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DON'T PUBLISH THIS POEM

Platas frutas. I'm
shitting in the collectivo, talking
to a guy from Vancouver on a
3 month swing from Seattle
on the Green Tortoise hippie
bus to San Diego, then Baha
& boat over to Puerto Vallarta
with a rent free 3 month swing.
I wipe my butt again, wash
at the communal sink &
have coffee, what's
left of fruit.

Joel Lipman

FUCK! seeks highly original short poems on any subject and art that will photocopy
well. Payment in small unmarked bills. No return without SASE. FUCK! is
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(Not everyone who sorts the mail is possessed of the literary pretentions that
render the word "fuck" inoffensive.)
competing concepts
babbling in Sheila's
brain in Belfast

1995 Version
by Beltane Bob
Keep it Simple.

Updated 2002 Version
by Sheila
How Many Times Can the System Repeat Itself Before the Metaphysical Takes Over?

If we say it's so, is it so? (Foolish question from an earlier time.) The portion of emptiness then takes over with exciting developments in inventory management. Echoes of the film *The Mole People* (who gets the slave girl?).

When did the automobile first take on the semblance of life? Surely it was before the voices were heard calling for more drivel ("We're NPR listeners!" they exclaimed).

Note the omnipresent camera. Note the webs of radiation. The science fiction shorthand notation of the digital world, tossing in its wake irrelevant questions like who is being herded down the chute. Are these the scantily clad women in trouble station?

Apotheosis of the cell phone; there used to be a name for it. And what part of me has been sent to the voice message system? Date stamp. Time stamp. Is it so because we say it is so? Snapshots of the administrative clown language. Snapshots of people with large plastic heads. Call it by its name.

How many times can the system repeat itself before the metaphysical takes over? How do you find your way? The voices again, calling for more products. Supply a date please, supply a time. Repeat.
Behold the High Priest. Not the daily Catholic sex scandal variety but the Babylonian type. He lives under the ground; he likes it that way. Then the voices were heard...the bizarre clown language of business. Enjoy adventure of fresh start in new direction. Fancy name changers. Bring on the scheduling software, bring on the cross-referencing function. Again, the kicking in of an electric motor, its humming whir. (MM/DD/YY).

You could be asked to tap dance said his horoscope, harking back to earlier technology; and so as Elaine Equi once asked, do we live in our beer commercials or merely in front of them? Echoes of the film *Devil Doll*. Repetition. Repetition. Self-replicating circuit creature a plus. The very fact of the system's noticing seemed to turn emptiness into illusory entity. Next up, announces CNN, “American Stories” (picture of a black man in prison).

My enemies have stolen my other heart.

Numbers. GPS. Global Positioning Satellite. Is that how you find your way? “Turn right in one quarter mile.” Perpetual turns to the right until you find yourself chasing your tail like a dog (an option as trivial as it is socially appreciated and commercially beneficial). The whole world as clever camera work. Look, it’s International Noise Awareness Day! The League of the Hard of Hearing has responded.

What?
Who will stop this escalating cycle of violence wails the besuited fat man with crocodile tears. Capital accumulation. Household appliances. The winning numbers for today are...

Imaginary bowling. Typography for the yawning content hole. It's fun to be hip.

If we say it's so, is it so?

End

As for my background, I'm the author of a more linear work, the novel *The Event* (Domhan Books, New York, 1999) as well as the poetry collection *Now Hiring Goons* (Words on Paper, Detroit, 2002). I am also co-author of the East of New York column on the Web del Sol web site, co-editor of the *Electronic Literary Arts Newsletter*, and author of many short stories — several of which have been published in Italian, curiously enough. I'm also a nice guy.
Philadelphia doesn’t mean old British settlement servants flip the table

grab a fly by its little fly liver

prepare for the arsonists of love got my ginger ale and pretzel

smile not dormant on the street

I’ll be arrested for indecent exposure if I love this city more
c’mon sweetheart! let’s run away to america from here!
golden piss we made of our piña coladas besides it’s the other way around you don’t kill time

3/6/02

3/8/02

my grandfather very drunk raised his middle fingers overhead pointed four times to the four directions

"now what the FUCK was that!?" my granny inquired

for years they waited in their jungles for canned ham peanut butter it’s true

for one you want in torn atlas my america a million possible worlds but we choose to feed the rich

3/15/02

keep emailing Cher’s website "did I dream it or was there an Andalusian rooster on The Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour strutting across stage while you sang to a three year old Chastity?” what’s the big deal why doesn’t she get back to me how hard is it to write yes rooster no rooster
Entry Fee: $15.00  Deadline: June 15, 2002

Call For Original Scripts.

**Theme:** Anything 15 minutes or less “in a city park.”

The fifteen minute or less festival is searching out original writers and original writer/performers.

Winning entries will be fully produced, professionally directed, and performed before a large audience.

All scripts must run fifteen minutes or less, be typed double spaced on 8x10 white paper, numbered pages, the name and address of the author on the first page, the title on all pages. Videos are accepted if you are entering original music or movement. Please send three copies of script and the fifteen dollar fee with each entry.

Send Entries to: The Fifteen Minute Festival
PO Box 1090
Belfast, ME  04915

For more information go to: www.15minutefestival.com
About Us: by Stephanie Abbott

We are about to celebrate our first full year in our own home, at 111 high street in Belfast (next to the dance studio). However, the group has been around for about two years and so have a few of its members. Others have been around about a week, as we are always welcoming new members. The group is composed of teens and young adults and led by poet Barbara Maria.

Wednesday evening writing session.

What started out as a small creative writing group soon erupted into a mass of ideas in media as well as writing. Over the past year the group has produced six Public Service Announcements (PSA's) for "Listen Up!" - a nationwide youth media campaign. Presently, we're working on two new PSA's that deal with gender and child abuse issues. You can view our web page on the Listen Up! site at www.listenup.org/risingsound/. We would encourage anyone interested in this process to stop by and visit us.

We have done many performances over the past few years and will be hosting another sometime this spring, in which we'll present our new feature Explode-A-Poem. We're also excited about attending a tea at the Blaine House on April 23rd to celebrate poetry month.

Rising Sound
by Joshua LeMay

Distant beat that teases senses.
Higher siren of one's mind.
Slower rhythm, closer fences,
Drum breaks louder in its kind.
Answer not the question spoken,
look inside what's inner found.
Fix the section you deem broken,
Then give way for Rising Sound.

Storyboarding a PSA.

terrorists in U.S.

PEACE TO THE WORLD
AND PLENTY TO THE POOR.

Bernstein & Holtz, eds.
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