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America the Unbeautiful
If President Bush refuses to change himself, we must do it for him
by Bianca Jagger

George W Bush has abdicated the leadership role America once enjoyed. He has walked away from his international obligations, tearing up international treaties like the Kyoto Protocol and ABM treaty, which, however imperfect, have helped bring peace and environmental protection. The least we can say is that he has embarked on a dangerous journey. Why?

The answer is corporate payback. This has been the defining trait of President Bush’s administration. His election was a straightforward capitalist venture for the energy corporations. Oil, gas, coal and nuclear companies are the power behind Bush; together, they donated more than $50 million dollars to put him in the White House. As soon as he was elected, it was payback time and Bush declared the Kyoto Protocol on reducing carbon-dioxide emissions dead and buried.

The message was: 'US corporations have the right to pollute the entire planet. The people and the environment don't matter.'

To come into force, the Kyoto Protocol needs to be ratified by 55 of the 180 or so nations that negotiated it. In addition, the countries which sign up must together be responsible for more than 55 per cent of the world’s greenhouse-gas emissions. So, if Japan, Australia and Canada follow the US and don’t ratify, as they are insinuating, the treaty is dead. Some argue that the treaty is dead anyway without the support of the US, by far the largest polluter.

That is unlikely to come. Bush still questions the scientific evidence that links fossil-fuel emissions to climate change. He calls the treaty 'fatally flawed', 'unworkable' and claims the targets are not based on science. He proposes more research, even though 1,000 of the world’s top climate scientists already believe we are heading for disaster.
LIFELONG AMBITION

All his life Lingus McCarthy had wanted to see the movie, 'The Titfield Thunderbolt.' Then one night it was scheduled, very late of course, on his local TV station. He bought two six packs, and had three bowls of popcorn for the event. But at two A.M. he discovered the movie was about a goddamn Limey train.

Raymond Mason
Oakland CA

NEIGHBORS

These neighbors were the worst churls in the world: rude, arrogant, selfish, dishonest, stupid. They were so bad that when their dog, Nadia, came into her first heat, no one showed up.

Raymond Mason
Oakland CA

ACADEMIA

The aging professor, secure in his ivory tower (and tenure), was most distressed with modern poets and their vulgarity. If he could have had his way he would have liked to see their obscenities thrust firmly up their rectums.

Raymond Mason
Oakland CA
Mail Art Project

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Free size and media.

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USA

AND IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, THE ACME RENT-A-CAR COMPANY RECENTLY INSTALLED A SOPHISTICATED G.P.S. TRACKING SYSTEM IN ITS FLEET--AND BEGAN CHARGING CUSTOMERS $150 EACH TIME THE SYSTEM CAUGHT THEM SPEEDING...

BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME AS A SMALL BUSINESS OWNER, I HEREBY FINE YOU $450! LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU, YOUNG MAN!

AND THANKS FOR CHOOSING ACME! WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS!

OF COURSE, PROponents OF SUCH TACTICS ALWAYS JUSTIFY THEM IN THE NAME OF PUBLIC SAFETY... AND ANYWAY, IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING WRONG, YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...

SIR, YOUR G.P.S. CRANIAL IMPLANT PLACES YOU AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH AT 12:07 P.M. YESTERDAY--CROSSING AGAINST THE LIGHT!

JAYWALKING IS A CRIME IN THIS CITY, SIR! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US!

WE'VE ALSO GOT SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR RE CYCLING HABITS.
The Continuing Story Of Stuart Knox...

Stuart Knox looked into Adam Click's eyes. They were cold and steady. He looked past the lanky body to the front door hoping, for possibly the first time in his life, that someone would enter his store. He tried to pull his hand free but, Adam Click wouldn't allow its release. Adam Click brought his left hand up to his waist and pressed the green button where his belt buckle used to be.

Among the unflinching look in his eyes, Stuart also could sense an immediacy in there. Stuart lifted his left hand to use it as leverage on the counter to help him release his right hand from Adam's grasp.

"Please... Mr. Click," he strained to get out. "I have work to do." Stuart staggered forward expecting his counter to support him. Adam released the hold on his hand slipping his arms around Stuart so that he wouldn't end up on the floor.

"Yes, Mr. Knox. There is work for you to do. I certainly hope that you don't charge by the mile for your house calls." Stuart Knox looked around the white room as he stepped away from Adam Click. It was a small room only eight feet square with one door.

"What have you done!" he yelled, tossing his hands up to his head. "I've brought you to fix our clock. It stopped running this morning and it's imperative that it is fixed as soon as possible."

"How do I get back to my store! This is kidnapping!" "If you'll follow me, Mr. Knox. I'll explain the situation to you as we go." He turned toward the door. "Open," he said. The door listened and slid aside. He walked through with Stuart close behind him.

"You live in Philadelphia located on the planet Earth. Now on Earth you measure time by how long it takes your planet to revolve around your sun. That's selfish time or timekeeping only concerning a single planet. No offense is meant by the term, Mr. Knox."

"None taken," he said, still following him. Not exactly sure what he had managed to get himself into.

"If your planet survives long enough you'll realize that your galaxy revolves around other galaxies so that when all the suitable planets in your galaxy are populated you'll be able to have community time. This is so that all the planets will be on the same time plane. Eventually, you will work your way up to universal time and be in the same time plane as all the planets in all the galaxies which rotate around one given point." "You mean the center of the entire universe?"

"You're catching on, Mr. Knox. Well done. And that would be Zulaiaram. Where you are now."

Stuart didn't have any idea where Zulaiaram was. And he had few intentions of seeking this information from Adam. He studied the white corridors he was being led down for a stairway, exit sign, or fire door. As one white hallway came to an end that's where it cornered to the left to begin another hallway.

"We are almost to the time room. Unfortunately only living beings can be transported in the travel warp. Otherwise, I could have brought the clock to you. For this reason, I had to bring you to the clock."

"Why me? Why not someone else?"

"Your planet is the only one that has clocks in the entire universe. So to find out the time everyone checks with me."

"Couldn't they just check with Earth?"

"They could. But then they'd have to use a tedious conversion rate to attain the universal time."

"Right," said Stuart in disbelief.

At the end of the seventeenth hallway was a door. The only one on the long walk. Stuart wondered how someone who could travel through space couldn't invent a cart to drive down a hallway.

"Finally. The time room, Mr. Knox. The exact center of our planet."
I hope there's a chair on the other side of that door. I need to sit down.

"Open," commanded Adam. The door slid aside and they entered the room.

Stuart stood at the center of the small room, slightly larger than the one he had been transported to earlier, and looked around. Against one wall was a chair next to a small table with a streamlined rectangular receiver on it. Directly across from the chair was a narrow banjo clock, round top with a dial above a tapered body leading down to a rectangular bottom, hanging on the wall. Like the first room there was only one door. Stuart walked over to examine the clock.

"It's a beautiful clock. An Aaron Willard."

"Yes. I know. Here's the key, but it's fully wound." Stuart took the key from him. He hoped the movement would respond to fresh oil since he was transported without his tools. He opened the clean glass door to the face of the clock. Bent pins acted as holders for the hand painted metal dial. The tapered pin pushed out of the small hole above the clock hands with a little pressure from his thumbnail. With the tapered pin out the clock hands came off easily. He placed the hands along with the small pin and washer on the table next to the key.

"Has this clock ever been serviced?" he asked, turning the bent pins away from the dial.

"Not since it was brought here a few hundred years, your time, by the creator." "God!"

"No, Mr. Willard."

"Sorry I asked." He placed the dial carefully on the table next to the hands.

"Yes," responded Adam into the small receiver he lifted from the table. "I don't know. It stopped. Either hold off on planting your crops or wait until it's fixed... Sorry." He placed the receiver back down.

Sometimes I wonder how these people survived before we had time.

"Time is like a good poem, Mr. Click. The words have always been out there, it just takes a poet to put them in the right order."

He removed his oiler from his shirt pocket and placed small drops of oil in the wells where the pivots met the plates. "This is usually easier to do with the movement out of the case. But I don't have a screwdriver."

...Next newsletter the conclusion....

A Poem for you by Jeff

Let me lay the rules down for you. Simple and quick I keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / BUT FIRST depending on what you are reading this from / A book? Computer? a note from a friend? you most follow the instructions and place this poem (I guess it is a poem) on the floor directly in front of you! OK?

Good now lets begin shall we I keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / are you fuzzing in the head? I kick one foot out / now kick one in / lets twist again / now close your eyes / lets start again simple and quick keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / keeping your eyes shut / spin around spin again / now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

one now keep in time with the music keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / are you fuzzing in the head? I kick one foot out / now kick one in / lets twist again / now close your eyes / lets start again simple and quick keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / keeping your eyes shut / spin around spin again / now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

two three now keep in time with the music keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / are you fuzzing in the head? I kick one foot out / now kick one in / lets twist again / now close your eyes / lets start again simple and quick keep your arms straight out / spin around please don't get sick / keeping your eyes shut / spin around spin again / now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

Three

four five six now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

five six seven now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

seven eight nine now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

Eight

nine ten eleven now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

Ten

 eleven twelve now if you listen real hard I know you can here a slow jamming rhythm beat in your head. Its making you smile and you just keep your eyes closed and move your head slowly up and down up down and you hear the words are we ready to sing together? come on... it will be fun all you know... LET'S GO!

Twelve
BEFORE IT'S LIGHT

LYN LIFSHIN POETRY READING AND BOOK SIGNING
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Lifshin gets better
surpasses herself.
“She’s nobody but
of a kind.” San Fr.

Lyn Lifshin wake
“Those poems are
Lyn Lifshin’s “The
Laughing Blues,”is
movement...”
Alicia Ostriker

“These poems evoke in fantasy, but with a lot or anthropological
detail, the voices themselves singing .... that is very pleasing.” Peter
Schjeldahl, New York Times

“A must read.”Mary McKinney, Woking, Surrey, U.K. Check

As of today, new poems, details and updates.

280 pages

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For poems, bio, photos, reviews: www.lynlifshin.com

THAT AFTERNOON AN

unreal amber
light 4 o clock the

quietness of
oil February blue

bowls full of
oranges we were
spreading honey, butter
on new bread our
skin nearly touching

Even the dark wood g

Wyatt Catina
143 Furman Street
Schenectady, NY
12304
Finding what other lines, in other happenings. Hunt Hawkins' "Jean-Paul Sartre in the Bathtub": one.

Knowing full well that no one else could take it for me. "The act of bathing, however, is my own. Therefore I regain myself in an indifferent tub."

Sartre gets out of the tub and dries himself, happy for being/ Sartre again after/ a difficult bath.

It is hard not to laugh out loud at such a poem. Some of the poems are intense and some are just plain goofy. Some are both, but all are worthy of a read.

The quality of the poems is a testament to why the journal has survived fifty years, a feat accomplished by only four American poetry magazines. Although Beloit's poems flit through fashions and traditions and back again, there is a sturdiness about the book as a whole. The sturdiness comes from the quality of the poems, whose authors include Adrienne Rich, Gary Snyder, William Carlos Williams, Ursula Le Guin, Joyce Carol Oates, Gwendolyn Brooks and Charles Bukowski.

The diversity of poems and diversity of poets that has always appeared in the journal also appears in the compilation. Stocking says in her introduction that the journal has been called "the neutral zone," a place where literary extremes could cohabitate in peace.

So it goes here. The Beloit keeps its tradition of being the Switzerland of literary journals. It has Bukowski and it has Philip Larkin. It has Sherman Alexie and it has May Sarton. It has Anne Sexton and Galway Kinnell.

The book reads as proof to the belief of the creative spirit and the range of modern poetry. It is also a testament to the fact that there are indeed twentieth century masters out there.

The Beloit Poetry Journal has applauded many of these magistrates of poetry and it continues to do so not only in this book but in the journal itself, discovering new artists, supporting struggling poets, and applauding the continuing efforts of old friends. In short, the book proves, as the journal does, that poetry is not dead. It is not even close. Anyone who doubts need only pick up "A Fine Excess" and discover a fine excess of reasons to believe in poetry's life.
Repentance is “a change of mind” that is brought to your heart by the Holy Spirit through God’s Word; this causes you to turn from your sins, dead religion, and works to trust Christ alone.


“But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.” John 1:12

Don’t put this off – do it now!

“. . . Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation.” II Corinthians 6:2

“Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.” Isaiah 55:6

“For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Romans 10:13

Wherever you are right now, tell God that you are a lost sinner, ask Him to forgive you of your sin, and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior. Claim salvation by Faith.

“For by grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: It is the gift of God: not of works lest any man should boast.” Ephesians 2:8 - 9

YOU MAY PRAY THIS SIMPLE PRAYER, MEANING IT WITH ALL YOUR HEART:

“Dear Lord, I know that I am a sinner, but I am sorry for my sins. I believe that the Lord Jesus died for me, and with all my heart I turn from my sin and receive Him as my Saviour right now. Thank you, Lord, for saving me! Amen.”

This is God’s way of salvation according to His Word. Many times men fail to keep their word, but God never fails to keep His Word! Take God at His Word. Don’t trust your feelings.

Kaz Girls

FIRST YOU HAVE TO MAKE LOVE TO MR. FUZZUM.

COSMIC CONNECTIONS

Peace to the world and plenty to the poor.

Bernstein & Holtz, eds.
BERN PORTER INTERNATIONAL
50 Salmond Street
Belfast, Maine 04915

- A December Newsweek story reported that some female entrepreneurs can’t change their underwear fast enough to fill all their customers’ orders (at $10 to $30 per pair, used, a price presumably kept down by supply and demand, in that there were at least 400 such sellers on the eBay Web site before restrictions were placed). For example, “Michele,” a 28-year-old Floridian, buys brand-new panties by the case, gives them free to her girlfriends, and retrieves them daily from their dirty-clothes piles for resale.