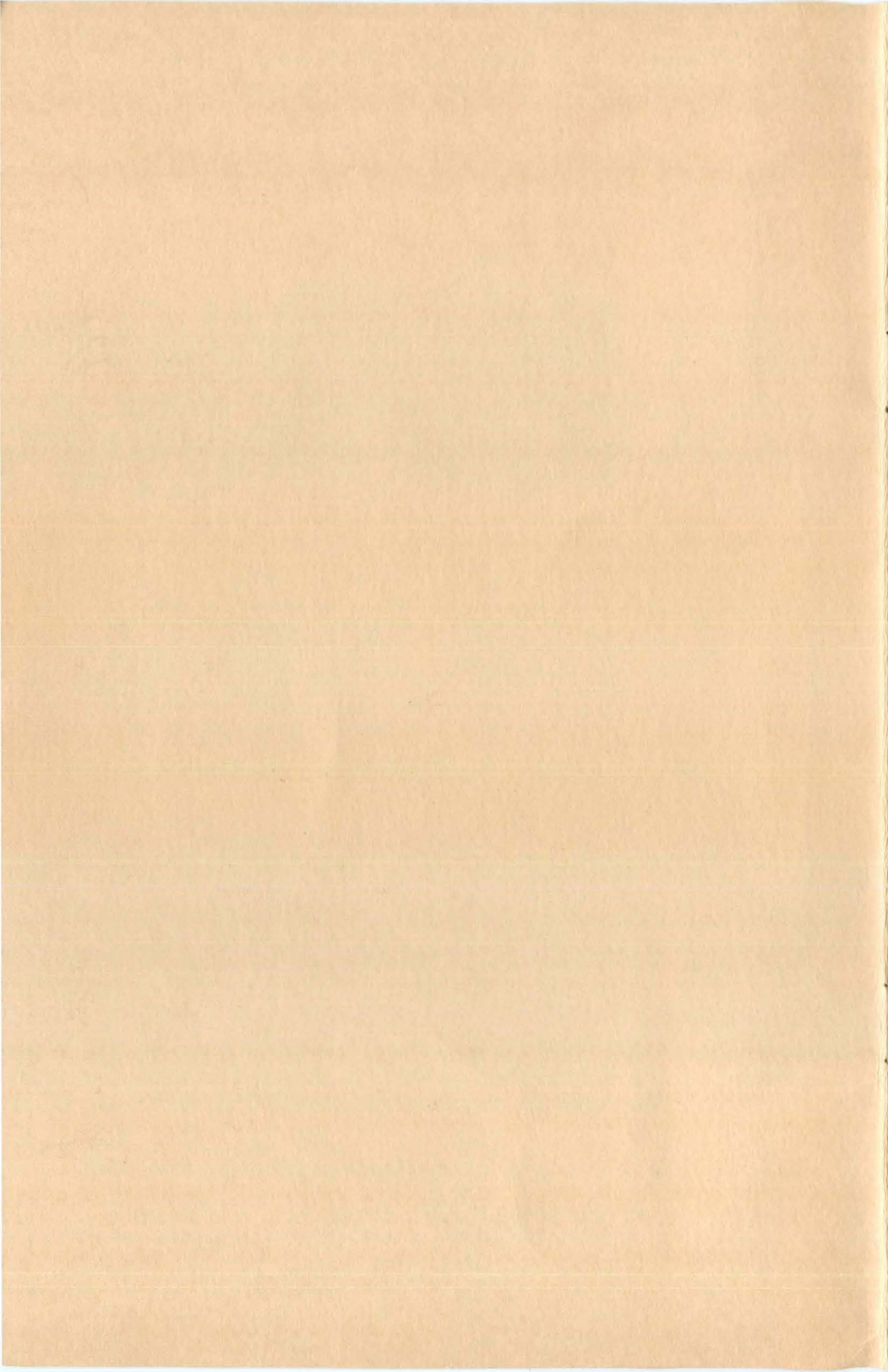


**JULY**

**#8**

**1979**







To all fair friends true of heart,

a word perhaps in essay toward clarification. i must point to some of the big ruptures that are seething around and boiling over from "little people's" movements amongst this seventies social-youth-culture type consciousness-kind-of happening. i feel this necessary in lieu of the various rationings crises worldly and energy dilemmas answering back to manhukind's arrogance with 7 plagues, and especially since the demonstration of faith and dedication in Wash.dc, Sunday, May 6, where i was lucky enough and persevering enuff to be. (god knows those buses can move awesomely slo w.)

as one speaker voic'd it, (barrybaby commoner i believe or was it jp farmer?) high ho!, "this day marks the beginning of the solar age..." really really (some big ififs)

(1) IF: everyone is made aware of the truth, facts! e.g.. not one of the media (excepting some tv) has represented a true figure for this taurean great anti-holocaust turn-out work-out. there were not 60 not 75 nor 80 thousands of us. count again, jocko; we were, as several helicopter police and gatepersons agreed, over 125,000 strong, and this solely inside the capitol hill enclave!! whew ok right on-- and of course, no more lies please about food and sustenance values, i.e. dairy milk and sugar, white process'd wheat, and cheese, coffee, tannic acid, salt, meat, eggs, and saccharine, etc. (with any kind of luck i just might break the cig habit... thank god i've pretty much already kicked the icecream and candy pepsi and cow juice homogoniz'd jones, but ya never can tell when peanut butter and pickles might attack. but enuff, or, further:)

(2): remember we'll be back with more IF need be! moratorium on new nukes might be well and good for 6 months but... how about working toward taking such nitemares of pig-waste as chicago and all the rest of these armageddon machomachines off nuke power permanently???? in that same 6 months we could change the world for 6 years 6 lifetimes 6 glorious urantian eternities and for aye!....

(3): bravo IF he gets away, for the subterfuge agent (agent of god) down in Tennessee, an expert job old man if this kind of work be our objective, monkey wrench gang, we'll really keep 'em guessin' out thar!

(4): last, but most; IF you would be kind-- the world needs your kind(ness) and happy moms....

Further!!!! y viva la raza

yrs. concern'd but not consign'd,  
see you in nuclear-free america  
(remember, missoula did it),

mucho amor y pax miguel leon flauta

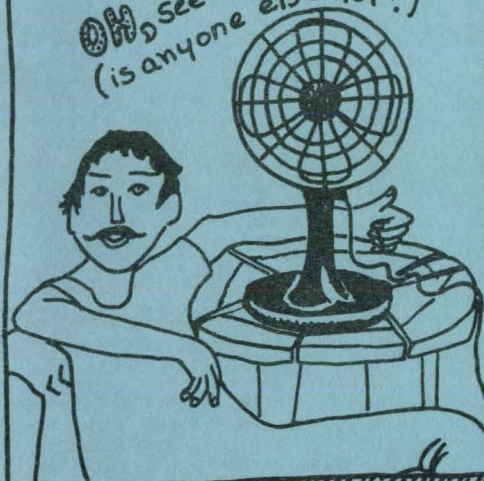
*M. L. Fiedler*

Michael wrote to us from Scotland and enclosed £2. At 12:00 noon, July 20, 1979, these were worth \$2.27½ each. Thanks, Mike!



# Parlor Conversation Comix

Oh, see what I got?  
(is anyone else hot?)



It WORKS, even.



At a  
RUMMAGE  
SALE.



There's 9 SPEEDS  
here:



ONLY 5 BUCKS!

Dan Struckman is on Indian Mountain again this summer, watching for fires from a Forest Service lookout. At the base of Indian Mountain is Priest Lake, and a campground where I will be staying later in July. I decided to give myself a present of three weeks in the wilds of Idaho, in between quitting my job at St. Pat's hospital, and embarking on a long, hot car trip to New York. It seems right that I should get a good dose of quietude and woody adventure before moving to the Big Apple.

You'd be surprised how many people react with apparent distress when they learn I'm moving to New York. "Why do you want to go there?" they moan. One guy said, "Now I know you're crazy."

Two visitors from New York, both entertainers, said, "Great!" That helped me to feel more hopeful. One woman I work with gets a far-away look in her eyes and a little smile, whenever the topic of my moving away comes up during lunchroom conversation. I think the dream of distant places lingers with her.

Sure, leaving Montana is going to be hard. It won't be easy to hug my friends goodbye for the last time, to drive away from my home, now empty. I don't know if my daughter will understand that we must bring the good, warm, solid qualities of "home" with us, even though our house remains behind.

Eventually, we will drive so far eastward that even the great Rockies will no longer be seen.

At that point, having said goodbye, the newness of our world will set in. The wide, green, rolling plains of the Midwest. Perhaps a stop in Minneapolis, where Nina lives--a new and unknown city to me. A couple more days, and the East will be all around us: toll freeways, city after city after city, industrial areas larger than the Missoula valley, many cars, many people.

I will be going home. There are forests in the east-- Pennsylvania has a large one, also the Adirondacks and Berkshires.

There are Native American peoples. Also you can see ancient stone buildings from the 1600's there. Seeing those provides a new perspective on "oldness". Most of us white folks have roots in the cultures of people who built and lived in stone structures like that, with little windows and scuffed wooden floors.

I know it will be noisy in the East, noisy and smelly and crowded. I'm lucky, though, because there's a lot there to compensate, some aspects of life we lack here in Montana. I'll try not to sing Montana's praises too highly to those city folks; I know we need to preserve our quality of life here. But I also know that, wherever a person goes, they can take peace-of-mind and the wide open spaces along in their heart, if they work at it.

Even though my destination is two thousand miles from here, I'll add another hundred or so and travel even further east. Finally I will reach the Atlantic Ocean, the green, salty, rough, sandy-beached, fishy-smelling Atlantic. And there I will sit, for a long time.

Wish me luck!

Katy Galambos

## BUILD YOUR OWN TELEVISION SET

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Basic Kit





# Dan's

I was contemplating the power of thunder & lightning—thunder is the eldest son in Chinese symbolism. What about mother & father? They are the sky and earth. I looked up at the horizon. Sky above, earth with wooded mountains below. They unite perfectly. That's right. I am nothing except for my mother, the earth and my father, the sky! I am infinitesimally small by comparison—but that's the way it has always been. When I was an egg, then infinitesimally small, now when mortal parents are become immortal earth and sky parents. The only right & true way to regard one's parents is with the respect due the sky and earth. We are all one person with parents in common. This is easy to forget, but in the end we are forced to submit to it, if we agree with the idea or not.

##

July 8th—Saturday

Strange hexagrams (I had thrown 54 with ch. line in 5th pl. to 58, Tui/Joyous) reminds me how I must (so must we all) be prepared to lose everything! My cuppa coffee has plenty guts. Helping others equals helping yourself. Helping others is helping yourself. They are one and the same. Yuh gotta believe it, buddy, honest. It'll work out. I think an essential difference between low and high culture is the regard people have for one another. The lesson of the I Ching, as I take it, is to work on self-development—accumulation of self respect and facility with mathematics and chemistry—so to be as if on top of a mountain—having a wide view and telling the truth. Says also—being a gentleman is based on being quite strong. Without that strength, that ability to do difficult things (easy things too), one cannot be a true gentleman.



# SLAUGHTER POEMS

by  
Gary Young

the night before butchering three deer  
sitting here, stringing apples  
putting food by.    my wits gather in around me  
like the blanket which covers you, sleeping  
warm in this wood heat and kerosene glow.  
motion is still save the flickering of lights  
and crackling fire.  
with time sweeping the clock    tick  
the sounds of life resound  
in the smallness of this cabin    tock

\*       \*       \*

with the clarity of a winter sky  
the sun also rises for harriet and coyote  
as they goat-dance on their hooves  
like snowflakes flying on a terrestrial wind  
down the hill,    their hind heels kicking  
around the cottonwood stacked  
past the chopping block toward the spring.  
they race for life and youth.  
this warm spring daze passes slowly in winter  
distracting me to look around.  
smelling early sweet winds    with sighs  
watching goats  
look for greenery on slaughter hill



\* \* \*

maxwell's horns are nailed to the barn  
high so the goats cannot see, but we can  
as they bring me back . . . to the man hunting,  
as wild as the beast he hunts, pretending  
to hunt not slaughter  
trying for chance and sport where none exist,  
trying to resist the truth

three shots

and a terrified goat running scared,  
afraid of familiar faces  
afraid to death

and now, besides the few remaining packages  
of sweet meat in the freezer,  
his horns are left to stand the test of time,  
winter storms, and the sidelong glances of strangers.

coyote and harriet will meet their fate the same.  
time will end with one bullet in the head,  
a perfect X drawn between the eyes and ears  
to snuff their life out quickly  
without the gory detail of outright fear.  
they are hornless and no testament will remain.

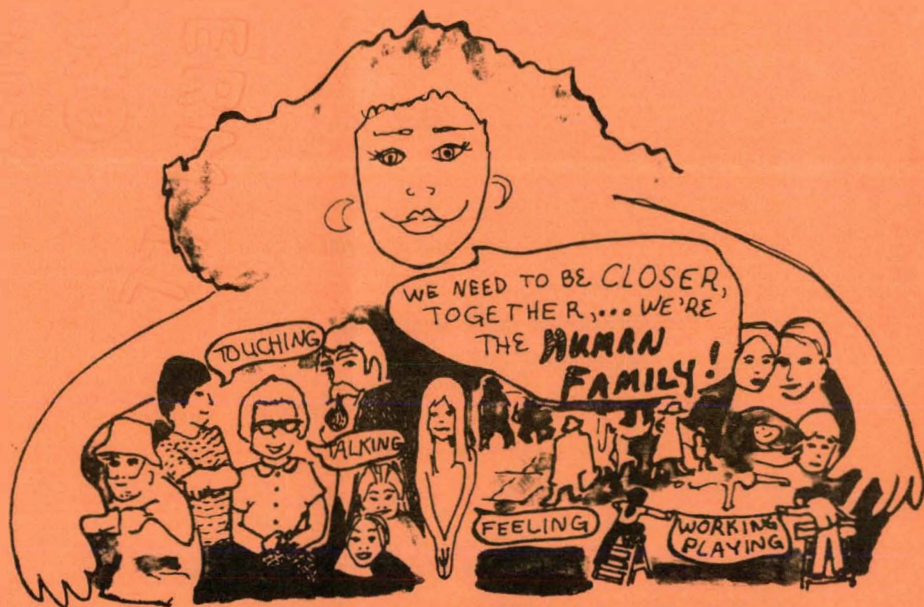
\* \* \*

coyote is dead  
she fell to her knees with one slug  
i heard myself shout wait  
don't shoot !

it is quiet now  
it is all over, her flesh has been cut  
wrapped and marked, her bones gnawed  
by dogs and what remains is a spot of blood  
covered by hay  
her last hay.

Winter 77

Buffalo Raceway, Mizoo



# HEAT

# WAVE

## FIRST FREIGHT OUT

August in the noon heat  
 I wake to drum  
 of boxcars clicking along the tracks  
 Outside two hundred miles  
 of wheat weaves  
 her secret oceans of gold  
 And right at home a little black  
 man sleeps sprawled at the other end of the car  
 Who is he...  
 rising when the train slows?

He lays out a few  
 clothes that fold into his sack perfect  
 boxcar boxcar boxcar  
 Careful as ice ne  
 slides his bottle of wine in

and ties a quick knot  
 Alone as the buddha  
 or any monk he drops from the door  
 so easy he floats to the ground  
 PASCO... the sign reads  
 Here a thousand billion stars  
 sprinkle out the nights

--Patrick Todd

## CORRESPONDENCES

## & CONTRIBUTIONS

ARE INVITED.

The Portable Wall  
 c/o Daniel Struckman  
 215b Sisson  
 Missoula, Mt. 59801

**THERE'S GOLD in**

**GOOD IDEAS!**





A TRUE account of the events leading up to naming this publication The Portable Wall, exactly as I remember it, those events occurring in June, 1977:

We had always meant to start a magazine, Mark Fryberger and I. He had written a few articles for The Borrowed Times, and I am yet an aspiring science writer for The London Times-- or at least The New York or Los Angeles Times. But while I fiddled, Mark wrote. Mark is one of those procrastinators, though. One of these days he will start a magazine.

That's where we were. We sat on the cement outside my back door and talked about starting a magazine. Peter Koch had done it-- in my opinion one of the liveliest magazines ever made-- and so could anyone start a magazine. Writing articles is not where you start, though. No, you dream up a NAME, just as you do for a rock and roll band. Then you tell someone the name and he-- especially Fryberger-- tells you a better, funnier name-- and you come back with one that "says it all", and so forth.

Two nights we talked about the magazine, always spending 55 minutes talking names for every 5 on content. We got nowhere. Luckily, we both got bored with names and decided to procrastinate on names. This is one time Mark's procrastination has done us good. Probably the only time in history.

I beg leave to digress. Anyone might think I am down on Fryberger the way I accuse him of the fault of procrastination. Truth is, Mark is one of my dearest friends. I dare not praise him in public because I know he doesn't like public acclaim, just as a politician hates public censure. Mark would never approve of my writing anything about him, but I need to do so in order to render this account complete. Making Mark seem to have faults will get me in less trouble with him than making him out to be a kind of saint. I hope the reader will consider the "fault" with which I indict Mark to be,

in reality, my own. For, just as in the old bromide, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder", so perceived blemishes are also in the beholder.

Soon the meetings on the cement included other friends: Katy Galambos, Dana Graham, Mike Fiedler, Tom Struckman. The Struckman brothers were getting a start as underground cartoonists, and may yet amount to something along that route. Galambos was always good for a health hint, her profession being in that field, although cartooning is also in her blood.

The material for issue #1 was soon in hand, bolstered by an article describing Dan's misfortune in trying to land a job on a commercial weekly in Hardin, Mt.

Mike Fiedler drew an exquisite full-page cartoon that now is a collector's dream.

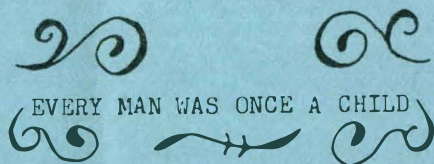
Still, no name. That was good. I was taking a course at UM from Wilbur Wood, one of Montana's greatest journalists, publisher of The Sun Sign Almanac and contributor to the Aero Sun Times newsletter. Here was a teacher who wasted no class time dreaming about names either, but upon dreaming itself, or rather the contents of contents-- the stuff within dreams.

By now it was July. I walked down to Dana's apartment and suggested we have a "name the magazine" contest. Mark's idea! I said, "We need contributions-- I'm giving \$5 and Mark will give \$5 when he gets around to it. You ought to give us something too." She said to call it The Portable Wall and we could have \$10. It's that or nothing. Well, we needed that, all right, and Mark and I and everyone agreed.

We dreamed up a fair rationale for the name later. It's in the first issue-- something about everyone writes on walls or something to that effect.\* We might as well have called it Dana's Home Companion or The Portable Dollar or \$10 Donation.

--Dan Struckman

# a song~ by nina kahle



Somewhere there's a baby

laughin'

goin' crazy..

Hands full of flowers

runnin' on will power...

Disregarding the wounds he wears

He keeps on goin' 'til he gets there

And the world is huge

And his love goes wild

And every man was once a child...

Competition growing

He wonders where he's going

He becomes afraid

his dreams may get waylaid

Everyone standin' in line is out for first place

If he stands on his pride he loses face

But his comrades know

and they cradle him with smiles

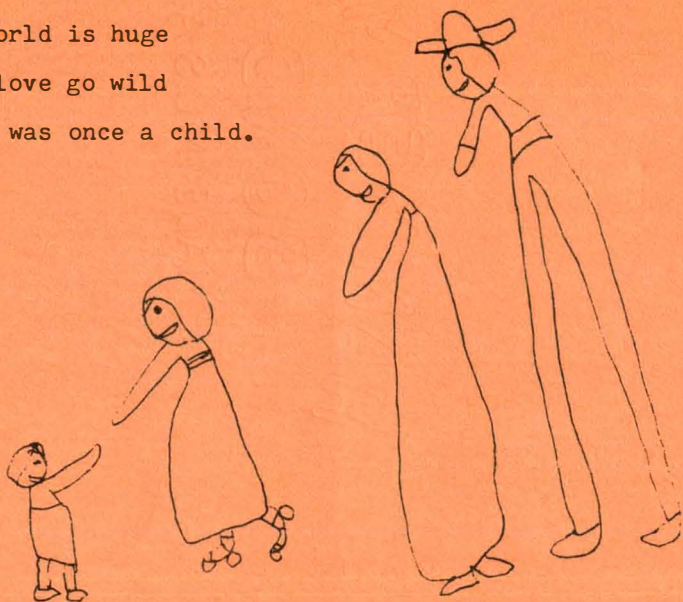
'Cause every man was once a child..

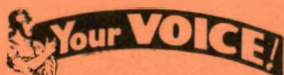


Every man was once a child  
who longed to control his time  
who got laughed at when something went wrong  
or ignored when he'd done something right.  
Some will grow strong and rise above  
Some will grow too hard and lose their love.  
Some will make the grade and  
win the trials  
while the hungry hands consume their style..

So make your bed and lay there  
In all your dreams and nightmares  
or leave them alone, and  
watch them come running home..

All your life you can grow and learn  
Your tears and your laughter, they  
build the world  
And the world is huge  
Let your love go wild  
Every man was once a child.





PORTABLE WALL hit the freebie newsstands in July, 1977. Since then, PW has featured artworks and literature of many fine Rocky Mountain minds: Dirk Lee, Frank Dugan, Tom Struckman, Michael Fiedler, Dana Graham, Peter Koch, Dave Thomas, and others!

The magazine is named after a wall in an old Missoula hippie-house of the 1960's. One of those walls where all the folks who drifted through felt-markered or painted or pencilled their thoughts and drawings, until the wall became an historical statement, a manifesto. Graffiti, man.

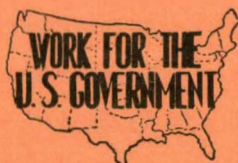
But the kids moved on and the landlord moved in, and now we are 1979. The Main House wall manifests no more.

THE PORTABLE WALL intends to carry on the work of that wall, but with an added advantage: this wall we can stick in our pockets, carry, and pass along.

Feel free to doodle, inscribe, signify. Send us your gleanings. This magazine exists for all of its readers, toward the delineation of a common consciousness.



COVER ART and line drawings  
by Semilla Rose Gomez (aged 6)



Start As High As  
**\$3,450 YEAR**

## Letters.. and health hints

Dear Dan, Penny, and kids,  
How are you all? Thank you for all of the literature, sure enjoyed it.

Penny, those are the best dill pickles I've ever tasted. Crisp and love that garlic. Thank you.

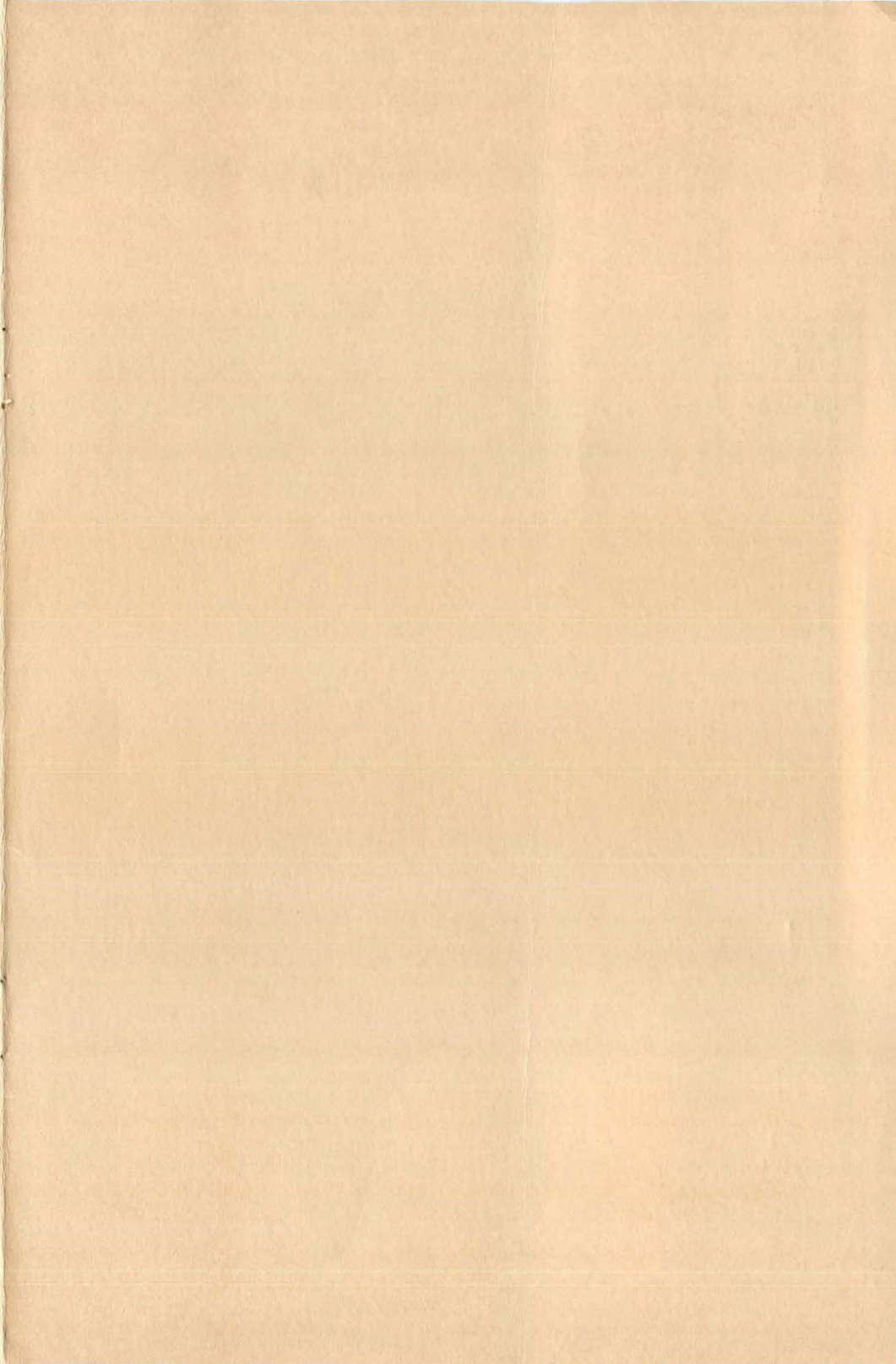
...With the weather warming up, Idaho City is an unflinching salvo of drunken catcalls, staggering drunks, and fistfights.

As I was saying to Butch Mulligan, 250 lb. backwoods privateer logger, also head of the Idaho City Cultural Development Society, leader of the Idaho City String Quartet, and patron of the arts--"I reckon this has been a pretty cool spring" and Butch, replying with all of his 8th grade education, said, "Did they pick up that dog what was layin' in the hiway this mornin'?"

Ah yes, what a picture. Idaho City, 700,000th wonder of the world. But we do book a lot of Missoula bands through. Only to be outdone by "The Legend of Hamilton, Montana", the town 8 miles long and one block wide...

Scott Hendryx  
"Famous Potatoes"





# FREE

Al Berger's

THE BEST CHOPPED CHICKEN  
LIVER WEST OF THE  
HUDSON RIVER

2 tablespoons butter  
1 small onion  
1 lb. chicken livers  
salt and garlic

Chop onion very finely, then saute in the butter until yellow. Add chicken livers to onion, saute over medium heat until livers are no longer bloody. Pour entire mixture into a heavy wooden chopping bowl, then chop with a half-round chopper into a pate of fine consistency. Add salt and garlic to taste, finish chopping. Serve chilled.

(Ed. note: Albert Berger's family came from Russia to New York City years ago, and remains there still, except for Albert, a kind of black sheep, who has lived in Los Angeles, Missoula, and is presently travelling to Tokyo. He is a professor of history and literature, and a fine cook. At New York bar-mitzvah banquets, he says, one can often find an ice sculpture at one end of the table, and a chicken-liver sculpture at the other.