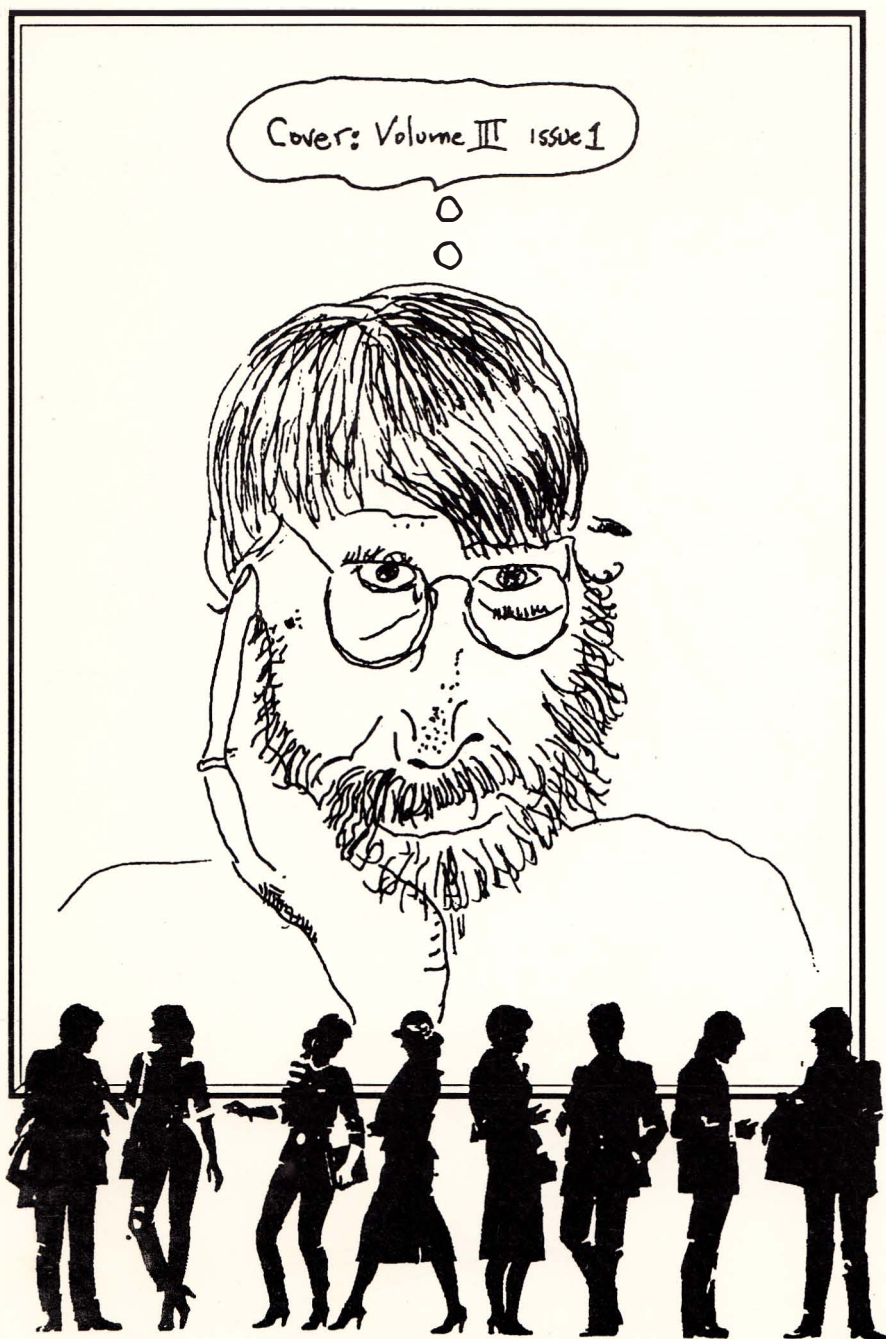


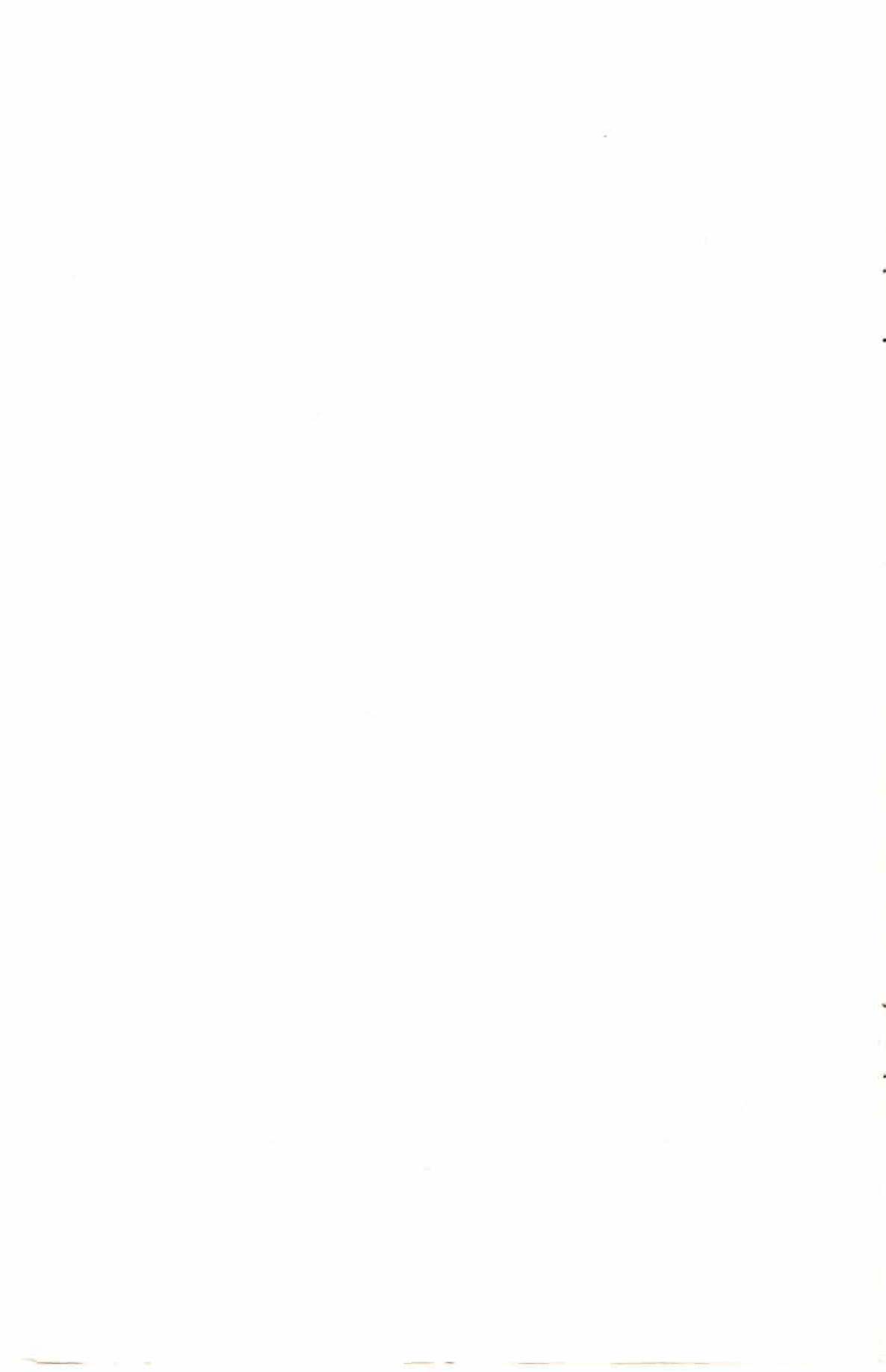
THE PORTABLE WALL

Volume III

Number 1

Spring 1990





THE PORTABLE WALL

VOLUME III NUMBER 1 SPRING 1990

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Poetry

Ice Stained Window.....	Lynella S. Ives	4
Circles.....	Sharon Dunn	5
Divine Retribution.....	William Woodruff	5
Some Reasons Why We Should Be Married.....	Kathleen Taylor	10
Untitled.....	Sara Elizabeth Lauden	14
Ant on a Log.....	Marak Moisis	15
Poem.....	Marak Moisis	16
The Drone.....	Kayleen Larson	16
The Moon.....	Danny Barbare	17
Fall Again.....	Mary E. Westwood	17
November.....	Cynthia McCombs Newman	22
Grandma Fed Me.....	Mindy Matijasevic	23
Catnap.....	Don Stinson	23
Dreaming of Sharon.....	Don Stinson	24
Bears in Alaska.....	Ronald G. Crowe	28
Two Poems.....	John Grey	29
Back East.....	Mary Moore Jacoby	30
Two poems.....	Kerri Brostrom	31

Prose

TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFOTO Newsletter.....	Tim Coats	6
Fryberger Writes.....	Mark Fryberger	12
'Bats' Thou never Wert.....	Helena Handbasket	13
Mouse.....	Patricia Flinn	18
Against the Current.....	Robert Eddleman	26

Features

Letters & Health Hints.....	2
Lame Deer News & Book Report.....	8
Back in Business.....	32

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Letters & Health Hints

Dear Mr. Studman:

An acquaintance of mine recently received a polite little rejection from you. I happened to notice it on his desk. While I commend you for handwriting your rejection forms, however cursory they be, I must request that you stop using the word "Sincerly," whatever that is. I believe the word that you're searching for is spelled S-I-N-C-E-R-E-L-Y. If that gives you trouble, other options are available, e.g., "Best wishes," "Good luck in your writing," or simply, "Yours, D. R. Studman." Lest you think this is a matter of little importance, let me remind you that the only contact many people around the nation have with your publication is the dandy notes you so painstakingly compose, Mr. STudman. (Or is it Stindman? I couldn't decipher the handwriting...but that's another matter altogether.)

VERY Sincerely yours,
A South-Chicago fan

Dan,

Thanks for the copies of the *Wall* both the most recent and those from this Spring; It's looking better and better both in terms of physical appearance and subject matter.

I'd've written sooner but I get spaced out behind trying to scrape together a living around here in Missoula. It's nigh on to impossible--especially for a hairy and stubborn old hippie like myself. But a trickle here and a trickle there. I guess that's what the Republicans had in mind. Starve the opposition.

Saw Peter Koch briefly this summer--August I think it was. He was looking good and wanted me to send him some stuff--If I ever get a little money ahead I'll send stuff to both of you. I've got a new batch of poems I'm typing up. Slowly. When the mood strikes me and I've got the time. Being broke and trying to find money is very time consuming. I do have a manuscript out there somewhere but right now I couldn't tell you where. Rae Horan

has it but I haven't seen her for a couple months. Kittredge made noises like he knew a guy he could send the big manuscript to. I don't know, I'm becoming resigned to obscurity but this poverty is getting a bit irritating. Might have to leave the state for awhile.

Anyhow, keep up the good work. Makes me feel good to see the *Wall* and hear from old friends.

Thanks again,
Dave Thomas

Hardin Herald Revisited

I was wrong about publisher Ron Lytle and his crusade. I thought he was bent on tearing up the land of the Northern Cheyenne Reservation so he and his family could buy themselves a swimming pool in a nice neighborhood in Hardin. But I am ahead of myself.

Do you remember, loyal ones, the first issue of the *Portable Wall* in July, 1977? That one had Mark Fryberger's ground-breaking "True Facts about Sex." Mark's article rings as true now as then, but I cannot make such a claim for the one I wrote on p. 4, "A useful strategy."

Mine told about a newspaper job interview I had had with *Hardin Herald* publisher Ron Lytle. I complained because he would allow no news that was "environmentalist." His journal had an elasticity that promoted and cherished coal strip mining. In fact, he said mining was a boon to all. He told me how the Northern Cheyenne Tribe, located just 20 miles south of Colstrip, had a large fortune in coal. Lytle emphasized the value of this mining activity to him and his family by looking me full in the face and setting his jaw. "We want to keep living the way we're used to living," he said.

The consequence to me then was that I couldn't quite pimp myself for the *Hardin Herald*, although I was desperate for a real newspaper job, "Ah shit!" I repeated in a low

tone as I sped back to Missoula in my 1966 VW with 1500 cc swell engine. The reason I couldn't pimp myself was that I had another year at the University of Montana School of Journalism and I had to face all those stern faculty. Also, we had been taught not to play stupidities on the public. I really did not know much then about the politics of coal stripmining. I knew nothing of the bitterness, sorrow and heated arguments in Lame Deer where tribal leaders wrestled with the terrible temptation to rip up the land of their ancestors and grandchildren. I just saw the blinking warning signals I had been taught to heed when Lytle rubbed his hands together and told me of the bright things ahead for all from coal stripmining.

But I was wrong about Lytle. He is not a boogie man, just the opposite. he is a Man of God. Let me explain how history has unraveled.

The Cheyenne tribe has not mined any coal. Nor has it sold the rights to anyone else to do so. The tribe remains, though, economically strapped, at least for the moment. But plans to develop Native American art is in the works and small industry projects are on the board.

The push to mine coal, although not abolished, has been restrained.

One needs only to drive north to Colstrip, past Jim Town, to see that the tornup land has not really been "reclaimed." Mined areas are grotesque, ugly and unnatural, like the city of Butte. You can see it from the road.

The Cheyenne land, in contrast, is natural and beautiful. Bison roam the vast acres near Crazy Head Springs. Children swim in Rosebud Creek swimming holes. You can visit three fire lookout towers: Black Spring, Badger Peak and Bull Creek. You can climb around the buffalo jump and find bones in the creek bank with scrape marks from primitive tools. You can drive through a red valley with erect prairie dogs and find what Lloyd Yellowrobe calls a meteor crater. Maybe there is a limestone cavern there. The ice wells on the Ashland Divide once held foods for Mary Jane

Flying and her family and now tribal officials have built picnic tables. Children fish in ponds near there.

You see, Ron Lytle quit the newspaper business. No, I do not think we can credit his quitting with saving the land near Lame Deer. Rather Ron Lytle has become--are you ready?--The Reverend Ron Lytle! Yes, I am sure of it.

I know because I saw his picture in the *Billings Gazette* on the front page and I recognized him instantly, even though he was dressed in black and had a white rectangle at his throat.

I am offering you, kind readers, this information and I have no conclusion to add. This is the truth, and as you know, I never did work for a newspaper, but bought my own printing press. I'll tell more about that later.

Dan Struckman

Dear Postal Customer:

The enclosed was found to be either loose in the mails or damaged as a result of mechanical processing here at this Postal Facility.

We are fully aware that the mail you receive is important to you. Realizing this, all of our employees are making every effort to expeditiously handle, without damage, each piece of mail with which they are entrusted. Nevertheless, an occasional mishap will occur.

This facility handles hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail every day. It is therefore necessary to employ highly sophisticated mechanical systems to insure our customers of prompt mail delivery. At times, a malfunction does occur. The result is a damaged piece of mail.

We are constantly working to improve our processing methods so these incidences will be eliminated. You can help us greatly in our efforts if you will continue to properly prepare and address each letter or parcel that you enter into the mailstream.

We appreciate your concern and sincerely regret any inconvenience you have experienced.

Postmaster/MSC Manager

Ice Stained Window

Frosted glass
like a cathedral window
stained with ice imprints
tinted a rich shade of dawn
glows beyond your sleeping face

I wish I could say
I know that face
as well as I know this mountain
but saying that I promise
to explore it
and come to love it
half as much as this land
will simply have to do

I suppose it's hard on you
competing with a mountain
but surely
not as hard as the sun will be
on that stained window of ice

Circles

For most of the circle.
I disappear from you,
emerge smiling
riding my thoroughbred,
a blue horse with roses around his ear.
Then I am gone for another half-circle.
You grip your purse tighter in your arms
afraid something might happen to me
in the half-circle you cannot see.

I tiptoe toward your room.
Your oxygen machine hums and bubbles.
Polished wood floors,
straight-stemmed roses on the TV,
your house,
perfect,
like the teeth on a merry-go-round horse.
Your breathing stops.
I grip the tray in my hands
and wait for it to resume.

William Woodruff

Divine Retribution

The gods deem slaking thirsts a mortal wrong,
Or so it seems: they punish you, it hurts
To keep the gulps you swallow very long;
You must, at times, unclench yourself and squirt.
That imp of theirs, your bladder, whines and crabs
After all potations, cold or hot,
Nagging with persistent burning stabs,
Demanding that you soothe it on the spot.
That imp can make a drive a bumpy pain,
Can cripple your agility in sex;
Can make a sweating pilot crash his plane,
And acrobats misjudge and break their necks.
The gods must smirk with misanthropic glee
Every time a person needs to pee.

TSTHPFAGOTIAOLLTFOTO* Newsletter by Tim Coats

*The Society To Help People Feel As Good On The Inside As Others Look Like They Feel On The Outside

This issue of the newsletter is dedicated to those who keep their car windows rolled up so high they can barely get their arms out at parking garages so they can take a ticket from the spitter, and who then complain that the spitter should be easier to get to. To bring the issue into focus, we'd like to direct the readers' attention to this letter we received from a former member, who passed through our workshops with flying colors:

"Take it from an expert, if you're the kind who hates to listen to advice, you's darned well better learn a few things on your own."

Our only quarrel is that letter-writer directs his words specifically to those who don't want to hear them. Experience along these lines leads us to believe that you're far better off directing your advice towards those who don't need it but will listen.

MODERATION

We're frequently asked how we're progressing in our never ending battle for moderation. We're excited about the great advances made in recent years in the field. We predict that it will one day be within the reach of everyone.

SUPERFICIAL?

We'd like to turn next to a mistaken notion that's become a bee in our bonnet here at the Society lately. A reader says we must've put "superficial" on the map. Now that's an awfully nice thing to say, but we can't take credit. Superficiality arrived on the scene long before us. Naturally, we like to think, however, that we've extended superficiality's reach into areas hitherto thought immune.

TRIVIALITY

Another in the (growing) list of notions mistakenly attributed to the Society is that we advise people to keep their lives unimportant so that disappointments won't hurt as much. This just makes us look stupid. Common sense (as well as any other variety of sense you can think of) will tell you there are a whole lot

of reasons to keep your life unimportant, all more significant than simply keeping disappointment at bay. The fact is we now have a (reasonably) cheap booklet with a complete listing of the reasons, ranging from excellent to above average.

TENSION

"It's official, the day we've all been waiting for: Yuppies have completely reversed the reason people are unhappy--they're too laid back, not filled with enough tension!" This bulletin just came in off the wire. In the same vein, listen to this letter:

"I'm very straightforward and very rich but not very attractive. An extremely attractive person has been unusually charming to me lately, so I asked why. 'It may turn out that you're friends with somebody I could really get interested in, and, if you tell the person how great you think I am, you'd make me much more appealing in their eyes.' My question is, should I allow myself to fall for this person? This person is the first I've met who likes me for a reason other than my money."

We run into more and more cases like this one. Be warned that you'd better be an extremely resourceful person to follow the course laid down in the letter. If the person should find one of your friends attractive, then in order to make yourself useful, you would have to keep the person fired up about your friend, quite a chore over the long haul.

But we recommend you give it a try (if the person seems genuinely worth it). It's the stuff soap operas are made of.

HOLD THE DOOR?

"Do you hold a door open for someone, even if it forces them to speed up their pace? Or do you let it go, and appear to be a jerk?"

What really becomes interesting is when people don't speed up, even stop to tend to the baby, or something. Then when they do go through the door, they don't even acknowledge your presence, like you're some sort of

doorman. And they never tip.

There is value to holding the door, though--if you don't seem offended, you'll raise your character rating through the roof.

SHYNESS WASTED

"I'm the shy type who doesn't look at the person I'm talking to. What gets me is glancing up and seeing that the other person isn't looking either. All my shyness is then wasted!"

This wouldn't have been a problem, say, twenty years ago. But we're more into efficiency now. People are taking a second look at practically every aspect of their lives. Even shyness must earn its keep. Tsk.

HAVE A NICE DAY

Here is a letter from someone who we think is just trying to butter us up--he has an application for membership on file at any rate:

"I don't like a real nice day. I like something in-between. Am I so unusual, or are most people like me?"

Since Yuppiedom has pushed the "Nice Day" routine, a lot of people are rebelling.

LIFE TO THE MAX

"What does it mean to live life to its fullest? I was given this advice. What life to the fullest seems to mean today is fullsteam ahead from sunrise to sunset. You simply have to take a breath once in a while, in our opinion.

And if you're lucky enough to live on a mountaintop, you can even take a safe deep breath.

The rest of the newsletter's mailbag illustrates the same general point (if more needs to be said).

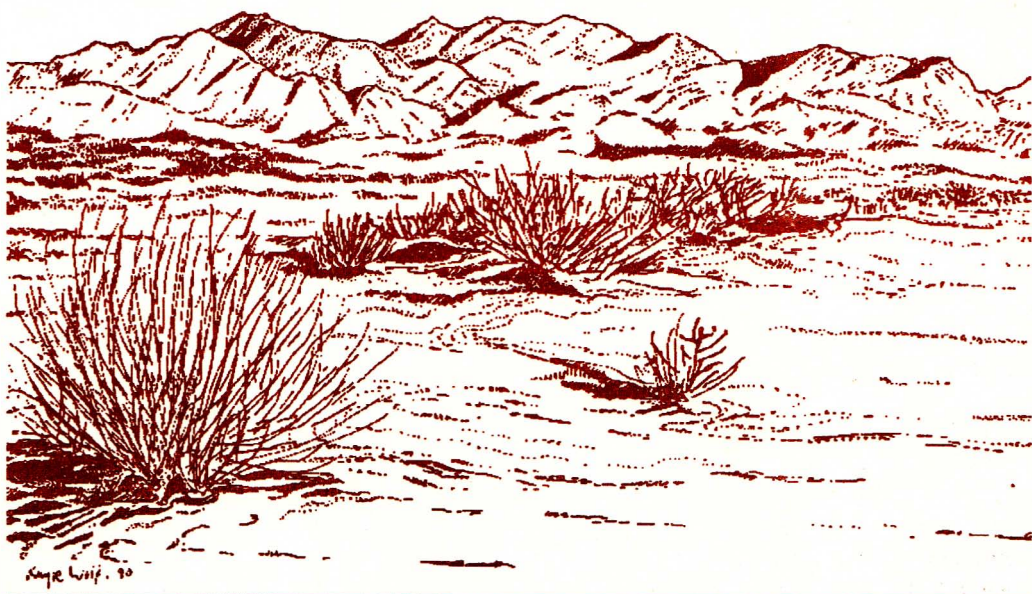
"I'm constantly shaking my head at other people when driving. What gets me is when somebody looks at me and shakes his head."

We at the Society maintain that anybody who shakes his head at others when driving is undoubtedly doing most things well enough himself so that people shouldn't shake their heads at him.

"I am, like most people, a sniveling coward around the boss. Naturally, I wouldn't want my wife to see me like this, so I avoid the social functions my boss attends. How do I explain it to her?"

We've updated our booklet on the many techniques to disguise the fact that you're a sniveling coward. If you don't mind other people seeing you cringe and cower (i.e. your psychology books), you can get by without the booklet. If you haven't reached this stage of perfection, then we can show pusillanimity to satisfy even the Ramboesque.

Our favorite technique is to become a full-scale company toady--then the boss will cringe around you.



Lame Deer News & Book Report

by Dan Struckman

I know a little about the town of Lame Deer on Montana's Northern Cheyenne Reservation since I've been a pharmacist for the Tribe's Indian Health Clinic for the past year-and-a-half. If you've seen the movies "War Party," or, even better, "Pow Wow Highway," you probably think the Indian's world, as evidenced by Indian towns, is unique. You are right.

Montana is so big a state that you have to want to get to Lame Deer pretty bad even to arrive. You get to Lame Deer in the extreme small south-western part of the state via Hardin, Crow Agency, Custer Battlefield, Busby. You stay on I-90 until Custer Battlefield then you drive on crooked, two-lane blacktop the rest of the way. You often see coyotes and roadkills: skunk, porcupine, many dogs, even an occasional horse. What you don't see a lot of are people.

"You gotta cope any way you can." Advice given to DS by Larry Felton (when DS was revamping his whole life for the 15th time that week).

Nobody knows precisely how many people live in Lame Deer, maybe 3,000-4,000. The lady in charge of the clinic's medical records says there are more than 8,000 charts, but these include Indians from other tribes who visited the clinic only a few times. No one counts the tribal members more accurately than Tongue River Electric Cooperative. The electric company has the most accurate census information available because almost all houses have electricity. In fact, when Linda Hartung, the Tribal Health Educator, had to list attendees at a pow wow presentation she and Linwood Tallbull gave on AIDS, she used the

electric company's list of town residents as a base, checking off all the people she remembered seeing there.

"In nonviolence the bravery consists in dying, not in killing."

--Mahatma Gandhi

The phonebook is no help in such a case because few in Lame Deer have phones. The phonebook does offer a glimpse of the Tribe through the names listed there: Badhorse, Beartusk, Bighead, Birdsbill, Blackwolf, Clubfoot, Crazy mule, Highbull, Killsnight, Limpy, Littlewolf, Oldmouse, Onebear, Redfox, Spang, Sioux, Walkslast, Woodenlegs are listed.

One of the oldest of Cheyenne names, though, is Rowland, according to George Bird Grinnell, Indian Historian.

Cheyenne I have met are soft-spoken and polite, yet quick to tease and joke. This doesn't seem to fit in with the stab wounds, broken jaws, kick wounds, broken ribs, bullet wounds, wife and child abuse that we see in the clinic. Car wrecks are also frequent, killing and maiming many Cheyennes in their teens and twentys. Yet I have not, in a year-and-a-half, heard anyone shout at another. You would think that people brutalized to such an extent would be raving lunatics, but such is not the case. They are true stoics.

Evangelists find fertile ground in societies under stress and the Northern Cheyenne are no exception. Christian fundamentalist churches dot the reservation, and Mormon, Catholic, and even Mennonite missionaries are busy. The churches aren't booked up with Cheyenne weddings. Mary Jane Flying says people use common law marriages and the court house more often. Anyway, missionaries have replaced anthropologists as the white people the Cheyenne are most familiar with.

The Cheyenne love their children, team sports, rodeo, hunting, traditional Indian food (dry meat, pemmican, fry bread), wakes and funerals, pickup trucks, traditional garments and pow wows. On the reservation there are at least six drumming and singing groups: Black Kettle, Teton Ramblers, Black Bear, White River, Eagle Pipe, and Swift Hawk. All are from Lame Deer or Busby.

One of AIM leader Russell Mean's cousins, Quentin Means Jr., drives ambulance for the tribe. He complains that whites tend to place all Indians in one of two extremes: Noble Redman or a Sot. The fact that most Cheyenne, like most people, lie between these two poles is ignored. "Wise Indian," says Quentin, "Small or Drunken Bum. This is not fair."

Enough generalities about the tribe. Here are some books I've read recently:

Arctic Dreams, by Barry Lopez. He tells about the people, animals, climate, geography and history of the North Polar region in such a way that you can love it. It is an easy read, yet poignant, such as when he tells how early explorers wantonly destroyed polar bear cubs so they could watch the mother's distress. The arctic is fascinating, even if a desert, and we can drive to the arctic circle through Canada, via the Dempster Highway, if we wish.

"The more places ya been, the better off you are." (after DS had lived in PK's back room for 6 months or so).

Beloved, by Toni Morrison, is a powerful book by a Black Feminist. Takes place during the period immediately post-Civil war, and it left me with that racial feeling of despair, for, to paraphrase one of the characters, all of life's sorrows comes from White people, unless one of them does something good for you, and then it is a surprise, but nothing more. Toni Morrison is sparing of words, yet gives you round characters you can get to know and

feel sympathy with. Get this one and read it.

Mantissa, by John Fowles, is a kind of erotic daydream, and this one is done rather nicely, but a little of this goes a long way and I didn't finish it. Part One had a man with amnesia in the hospital. A female doctor and nurse are going to cure him in his room by a new kind of therapy whereby they tease him sexually, overcome his moral objections, then get him to perform coitus (all purely clinical: "Nurse, make the insertion!"). I do not know if this book is worth your trouble. You could probably daydream as good yourself.

I liked *Jewel of the Moon*, by William Kotzwinkle. He tells stories in a pleasing, spare way, like a poet, and has remarkable ideas. This is the collection with the story titled, "Tell Her You Love Her with a Ring from DAVE'S HOUSE OF DIAMONDS." Unfortunately, the story is not one of his best, but it is short. And you can read any of his stories in about five minutes, even if the title is the best part. Read "Jewel of the Moon" first if you enjoy passion, otherwise, try "Star Cruisers, Welcome." Star is about an extraterrestrial vehicle that lands in the Bronx. The alien invaders explore the ghetto and when they return to their ship they find that:

"It stood before them in the moonlight, its hull stripped. The landing struts, wheels, brakes, were gone, and the ship had been tipped on its side like a beached whale. Its armor plate, capable of withstanding atomic attack, had somehow been pried off, leaving only a thin shell over the frame. The power hatches were open and the ship's primary guidance systems were hanging out in a tangle.... The finest cruiser in the galaxy, reduced to junk inside an hour... Written upon it in pastel spray paint was an inscription: THE BALDIES."

"The mind of a man who remains good under compulsion cannot improve, in fact it worsens."

--Mahatma Gandhi

Some Reasons Why We Should Be Married

Because:
you can cook
and I can't
and if you
don't marry me
I will surely
starve to death.

We like each
other's chests.

You encourage me
to pay prudent
attention to such
matters as traffic
tickets and I con-
vince you not to
take the System
too seriously.

You don't like oysters
so I get them all.

We like each
other's butts.

We both have good teeth
so in all probability
our children will have
good teeth and if the
slave trade ever comes
back into style and we
find ourselves short
of cash, we would have
no problem selling the
kids.

We like the ocean
carmel
Cannery Row
camping
hot tubs
wine

and each other's butts.

I can do dishes
and you don't
and if you don't
marry me, you
will surely die
of some obscure
dirty dish disease.

We both like
poetry
abstract art
classical music
potatoe chips with
salsa and cottage cheese
and each other's butts.

You sometimes forget
to feed the cat and
sometimes I do too
but never at the
same time and if
you don't marry me
he will surely starve
to death.

I am good at
spending money
and you are good
at making it.

I have a great tan now
and would look cute
dressed all in white.

I have fantastic legs.

My eyes are green
and yours aren't.

We both like
loving each other
driving fast
Berkeley
your motorcycle
foreign films
and each other's butts.

Fryberger Writes

by Mark Fryberger

Dan,

In an effort to change my own ways in tune with the Big Changes going on in the world, I hereby announce the closing of my sexual consulting service. "M.D. Fryberger, M.D., LSD, V.D., Sexologist. Certified. Licensed. Bonded. Insured." So I was listed in the Yellow Pages.

My confession: I know almost nothing about sex. I'm a sexual failure. I'm an ignominium.

The unwary were lured into my web by my pose of caring objectivity. I wore tweed. I smoked a pipe. I affected a beard. I listened compassionately, spoke gently, cultivated non-threatening body language. I was non-judgmental.

How could I be judgmental when I didn't understand a word these people were saying to me?!

I would do little but listen during the first session, little except nod knowingly and say things such as "Ah, yes." Then, after I'd signed up the patient for a series of consultations, and got the hapless soul out the door, I'd scramble in desperation for dictionaries, encyclopedias, sex manuals, soft and hard-porn, and inflatable dolls, in a bewildered attempt to figure out what I'd just been told. Pathetic.

A young woman came to me last week complaining of "frottage." I said, "Ah, yes." I

then proceeded through the session in my typically bland, laissez-faire manner. When she finally was gone I rushed to the dictionary, always my first line of defense against sexual confusion. Frottage: "Abnormal desire for the contact between clothed bodies of oneself and another."

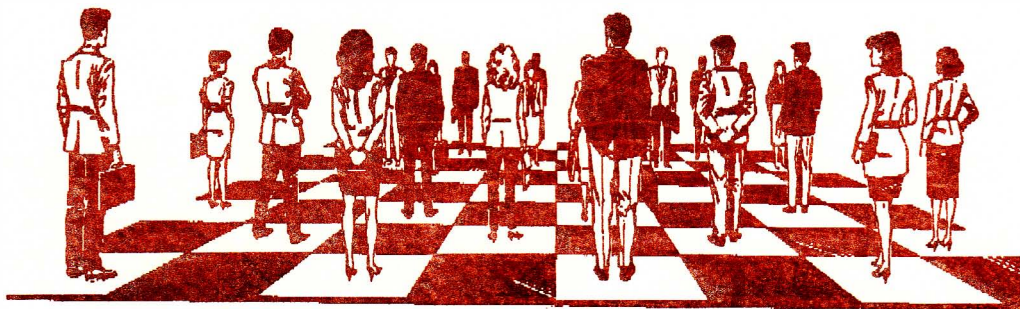
There it was. It hit me like a hammer to the bridge of the nose, like a two-by-four to the base of the spine, like a horse-shoe to the point of the chin.

It was my secret desire, named! A passion buried so deep within me I had not known it was there! The odious book fell from my hands. As a miasma of dread enveloped me I slumped to the floor. All grew dark. In the gloom, a raven croaked derisively from a twisted cottonwood.

How long I remained in that abysmal stupor, dear Reader, I shall never know. But, Ho! What yonder light breaks? 'Tis the dawn -- the veil is lifted!

I felt fresh, green life well up within me. I calmly gathered a few personal effects from my office, walked out the door and pulled my shingle down, flinging it upon a dung heap as I made my way down the country road. In the dawn light a chickadee twittered blithely from a magnificent oak. For once I knew where I was going, and why. I was going down to the town, into the market-place, there to rub shoulders with the People!

Your chastened friend,
Mark



'Bats' Thou Never Wert!

by Helena Handbasket

Montana's exchequer is inhabited mainly by moths these days: farmers and ranchers are going broke since Uncle Sam cut their allowance, loggers can't lop down the few trees left after the 1988 forest fires because Uncle won't pay to have it done, and the only "oro y plata" you can find in the state is the plating on someone's Japanese wristwatch.

But forget all that stuff, Montanans, because we've got trouble, real trouble, that starts with "t," and that stands for "teams." Yes, I'm talking about the nicknames of our state school sports teams.

With town names that range from Alhambra (near Helena) to Zurich (on the Hi-Line), you'd think Montanans could dream up great team nicknames. But Noooooooo! Many schools in the state share a few fierce critters (and their permutations) as their sports symbols. Thus we have "broncs" or "mustangs" (Billings Senior, Shepherd, Malta), "bears" (Rocky Mountain College, Billings West, Box Elder), "bulldogs" (Butte, Hardin, Moore), "coyotes" (Chester, Shelby), "wolves" (Cutbank, Stanford, Wolf Point), "eagles" (Lewistown, Sidney) and "rams" (Billings Central, Winifred), ad nauseam. Where's the creativity in this? The music?

To be truly fitting, nicknames should not only sound good when combined with the names of towns, they should also stand for some thing or quality by which the towns want to be identified. Every model of euphony and symbol we have in Montana, like the "Laurel Locomotives" (Laurel's a railroad town), is offset by something totally off-the-wall, like the "Havre Blue Ponies." Now I ask you: what town with any civic pride wants to be known for its cold, short, horses? Unfortunately, there's many more Havre's in the state than there are Laurel's.

But it's not too late. We must appoint someone (I'm available, so to speak) to run a crash program renaming sports teams with the

same verve and wit that went into the naming of the towns themselves. By this time next year, might we not hope to have the Avon "Callings," the Edgar "Allen Poes," the Kremlin "Conspiracies," the Manhattan "Lullabies"? Might not we hear of the Opportunity "Knocks," the Custer "Pincushions," the Big Arm "Pits" (interesting possibility for school cheers there), The Dell "Farmers" or the Belt "Buckles"?

Think of reading in the paper about a bitterly fought contest between the Browning "Roberts" and the Roberts "Brownings," the Stark "Contrasts" against the Lima "Beans," the Roy "Rogers" versus the Perma "Prests" ("Knock the starch out of 'em, Perma!").

"With town names that range from Alhambra to Zurich you'd think Montanans could dream up great team nicknames."

A new football cheer could be created for the Dunkirk "Rearguards"-"Fall back! Fall back! Waaaaaaaaaaaaaay Back!" The Froid "Egos" might be pitted against the Victor "Matures" (especially if Victor had some particularly big kids), the Pryor "Commitments" against the Reserve "Departments" (perhaps in the Etiquette Bowl). How about the Churchill "Winnies" facing the Winston "Churchies"? The Lloyd "Bridges against the Broadus "Weightwatchers"? The Wisdom "Teeth" versus the Ringling "Circuses"?

Well, think it over. I'd be glad to head the renaming program up, and I would work cheap (Hey, I'm a Montanan!). I'll use as my model a little town in the far southeastern stretches of the state. The Belfry teams sport a nickname that is the perfect balance of the assonance and wit. You can hear it crisp winter evenings when you pass the Belfry gym, which rocks with the rousing cheer, "Bite 'em, Bats"!

Untitled

This inner desolation is
grievous and dismal
a frozen inland sea
whitewashed in snow
a lone green shack
stands in relief
the ice-fishing is
good this time of year
there are few of us
out here from time to time
seeking sustenance
from the icy waters
we don't bother each
other much
but there is great
comfort in having a
neighbor now and then
out here
in this
bleak wasteland
of winter wonder
I get drowsy
in the cold
out here
from time to time
in this still monotony
of white
the deliverance of sleep
is warm and seductive
but it's old bait
and it really won't catch
anything
they say spring is coming
early this year
I hope so
I haven't seen anyone
out here
in a long time

Ant on a Log

The ant carries an egg
Of his own sort
Across a log.

Gusts disturb the egg.
These too, will pass
In time.

He finds his path and
Places the egg
Among the other shielded futures.
Our ant is sustained
By this silent group.

Confident and satisfied
At journey's end,
This ant ascends
Atop the log.

Beyond the fantasy of light
Is within his mind.

Rain comes.
The egg stream pours
From the harbor.

Everything our ant
Has tried to do
Comes to nothing.
He is unmoved.

Triumph ant.

Poem

I stand before him,
Clutching my poem to my heart.
Afraid
To place my dream before the crowd.

He removes his hat,
Turns it inside out.
Grinning,
He returns it to his head.

I loosen my grip.

Kayleen Larson

The Drone

The drone
 stings
 imaginary stings
The drone
 lazes
 as others labor
The drone
 totes
 no honey homeward
The drone
 begets
 its own breath, but
The drone
 quickens
 the queen's quest, so
The drone's harbored by the hive's keeper

The Moon

After eating,
I am tired
as the moon.
Victim of
a well rounded meal
on a white plate
that looks back at me,
like the moon
not a single crumb
on its shiny face.

Mary E. Westwood

Fall Again

Oh amber light,
amber light
that slips a cast of gold
across the dun grass
of southern hills
harbinger of haying
done, harvest in
and crisp nights sliding
to killing frosts.
Sunsets bring a new
slant to this season
of promises kept,
promise gone dormant.

The Miracle of the Mouse

by Patricia Flinn

Thelma Peckingwood's life changed the day she met God in the laundry room.

She had been in the basement of her four-story tenement separating whites from pastels when she heard someone call her name.

"Thelma," the voice said. "Thelma Peckingwood?"

Startled, she leaped almost two feet into the air, convinced that some creep had come wandering in off the street to attack her. When she glanced around, however, no one was there.

"I guess I imagined it," she shrugged, tossing a pair of yellow socks into one of the dryers.

Seconds later, she heard the voice again.

"Thelma," it called, "Thelma Peckingwood. Are you listening? Can you hear me?"

"Who--who's there?" she cried, grabbing hold of her king-size green and white bedspread and pressing it against her chest like a shield. "What....what do you want?"

"I want to tell you something very important, Thelma," the voice continued. "Something that you must know."

"Who--who are you?" Thelma gazed around the damp, shadowy cellar with large frightened eyes. "How do you know my name?"

"Oh, I know a lot about you, Thelma," the voice said. "I'm God, and I know everything."

"God?" Thelma shuddered, her brain spinning like the fine washables in the nearby Maytags. "God who?"

"God! You know, the Maker and..."

"Look, Mister," Thelma interrupted, her whole body trembling like the last leaf on a windblown autumn tree. "I don't know where you came from or what you want, or where you are for that matter, but you better leave me alone because my husband is right down the hall and I..."

"Now, now Thelma," the voice said, "Don't fib. We both know Leo is at work. He

called you a little while ago to complain about the baloney sandwich you made him this morning, remember. He said the bread was moldy."

"How--how did you know that?" Thelma gasped, taking several steps backwards until she was wedged between the trash bin and the soap dispenser.

"I already told you," the voice said patiently. "I'm God. God knows everything."

Thelma opened her mouth, but, to her amazement, nothing came out.

"Look, relax," the voice continued. "No one's going to hurt you and this will only take a minute. I dispense with the theatrics nowadays. There will be no angels. No trumpets, no burning bushes, nothing of that sort. I'm just here to pass along some information. Something you should know."



Thelma's brain tumbled in disarray like her cotton panties and Maidenform bras in the sudsy water of a nearby washer.

"From this day forward, Thelma, you will know fully without a shadow of a doubt the truth of all human existence. The secret to one of life's greatest mysteries."

"Me?" Thelma gasped, her eyes widening.

Without warning all the washers and dryers came to an abrupt halt.

"Yes, Thelma, that's right. You. You are about to learn that reality--what you call your world--is nothing more than a surge of infinitely malleable energy controlled and manipulated by your ever-changing thoughts. This is the knowledge you need, Thelma. This is the force that will make you more powerful than you ever dreamed possible."

"Oh, I know a lot about you, Thelma. . . I'm God, and I know everything."

Thelma was about to reply when she felt something press against her left foot. When she looked down, she saw a small white mouse perched atop the lattice of her white laces, nibbling happily at her long blue and green sock.

"Thelma, the universe has blessed you. Bear in mind the great responsibility that your knowledge brings, and always remember that you are the maker and creator of your world. Your thoughts, great or small, are the stuff that holds you together-- the material from which reality is shaped!"

All the washers and dryers suddenly kicked on again, and the voice of God disappeared into the slosh of spinning water and whirling hot air.

"Wait!" Thelma cried, shaking her left foot wildly. "Don't go. I--I don't understand. Do you hear me? I don't understand."

But despite Thelma's entreaties God did not reply.

2.

Alone in the cellar with a white mouse atop her foot, Thelma Peckingwood stood like something short circuited.

After God first left all she could do was scream and shake her leg like someone whose foot was on fire. Then she threw herself on the floor and began to roll back and forth. Finally, after a brief period of hysterics during which she tore out great clumps of hair and swore

bloody roses, she attempted to knock the mouse off her foot by slamming her leg against one of the nearby washers. Exhausted and unsuccessful, she sat back to catch her breath, when, to her utter amazement, she saw the mouse turn into a beautiful red rose.

She stared at the soft satiny petals as though she were hallucinating. Just as she was about to touch the long, prickly stem of the flower, the rose turned back into a snow-white mouse.

"This can't be happening," she insisted, her whole body shaking. "It's much too crazy, too weird!"

The mouse then became a huge question mark, three times the size of Thelma's foot.

Thelma's body quaked as the voice of God once again rang through the laundry room.

"Thelma? Thelma Peckingwood? Can you hear me? It's me again. God."

"Please," Thelma cried, her eyes as hollow as a jack-o-lantern's. "Help me. I--I can't take this any more. I don't know what's happening, and I'm--I'm going crazy."

"I know," God said, rather apologetically. "But don't feel bad because it's all my fault. You see, I forgot to tell you about Moses."

"Moses?" Thelma cried. "Moses who?"

"Moses, the mouse," God said. "I completely forgot to mention him."

"This can't be happening. . . It's much too crazy, too weird!"

"What about him?" Thelma asked, watching in horror as the huge question mark began to metamorphose first into a long white tail, and then into the body and head of Moses the mouse.

"I forgot to tell you that Moses is a gift," God said. "He's my way of showing you as clearly as I can the truth of what we were talking about a short time ago."

"Please," Thelma cried, grabbing hold of her head. "I'm going crazy. I can't take this

anymore. I don't know what you're talking about."

"I know. Not many people do, but that's no reason to get upset."

"Oh, go away. Just go away"

"Not until I tell you about Moses. It's very important that you know this stuff."

"I don't want to know anything. Just leave me alone."

"Moses is part of you, Thelma. Understand? Whatever you think, Moses becomes. It's as simple as that. You think a rose, he becomes a rose. You think a mouse, he's a



mouse. You ask a question, he becomes..."

Thelma's head shot up.

"A--question mark?"

"That's right."

"But--but that's incredible. It's --it's impossible."

"Nonsense," God said. "Nothing is impossible once you think it."

Thelma looked at Moses wiggling happily on her toe. She closed her eyes and began to think very hard.

Moses metamorphosed into a beautiful rainbow whose bright colors lit up the entire laundry room.

"Why, it's--it's a miracle," Thelma cried, gazing down at the glorious colors shining from her left foot. "My thoughts created a miracle!"

"Well, from your point of view I suppose it is a miracle," God said. "But from where I'm coming from, well, it's really just a perfectly explainable law of the universe. And it doesn't just affect mice. It affects every-

thing."

"Everything? Everything in the world? Not just Moses?"

Moses reappeared, his nose twitching like a rabbit's.

"That's right," God said. "Moses is really just a prop. An example, if you will, to explain the principle."

Thelma's brain reeled. She became a changed woman, a creature transfigured as much by her knowledge as the mouse had been. By the cosmic power of her own brain, she would create miracles in her own life, and probably reshape the universe.

The future would be hers. She would have fame, fortune, untold happiness. She would transform her husband into the handsome lover with the green eyes, cleft chin and wavy black hair she had always desired.

They would dance under the moonlight and run naked through the wet grass of their French mansion set high atop the sea-kissed cliffs of romantic Entretat in Normandy. Every night they would swoon in each other's arms, pulsing with pleasure, their hearts aflame with wild uncontrollable passion.

Her double chins and flabby thighs would vanish, and before Leo's grateful eyes, she would become Venus herself.

3.

Such were her thoughts as she climbed the stairs to her apartment with Moses atop her toe.

But no sooner had Thelma opened the door into her apartment when Leo, home early from work and spying the mouse atop his wife's foot, let loose a scream and lunged for her instep.

"Stop!" Thelma cried, taken by surprise. "What are you doing?"

"There's--there's a mouse on your foot," Leo screamed, grabbing hold of the mouse and wringing its little white neck. "A dirty, filthy varmint!"

Thelma forgot all the wonderous powers within her cosmic brain. Instead, she began to hammer her husband's bald head with her

laundry basket.

"Leave Moses alone!" she cried. "Do you hear me? Let him alone!"

"Moses? Moses who?"

"Moses the Mouse!" Thelma wailed, picking up the mouse and stroking it gently. "Proof that I am the maker and creator of my own reality!"

"Have you gone crazy?" Leo cried, grabbing his wife by the shoulders and shaking her. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," she said, shrugging off Leo's big hands. "But poor Moses is dead. I must concentrate."

"Concentrate? Concentrate on what?"

"On my thoughts. I must think Moses well again."

Leo watched in mounting horror as his wife held the dead mouse in the palm of her hand.

"Rise!" she wailed over and over.

"Rise and heal yourself!"

4.

It was exactly then when Leo decided to sneak away and call the local funny farm that Thelma's thought reanimated the mouse

and transformed him into the lovely yellow daffodils she sat holding when Leo reentered the room.

"Where--where's the mouse?" Leo asked, looking quite perplexed as he gazed all around. "Where did he go?"

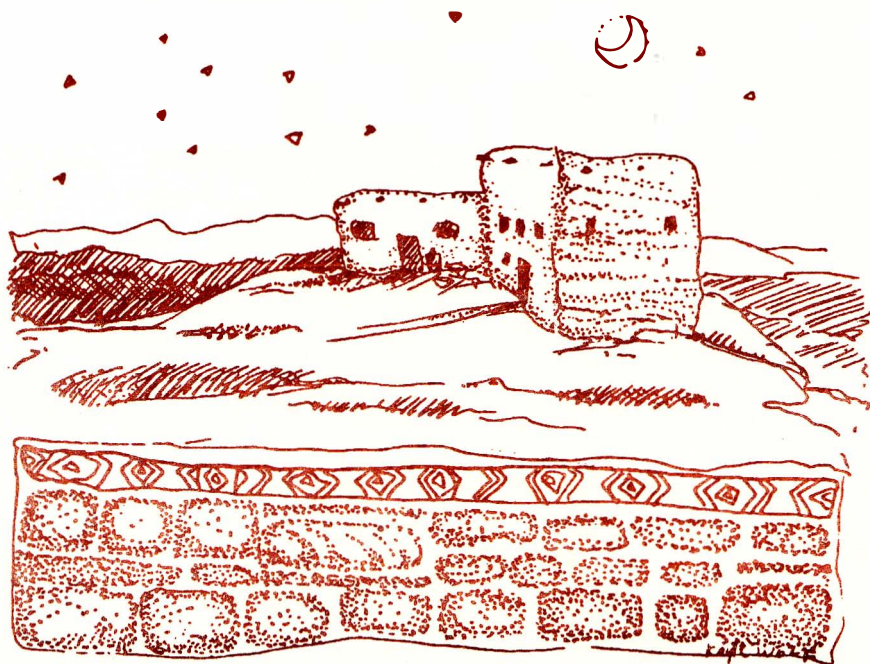
"Here!" Thelma replied, smiling down happily at the glowing daffodils. "It's quite a miracle, isn't it?"

"While Leo sat holding his wife's other hand, watching the door anxiously for the doctors to arrive, Thelma told him all about her day: how she heard the voice of God in the laundry room, and how she came to realize that the miracle of the mouse was living proof that thought affects reality.

So caught up was Thelma with her story, that she was surprised when Leo got up to open the door to the three large men in white coats who tiptoed into the room and surrounded her.

"Nice flowers, lady," she heard one of the men say.

"Why, thank you," Thelma replied, smiling proudly as she cradled her daffodils. "I made them myself, you know."



November

Nights of chilled peace
the work is done.
Stars that make the sky
a dappled ceiling; cathedral high.
Silhouettes of discarded corn stalks,
smoke dancing up chimneys
like cobras from snake charmers' baskets,
trees reaching stark arms skyward,
the last pumpkins
amidst remnants of withered vines,
soon to be pumpkin pies on the counter
and apple and custard
with turkeys stuffed fat and turning brown
under aluminum foil tents.
Someone's new baby cries
adding to the house full of gathered family
that somehow is not bedlam
but audible love
wrapping us in its feather comforter warmth
safe for the moment
from winter's swift approach.

Grandma Fed Me

Grandma fed me.
She fed me beef stew
pot roast chicken stew
soft-boiled eggs with bits of shells
when I was hungry.
When I wasn't hungry
but starving
for hugs baths dresses a lap
my mother a father birthdays & hugs
Grandma fed me.
She fed me beef stew
pot roast chicken soup
soft-boiled eggs with bits of shells.

I have always been underweight.

Don Stinson

Catnap

You wake me in morning
when your paws hit the floor
oh so lightly

I see black hair and green eyes
and a body young and smooth
muscles tensing as you stalk
your prey

After the kill, you relax
licking your claws, laughing
licking scratches on my back

Then you bare your teeth
and purr,
dancing over my body
for nine lifetimes

Dreams of Sharon

There is a room
pungent with smoke
from too many parties,
littered with beer cans,
whiskey bottles, roaches,
overflowing ashtrays,
a dusty broken mirror

There is a girl,
a tattered angel
whose soft eyes grow
harder each night, yet
duller as well.
Each morning fresh wounds
along her thin arms
release a little more
of her fragile spirit

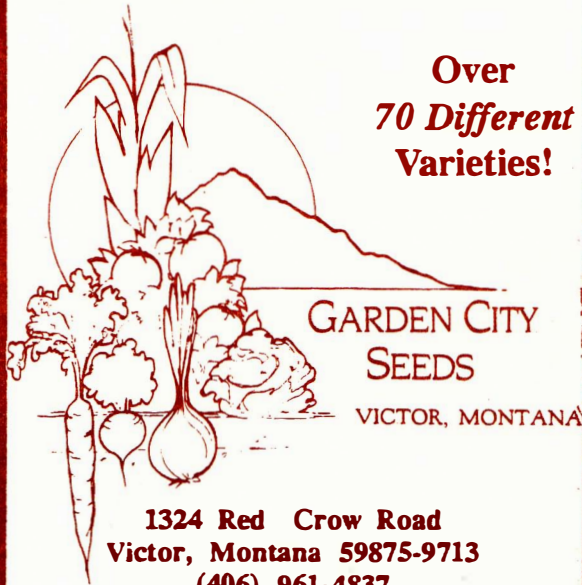
There is a bed
of too many nights
and too many mornings
of "What's your name?"

She lives only in dreams.
She's fragile and couldn't stand
excess for long. I wish
I dreamed of good times,
but they remain on the surface,
undisturbed by sleep

But pain seeps
into my unconscious
to rise again
in dreams of Sharon

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Against the Current

by Robert Eddleman

The glare from the snow stung my eyes as I turned off Interstate 94 at the Pompeys Pillar exit. The sky was bright blue, and the air so clear it seemed to sparkle. I was driving a mufflerless semi from our place in Red Lodge to our home ranch. How I love this place, I thought, as I looked across the Yellowstone River at the Northside. This place was what made me different from other Montanans. I am a Northsider, and when I got across the bridge over the Yellowstone, I would be home.

Why had I always felt special about coming from the area just north of the Yellowstone? I think it is because there are so few of us Northsiders. When I was going to a small rural school, we Northsiders were considered hicks. This from a bunch of kids that grew up on ranches themselves. Even they couldn't imagine what it was like to drive 20 miles on dirt roads just to get to the blacktop that took us to school. Instead of letting the other kids bother me, I always assumed living on the Northside made me unique. Crossing the bridge intensified the feeling, because even the bridge was special: it was next to the "Rock."

Pompeys Pillar is a solid chunk of sandstone rising 200 feet out of the flat river bottom. It was given its name because Clark, of Lewis and Clark Expedition, stopped here on his return from the Pacific in 1807. He even carved his name into the sandstone, the only mark remaining from the famous expedition. Pompeys Pillar symbolized the uniqueness of the Northside for me.

Since the truck I was driving was so noisy, I was wearing earplugs. As long as the truck roared along, I was comfortable. However, when I stopped, I was deafened by the silence. Approaching the bridge I noticed a man and two small boys out on the thick ice. As usual the Yellowstone had frozen over except for the air hole that began a hundred

yards upstream of the bridge and continued for another hundred yards down river.

The man and the boys were watching something in the river, but I couldn't see what it was. I drove up onto the bridge and stopped over the air hole. I saw then what they were watching, and a chill ran down my spine. There in the water upstream of the bridge were two dogs.

The boys were trying to get closer to the edge of the ice, but the father wouldn't let them. The dogs were in trouble, serious trouble. One was a black Lab. He was a superb swimmer, having no trouble swimming against the strong current of the Yellowstone. The other



dog, a German shepherd, was having a much harder time of it. He was scared, and had his nose high in the air, lifting his paws high out of the water with every stroke. The Lab, swimming easily, stayed close to the other dog as if giving support. The dogs would paddle up to the edge and try to pull themselves up onto the ice. Each time the ice crumbled underneath their weight, and they slipped back into the swift river.

I could see the kids were crying. They wanted to try and pull the dogs out, but

the father was afraid the ice would break. He wouldn't let the boys near the edge. I felt like I was watching a silent horror movie, because I couldn't hear. I hadn't taken my ear plugs out, either because I forgot or because I was afraid to, I'm not sure which.

"With a burst of energy, the Lab paddled against the river's force. I watched in amazement as he fought as though possessed."

In a few minutes the dogs were swept downstream under the bridge, towards the far end of the air hole. Time seemed to stand still. I wanted to look away, but I couldn't; it should've been easy to get into the truck and drive away, but my feet wouldn't move. The movement I seemed capable of was a pounding heart, sounding louder and louder in my ears.

The German shepherd was clearly near the end. He was still paddling frantically but was tiring fast. The Lab stayed close, but to no avail. The German shepherd was sucked under the ice by the river's current. The Lab, visibly agitated, swam back and forth next to the edge, until he realized that the same fate was in store for him, too, unless he could somehow save himself.

With a burst of energy, the Lab paddled against the river's force. I watched in amazement as he fought as though possessed. Twenty yards upstream he suddenly turned. With all his strength he hurled downstream towards the edge of the ice. He hit the edge with all the momentum of the current and his own desperate energy behind him. He thrust himself as far onto the ice as he could go. He was almost half-way out and was scratching at the ice with everything he had. I began to yell, "Come on: Come on, you can do it!" He needed just another couple of inches to be on solid ice, just a little farther, just a little.... The ice crumbled beneath him, and he fell back, in.

Now fatigue was beginning to show.

The Lab had fought upstream, and he had fought to pull himself up on the ice. He didn't give up, though. He pointed his nose upstream and again began to paddle. It was as if he decided that if he could just paddle long enough, the river would release him from its icy grip. "For that one brief moment, I thought he could beat it. Slowly, slowly, however, he was swept towards the edge under which his friend has disappeared. One glimpse, and he was sucked under the edge of the air hole by the current.

I stood there, wanting to cry. Wait! Seconds later the Lab reappeared from under the ice, swimming desperately. I couldn't believe my eyes. What courage! What a will to live this incredible dog possessed! The Lab fought valiantly for another few seconds, then slid under the ice, this time forever.

I walked over to the truck and climbed in. I wanted to scream at the man and his kids, "How could you be so stupid? How could you waste such a life?" What had happened was so obvious: the kids had thrown sticks into the river for the dogs to fetch, never dreaming that by doing so they were dooming them. I raged because it felt so wrong to take lives of creatures that wanted so desperately to live.

"I wanted to scream at the man and his kids, 'How could you be so stupid? How could you waste such a life?'"

On the drive to our Northside ranch I felt numb. I searched for an explanation, but there was none. There was a lesson, perhaps: it isn't where you come from that marks you as unique. What really sets someone apart is the ability to turn upstream and swim against the current as long and as hard as you can. It doesn't matter that we'll all be swept under the ice in the end. All that matters is that you meet life with all you've got, and then some. Like an unknown dog did on a cold winter's day.

Bears in Alaska

Honest, man,
Bears won't hurt you, if
you do everything right, like
hang up your food away from
camp, stay off bear trails and
away from watering holes and fresh
killed moose or caribou or other, and
don't go walking where mamma grizzly has
a cub or where one is waking up from its
winter nap or is teed off for
any reason at all. And

in hiking make lots of noise:
talk, shout, laugh, converse, wail,
sing hosannas, tinkle bells, and
stomp the earth frequently.

But don't carry your radio playing
loudly in bear country,
especially not gut-jarring rock and roll.
Because a dude down in Kenai did last
year and all they found was his
chomped radio and a couple of buttons.

Some thought it wasn't even a bear that
got him, but other campers, so one must be
careful of his music--maybe a soothing
waltz or a folksong, and without drums.

Above all, think good thoughts about
bears and people and life and things at
all times when you are out there on
the trail, because somehow they know.

Seventh Silo

Six silos in
this patch of brown,
stretch towards the
hot, unrepentant sun,
filled to the brim
with invisible wheat
or soybeans,
now seven,
my father,
arms stretched towards
the sky,
joins them in stunted prayer,
body teeming with a
a harvest of darkness,
tears rattling down his
face into the cracks
in the earth.

Burning the Elephants

When I tossed
the Hemingway novel
in the fire
I thought I heard
an elephant scream
as it succumbed
to the holocaust
but then I
appeased my conscience
by telling myself
I was saving it
from the worse fate
it was to meet
on page 237
at the hands
of a great white hunter.

Back East

There is this perception that comes as a breath
from the west, that play of light
on red sandstone, archaic voices calling
across savannahs, spectrums of seasons,
the slow progress of boxwood, gospel tamborines,
clatter of shopping carts pushed by old men.
Under the magnolias, we look out like ghosts
in lawn chairs, the whole city at our feet
I cannot swim out to the ancient cradle that holds
my mother's, my grandmothers' ornaments
unmoored, it drifts downriver. Near waking
I clamber over snowbanks to catch sight of it
in a hot summer morning. This cradle rocks me now,
and when dreams return may the cradle flower
and hold me here in history
in worn blankets and in childhood's closure
I get up and walk from one room
to another, two dolls in my hands
this room becomes an eye
into prehistoric dwellings,
the dolls tell me to stay
to live in our house, to keep watch.

The Alcoholic

At first she sipped just to soften
the time that bent her life.
The mild anesthetic
gently numbed the boredom of night
that dripped like a Chinese water torture.
It became a companion that washed away
the venom stains.
Tipping the glass against her red suede lips,
she never saw the reflection
of trembling eyes.
Nameless hands choking her
were thrown into a body bag
temporarily.
The nearer her lobotomy,
the more lovingly she caressed her drink
with sweet disdain.
And every morning she awoke,
the jilted lover.

Untitled

If by chance our eyes exchange
a glance through glass, in bright blue day
you turn away and leave my path.
But when the sky falls to its knees,
a playful whirl upon my stool
catches you.
As the vine unwraps your spine
you improvise
on life that's passed for impulse
born today.
A vulgar ballad tries to mask
the bloody knife
severing threads of hope
from barroom light.
No gloried guise behind the rain
within your eyes.
We drink our tears with tonic
on the rocks.
And stuff the endless reasons
in our socks.

Back in Business

Jon Angel, Northern Arizona University, designed this issue and set all the type. He said, "I got interrupted while typing and when I returned home the typewriter had sprouted legs and sneaked off to some dark corner of my house to hide..."

Danny Barbare, of Greenville, SC, says he has been writing for seven years and has been published in four regional poetry magazines. He works for a life insurance company.

Kerri Brostrom lives in Tampa, FL. She is a mother of three employed as a student.

Tim Coats invented his newsletter in San Francisco.

Ronald G. Crowe retired as Editor, Institute of Social and Economic Research, University of Alaska. His poems have appeared in *Paris Review* and the *New York Quarterly* and numerous small magazines. He has won several awards for his poems and has written several humorous books.

Sharon Dunn, Bozeman, MT, lives with her husband, a dog, a cat and a word processor. She wants to make flawless lasagne.

Robert Eddleman was raised on a ranch 50 miles northeast of Billings. He is a college student.

Larry Felton, recently divorced, had a chance to meet up with Skip Reising and play guitar. Skip knows hard chords.

John Grey came here from Australia 12 years ago and has had chapbooks published by Plowman and Nightmare Express.

Anne Harris, poetry co-editor this issue, is a social worker. Her husband, *Gray Harris*, edited most of the prose.

Lynella S. Ives, of Castle Rock, CO, enjoys life, love and nature. She and her husband have two sons.

Kayleen Larson lives near the city of Bynum, MT, on a family ranch homesteaded in 1898. Her current and forthcoming publications include *Western Horseman*, "Mud Creek, Purr" and *100 Years in Poetry: A Montana Centennial*.

Mindy Matijasevic, New York, lives in the Bronx. Her poetry has appeared in numerous publications and she maintains an underground poetry project that received attention from a New York radio station, WNYC, two magazines and a museum.

Cynthia McCombs Newman lives in Houston where she is a nurse. Her published works include one in the 1990 Muse Calendar for March. And others.

Marak Moisis: "Born in the fifties,/ orphaned at two./ Special friend to animals,/ knows the color blue."

Mary Moore Jacoby is an art historian specializing in photographic archives. Her poems have been published in the "Poetry Roundup" column of the *Denver Post* and in *Womanthology: a Collection of Colorado Woman Poets*. Now she lives in Virginia.

Beth Rohrer proofread. She and her husband and two sons live in the boonies near Flagstaff, AZ.

Don Stinson is Editor of an alumni magazine at Northeastern State university in Tahlequah, OK. He writes poetry and occasionally teaches.

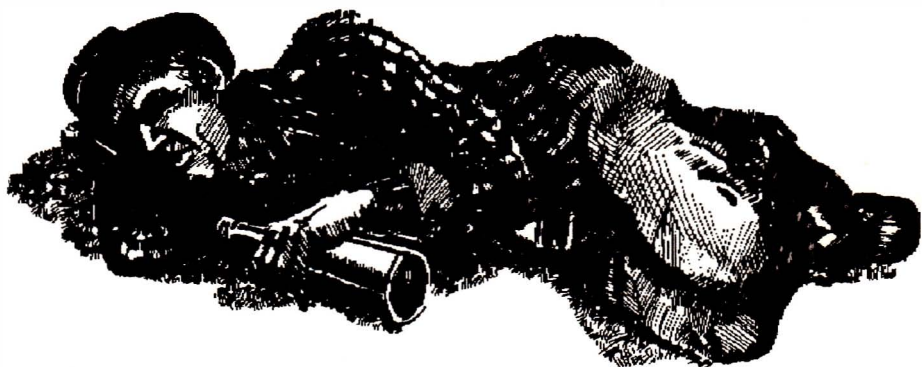
Kathleen Taylor, social worker in Occidental, CA, wants to print her powerful poems in a chapbook. She has had numerous poems published in countless journals. We referred her to Peter Koch's Blackstone Press, of course.

Poetry co-editor *Mary E. Westwood* of Billings was a disk jockey and newspaper editor. Now she is a lawyer. Mary uses her poetry to keep in touch with her remaining imagination, she says.

Kayle Wolf of Flagstaff, AZ, is a student at Northern Arizona University. She provided several of the illustrations found throughout this issue.

William Woodruff lives in Pasadena.

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