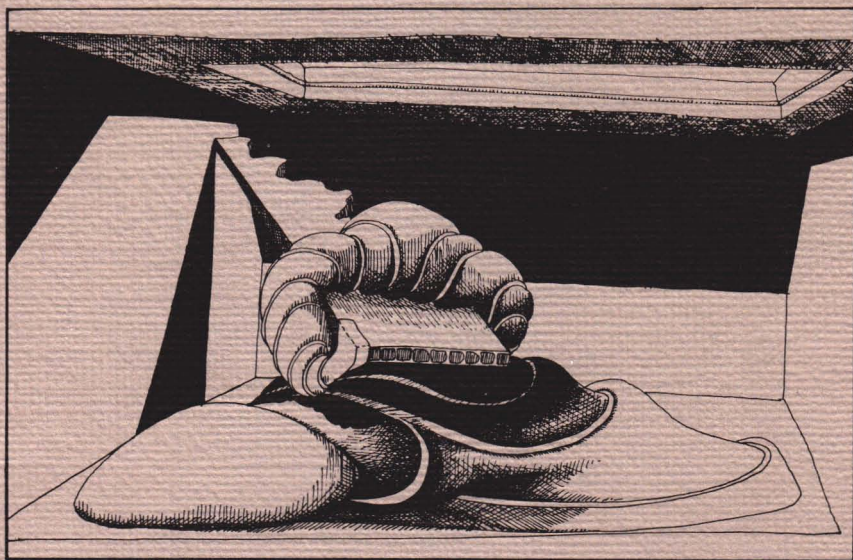


August 1977

Free

# The Portable Wall



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# THE PORTABLE WALL

EDITORS: DANIEL STRUCKMAN  
MARK FRYBERGER

no. two

Aug. 1977

THE PORTABLE WALL is published monthly, containing whatever you find in it. We shall publish for free distribution as long as the contributions hold up. When necessary we plan to print more copies and sell them as cheap as we can to cover costs of publication.

The first issue was intended mainly for friends and relatives of ours, while this one is for that fat guy you saw crossing the street near the Oxford. Although we hope the most flaccid stranger can wander through these pages, it was written for those ingenious souls who would add to it with all love.

Contributions of line drawings, manuscripts and money are welcome. Send to:

THE PORTABLE WALL  
215B Sisson  
Missoula, Mt. 59801

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Cover designed and drawn by Dirk Lee. We thank Dana Graham for her generous contribution for this issue. Also, thanks to Frank Dugan for allowing us to use his drawing.

# R.I.P.

Elvis is officially dead. I don't mean to be sarcastic, but while all Hollywood was stunned and shocked by the news, I was only surprised. Elvis has been gone for a long time, no matter how you cut it. Oh, there's been an occasional record release in the last 10 years and a few Las Vegas specials, but weren't they mostly tokens? Hasn't it been over for a long time?

They loved him, the music people. A little more than 24 hours after his death KNBR, San Francisco, did their slick "tribute." Let's squeeze the last drop out of him, was the tone of it. He was bought out. Used and disposed of. But I don't agree with the image of Elvis as a kid of little talent who the music industry manufactured into a star. Elvis was not Donny Osmond. He learned rhythm and blues driving truck in Memphis. And he had the genius as well as the help from his "friends" to turn old music into new music. He was clearly the driving force behind his best songs. His pulsating being kept his bands together and rockin' and he could bend his vocals like a righteous bluesman. They're still riding on his power, the Jagers and Springsteens.

He went astray---was led astray---he lost it. He was smart enough, or simple enough, to go when we could no longer use him. He didn't embarrass us by hanging on and getting old. There couldn't be an old Elvis. He went with a bang, that last Heartbreak attack. He went rockin,' finally just too shook up.

---Fryberger

# a LETTER

Hello Dan & Mark,

Just a note to let you know I really enjoyed THE PORTABLE WALL. Although I have no contribution, I wish you lots of luck & success.

Still Laughing,  
Candy Schoenhofen  
701 Byron  
Missoula, Mt.  
59801

## FROM NORTH DAKOTA

A native North Dakotan had a ranch just over the border into Montana. It seems though, that there had been some mistake originally in figuring out just where the border between North Dakota and Montana was. Federal surveyors went over the matter again and figured that this North Dakotan's ranch was, in fact, not part of Montana, but in North Dakota.

The rancher was asked how he felt about the decision.

"I'm happy about it," he replied, "I don't think I could have stood another one of those Montana winters."

## FROM THE YIDDISH

Mother Goldstein got Bernie two sweaters for his birthday. The next morning Bernie appeared for breakfast with one of them on.

"So what's the matter," Mama asked, "You didn't like the other one?"

## BUMPER STICKER

CAUTION: THIS CAR SPEEDS UP TO  
RUN OVER SMALL ANIMALS

# a Lion



by Bobby Struckman

**LETTERS POLICY:** Letters to the editors should be typed, preferably double-spaced. Please try to keep letters for publication separate from personal letters by noting which is which. Non-annotated letters from personal friends will not be printed without the consent of the writer.

Shorter letters are preferable to the longer ones as Dan sets the type himself on an old typewriter and usually ends up re-typing things.

# Getting zoned

By  
Mark Fryberger

I live on the first block of Brooks Street in Missoula. This first block of Brooks is not exactly a retirement village. Brooks connects downtown Missoula with the 93-Strip (a wasteland of shopping centers and fast foods) and eventually with Highway 93 south to Hamilton, Mont., and Salmon, Idaho. It is a congested, grinding route, day and night. Cars and trucks stack up at the stoplight outside my attic apartment and crank out noise and carbon mono till Hell wouldn't have it. This keeps away those pesty robins and sparrows, though an occasional tough crow will pause to caw sarcastically at the "civilization" below.

This is my home. Sure, I plan to move to healthier quarters sooner or later. But for the time being I live here. Why? The rent is relatively cheap, as it usually is for attics on busy streets. I can bike to work and it's a short stroll to downtown. I get along with my neighbors, and surprisingly, my cats have done pretty well here. No hounds hassle us and no one lurks in the shadows with a grudge against cats. The traffic is so intense that my cats stay away from the street. Brooks is not the sort of street that invites a cat out into it. Brooks does not sneak up on you.

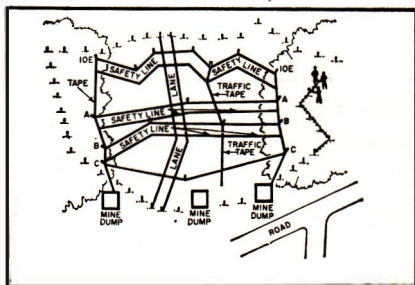
We're all renters on this block, and having been here a year and a half I feel myself to be a Brooks Street Elder. This may explain to some extent my disappointment with a City Council zoning decision a short time ago. Zoning is a complicated and heated issue in Missoula, as it probably is in most other cities. Our City

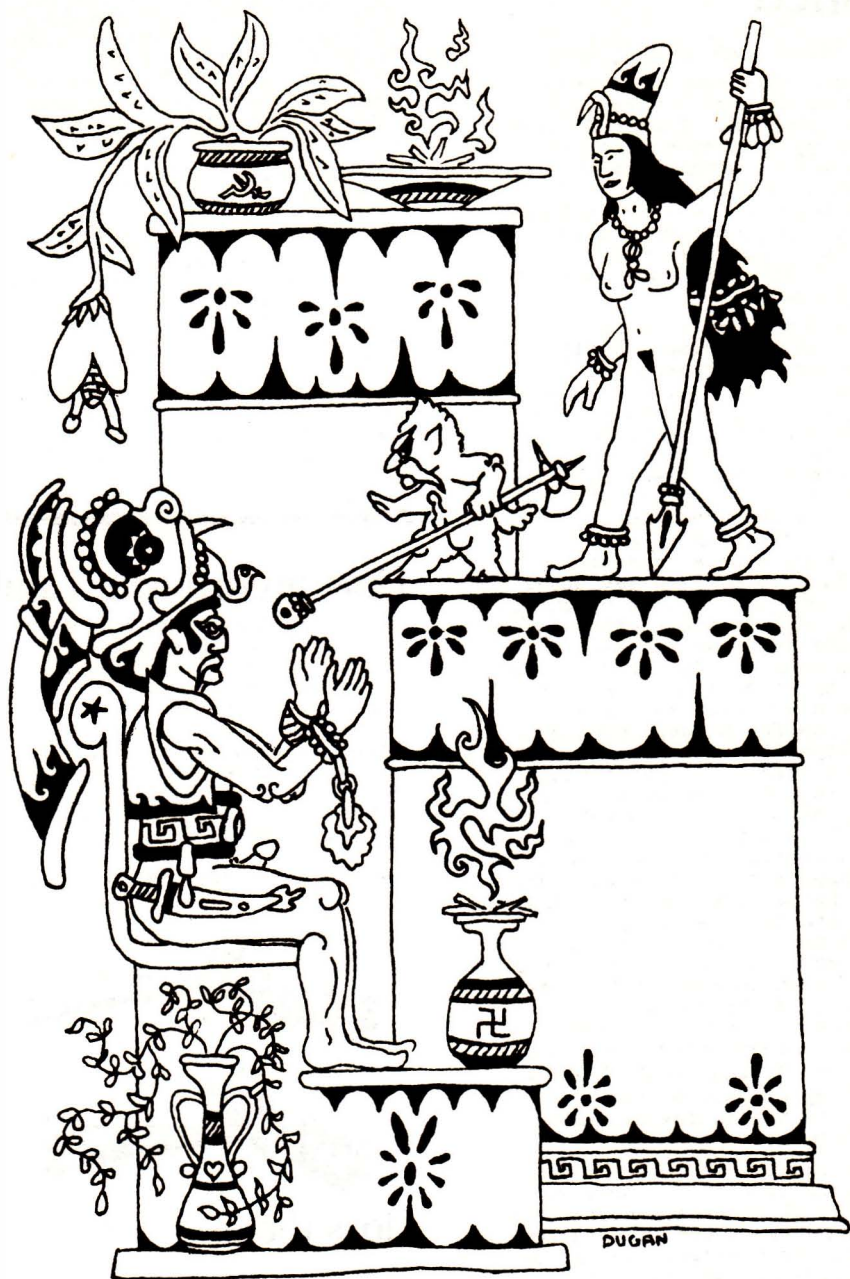
Council has lately been wrestling with some big re-zoning proposals. The issues have generally pitted the home owner against the developer. It seems that a considerable number of home owners had taken for granted over the years that their neighborhoods were single-family by nature. One morning they woke to find the old Jones place being carted to the dump and before the dust cleared a modern four-plex in its place. The developers had apparently been more curious than the home owners about the zoning class of the neighborhood. And being committed to provide "low-cost" high-density housing to meet

the city's shortage, they had taken it upon themselves to help the community. For a nominal fee, of course.

At Council meetings, it's been round and round, with public hearings lasting into the night. On the one hand, the home owners argue, for the most part, that their neighborhoods should be left alone to flower or crumble at a neighborly pace. On the other hand, the developers take their stand on free enterprise and the obvious need for more housing. Most of the Council's decisions have been on the conservative side---that is, decisions that restrict development and conserve the neighborhoods as they stand, look and feel. This doesn't solve the housing shortage, and this problem is going to haunt us more in the future, but I agree with the majority of the

(Please turn to p. 6)





# zoned

(Continued from p. 4)

Council that shotgun development is at best a very short term solution. People do need housing, but beyond that---and much more crucial---is the human need for turf. Turf is more than real estate, turf is home. You don't create or develop a neighborhood by willy-nilly throwing together buildings.

I see no easy answers to these basic housing conflicts and more deliberation is needed. I think it is unfortunate that these zoning debates are always between property owners. It may be that renters are second-class citizens, but the renter puts bread on the landlord's table. The residents of an area, be they home owners or renters, should have more to say about what becomes of their neighborhood. My block was proposed for R-2 (maximum two families per unit) zoning. This would have made it illegal to tear down those old houses and trees to make way for bigger housing developments. But on the real estate market, comparatively speaking, old houses and trees that can't be "developed" are not worth a hell of a lot. My landlords have been banking on unloading their three houses here for a tidy sum and fading into tropical retirement. And the owner of the properties next door has been looking forward to expanding his business parking lot by removing an old apartment house where some five to ten unsuspecting souls are even now having breakfast and thinking perhaps of putting a plant in the window or painting the bathroom.

One cunning provision in the Missoula City zoning ordinance is that if a certain percentage of property owners in an area slated for rezoning sign a petition, why, then it takes a

three-quarter majority of the City Council to zone the property against the owner's wishes. To make a long story short, the vote was eight to four to conserve my block. Nine to three would have succeeded in conserving it.

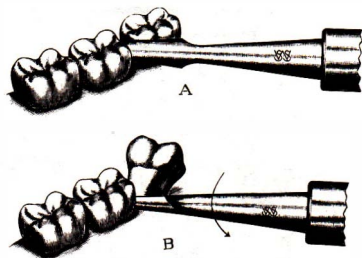
So I have a vague sense of doom here on the first block of Brooks. In time, I think, my landlords will sell out for what they are offered, although they will grumble at not having gotten more. And the buyer will no doubt have big plans to "convert" the area into a money-maker. As my neighborhood is handled more and more as a mere commodity, it will become less and less a neighborhood. And I'll be moving on.

---

## 'How unfortunate I am!'

cried Don Quixote as he heard this sad news from his squire (that he lost some teeth). "I would rather they had robbed me of an arm so long as it was not my sword arm. For I must tell you, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a millstone, and a tooth is more to be prized than a diamond.

--Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra



floss them.

love them, or else.

# We seldom die—but is that any excuse not to know how?

By Daniel Struckman

The most wonderful thing ever is the fact that although we see people dying all about us, we refuse to believe we will die. Modern medicine has saved my oldest son's life at least nine times, but it has also contributed to our insane conviction that we don't have to go.

One year from yesterday my mother died of lymphoma, a kind of leukemia. She had been my only parent since my father died in 1953, so you can imagine my grief.

The experience in Salt Lake City when my mother died was a horrible one for the whole

family, but especially horrible for my mother. The saddest part is that it did not need to be quite as terrible as it was. That's why I'm writing this---simply to point out how it was so all who view it might see the value in allowing a patient to stop life-sustaining procedures when hope for recovery is nil.

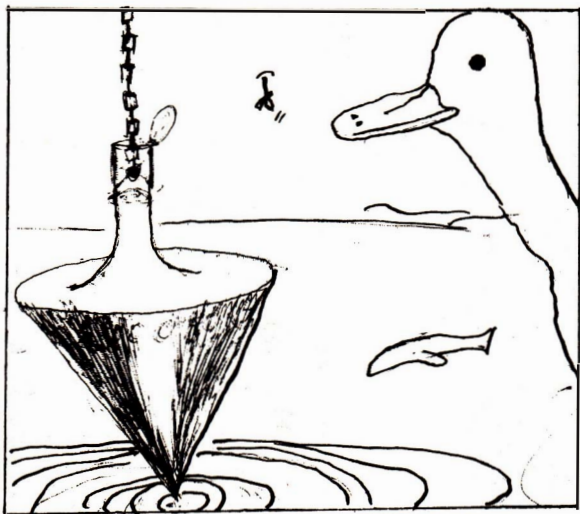
I must also note here that I scribbled 23 pages of notes in Salt Lake then, so I am not relying on my memory for the details. Basically, here is what happened:

Last June mother discovered she had lymphoma.

She had been feeling exhausted all the time. Her doctor sent her to Salt Lake City to the University of Utah Medical Center for chemotherapy.

Chemotherapy, I learned later from a doctor at the center, works like this:

Because cancerous cells divide more rapidly than normal, it is possible to selectively poison them. Doctors estimate the total number of cells in the body by measuring body weight and skin surface. Then they guess the amount of poison to administer so that they kill the destructive cells but leave enough normal ones to reproduce.

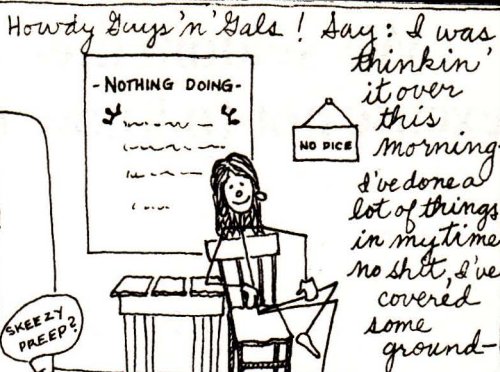


Doodled at Salt Lake City August 16, 1976 (Please turn to p. 13)

# Kitch'n Table Comix

gone on perilous  
missions thru  
hostile territory armed  
only w/ ICHING and a string of  
wooden beads ...

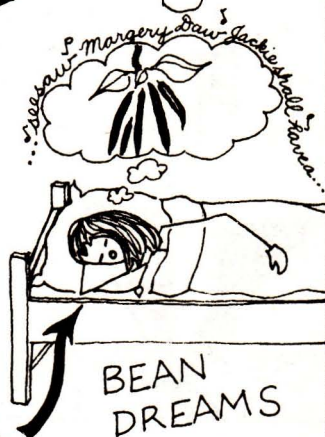
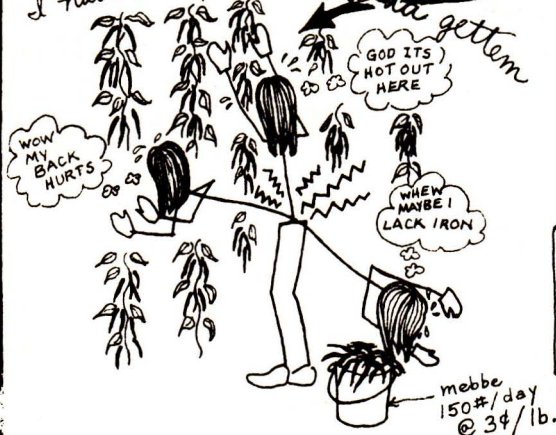
## LAS VEGAS



...picked beans in the  
Green Bean Capital of  
the World...



I hadta hop around ta gettem



... tended bar in Smalltown, Mont...

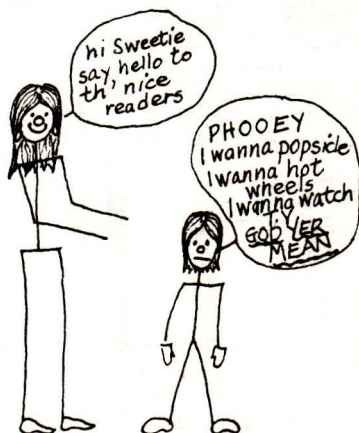


...played pro' bumper cars'...



anyway, it occurs to me  
when all's said & done  
that there's no more demand-  
ing task, no more underiably  
absorbing and thoroughly  
taxing, exhausting,  
intensely challenging and  
yet ultimately rewarding  
work than that of nurturing  
those small parcels of  
developing humanity known  
as, that's right, kids. I mean to  
tell you, my friends, there  
exists in this life to my  
knowledge no more difficult  
nor vitally important job-  
than "raising kids"...  
why, nothing else ever comes  
close ~~~~~>

fr' instance :  
meet my daughter  
Hannah ...



# ★ STRAIT JACKET ★

## SECURITY

By Daniel Sterk-man

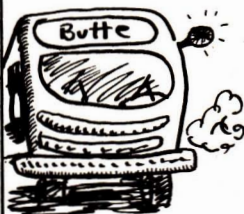
My name is Claude Scotte. I figured people didn't care about a turd like me.... so I kept to myself.

Here's what happened to me.

The guys at work were always picking on me, so I said...



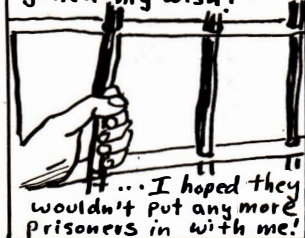
I needed to get away so I could think things thru so I got on a bus.



But people, god damn they were everywhere and a woman sat next to me...



I mostly wanted to get away to be alone. I got in a fight and ended up in jail — I had gotten my wish!

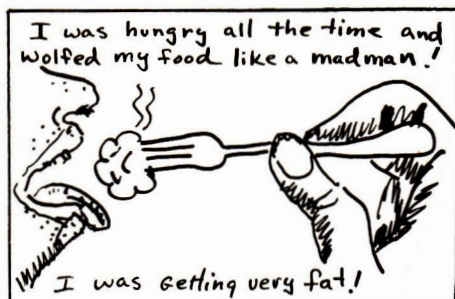


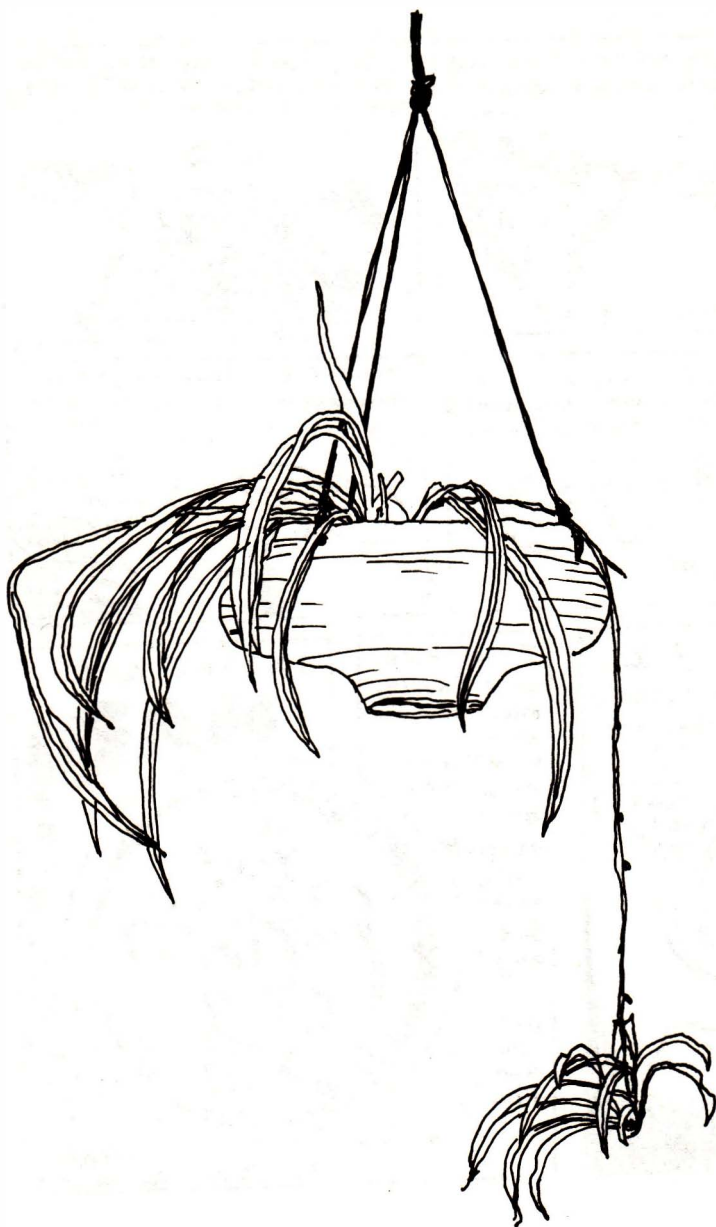
I wanted things to be simple — and things got that way until there was only one thing left...  
ME



— and I hated ME most of all. I tried to commit suicide by hitting my head on the wall.







T. Struckman '75

# dying

(Continued from p. 7)

The doctors usually guess a tad too little, he explained, to avoid killing the patient.

After receiving the chemotherapy, my mother moved to Lakeside, up near Kalispell on Flathead Lake.

All this while, I was in Southern California with my family, so I got the news by telephone. My aunt told me that mother was feeling strong enough to dig weeds all afternoon.

Our attitude toward mother's illness was rather unrealistic. Our encyclopedia told us that leukemia "is a disease...of fatal course," and that "few people live five years" with it. This we refused to believe.

Ten days before she died I flew to Kalispell. We were optimistic because mother was scheduled to go home from the hospital two days later. She was in the hospital for suspected pneumonia and had a temperature of 104°. And why shouldn't she go home? She was strong enough to walk around and her doctor said her body was producing red blood cells.

I arrived on Wednesday. Thursday she was too weak to get out of bed and Friday she was so lethargic she scarcely opened her eyes. That afternoon her doctor discovered that her kidneys had failed.

The doctor said she needed to be given a dialysis treatment as soon as possible. That's why we were stunned when he recommended an hour later that mother spend the night in Kalispell where none of the necessary apparatus for dialysis was.

The doctor said that her chances of survival would be slightly greater if we flew her to Salt Lake City, but that she was extremely ill and going to Salt Lake City would be very expensive.

None of us were willing to recall, at that point, that she had leukemia, so we flew her south that same hour.

Sure enough, she survived the trip.

Two days later mother was in the intensive care unit in the medical center, her blood cleaned. However the process had been agonizing for all of us, painful for mother and merely delayed the inevitable and long process of dying.

I had always believed the business of getting hooked up to an artificial kidney machine was easy--like the way a woman sits under a hair dryer. It is far more traumatic than that and the doctors decided on a less risky method of dialysis, called "peritoneal dialysis."

That way takes longer, but rather than running all the blood out of the body and through a machine, they take two liters of a special fluid and run it into the body so that it forms a pool on the peritoneum, the membrane that lies over the intestine.

Then they drain the two liters and put in two more. Each bottle requires over an hour to empty and fill again and more than 30 bottles are needed for one dialysis treatment.

This meant that for about two days and nights she writhed and groaned in agony, unable to sleep. She weighed 105 lbs normally, but absorbed so much liquid from the treatment that she weighed 125 afterward.

(Please turn to p. 14)

# Some words about sitting meditation

By Tom Struckman

Breathing is so important and central to our lives it's a wonder we give it so little attention. Everybody does it all the time. Awake and asleep, whether rich or poor, homo or heterosexual, regardless of national origin. Medical science studies this universal phenomenon, but from an abstract, removed point of view---somebody else's breathing. Heavy smokers and hyperventilating maniacs, french horn players and swimmers know something about breathing from direct experience. But this is breathing as pathology or tool. A way for everyday folks to examine the beast in its natural habitat, the ordinary, involuntary lung-and-diaphragm routine we all are performing even now, is to try a little sitting meditation.

To sit still with hands cradled together, legs crossed and back straight and no other purpose than to observe the immediately palpable fact of your own breathing, is no doubt an absurd and useless thing to do. But becoming your merely breathing self is to join in the absurdity of the ebbing and flowing ocean tides and to merge with the uselessness of standing grasses and the revolving planets.

(Please go to top of next page)

## dying

(Continued from p. 13)

I still have nightmares that those 40 hours seemed to her to last 40 years!

I remember that at one point, my mother lifted up her bandaged hand with all the tubes, saying, "get these damn things off me!"

"I can't," I told her.

"Why not?"

"I'm not a doctor," I said, but I couldn't convince myself that it was really impossible to just yank them off. I would have gone to jail...

But nature was kind, and despite the many life-sustaining tubes hooked to her,

mother lapsed into a coma soon after the treatment and died a few days later.

We found out that her bone marrow was shot through with cancer.

While at the medical center I noted that many people had died there. You might call that place a human's version of an elephant's burial ground, except elephants die naturally.

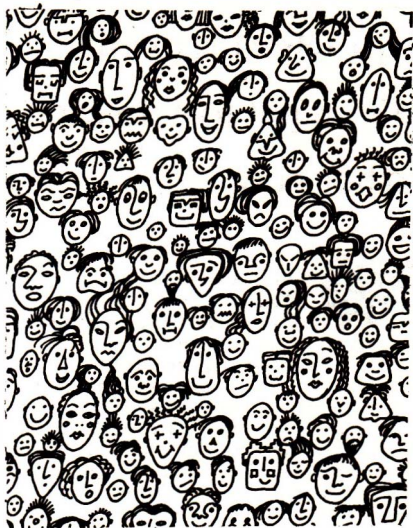
Californians have the option of legally refusing medical treatment if they have a disease diagnosed as incurable by two physicians.

Several states also have special hospices, staffed and equipped to allow people to die naturally and with dignity among their loved ones.

Why can't we?

Not that these grand connections will necessarily make themselves apparent. The meditator is just as apt to become aware of pains in the legs and itching nose, his personal problems or an intense desire to get up and do something. But for those willing to put forth the moderate effort necessary to ignore those distractions and to constantly return from them to the inpour and outpush of the breathing, there awaits the experience of feeling what it is to be fully alive and in concert with the world.

Obviously, no one should embark on an ambitious routine of daily meditation without some flesh and blood instructions from an experienced meditator and, ideally, the company of other meditators. But anyone



**'But becoming your merely breathing self is to join in...and to merge with the uselessness of standing grasses and revolving planets.'**



can check it out. Dozens of books are available on the subject with explicit instructions. It's free. It requires no commitment except for the period of time spent meditating. The most important thing is to remain free of any thought of trying to "get" something out of it, even the experience of doing it. This kind of purposeless requires some effort as it goes against all our learned habits of mind.

Anyone who may be troubled by the contradiction contained in the idea of trying for purposeless need not worry, as it is an apparent contradiction only, which exists solely on the intellectual plane, and disappears when you enter the realm of sensation and activity.



...the wheel is turning.  
We've got to help each  
other now.



When Kutsugen was dismissed from office he went to Kotan, and sat sighing by the river. He looked like a skeleton, so pale and emaciated was he. A fisherman seeing him there, said to him: "Are you not the Prime Minister? What may you be doing here?"

Kutsugen replied: "The whole world is filthy; I alone am clean. Everybody is drunk; I alone am sober. This is the reason I was dismissed."

The fisherman said: "A sage is not bound to things, is not the slave of circumstances, but follows them, acts in accordance with them. If the whole world is filthy, you must jump in the muddy water and splash about in it. If all men are drunk, drink with them. What is the good of meditating so profoundly and idealistically?"

Kutsugen said: "I have heard that when a man has washed himself he dusts his hat, and when a man has bathed his body, he shakes his clothes. How can he who has purified himself put on his old dirty clothes again? I would rather jump in this river and feed my body to the fishes. I will not allow my purity to be sullied by the defilements of this world!"

The smiling fisherman gave a chuckle, and rowed away; he sang, keeping time with his oar.

"If the water of Soro is clear, I will wash the ribbon of my hat;

If it is dirty, I will wash my feet in it."  
This was all he said, and was gone.

(from Gems of Chinese Literature.  
1884)

#### FROM NORTH DAKOTA

A North Dakotan is reported to have discovered a well on his property that is so deep, he says, that it takes two men to see to the bottom of it.

#### YIDDISH

A Texan was trying to impress Kaplan with the size of his ranch.

"On my spread," he boasted, "I can get in my car in the morning, drive all day, and still be on my own land."

"I know what you mean," Kaplan sighed, "I once had a car like that myself."

#### THIS MONTH'S TIP

Jack Daniels in the fifth.

### Costs

We printed 200 copies of THE PORTABLE WALL #1 at Missoula, Montana. We mailed about 30 to various friends who live in such divers places as Buffalo, N.Y. and Cuernavaca, Mexico; Columbus, Ohio and Bellingham, Wash. The rest we handed out in Missoula.

Last month it came out like this:

Supplies:	\$13.15
Postage:	3.64
Printing:	<u>21.00</u>
	\$34.15
Donations:	\$22.00

This issue is being printed on better quality papers by Mountain Moving Printers.

8/24/77



