

# Portable Wall

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In This Issue:

- Mark September tells  
the True Story about one
- Dan Stronach finds  
out about neurosurgery
- Catherine, age 1, and

## In This Issue

- Mark Fyfeberger tells the true story about...
- Dan Carlucci's flight out about newspaper...
- Cartoons, page 5 down



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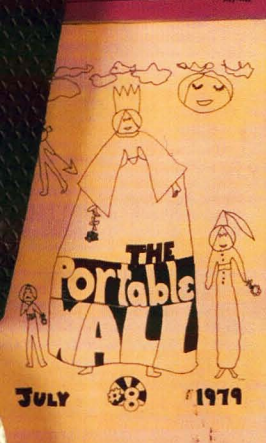
# The Portable Wall



...around the globe

NO. 3

The  
Portable  
Wall



## THE PORTABLE WALL

VOLUME II NUMBER 1 SUMMER 1982



## THE PORTABLE WALL

VOLUME II NUMBER 2 SPRING 1988





# The Portable Wall

Number 26

Winter 2017

My nephew Jon Angel and I are bringing back the good old PW from the obscurity of the 70s, 80s, and 90s of the last millennium. Sure, we are “modern” and “digital” and all of that. Come to think of it, I’m not quite sure why we’re publishing another PW. Perhaps all of our friends aren’t on Facebook, or even communicate with computers and smartphones.

This is altogether better than a damned Christmas letter.

This can also serve as a recruitment for new submissions from old PW friends, although we have lost a good share of the original contributors. We lost Tom Struckman, Dana Graham, Hannah Graham, John Herman, Gordon Simard, Nathaniel Blumberg and others a bit more distant from our circle, but who nonetheless contributed materials. Some simply dropped from sight. Some of those lost were unseen benefactors, like Jim Oset and Printer Bowler.

Do you remember the original Portable Wall? In the summer of 1977 I took a journalism class at the University of Montana in Missoula taught by Wilbur Wood, titled “Poetry and Journalism.” We wrote pieces and read them to each other.

Wilbur required each of us do a project. Mine was starting a magazine.

All the while e.e. cummings’ poem “Let’s Start a Magazine.” Was buzzing in my head. I had wanted to start a magazine since high school, so I was glad to have a chance to do so. I had a couple of models to imitate, mostly the one by Peter R. Koch, “Montana Gothic.”

Some of us got together to start the magazine: Mark Fryberger, Tom Struckman, Dana Graham, Dirk Lee. Thus issue one was born. At that time the magazine didn’t have a name. We decided whoever contributed the most toward publishing the first ish could name it. That was Dana, who named it “Portable Wall.” It was named after a wall in an apartment in Missoula. The apartment, in a house everyone called church house or main house, was on Main Street on the north side of the river. I have pictures of the decrepit place. Anyway, one wall attracted a lot of graffiti. One I remember was written by Scott Hendryx: “Life is what we do while waiting to die.” The rest of the wisdom was a bit more uplifting and hippie-oriented. That made it perfectly forgettable. I remember the other half of the apartment building had Bob Gesell and some other musicians. ###



# LETTERS AND HEALTH HINTS

To: Larry Felton

Sent: Thursday, January 26, 2017 12:33

Subject: Re: Portable Wall No. 24 & thumbnail

Church house memories are vague for some reason. Becky Cuffe was one of the principal renters, I'm pretty sure. She had so many girl friends: Dana, Bin, Virginia, Kim Thompson, Brenda Fleming, and more, I'm thinking. I remember walking into the house one wintry evening and Becky and (another woman, but I can't remember who) had the living room and kitchen fixed up beautifully. There was a couch. There was homemade furniture made from old boxes and crates covered with fabric. It stayed beautiful like that about a day and a half before it started showing signs of being taken apart. I think Becky had stuff she needed from the boxes that served so handily as furniture. Also us guys showed up and if there was anything to eat we probably ate it.

I think Church house had a common basement. The other half had older kids in it: I'm thinking Bob Gesell, Mike Hennessy, and others whom I can picture but can't remember their names. Yeah the common basement had band equipment, some of which belonged to David Lenhart and to Bob Barmess, and probably some of it belonged to the men in the other half of Church House. It seemed all right to go to the basement, turn on the amplifiers and let fly with some psychedelia. Our band, "Water," wasn't alive at that point. It either hadn't started or it had died.

Reply Friday, 1/27 3:15 pm.

Dan,

Thanks for the recollections about the Church House - they are more complete than are mine. I don't think I spent a lot of time there. While others left the dorms after the mandatory freshman year, I ended up staying on for two more quarters, in a second room the basement of Elrod(?) Hall, with Spoje as a roommate. I'd shared an apartment on RR ST. with Larry Kruger during the summer of 1968 while we both worked at the nearby Pacific (?) Produce warehouse, but guess that was no longer viable once I quit that job & the \$\$ dried up.

I also don't recall the exact sequence of events/people who came from Missoula to Seattle Spring/Summer 1969. I know John H., Scott H. & I

travelled in John's old car to Seattle at the end of Winter quarter (April?) and found an place to live on Thomas St., then jobs. I think maybe you were already there. I see in your 3/1/16 blog about Tom that you wrote: "..... In 1967 he ... moved in with his friends in Seattle.... I joined them the next winter... The spring of 1969 Tom and I got into the old Chevy, bound for Missoula...."

I seem to recall coming to visit you (and having a peanutbutter sandwich) in a room in a house near the University, so suspect you were already in Seattle. When did you quit U of M? I know many other Missoula friends ended crashing with us at the Thomas St. house (Skip R., Bill Y., Dana G.), but think some of them (e.g. Bill Y.) came out after Spring semester ended. Whatever the case, John H., Skip & I ended up leaving on the MV Theresa Lee (ship) for Alaska in mid-July 1969. We were back a month or 6 weeks later, by which time I think everyone we knew had moved on, mostly back to Missoula.

(You mentioned bands - any memories of "Initial Shock (U of M, 1967-8 I think). Recently found a poster from them among stuff abandoned at my Dad's house)

Anyhow... just me trying to reassemble memory fragments. Felt no compulsion to reply.

Dan,

Just this morning I was thinking it must be about time for your surgery, and then checked your blog and see it's already a done deal. But you left me hanging on the edge of my seat, waiting to read chapter two of your recovery epic!

I'm back at my Dad's in Idaho. Since I last wrote, I've replaced both mine and his computers - old Windows Vista beasts no longer being supported and incapable of running current software. So, we're doing our part for the flagging desktop economy and the Dell Corporation. (There should be a law against 94 year olds, or 68 year olds, having to learn a new operating system - actually, Dad's done great with it.

When you last wrote, you asked about my uncle, presumably Ed Gallagher, a cowboy/poet/hippy who was around U of M when we were there. He in fact appeared later in The Portable Wall, subject of a poem by Roger Dunsmore.

The poem was reprinted with commentary by myself in a family history from 2002 (see attached). I THINK I asked your permission to reprint, but may have played a bit fast & loose with intellectual property rights guidelines. Uncle Ed's still alive and hopefully well, and living what I understand is a fairly reclusive life on rural property near Alberton, MT. I haven't seen him in years, but did have lovely visits with several of his children & grandchildren at a Gallagher family reunion a couple years ago.

Another uncle who came back from Viet Nam to Missoula shortly after I left (1969) was Dan Gallagher, Ed's youngest brother, less than 2 yrs older than me. He died just a couple months ago. You may have heard about him or his death in the media, as he was quite active in the Vetrans' rights movement in Montana, and won a Jeanette Rankin Peace Center (Missoula) award a few years back.

Anyway, hope your recovery is going well, and you're up and around again, oxygen absorption rates are back to normal, and that you're busy writing up the next episode of your recovery saga and getting ready for your next 5K run.

Larry

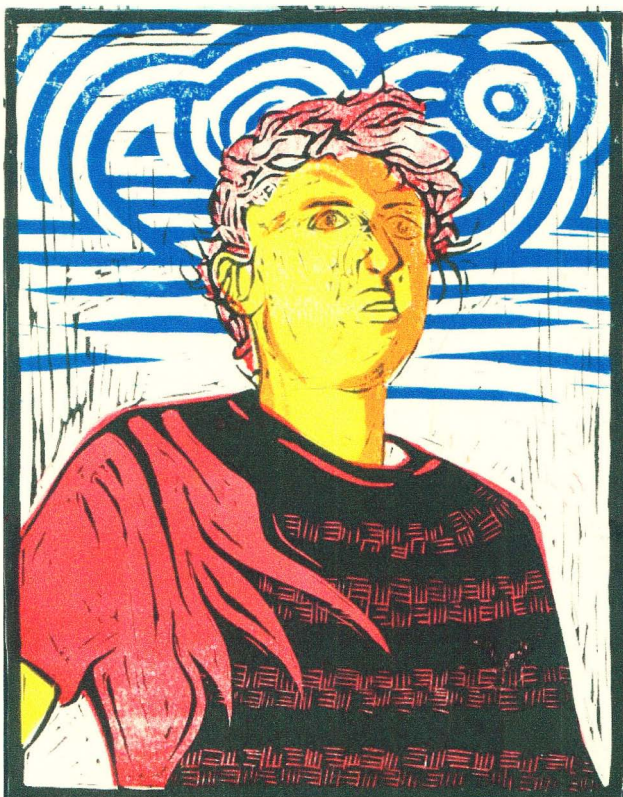
11/30/2017

Dr. Walter,

After reflecting on our conversation a bit more I realize we stepped over the correct understanding of the nature of those tortured emotions which resulted from the recent decrease in Seroquel. While I cannot put a clear label on the phenomenological experience, I believe it is that particular mental state which gives rise to what we commonly understand to be psychosis. I suspect that if I were to remain in that state for an extended period, symptoms such as auditory and visual hallucinations, bizarre delusions, paranoia etc. would reemerge.

What a crazy, fascinating, wonderful thing the brain is! Thanks again for accompanying me on the adventure.

Sincerely,



Brad at Eagle Plains, Yukon.

# Lame Deer News & Book Report

These days I've been reading "Kite Runner" by Khaled Hosseini. I recommend it. He writes better than I do. Well, he writes as good as Larry Felton or me. It's just that he has a better story to tell than I do. It's compelling because it gives the reader a solid experience of Afghanistan before and during the war with Russia. If you like reading stuff here, you'll enjoy "Kite Runner."

I don't have much news of Lame Deer, but I have been going to church with a nurse, Nate Moyer, who works as a Commissioned Corps officer with the Public Health Service as a nurse in the emergency department at the Lame Deer Northern Cheyenne Health Clinic.

Other than my interactions with Nate, I haven't heard a peep from Lame Deer. I keep an eye out in obituaries and there has been no activity there either.

I lost track of my friend Lloyd Yellowrobe, a patient at a local nursing home for interim care until he is well enough to go home with a broken leg. Lloyd,

you remember, is a decorated war veteran of the Vietnam war. He won a bronze star because he risked his life to enable his mortar squad to perfect their aim at the enemy.

I learned the details of Lloyd's heroic actions when I attended a special powwow at Ashland a couple summers ago. The powwow was held in Lloyd's honor and many star quilts were given away to lend gravity to the ceremony. It impressed me a great deal. After the powwow, the Yellowrobes and Wolfnames held a feast in Lloyd's honor. Helen Yellowrobe, Lloyd's wife, gave Penny a beautifully beaded cross as an honor gift. ###





# TOTALLY FAKE NEWS



# Back In Business

The first 20 or so issues of the PW had to be paid for with the meager earnings of college kids (at first) and then struggling adults.

Therefore, because much depended on the kind contributions of the moneyed folk, we always itemized expenses for each issue. Nathaniel Blumberg was always generous.

Well, now that Dan is retired (mostly) and his nephew Jon Angel is a high-falutin' professional counselor, money is not as big a problem. Therefore, contributions of money are no longer solicited. Contributions of content are solicited, yay, eagerly sought.

Here is the financial breakdown:

Paper and ink: \$81

Postage: estimated \$100. (Exact figure to come next issue.)

Tape to seal envelopes: Est. \$5.

Total \$186

Jon Angel designed, laid out, and printed this issue. Dan Struckman helped fold, staple and mail.

Contributors to this issue who haven't been mentioned yet:

Kathleen Elizabeth Angel:

Recently married to a Marine, Shea Angel (he will take Kate's last name).

Larry Felton: legendary 60s figure in the Missoula hip scene. He is retired from his job as archeologist for California. These days he collects and works on lathes as a hobby.



**Sketch anything you want in this box. It's yours!**



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Number 1  
 Series A

October



**The Portable Wall**  
**40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition**  
**Winter 2017**