3-2002

Bern Porter International: Volume 6 Number 6 (March 15, 2002)

Bern Porter
Sheila Holtz
Natasha Bernstein

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/porter_newsletters

Part of the American Literature Commons, Art Practice Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Porter, Bern; Holtz, Sheila; and Bernstein, Natasha, "Bern Porter International: Volume 6 Number 6 (March 15, 2002)" (2002). Newsletters. 60.
http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/porter_newsletters/60

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Bern Porter Collection of Contemporary Letters at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in Newsletters by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby. For more information, please contact mfkelly@colby.edu.
Emperor Zilch #001

Emperor Zilch said:
Weaponry.
I said:
What?
He said:
Tyranny.

He said:
Weaponry will lead us
to liberty and freedom.
I said:
But.
I said:
Have we tried
something else?

Teloque animus praestantior
omn.

If the whole world thinks
Mr Zilch
exactly as we think
do you believe that would be
an improvement?

#5400
George Gott
410 E. 2nd St.
Superior, WI 54880

Teloque animus praestantier omin.
Mentality is more excellent than weaponry.

Aqalani #033

It is a waste of time
this changing of winter to spring
for Chamisa will not notice
as it means nothing to her.

Here I am with the corn,
here I am with the beans,
here I am with the idea
of peace and of war
among the uncertain arroyos.

And Chamisa knows far more
than I will ever know
of such obvious things
as sorrow and joy.

But there is no summer
in her heart or her soul
for me and my Chimayo.

#5401

Satori 0191

What are we today:
The dews of Adashino
slowly come and go.

#5402
"Hear no evil-speak no evil-and you'll never be invited to a party!"  Oscar Wilde

I see him grasping from his tower
they should quit it from Hell steal
She pecking her silver spoons she took them
from a little starving tomen without guilt go ahead
you help its groom
her suitcase will be empty soon
walking for peace
I found an african prince

I wish he was asleep as the blood poured from his mouth
among the numbing
wrapping curling around
fingers with his last life as I took him
for sacred martial at
Gypsy elf rock
Zylo

Stop the destruction of our forests

Molly Brooks

Clean up make up grow up  Herad in the rehab
Paragon of luxury is after making a poop ... have someone wipe your ass. Duke
It is better to have a steady income than to be fascinating. O. Wilde

Nguyen Ducmanh

Andrzej DUDEK-DÜRER
ARTIST
METAPHYSICAL TELEPATHIC ACTIVITY
Ul.Kołbuszewska 15/1
53-404 WROCLAW Poland
ph.+48/71/3613195
FAX +48/71/3625225
E-mail: andudur@friko3.onet.pl
andudur@usa.net
On the surface, it is your standard story of a clothes designer who finds a creature (guess who!) definitely not from HERE who totally turns her life upside down. But what it really explores is the warm playing erotic small sexual messy fun turned-on reality between two people ... an ice cream cone melting throughout life!

INTER-RELATIONS

P.O. Box 11445
Berkeley CA 94712

For more information call:
510-526-7585
email: fmoore@eroplay.com
http://www.eroplay.com
Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived an old man ironically named Friend. He expressed his uniquely unlovable nature in the form of pointed and querulous missives to all concerned.

This is the tale of one such document. First created on a dreary winter afternoon, and what became of it after that.

After careful research, a first draft, and then a nap, the author brought the document downstairs to dinner with him, intending to refine it still further as he ate.

Although that scribe would never admit it, the food-service at the residence was quite good.

A moment's distraction to savor his creamy kiwi torte lasted well past the elevator and by then it was too late.

His waitress cleared her station quicker than a windshield wiper: picked it clean and unobserved, the all-important document.

Lips pursed, half-smiling, Old folks, she mused, always leaving something other than a tip behind.

Flipped it to her boss the food-service manager (hereafter FSM) who glowed with malicious joy to have obtained by delicious chance (unknown to him, of his own baking) the secret, handwritten plans of the condo's most nefarious complainer.

Within three minutes of its being lost and found, three other members of the staff, including the security guard, found themselves contorted with intense spasms of laughter, in one case, actually to the point of tears. Such was the awesome power of The Document.

In an angry panic now at home, the author frantically dialed up the house manager, shrilly demanding to be let back in the now-locked dining room, that there was an "important document" that he must retrieve.

After a fruitless search, breathless the author confronted the FSM, questioned him sharply, eyes narrowed (he knew they were all against "Have you seen my document? Do you have The FSM deadpanned, "The tables got cleared and the trash just went out. No, I don't got your document." A similar denial issued from the security guard and, unwilling to dumpster the author surrendered hard to this mysterious
to serve a somewhat different purpose, embedded in this document.

Of course officially, and if you ask, the document never really existed.  

1Some of the names have been changed to protect the guilty.
2The Maintenance Engineer was the brother of the Residentia both brothers & the FSM were the monthly targets of Both brothers & the FSM were the monthly targets of
3The FSM descends from Nevin Custer, peaceful agrarian & to Boston, Thomas, and George Armstrong Custer. Missile expert: culinary & rocketry talents believed especially, as in this case, when associated with a residential
4Notarized denials on file; copies available only to authorized

Blair Ewing
6 Barthel Court
Lutherville, MD 21093
Herewith follows a faithful rendering of said document with its heading, detailed questions and threats intact.

To: Mr. D______ E______ Maintenance Engineer

(1) My toilet seems to be a "slot machine."
First, a quarter, dime, and penny appeared at the bottom of the bowl when I flushed.
The next day, another quarter appeared.
What is going on? How can this happen?
Is this affecting my toilet's operation?

(2) Inside the tank, can the white elastic stem be centered over the mouth of the tube and adjusted so that the water flows straight into the tube instead of at an angle?

(3) The flush feels hesitant, hard, even a bit difficult. What can be done about this?

(4) Is the water level in the bowl OK? It looks a bit high.

(5) Are the 2 loose white covers for the anchor bolts on the floor the best and only covers available? Is there anything else that can be used to cover them?

(6) Please try and be more efficient than usual.
Unless I hear from you regarding these concerns by early next week, I shall be forced to, once again, refer this maintenance matter to my attorney since experience has shown I will receive no action or satisfaction from your brother.
A VACATION FOR THE MIND

Are your friends drowning in the Sea of Red Ink? Have they broken down in Monotony? Are they lost at Trickle Down Falls? Don't leave them stranded on the road to Ruin; send them to Funny Times. We promise to keep them touring through Laughter, Farce, Insight, and Tongue and Cheek all year long.

Credit Card Phone Orders
Call Toll Free:
1-888-FUNNYTIMES
(that's 1-888-386-6984)

Send check or money order to:
FUNNY TIMES SUBSCRIPTIONS
P.O. Box 18530 • Department 4CP •
Cleveland Hts., OH 44118 • FAX: (216) 371-8696

or use your □ Visa □ MasterCard
□ Discover □ American Express

☐ 1 year vacation $21 — 12 issues
☐ 2 year vacation $36 — 24 issues
(save 28% on your second year)

Name on card

Exp. Date Total Amount $

Daytime Phone # or E-mail ( )
(In case we need to contact you regarding your order)

☐ 1 year vacation $21
☐ 2 year vacation $36

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

We'll send you the gift cards to pass along!
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 published monthly. Subscriptions are $10. Make checks payable to Lee Thorn. For a back issue send two bucks in cash and a SASE. A full run of FUCK! is $50 postpaid. Address ALL correspondence to Lee Thorn, Box 85571, Tucson, AZ 85754. (Not everyone who sorts the mail is possessed of the literary pretentions that render the word "fuck" inoffensive.)
The secret of the success of Mel Hardin Associates is that not only are we Conservators we are Political Conservatives. When you bring us a cherished autograph of George Washington or Pat Buchanan you can be sure that it will not walk away from our studios under the armpit of one of our employees. During 1986-7 we restored more than 950 pieces of flatware recovered from the S.S. Republic. Not one nutcracker was lost because of theft because:

WE WORK NAKED

ALL RESTORATION DONE ON PREMISIS

BY NAKED MEN