater where he got his Rugburns and How. Her eyes grew wide as he told her in his Child’s Voice. She had to find this Place. The Big Blue Mint Eater satisfied her that Night in a Movie Theatre. She took him to a Barn and gave him a Mud Bath. The Farmer found her in the Morning after Breakfast. He brought her into the House and gave her Rugburns.

Bio:
I work at a Living History Museum. I was born in Illinois, raised in Florida, and I've been in Virginia for the past 3 years. I like the dirt roads, and I enjoy exhibiting a Hick Attitude. My Grandfather made me Guzzle a Beer when I was six years old. “A real Nielsen would Guzzle that Beer,” he’d said. This upset my Mom, but my Grandpa and I agreed that she and Grandma just didn’t get it.

Sincerely,

David Nielsen
Carrion stars, charnel planets, carcass elements, corpse the universe, tee-hoo finger-in-the-mouth hop
Over its long, long dead hor.
From thy disabled matted spastic eye
Exhaust deluges of celestial ghouls.
From thy appallingly tomb
Sweat birth-ghosts of oh great worms.
Rip open your belly, Bombs
From your belly outlook vulgar salutations.
Battle forth your spangled hyena finger Stumps
Along the brink of Paradise.
O Bomb, 0 final Pied Piper.
Both sun and firebowl behind your shock Waltz
God abandoned Mock-nude.
Beneath his thin false-tale's apocalypse.
He cannot hear thy flute's happy-the-day Profanations.
He is spilled life into the Silencer, a warty ear.
His kingdom, an eternity of crude wax.

Clogged clarions untrumpet Him.
Sealed angels unsing Him.
A thunderless God: A dead God.
O Bomb, thy BOOM His tomb.
That I lean forward on a desk of science.
An astrologer dabbling in dragon prose,
Half-smart about wars; bombs, especially bombs.
That I am unable to hate what is necessary to love.
That I can't exist in a world that consents
A child in a park: a man dying in an electric-chair.
That I am able to laugh at all things,
All that I know and do not know thus to conceal my pain.
That I say I am a poet and therefore love all men,
Knowing my words to be the acquainted prophecy of all men
And my unwords no less an acquaintanceship.
That I am manifold.
A man pursuing the big lies of gold.
or a poet roaming in bright ashes.
or that which I imagine myself to be a shark-toothed sleep: a man-eater of dreams.
I need not then be all-smart about bombs.
Happily so if I felt bombs were caterpillars.
I'd doubt not they'd become butterflies.
There is a hell for bombs:
They're there where I see them there.
They sit in bits and sing songs.
Mostly German songs.
And two very long American songs.
And some more very long American songs.
Poor little Bomb that I'll never be.
An Eskimo song: I love thee.
I want to put a lollipop
In thy furcal mouth.
A wig of Goldilocks on thy baldy bean.
And have you skip with me Hansel and Gretel.
Along the Hollywoodian screen.
O Bomb in which all lovely things.
Moral and physical anxiously participate.
O fairylike plucked from the grandest universe tree.
O piece of heaven which gives both mountain and anthill a sun.
I am standing before your fantastic lily door.
I bring you Midgardian roses: Arcadian Musk.
Reputed cosmetics from the girls of heaven.
Welcome me: fear not thy opened door.
Nor thy cold ghost's grey memory.
Nor the pimps of indefinite weather.
Their cruel terrestrial shaw.
Oppenheimer is seated in the dark pocket of Light.
Fermi is dry in Death's Mozambique.
Einstein his mythmouth a barnacled wreath on the moon-squid's head.
Let me in: Bomb, rise from that pregnant-rat corner.
Nor fear the raised-broom nations of the world.
O Bomb, I love you.
I want to kiss your clank: eat your boom.
You are a paean, an aume of scream.
A lyric hat of Mister Thunder:
O resound thy tanky knees.

http://www.litkicks.com/Texts/Bomb.html

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