

NO. 3

GRATIS

The Portable Wall



BEHIND THE PORTABLE WALL

I caught myself dozing in the taxi headed for the PORTABLE WALL building. I'd just staggered off the 747 from LA, and I was damn tired. It was the end of a long trip, a PORTABLE WALL promotional tour through some of the nerve centers of the West: Billings, Denver, Salt Lake, Phoenix and, of course, Los Angeles.

I'd hosted countless luncheons, dinners, smokers and parties. I'd maintained a positive attitude throughout the trip, all 34 days of it, but finally, in the elevator up to PORTABLE WALL headquarters, it hit me--

"I'm burned out," I said to myself, "empty inside."

I tried to resume the good attitude in the executive wash-room before entering the office. I handed the attendant the last five bucks of my travel money and joked with him about nickel bags, but my heart wasn't in it.

My secretary welcomed me back with open arms and I pretended to be in good spirits. I told her enthusiastically of the connections I'd made on the tour and told her she might expect a little bonus next week. Since the fund-raisers had netted PORTABLE WALL enterprises a cool \$152, I figured I could afford a new typing ribbon for the girl.

I retreated to my inner office, checked the revolver, examined the phone for signs of tampering and finally collapsed into my chair with a copy of the LA FREE PRESS. I began to sink into dreams when my buzzer suddenly jarred me back to "reality."

"What is it!:" I snapped into the intercom at Miss Splevin.

"A gentleman to see you," she piped. "He seems to be a nice man."

"He better be!" I snarled. "Shit, send him in!"

The man entered slowly, as though stepping onto foreign soil. He stopped just inside the door and gazed around my well-furnished office. He was in his 50s, small and balding. He stood slumped in a worn overcoat, holding his hat with both hands. Finally he fixed his gaze on me and cleared his throat.

"You must be Mr. Fryberger," he said, his voice quavering.

"At least you can read!" I replied with a laugh, pointing to the large brass name-plaque on my desk. I went over and slapped him on the back.

"Pardon me," I said, offering him a chair, "What is your name?"

"Mike Toole, and I work at the mill," he answered purposefully, as if he'd just remembered why he'd come to see me.

"And what can I do for you, Mr. Toole?"

After a long pause, during which he stared out the window in deep concentration, he turned and looked me square in the eye.

"Mr. Fryberger--"

I waved my hand. "Call me Mark."

"Mr. Fry--uh, Mark," he began, "can't you see--a blind man could see what's happening to yuh!"

My mouth hung open.

(Please turn to p. 3)



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The
PORTABLE WALL

THERE IT WENT

Last issue we stated that THE PORTABLE WALL would be published monthly, an obvious overstatement. We intended to publish monthly, but we were faced with a lack of material to print. We did not believe we should slap together material we weren't wholly satisfied to publish.

Mark and I agonized over each item. We discarded pages of cartoons and salvaged other pages by redrawing and revising the lettering.

My wastepaper basket is overflowing with the products of many hours of writing and rewriting. The problem is my own inability to solve problems and live up to what I preach.

Solving those problems, mostly domestic and personal, has been the task at hand. In contriving solutions the subjects of pumpkin pies, fresh carrots, homemade bread and the inevitable laundry rears up.

During all this time THE PORTABLE WALL kept having to be postponed. Well, here it is at last. Dan

COSTS

Issue #2 of the P.W. cost:

cover paper:	\$12.47
misc. supplies:	22.35
printing:	50.00
postage & envelopes:	7.52
	<u>\$92.34</u>

We made 400 copies.

Donations to date are:

Edward B. & Lou Dugan	\$10
Mark Fryberger	30
Dana Graham	40
Bill Reynolds	1
Christine Surwill	2
Dan Struckman	40
Tom Struckman	7
	<u>\$130</u>

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Thanks to all you people who gave us your comments and encouragement. Thanks to Frank Ponikvar for the cover & Dave Thomas and Mike Fiedler for the poetry and magic spell.

Next issue will have a PURPLE cover, designed and executed by (Big smilin') Bill Reynolds.

BEHIND (From p. 2)

"You're turnin' into a junkie!" he pronounced, looking to the ceiling. "This rocketin' around the country on phony promotional tours, eatin' and drinkin' yourself sick, gulpin' your 'medicine'--I tell yuh it's trouble in spades. I'm wonderin' what's gonna get yuh first, ulcers or the funny farm!"

At this point he sat down. His speech had hit me dumb. I tried to think of a way to answer him. Should I defend myself by speaking of the PORTABLE WALL as an institution, as a vast network of Free Speech that can only survive if its editors give themselves completely to it? Should I try to persuade him that letting myself be a tool of the trade was a religious sacrifice?

(Please turn to p. 5)

WHAT IF COMICS

WHAT IF ADVERTISEMENTS LOOKED LIKE THIS?

PLEEZE!

CHOKE!

GIMME A BREAK!

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS ISN'T THAT MUCH WHINE!

JOB!

BUY THIS PRODUCT

OR LIKE THIS?

BUBBER!

GODDAMMIT!!



GET
YOUR ASS
DOWN HERE
RIGHT NOW!

AND BRING YOUR
CHECKBOOK!

IT'S AN 8x4 WITH BUFF
YOU SCHMUCK!

YOU PROBABLY WON'T
WANT THIS
(FEW PEOPLE WOULD)

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
(I FORGET WHAT) FOR
SALE SOMEWHERE
(MAYBE MISSOULA)
JUST THOUGHT I'D
MENTION IT. PHONE
NUMBER'S 549-5569
I THINK
OH FORGET IT.



NEVERMIND...

INSTEAD OF
LIFE THIS

GET LAID!
OWN A HARPSICHORD!

ROSEWOOD
KEYTOPS!



SPRUCE
SOUNDBOARD!

BENCH
INCLUDED!

- PROUD OWNERS EXPERIENCE
- SEXUAL FULLFILLMENT!
 - ELIMINATION OF UNPLEASANT BODY ODORS!!
 - EVERLASTING LIFE!!!

THIS MESSAGE PAID FOR (IT'S A REAL AD, FOLKS) BY
ACME HARPSICHORD CO.
OUR MOTTO: "HARPSICHORDS ARE A THING OF THE PAST."

BEHIND

(Continued from p. 3)

I groped for the words but I knew it was no use-- Mike knew better. I began to laugh.

Mike, who'd been anxiously studying me while I mused, was at first bewildered by my laughter. It had started as an easy laugh, barely audible. It had gone quickly from there into the belly.

A hoot from me hit him in his solar plexus. He doubled over, giggling.

He joined the effort in earnest. We went on exchanging chuckles, snorts and guffaws and trying to outdo each other on special effects, such as thigh-slapping, belly hugging and rolling on the floor. Physical exhaustion made us stop although we fought to

keep it going. With one last hoarse chuckle, Mike stood up. He quickly sobered and,

putting on his hat, moved to the door.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I really gotta' be goin', Mr.--uh, Mark. Sorry for disturbin' yuh. And good luck on the next issue."

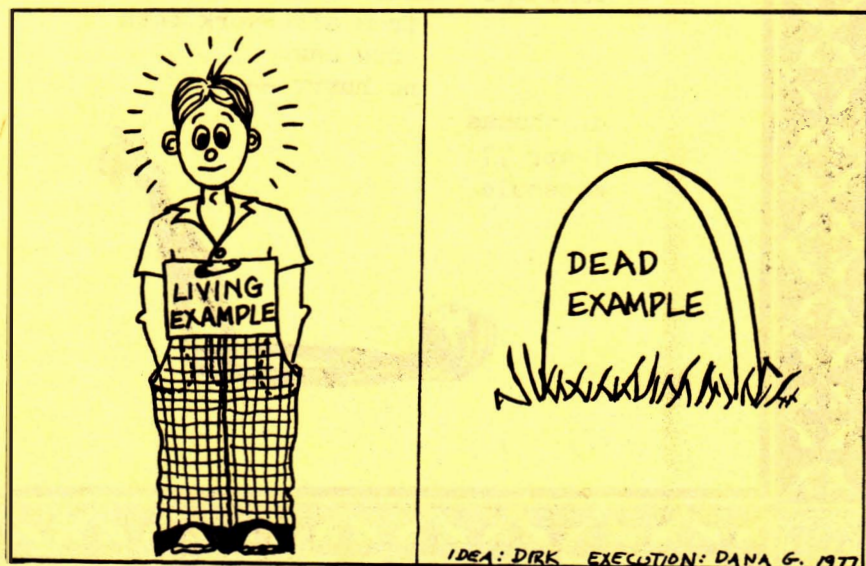
"To hell with the next issue!" I croaked, belly-up on the floor. "But thanks for stopping by, Mike. If you don't mind I'll write a little story about you coming to see me."

"Fine with me," he said. "And don't forget about that vacation."

"What vacation?" I asked.

"The one you just had," he answered, disappearing out the door.

--Fryberger



CONSTRUCTION LABOR BLUES

show up for work still drunk
all day
up and down stairs
shoveling concrete
picking up garbage dumping
wheelbarrows
day-dreaming about
pussy
a fresh gurgling creek high up
a bluejay
screams

evening sun dropping
lower and lower
still warm
traffic sounds
thru open window hair wet
from afterwork bath
crow caw
no hurry ---

d. thomas
7 apr 77
missoula



CONCRETE MISSOULA

JACKHAMMER buddha
 crumbles
 dusty moment
 of clear thought
 noise shoots thru
walking home dead tired
 past suits and ties
 laughing and joking
 snowy Bitterroots
 hidden
 in smog.

d. thomas
9 feb 77

DENVER MUSEUM OF ART

a room full of oriental art
 out the window
 ironworkers weld steel beams
 bright blue flash!
afternoon clouds gather chilly wind
 and gray mountains
 a vast scroll painting

 no wall.

d. thomas
5 Dec 75
denver co.

JACKIE

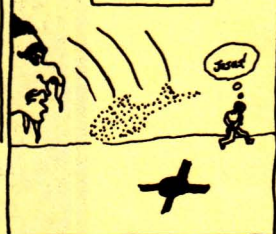
COMUNAH
FACLO
RG !!

Tom & Dan Struckman © 1977

Our Story...

Jackie was being pursued by the creatures from the apartment across from the laundrymat—who gave liege to Fondunhh the small-handed...

MEAN, WHILE OTHERS ARE NICE (☺), FARNTON THE FROZEN CONTEMPLATES A TUNA SAND, WHICH HITS THE SPOT.



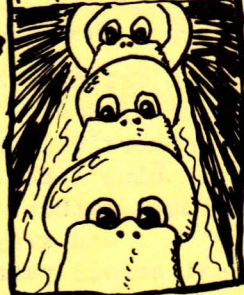
Kelvinaytuhr is about to catch Jackie—but Our Hero counters...



Well that takes care of Kelvinaytuhr! (Still can't get my fly open) Wha? What's this?



① Moving silently thru the underground pipes the rest of the creatures prepare to strike!



②



Fondunhh's chief killer wears a baseball cap

③ THE CHIEF EMERGES TO FIND JACKIE DANCING A JIG ON THE SPOT, FARNTON HOLDING A SHILLELAGH.

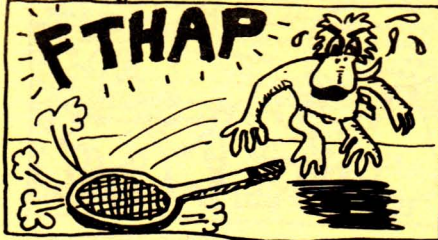
Won't be "tuna" for long



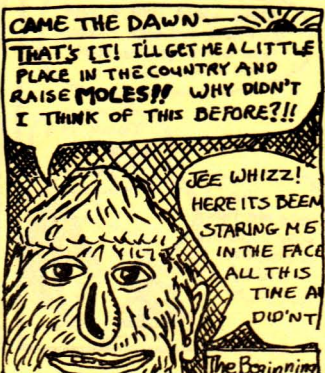
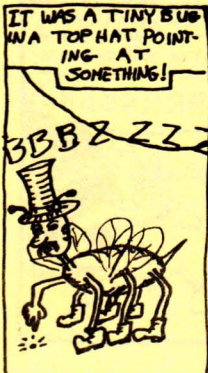
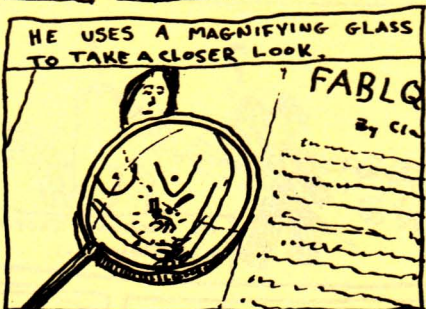
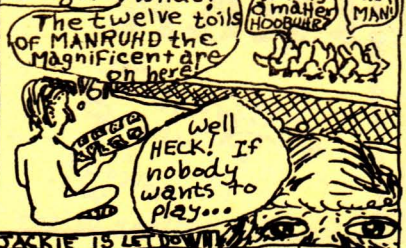
④ FAULT!

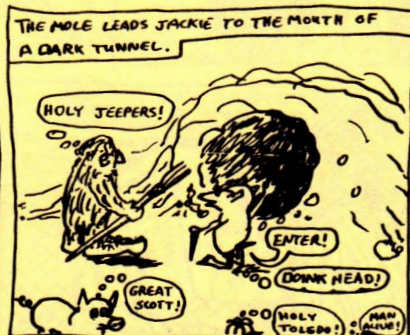
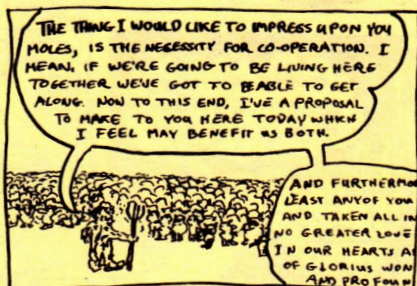
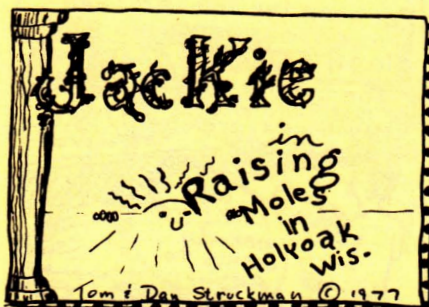


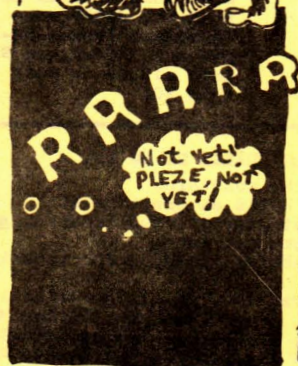
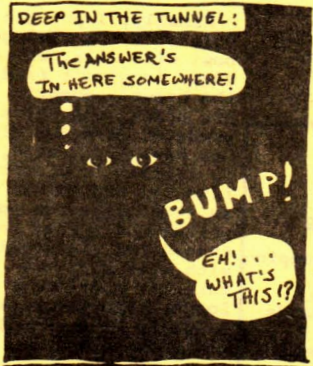
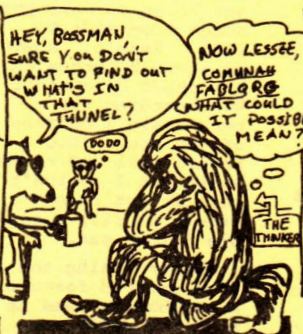
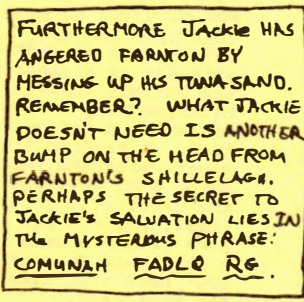
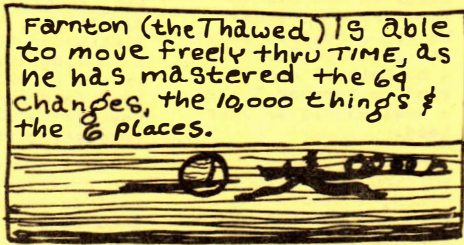
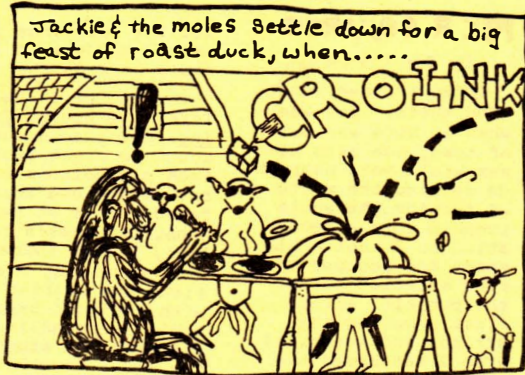
The one called HOOBUHR the 'orrible threw his racket down to everyone's shock.



Farnton the Thawed (nee Frozen) examines his shill-elagh. What!







DOES JACKIE CLEAN TH' MOLE HOLE? STAY WITH US, FOLKS!

PIE R SQUARED

by Dan Struckman

If my brother hadn't been there, last week when my wife was out of town, the pies never would have happened. He decried the waste of turning the whole pumpkin into a decoration so I took a big spoon and scooped the rind material out of the pumpkin, after first removing the strings and seeds. (I wish I had dried the seeds in the oven--they are delicious.) We had a pumpkin only one inch smaller than a basketball and the rind we removed filled a bowl as big as your head.

Next day, after consulting some neighbor women, I placed the rind and about a quarter cup of water into a crockpot slowcooker. I left it on "low" for several hours until the stuff turned to a mush. Then I let the works cool.

I put the cool gook in a food mill, a marvellous contraption that looks like a saucepan with hundreds of tiny holes in the bottom. The mill has a device inside that forces the material through the holes when you turn a crank.

I ran the pulp thru the mill twice, then strained out as much water as possible. I

set the pulp thus improved aside so I could work on the crust.

The recipe I used (from The Joy of Cooking) promised enough dough to crust two 7-inch pie bottoms or one bottom and one top. I found a pair of 9-inch pans, but what's two lousy little inches?

After mixing the flour and shortening with greatest care to avoid overhandling, I gathered the stuff in two equal doughballs and, according to the directions, began flattening them with a rollingpin. "Roll in one direction only," said the book. Result: a 3 by 9-inch strip of dough.

"I'll end up rolling this down the hall to the bathroom," I mumbled.

I violated holy law and tried to roll the dough from side to side. Result: a gain of about 2 inches on the short dimension. Disregarding the book again I bunched up the dough into a primal ball and rolled again but I couldn't roll it out large enough to fill a single 9-inch pan.

(Later, using the pi R squared formula, a neighbor showed me that the difference in square inches between a 7-inch and 9-inch piepan is more than 20.

But then I was ignorant of that fact. I quickly mixed up a new batch of ingredients for another try. This time I disregarded instructions and rolled the dough outward from the center and nearly succeeded in filling one 9-inch pan with dough no thicker than one ply of tissue. The other pan had enough tissue to fill the bottom circle.

Cursing, sweating & sobbing, I used all my strength to roll out the dough from the first attempt to make up the difference between the edge of the dough and lip of the pan on the second pie shell. I threw my weight on the rolling pin and, table a-groaning under my weight, managed to work the dough down until it was slightly thinner than half an inch. I cut it into strips with savage slashes of the butcher knife, blinking away my tears of rage and frustration. I patched the crusts with the thick dough and, pricking the crust with a fork first, put the pie pans into the oven for a 15-minute dose of 500° heat just like the book said.

Finally, I put the pulp in a big mixing bowl with milk, white sugar (couldn't find the brown), pumpkin pie spice, egg yolks, powdered milk (we did not have any cream), no vanilla (couldn't find it) and folded in stiffly-beaten egg whites. I filled the then-baked pie shells with this slop and baked it four times longer than the book said, so it wouldn't be runny.

By then it was late in the afternoon and my wife was due back in town. I bought some whipping cream which I beat just shy of butter.

Oh my!

Metaphorical Metamorphosis of Wu Wei

Here high, high in the mountains

I see the rolling hills as great waves
Frozen in stone, that cresting and breaking, so
Slow, megaliths beyond our ken

Are rolling onto shores too olde for timeskeeping

Like breakers, the oscillating light fantastic
finds the shining sands
Of that other beach, the eyes, burning bright

Your tears the sea's ebb, laugh wrinkles become
The peri-winkles and star-fish

Your heart

a singular lotus petal
floating soundless on
the breast of
the
flood

--Michael Fiedler