

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 th' 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



## COSTS

Issue #2 of the P.W. cost:

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

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	<u>7</u>
	\$130

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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.

## 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 product 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

## 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' your self 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?



YOU PROBABLY WONT WANT THIS (FEW PEOPLE WOULD)

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

NEVERMIND

INSTEAD OF LIKE THIS

GET LAID!

OWN A HARPSICHORD!

ROSEWOOD KEYS! 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."

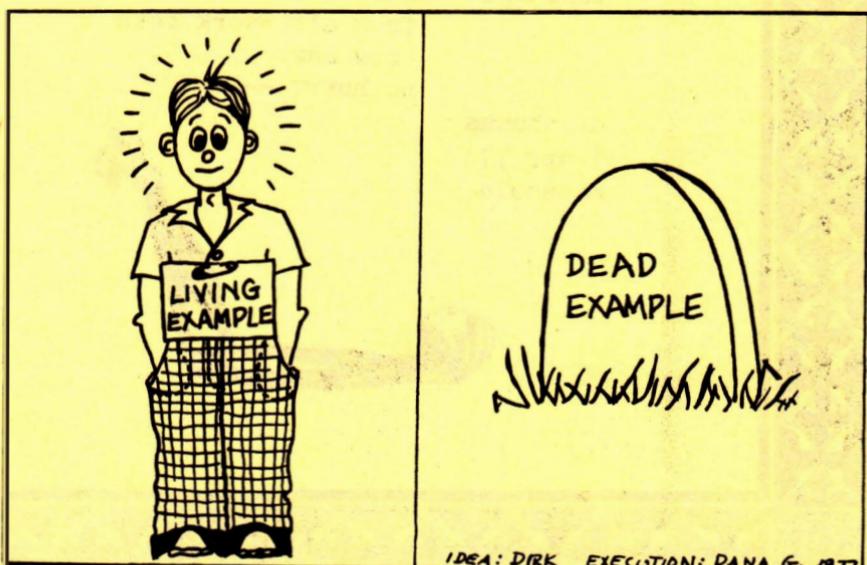
"To hell with the next issue!" I croaked, belly-up on the floor. "But thanks for stopping by, Mike. If you don't mind I'll write a little story about you coming to see me."

"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



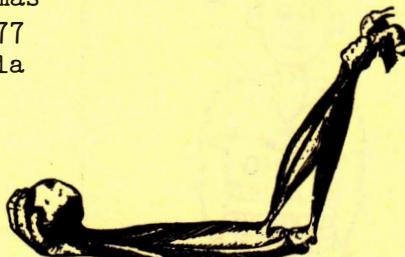
IDEA: DIRK EXECUTION: DANA G. MITT

### 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  
trafic 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

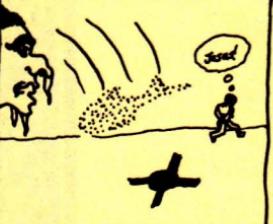
COMUNAH  
FABLQ  
RG !!

Tom & Dan Strickman © 1977

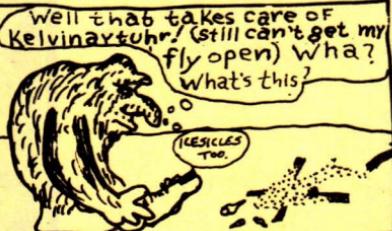
Our Story...

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

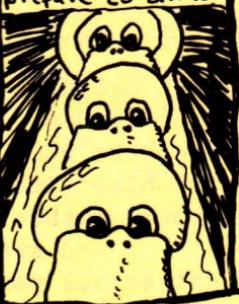
MEAN, WHILE OTHERS ARE NICE (◎), FARNTON THE FROZEN CONTEMPLATES A TUNA SAND, WHICH HITS THE SPOT.



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



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

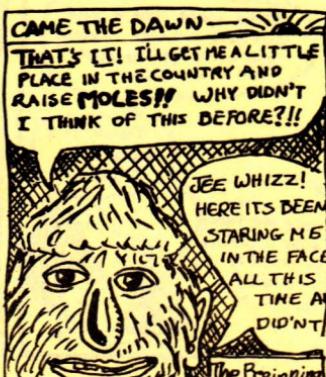
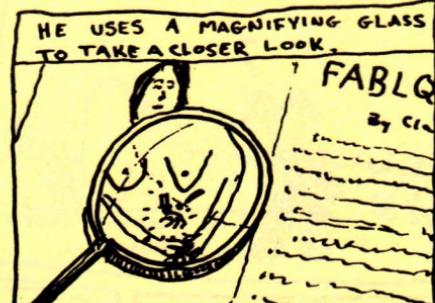


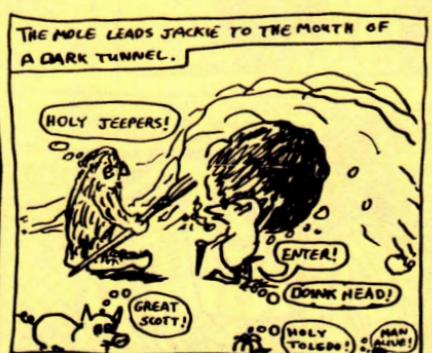
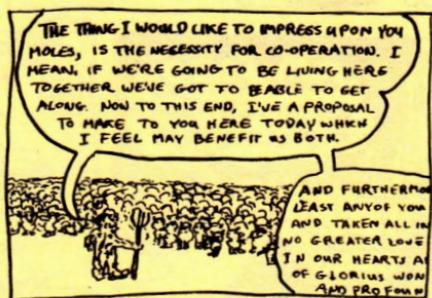
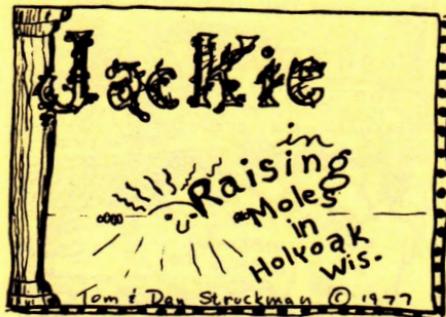
fondunhh's chief killer wears a baseball cap

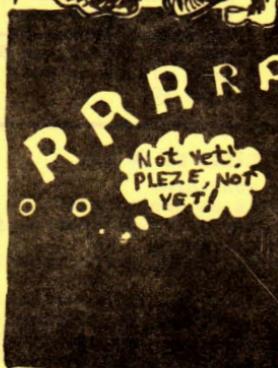
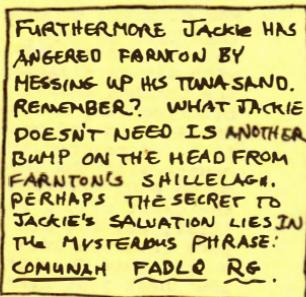
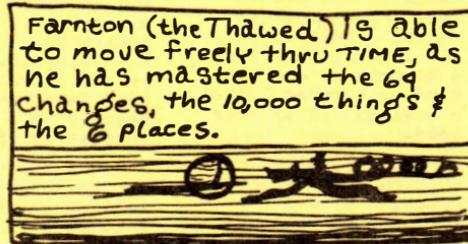
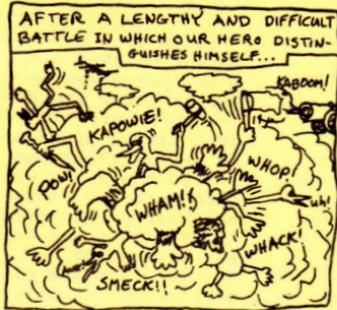
② THE CHIEF EMERGES TO FIND JACKIE DANCING A JIG ON THE SPOT, FARNTON HOLDING A SHILLELAGH.



The one called HOOBUHR, 4th  
'orrible, threw his racket down  
to everyone's shock.







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 overhanding, 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'ells, 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