Bern Porter International: Volume 5 Number 15 (August 1, 2001)

Bern Porter
Sheila Holtz
Natasha Bernstein

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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

ernoPORTER INT'L

Dear Bern Porter,

Enclosed are three poems. I saw your entry in DUSTBOOKS.

I am one of the leftovers from the San Francisco Renaissance of the 1950s. At the time I was writing novels for Fawcett Gold Medal and stories for the Hitchcock magazine—one of which was used for the TV show.

Now I write only poetry. Have had poems accepted by many zines in the last three or four years.

Sincerely,

Raymond Mason
30 Saroni Court
Oakland CA 94611-1415

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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 stumbled 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 housecalls."

Stuart 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 Zulerairam. Where you are now."

Stuart didn't have any idea where Zulerairam was. And he had few intentions of seeking this information from Adam. He studied the white corridors he was being led down 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 other 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."

He enjoys the time to imp...
"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."


"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 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 the small pin and washer on the table next to the key.

"Now if you listen real hard I know you can hear a slow jamming reggae beat in your head. It's 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! as good you know... LET'S GO!"

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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! as good you know... LET'S GO!
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...Next newsletter the conclusion....
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Aalter And Pashon

Ray Catina
143 Furman Street
Schenectady, NY
12304
By Carrie Cicciotte

ELLSWORTH—Fifty years of anything calls for a celebration. Fifty years as a thriving literary journal that has in its time published some of the best poems of the century calls for a party, a jubilee, a riotous revelry.

So when the Beloit Poetry Journal reached its fiftieth year, the editorial board planned its own kind of party—a book. Not just any book but a compilation of the best poems the journal has published.

In her introduction to "A Fine Excess, Fifty Years of the Beloit Poetry Journal," Marion Stocking of Lamoine, the journal’s editor, writes that originally her editorial board picked 1,200 pages of favorite poems. They “whittled” them to 409 pages of exemplary poems, organized by decades.

The might and range of all poetry hinges on both the poet and the reader. It depends on what they each want from the poem and whether or not they will let their expectations happen. So many of the poems in the collection can meet the readers’ expectations of a poem that it is almost impossible to single any out.

Some poems are themselves aware of what drives people to read poems, among them Denise Levertov’s "The Secret," published in the sixties.

Two girls discover/ the secret of life/ in a sudden line of poetry/ I who don’t know the secret wrote/ the line. They/ told me/(through a third person) they had found it/ but not what it was/ even/ what line it was. No doubt by now, more than a week/ later, they have forgotten/ the secret,/ the line, the name of the poem. I love them/ for finding what/ I can’t find,/ and for loving me/ for the line I wrote/ and for forgetting it/ so that/ a thousand times, till death/ finds them, they may/ discover it again, in other/ lines,/ in other happenings. And for/ wanting to know it/ for assuming there is/ such a secret, yes/ for that/ most of all.

Not all of the poetry insists on such secrets. Take, for example, Hunt Hawkins’ "Jean-Paul Sartre in the Bathtub":

"I took this bath consciously/ excluding all alternatives/ and knowing full well/ that no one else/ could take it for me."

Sartre turns the spigot for more hot water.

"The tub, though, does not care/ who uses it. It was made/ for anyone."

Sartre reaches for the soap.

"Even so, I do not become related/ with the others who might have/ used it. The tub denies/ my individuality without/ putting me in community."

Sartre washes his legs.

"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.

"A Fine Excess"

Aptly Honors Beloit’s 50th

Review

"A FINE EXCESS:
FIFTY YEARS OF THE
BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL"
Edited by Marion K. Stocking
2000, The Beloit Poetry Journal
Foundation, Lamoine, Maine.
423 pages, $15

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Olga Rezvaya
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!

“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.

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 from their dirty-clothes piles for resale.