1-2002

Bern Porter International: Volume 6 Number 3 (February 1, 2002)

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Recommended Citation
Porter, Bern; Holtz, Sheila; and Bernstein, Natasha, "Bern Porter International: Volume 6 Number 3 (February 1, 2002)" (2002). Newsletters. 31.
http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/porter_newsletters/31

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STOP Wasting Your Life
Bpinternational!

You are losing thousands of hours of your life EVERY YEAR simply because you are working for someone else. Wouldn't it be wonderful to get all those hours back to spend with your family and friends. How about earning twice, if not ten times as much money as you do now... from home?

There is a way, and I want to share it with you right now!
Click Here Now To Change Your Life!
"All Girl Band"

My all girl band is in trouble. Not musical trouble, not financial trouble, not boy trouble, not even the trouble of looking like beautiful vampires every night and every day. We have simply done something wrong. We do not know what it is, and I am sure we did not mean to do it. Nevertheless, we are in trouble.

My father looks at me nervously. How can I be so white-skinned, ebony-haired, red-lipped and ethereal, when my mother, at my age with the same face and body, was suntanned, golden-haired, peach-lipped and earthbound? I believe I make him nervous. Yes, I make him nervous, and it's about time.

I am back in our old house, bad house, in my old room, changing clothes. What does one wear to jail? I am frightened.

The other three "Four Whores of the Apocalypse" arrive and we console one another. As we walk through the family room past the loud football game my father looks at us without moving his mouth or turning his head, glass and rubber bands between his eyebrows. As I say good-bye he nods once, chin down, hold a beat, chin level. That is all.

We climb into the red Ford Fairlane, slide our own CD into the player and sing. I know through the terror in my stomach that we have never been so on, so hot, so perfect.

Of course we are right to turn ourselves in.

--Utahna Faith

---UtahnaFaith@aol.com
To: bpinternational@hotmail.com
Subject: Submission: "All Girl Band"
Date: Tue, 18 Dec 2001 07:07:21 EST

War

Continued from Page A1
The anarchists’ tour of Philadelphia

BY SUSAN PHILLIPS
Special to the Press/Review

The 500 block of Pine Street exudes affluence and patriotism. Flags and late model cars abound. Property values reach into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet just 100 years ago, this block and the surrounding neighborhood housed some of our nation’s most radical anarchist activists and their projects.

Several times a year, local anarchist historian Bob Helms conducts a walking radical history tour of Society Hill’s radical past. Helms, who says he’s completely obsessed with anarchist history, has conducted his own primary source research on the subject and wants to set the record straight. “I try to demonstrate that it was a respectable activist scene,” says Helms, “with some of the brightest and respectable people involved – as it is today.”

Helms says that the anarchist movement thrived from 1890 to 1919 with its high point in 1911. Before the tour moves on, Helms explains anarchism in a nutshell. “Anarchists include a wide range of people,” he says. “But the common idea is that there is no place for a government in civil society. We take responsibility for our own lives and communicate so effectively that we don’t need other people to make our decisions for us.”

“How would anarchists provide for roads?” asks one participant. Helms responds: “Each industry organizes independently to accomplish a task.”

Just a few doors down from the Wooden Shoe, at 514 S. 5th Street, sits the Rich City Chinese Restaurant. Helms says this building housed the Colonial Café, an anarchist hang-out where police arrested Chaim Leib Weinberg in 1908 for incitement to riot. Weinberg spoke no Italian, yet the rioters were Italian immigrants who did not understand Yiddish.

De Cleyre delivered a lecture in 1907 entitled “They Who Marry Do Ill,” which Helms incorporated into the pamphlet “On Marriage” in 1993. When de Cleyre was shot by a student in 1902 while waiting for a trolley at 4th and Green streets, says Helms, she refused to identify her assailant. “She said he needed care, not prosecution,” says Helms. “She was compared to Jesus in the newspapers.”

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The tour draws to a close at the Wooden Shoe, at 514 S. 5th Pine Street, from 1910 to 1911. Helms says this house is currently occupied by the Radical Library of Philadelphia. The tour culminates at the Wooden Shoe and involves the tour of Philadelphia’s twenty-five-year-old anarchist bookstore. This month’s tour drew a crowd of about twelve people, fringe and non-fringe, eager to discover the hidden history of Society Hill.

The tour begins at 508 S. 5th Street, home of Wooden Shoe Books and Records – Philadelphia’s twenty-five-year-old anarchist bookstore. This month’s tour drew a crowd of about twelve people, fringe and non-fringe, eager to discover the hidden history of Society Hill.

The doorstop of the bookstore reads “Forward.” Helms explains that the socialistic Yiddish language newspaper, entitled Forward, was housed here from 1905 to 1919.

Samuel Gompers described the anarchists as a “fringe group.” But, as Helms points out, they were not fringe people of their time. The anarchists are foolish, riff-raff, fringy people,” said Helms. “It’s not true, it never was true.”

Helms says the majority of Philadelphia anarchists were poor immigrant Jewish cigar-workers but many worked as doctors and pharmacists. The tour should give the lie to the concept that anarchists are foolish, riff-raff, fringy people,” said Helms. “It’s not true, it never was true.”

The tour begins at 508 S. 5th Street, home of Wooden Shoe Books and Records – Philadelphia’s twenty-five-year-old anarchist bookstore. This month’s tour drew a crowd of about twelve people, fringe and non-fringe, eager to discover the hidden history of Society Hill. The doorstop of the bookstore reads “Forward.” Helms explains that the socialist Yiddish language newspaper, entitled Forward, was housed here from 1905 to 1919.

The tour draws to a close at the Wooden Shoe, at 514 S. 5th Street. This building housed the home and business of Philadelphia playwright and insurance salesman David Apotheke. Apotheke’s anarchist politics got him expelled from his native country of Lithuania at the age of twenty-four. Anarchist meetings took place here including the last public appearance of German anarchist Johann Most. Most, says Helms, persuaded the “cult of dynamite,” which aimed to end capitalism by blowing it up — perhaps the most raging legacy borne by modern-day anarchists.

Eager to stress how the anarchist tradition lives on in Old City, Helms points to the garishly painted storefront just a few doors down from the former Apotheke residence. “Petishes Boutique was started by an old Wooden Shoe volunteer,” he says. “Buy your books at the Wooden Shoe and buy your corsets at Petishes Boutique.”

Submitted by Black Bear Bob
Prince produces Penobscot Pole Project

True to his nature, artist Prince is thoughtful and modest, even self-effacing, about his work. He takes all comments in stride, seemingly enjoying in his quiet way the positive, suffering no discomfort at the negative. He struggles at times to find words to accurately express himself and offers written statements to be sure he has articulated to his satisfaction what he believes about his work.

In one such statement, which he refers to as a self-critique of the work he calls "Penobscot Poles," he writes, "It's not a great work nor is it big and bold. It might be a bit too minimal, but it's all right. It's got nice lines and parts of it are quite dynamic. It works well with the site. It's got a whimsical elegance. It's simple. It is what it is, but it goes beyond 'just poles stuck in the ground.' It satisfied my intentions. It works for me and from initial reaction it works for others."

He goes on to observe that for still others who might not choose to think of themselves as art critics, the installation can work "when presented as unpretentious 'yard art.'"

Sitting at a local restaurant last Friday with Gretchen Lucchesi, one of his art teachers from 20 years ago at Unity College, Prince speaks of his hypothetical audience and confesses to her, "I don't know what they make of it. It becomes something they've seen. It's part of their day." This much alone seems to satisfy him.

"Somebody came down the road in their pickup this morning while I was there," he goes on to relate. "This guy was asking me, 'What is this for?' I told him, 'Wait til you see a five-year-old interact with it.'

You can see what it's for then. He bought that answer."

Indeed, Prince believes, public art is nothing if not an interaction between the public and the art. "This sort of thing," he says, "isn't art, it's the gallery. It makes art accessible."

Lucchesi, whom Prince credits with introducing him to the concept of outdoor "site-specific" installations, sculpture and other such art, clearly appreciates what her former student has accomplished. She particularly likes the way the last four poles veer off to the right as they approach intersection with Front Street. "It's like it's flicking its tail," she says. "It's quite charming, a flirty kind of thing."

Around 1981, Prince was in a class of hers that went to a pasture in Clinton which the artist James Pearce had landscaped with a series of grass-covered mounds. Afterwards, the students went to Colby College to hear Christo, the artist who has long dominated the world of site-specific art. Prince found himself readily drawn to Christo's work which has ranged from a fabric curtain lunging across a canyon to an effort to pave a small island with pink polyester.

In particular, he was "fascinated" by the artist's "Running Fence," which once extended across 24 miles of California landscape. At the same time, he admits he was "horrified" to learn the genesis of Christo's art, a state job in his native Bulgaria in which he was assigned to create a false reality of pastoral life along the country's rail corridors that included phantom farms, non-utilitarian fences and artificial haystacks. "My thoughts and perceptions were jolted," he recalls.

As one of the privileged few students at Unity College at a time when federal grants temporarily swelled its art department to five fulltime faculty members, Lucchesi reminds Prince of an installation he helped her with behind Mount Battie in Camden involving a 158-foot rope triangle and a lot of white felt.
Nonetheless, in the years since then most of Prince’s art until now has been of the more common variety—smaller, portable, more enduring—mostly collages, mostly strips of painted or colored papers.” A bridge to the expansive, however, has been certain large projects and outdoor happenings that, strictly speaking, have had a more theatrical nature about them. Here he credits Mary Weaver with showing him what was possible. He especially recalls “the last outdoor spectacle I rigged for her” one Halloween night sometime in the early 1990s. This was a 12-foot-tall fire-breathing dragon fueled by piles of hardwood cutoff ends from the old Matthews Brothers window mill which, somewhat prematurely, immolated itself in what is now Heritage Park.

The spatial relationship of verticals has been a recurring theme in Prince’s art, not least in his latest work. “I look back over my work of the past 20 years and it’s mostly about vertical lines, rods, bars and the like,” he says, adding, “I get this fixation with verticals—and the space in between them, the negative thing.”

Prince did a tour with the U.S. Air Force in Thailand and a stint at Kingsborough Community College in his native Brooklyn, N.Y., before eventually drifting to Waldo County in 1975. He lived in Montville, for a time in one of the communes that sprang up there, and in 1984 settled in Belfast.

“I didn’t have much contact with the site while it still housed Penobscot Poultry’s operations,” says Prince. “I started walking around the derelict chicken plant after it had been closed awhile.” He recalls how silent it was, the desolation only broken by “burdock and Queen Ann’s Lace and a wonderful high school mural on the plant wall along Front Street.”

After the plant was razed, “the empty Matthews Brothers mill dominated the landscape. It also offered a good thunderstorm shelter under its green wooden delivery shed roof. I watched a comet fly overhead one spring from the darkened shadows. At times, the area became a sanctuary, a place where nobody was or wanted to be, for the most part, except me.”

When the remaining structure was also razed and the resulting expanse seeded over with grass, Prince says he found the change radical and even disorienting. “For awhile I avoided the place because I didn’t know what to make of it. At first it was an area of rapid clearing and transformation. Then I started to wander back and since then I’ve walked and run the bare spine of the land, where the drainage berm crosses, dozens of times. I started to feel familiar with the place again.”

It has been this familiarity that over the past year has nurtured Prince’s dream for “Penobscot Poles.” “It was so featureless, bare and under-appreciated,” he says of the expanse. “It’s been such an accretion, a site in prolonged, suspended transformation—an unfinished project. Except mostly for people walking their dogs, it’s been a place to look out to something else. Therefore, it was so ready and pliable for a project like this.

“I was always attracted to that berm and I was thinking about some sort of statement. Russell was doing something with poles so there were poles around. There hasn’t been much difference between the initial inspiration and the eventual project as a rejection to his first inspiration, a structure based on the Golden Measure, the classic three-to-five ratio of dimensions. “I thought that would give the piece a too stable, too grounded appearance rather than the mobile, rolling-along sense of motion achieved with the circle-based approach,” he explains.

Producing this effect has been a more subtle exercise than a casual glance might suggest. Another of Prince’s teachers at Unity was Leonard Craig. His work with Craig culminated in a thesis project on cycloid curves. These are the curves traced by a point along the radius of a circle as it rolls along its circumference. This experience led him to consider the immutable constant in the relationship between the length of a circle’s radius, hence its diameter, and its circumference.

He then calculated a progression of lengths for the poles ranging from eight to 12 feet above ground. By using the length of one pole as the diameter of a great imaginary disk, he was able to roll it forward in his mind’s eye one full revolution. At that point the next pole was installed.

“At the beginning the poles increase in height as they proceed up the short incline portion,” Prince explains. “They grow tallest as they crest the top of the rise, then gradually decrease in height—a smaller circle creating shorter spacing—to give the feeling of rolling more quickly down the slope.” His intention, which he first tested to his satisfaction with models, is to convey a moving, rolling feeling, one he believes is further enhanced by the actual slopes at the site.

Prince chose to use a circle-based concept for his project as a rejection to his first inspiration, a structure based upon the Golden Measure, the classic three-to-five ratio of dimensions. “I thought that would give the piece a too stable, too grounded appearance rather than the mobile, rolling-along sense of motion achieved with the circle-based approach,” he explains.

continued on next page
The idea for "Penobscot Poles" has been a long time germinating, at least since last fall when excitement ran high for public art as evidenced by the then-novel Belfast Bears. Despite one city councilor’s initial suspicions aroused by the dates which were selected prior to Sept. 11 and what relationship they might bear to those events (the poles went up on 11/1/01 and will be up for 11 days), the city and MBNA each gave permission for their respective portions of the property to be used for the installation.

“I wanted to do this project after the leaves had fallen from the trees, after Halloween, after the full moon, after the Belfast Bears,” says Prince. “At the same time, I wanted to do it before the cold and wind, before the snow, before Thanksgiving.” As he sees it, the poles lend themselves to the sense of transition between seasons. At one and the same time, he points out, “they indicate the bare trees of fall and the promise of spring ahead.”

Prince admits, “I was intrigued by the dates, how the numerals themselves suggest so many verticals.” He refers to the beginning of the installation last Thursday, on 11/1/01, the fact that it will be up 11 days, and that it will be removed next Sunday, on 11/11/01. He addresses the Sept. 11 issue thus, “Well, if we think of this date as a watershed of sorts—the end and beginning of something—then this work represents my work, my ambition, my competence and my priorities in this new time. We come together, as viewers seeing new creation, in a new framework, with new thoughts and feelings.

“My thoughts about the project in the days following Sept. 11 were that these poles were about putting things up instead of seeing things come crashing down.”

Prince has been reluctant to see his poles transformed into a series of flagpoles, as tether points for things like balloons and banners. The surveyor’s tape has been merely a minimalist flourish to provide a focus, a
There is something alien about this way larger than life, inflatable object, incongruously placed amid this pine forest for couples to pose against and for what other purpose? The mystery is not so much in the object, so familiar to so many in more manageable, real life sized aluminum cans, easily held in one hand at 12 oz or 355 ml, markings clearly visible on the turned slightly to one side, Budweiser King of Beers labels, the heads of the older couple posed among the trees and brush just below the King of Beers line, barely covering script describing natural ingredients: rice and malts suggesting that this held in place by guy wires can is roughly twenty feet tall: a drinker's dream or is it a nightmare? unyielding the contents it advertises, surgeon general's health admonition discreetly hidden by the shade of evergreen trees.

The late author Ken Kesey, who knew the Beatles, once remarked that the great creative lesson of the 1960s was this: "There is room. We don't all have to be the same. We don't have to have Baptists coast to coast, we can throw in some Buddhists and some Christians and ... Irish leprechauns. There is room, spiritually, for everybody in this universe."

George Harrison taught us all about the notion of room — spiritually, musically, philosophically. It's not so important if he failed to convert us. It's more important that he expanded our capacity to see and feel, to consider a new way to experience the world. Can any artist ask to achieve anything more meaningful?

Submitted by Daniel Russell
It's In Our Nature.

ZEN OF THE BLUE GOOSE

fuck the war effort lady
fuck the war
fuck war
but
win
the fuckwar effort
for yourself

I drive a one-ton F-350
I fight the gearstick daily
I stand on the goddamn clutch
goddamnit I
get a fucking paycheck
and spend it on
non-war fun

I am an American hotshot truckdriver
I can run on either the front tank or the back
full of diesel fuel I
push her to the limit always
but
I
don't
go to war

Daniel A. Russell 1-15-2002

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Bernstein & Holtz, Eds.
Bern Porter International
50 Salmond Street
Belfast, ME 04915 USA