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On the Feast Day of Saint Francis, a peace rally was held at the Federal Building in Bangor in response to the bombings in New York and Washington. Although we grieve the loss of life and loathe the terrorist actions that occurred on September 11th, we do not feel that war is a solution that can bring justice or resolution. During the rally we sang songs of solidarity and peace.
Desire

I want a rain-cut diamond, she said, give it to me in my lily palms
Oh they are grasping, flowering, like a sea anemone, thirsty,
Oh do not let my white hands be stained with tears.

Baleen

Oh my baleen heart you have divided for me
the long white grasses, the deep red sea,
you died for me and I cannot forget.
You are washed upon my moving memory, a touch,
glowing, threadbare, pulsing like the wind through.
Barreling and adept I made my blazing way to you
by the rosèd palm, slick and sweet,
and I am a sift to sort you. I want to bring you out of the lipping waves to the ripple
to the surge, to the swell and cast you into the divine, to wreathe you in my fingers of smoke.

Day After

My fingers are snapping like pitchfork tines
my mouth is burned dry with the gasoline of memory.
Every word you ever wrote for me
is sewn into my skin with hot wire.

I ached. I opened. I forgot.
When the fire went inside
I was so hungry I liked it

My skin is singed in every place you touched me
The rain burns when it hits -
every secret place that you found in me is charred.
The smoke burns my eyes.

Flute

Out of the velvet of innocence I rise
Clean as carven bone.
White as the finger of an angel,
and as hollow,
the wind blows through me,
through my open body.
I am naked, aching
with my own emptiness.

As you bring me to your lips
As your hands cover me
As your breath fills me,
I sing.

From: joelle@ulster.net
To: binternational@hotmail.com
CC: joelle@ulster.net
Subject: Poetry Submission
Date: Tue, 26 Feb 2002 21:12:11 GMT

Version francaise:

Sucer les tetons
Monter la conasse
Trou du cu : minette
Pitie moi , O Dieu!
Anus, dominus
Mon beau salopard.

English version:

Suck the boob
Grind your mould
Ream the ebon
Oh my God!
Now up the labyrinth
You mother fucker!

Religion is for whom afraid of hell; spirituality is for whom been in hell/ Ducmanh
The working people and the people who've been totally trashed by this system (the un-working people) want war. They are being squeezed, jammed, slammed, crushed, manipulated, made fools of, worked to death or denied work since the first day they stepped in a school and each day worse and worse. Generations of people, squeezed an increment more every hour. And yet told they should feel lucky because someone in another land or in the past is/was worse off.

They Want War.

Since the true enemy is so big, it's invisible; since the true enemy poses as a loving parent or tough guardian it has channeled the warrior instinct of the people away from itself and onto others.

You will never win over a squeezed and pissed off people with a campaign of "peace."

Many of us have verbalized and seen bold evidence that the entire system is deadly. But to most people, that word "System" is an abstraction. War on the System?? It isn't something which gives relief.

Think about relief. Burps give relief. Orgasms give relief. Chewing up crunchy or meaty foods gives relief. Punching somebody gives relief.

But nice little honor student style processes do not give relief to a people readied for war.

An oppressed people demand something viscerally satisfying.

War is the only answer.

It is either WAR on the soldiers of the system of institutionalized-assembly-line-ized-robotized-desolate-commercialized-mega-mammon-controlled society which occupies our learning centers, our media, our capitol, or WAR on the World (as directed by the soldiers who occupy all these institutions of our lives.)

War or War.

In psychology we call that an avoidance-avoidance situation.

And boy have we Avoided it. For good reason. War sucks.

Contrary to rumor, I am not a warmonger. I'm not a lover of violence. I have guns and ammo, but I am a very nice lady who has no faith, no beliefs, no ideals. Only a continuous big question, and a deep love for the human critter, an unconditional love. "Radical Forgiveness" the Reverend Billy calls it. But with that kinda love comes some awful truths.

God, The Spirit, Mother Nature, Earth, Mars, the Moon, the Universe are not about Love and Peace ... Love and Peace are Mammal Desires, Mammal Moments. God and Mother Nature are, as I understand, something far beyond understanding, far more complex than we created-lings will ever imagine.

The real job of revolutionaries is to bring about radical change within the limits of Mother Nature and God and the Spirit and the laws of Gravity and various other forces. We waste our time when we try to fix Mother Nature. We get stalled on ideals.

Ideals are natural too. But when they are made by people who won't recognize Mother Nature's boundaries, she is going to laugh at them, and the thousands and thousands of working class people will laugh too.

Rage won't go away with the words "Think Peace."

When you are oppressed, Peace means jail or drugs or drunk. Or maybe suicide. You understand being restrained. Or zoned out. But you cannot understand an abstract peace.

There has to be war.

Our population has been many human bombs ready to go off, bombs with faces painted on them ... each of us a bomb ... ready ... set. Those who offered to light our fuses have won and we feel the great relief of exploded rage.

The Peace talkers have lost.

Please, even if it is against your personal nature to want war ... and I understand that ... but please, at least look the wicked truth in the eye, face it square on.

Although I see danger in pacifism (in Pacifying), I respect Pacifists and envy them. I envy all people who believe in an ism. I see the gleam in the eyes of all people who have hope.

And I'm not trying to bash Pacifists. I am pleading with pacifists, with all active citizens to understand that certain things are in the System's ballpark right now.

Most flagwavers are not people who stare long hours at grey print. Their gifts are in other things, being wonderful and loving parents, making things grow or float or fly, building and repairing, and creating communities as perfectly tight and safe as a hornets nest is to the hornets. Them I also envy.

Anyway, they are not reading about government corruption and imperialism. They are starting at TV.
Dear Sheila, a scholar's report which BPI might find interesting.

I've been working 60-hour weeks and moving my assemblage point to the degree that I'm in the world but not of it anymore. Which I realize doesn't make rational sense, but neither does the chaos of our modern world. Therefore I have found another entirely different civilization into which I will reincarnate for my next life after this body dies.

That other probable world of humans is on a planet which is mostly desert, and of course they've always wondered how their world got to be that way. And in their year 3001 a group of lucid-dreaming archeological scientists, while considering an artifact one of them had dug up out of the Western Desert, an expanse of sand fifty times bigger than our Sahara, were completely surprised when I burst through their time floor and announced, "I know what that is. It's a San Francisco street sign."

I have to note here that none of them knew what a time floor was, or that such a phenomenon could be transcended, especially in the way that I did. Which was inadvertent: I had completed a dream sorcery to command the consciousness of laser-sonic technology of our world, "Thou shalt not violate, thou shalt not kill." Which has a story behind it. To wit, that in 2640, American out-of-body (psychic) spies stole the secrets of laser-sonics from the Russians, turned it into weaponry and started a war with Japan to force them to give back California. But the hyperspace bounce cannon were flawed, and set fire to the atmosphere. Which required tectonic bursting by the planet starting at Richter Scale 25 to produce enough steam to put the fire out. And of course this was the fall of Atlantis that everyone had consigned to the far distant past, but it really had been in our future all along. Atlantis turned out to be the American Atlantic seaboard: New England, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland--turned over and sank beneath the waves, as did California, the Philippines, Guam, Wake Island, and all of Japan including North and South Korea.

Suffice it to say that since I found this out I've been a time traveler, I've searched for a better world than this one. I may have found it in the humans of 3001 of a desert planet. I've been attending their meetings of Dream Art scientists. I've become a Dream Archeologist in that world.

As I told them about San Francisco I became good friends with Gilberto-Anthony, a 16-year-old who was highly accomplished in dream telepathy. Enough that we could relate to one another via the first and second attentions. And I was respected and revered because of my expertise in the third attention. Which has not happened in this world, where people talk about the three attentions, but nobody really knows much about them. Those who do are largely ignored by the confederacy of dunces who rule the publishing world. I have to go to work now. More on this later.
"You have to think it, old man, or it won't exist," said my friend Gilberto-Anthony about how I would convey knowledge of the future to the people of Planet Earth, which he conveyed to me by dream telepathy during our first interface at a conference of Dream Art scientists on the desert planet called Pegasus' Star because it shined so brightly when seen from that constellation by Hiram Botticelli, now deceased, an advocate of star travel via the second attention.

Note that star travel in the second attention was abandoned in 2204, when it proved to lead nowhere but back to the home world. However, the name stuck. People liked it better than Centorum (accent on the first syllable), a term of antiquity meaning center of life, but a world of arid wastes (with a watery atmosphere that could be farmed by means of wind traps, which was discovered in the mid 1900's).

Dear Sheila, I'm going to stop this translation due to time constraints, and move on to other matters. I've known all of the above since 1985, but never bothered to translate until now. There was no reason. And nobody on Planet Earth except me seems to care very much about it.

The confederacy of dunces I mentioned on page one are the so-called New Age publishers, who require submitted material follow a limited format. The reading public must be fed milk-toast, pap, and babyfood.

When I first discovered the truth about the fall of Atlantis I knew immediately that hardly anyone would believe me if I told them. So I kept the knowledge mostly secret.

My penpal Madalon Logue wrote from L.A. that since I'd made contact with the consciousness of laser-sonic weaponry, it might appear a lot sooner than 2615. And so I decided on the dream sorcery I mentioned on page one. I brought along my oldest son Benjamin to formulate a workable device, my oldest daughter Thea as a witness, since she's the aide soul in the family, and Madalon Logue, who showed up in a Green Goddess outfit.

Ben showed me an enormous pedal on a shaft sticking out of a dream device so complicated I refused to try to understand it.

"You work construction," he said. "You like to play with levers and things. Give it a go."

And I jumped onto it with both feet. The pedal depressed under my weight, the command machine was activated, and I was catapulted upwards through several dream floors into a meeting of Dream Art scientists who were considering a relic one of them had dug in while in the waking state in the Western Desert of the planet, Pegasus' Star.

Note that Benjamin's specialty is the construction and finding of devices and techniques of all kinds. It was he who found the technique of skull-opening called Horn Of Unity in 1981 when I was within twelve hours of losing my body. He had found a world where horses were the evolved dominant species, as are humans on Planet Earth.

I get that my actions in 1985 have merely delayed the fall of Atlantis until 2640, when it originally happened; but at least I did something about it. And now I've begun to translate my encounters via dream telepathy with Gilberto-Anthony.
"The Mark of the Beast" -- Yah, Man! (As Ringo would say)

And who is there to defeat the Beast? Only small, communal, co-operative, sustainable Eco-Villages knit together by common purpose to act as counter-examples, can save us from the Beast. There is but one hope, and that is it.

Speaking of Revolutions... I had said I was reading Tale of Two Cities. Did you know that there is this quite remarkable character in the novel named MADAME DEFARGE, who, every time she appears in the story, is just knitting? She is the wife of the wine seller, DeFarge, and they live in the paris suburb of Saint Antoine on the eve of the French Revolution. He is very impatient and wishes the revolution would get started and wants to do something to provoke it; but she is far wiser than her spouse. For she knows that the Inevitable is Inevitable. That is why she is seen knitting all the time. Each stitch is a moment closer, another step on the road. She knits with the implacable faith of a John the Baptist. Just passing the time til the Sea Rises, and the fire Consumes;

"I TELL THEE," SAID MADAME, EXTENDING HER RIGHT HAND; FOR EMPHASIS, THAT ALTHOUGH IT IS A LONG TIME ON THE ROAD; IT IS ON THE ROAD AND COMING; I TELL THEE IT NEVER RETREATS; AND NEVER STOPS; I TELL THEE IT IS ALWAYS ADVANCING;"

"IT DOES NOT TAKE A LONG TIME TO STRIKE A MAN WITH LIGHTNING," SAID DEFARGE

"HOW LONG." DEMANDED MADAME COMPOSEDLY,"DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE AND STORE THE LIGHTNING? TELL ME."
Spring on Canfield Street

Neighbor: “so yer gonna smoke that cigarette and ride yer bike?”

“nah, I’m not feeling that ambitious today, think I’ll just walk it for awhile . . . .”

A guy walks by me with his eyes closed

I stoop to pick up a dime in the street and as I look up, I notice that it must be spring:

the whores are in bloom

NEED

It’s economics, I think

why she stays with him

why he’s allowed to hit the children that are not his

it’s economics why he does drugs in front of them

that’s why he watches her when she goes to the bathroom

“I need him,” her mother says

“he works”

writer: Christopher Robin
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Hey you, take a puff without contrition.
You too, take a puff for nutrition.
Due to increased taxation
each cigarette inhalation
will save thousands from starvation.
Though in lawful obligation
abstain from public exhalation.

Will smokers have an inhibition
to support a revenue condition
which targets them for exploitation?
Without their contribution
of cash and self pollution
its not a lasting solution.

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PEACE TO THE WORLD
AND PLENTY TO THE POOR.

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