

◇ Defenestration ◇

Volume II, Issue IX

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Three Poems
by
Fran LeMoine

Arithmetic

The smell of sharpened pencils,
Hard-to-remember symbols
and tables,
wrong answers
and a couple of slaps.
No wonder nothing adds up.

Ecru

He'd been drinking for a couple of days.
When he awoke,
he noticed the stain on the gray rug
("ecru," he thinks she called it)
The stain on the carpet
formed a long and lovely necklace
of rubies, milk, ashes and orange peels.
He knew she wouldn't like it.

She Craves a State

She craves a state
absent of
mindless longing.
She wants to die.
But not the way the Buddhists mean.

Dear Pentagon
by
Gerald Bosacker

I celebrate your new robotic elite,
the aerial killer drone technology.
Behind a far-off screen, the pilot's seat,
for attacking unsuspecting enemy,
who deny their much trumpeted defeat.
I too face hidden enemies that I can't see,
when I patrol that same endangered street!
I need robots who die instead of me.

No Name's Poem on the Toilet Wall
by
Li Min Hua

No Name's Poem on the Toilet Wall
of Block 7, Tai Po Estates

You and me together sleep?

Vapid
by
Willie Smith

"I'm afraid you've got it, Bob."

"Got what?"

"M.O."

Yes, Marrow Odor can ruin appetites, keep away loved ones, cost you money. What can you do to be safe? Use Vapid, the new spray-on innerbone deodorant.

V-A-P-I-D – VAPID!

Jillions of tiny jacks in Vapid's new miracle formula penetrate bone, raise the offending molecules and shave off entirely all traces of any the least vestigial human scent.

"Hey, Rob – do I have it?"

"Have what?"

That's VAPID – V-A-P I-D! The new spray-on innerbone deodorant!

What is the Density of Curiosity?

by
Adam McGrath

Excerpted from the Young Lady's First Primer in Spurious Physics:

Density of Curiosity - (not to be confused with: Population Density of Curio City - 120 persons per km² [metric] / 176.2 bargain hunters per thrift shop² [imperial])

You will recall from earlier chapters that density (ρ) is a measure of mass per unit of volume. However, despite the nature of the substance, curiosity itself was not thought to have either a mass or a volume until recently. Indeed, it was the discovery that Curiosity had empirically measurable qualities that led to the formation of the field now known as Spurious Physics, enabling us to quantify a number of hitherto abstract concepts (see also Emotional Baggage, Weight of and Despair, Depth of for S.I. units and measurement of same).

Initial research into this field yielded the hypothesis that Curiosity Density (C_p) is equal to Interest (m_i) divided by the volume of the curio (V_c). Although the weight of a single unit of interest is negligible, in the previous chapter you will have seen that it is possible to measure the mass of a Body of Interest. Substituting this for m_i and measuring the volume of the item in which interest is taken (V_c), we can thus calculate the density of curiosity to be 0.987600025 kg/m³, or 0.988.

Example: a new book of short stories by respected surrealist authors is published, with a volume of 10cm³. The body of interest in this work has a mass of approximately 9.88g; hence, the density of curiosity is 9.88 divided by 10, 0.988 g/cm³, or 0.988.

It is worth noting at this point that the density of water is 1.000 - as curiosity is less dense than water, it will therefore float on the top of any settled body of such liquid. Given the known toxicity of curiosity-based substances to felines, this can be understood as the reason why cats hate water.

Last to know
by
David Gaffney

He showed me the back of my head in a mirror and I nodded.

'£6.50 then,' he said, and pressed the foot pedal. The hydraulics sighed as I sank to the floor.

'I normally pay five.'

He indicated the price list. 'It's been £6.50 for while'

'Yes, but. . .'

What had happened? I was regular. Only new customers paid full. It was never spoken of, but that was the system. The barber could tell that someone else had cut it; the blending between the longer and shorter sections was poorly executed.

'Look me in the eye,' he said, 'and tell me you haven't been to anyone else.'

'I haven't been to another barber's in years.'

The barber sucked in his lower lip. 'So we're talking home clippers.'

'Yes,' I said, and felt my cheeks redden in shame.

'Ok. Call it £5.50. I know you won't do it again.'

Alison Uncovers: The Invention of the Glockenspiel
by
Alison Burke

Last night I nerded out and purchased the Cyndi Lauper Greatest Collection CD. But don't feel bad for me, at least I can admit I rock out to *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*, though I still can't publicly admit that I am a closet Hillary Duff fan, I can only do that over email. Anywho...

So today on my trip to the mall, I brought the CD with me to the pleasure of my sister who also enjoys a good "Cyndi Lauper" every other decade. One feature song is called "Good Enough" which is the music video that the hot older brother from *The Goonies* is watching whilst he works out in his bandana and tight gray 80s sweats. The beginning of this song starts out with some strange Asian- or possibly Karate Kid-inspired background beat. At the first audile exposure to this sound in about 15 years, my sister turns to me and asks in all seriousness, "Is that the glockenspiel?" That's right, an instrument not mentioned in an adult conversation since the late 1850s in Salzburg.

FLASHBACK: Invention of the Glockenspiel some place in Vienna in the early 1800s
Anna Maria von Unterdrückung-*"What is that wonderful xylophone sound?"*

Woody von Glockenspiel- *"It's not a xylophone, it's just like a xylophone but for many thousands of years small school-aged children will be forced to play it, along with what is called a recorder. Two instruments that will eventually only exist in colonial plays and elementary school music class rooms."*

Anna Maria von Unterdrückung-*"What do you call this creation?"*

Woody von Glockenspiel- *"I, like all humble men of this age, have named it after myself."*

Anna Maria von Unterdrückung-*"And how does one play this?"*

Woody von Glockenspiel- *"One beats it as such."* A demonstration occurs there in the parlor.
"Give us a try."

Anna Maria von Unterdrückung- *Tries. "Oh it's wonderful, I am only the second person to beat the Woody in Salzburg."*

Woody von Glockenspiel- *"No, you imbecile! It is called the Glockenspiel!"*

Anna Maria von Unterdrückung- *"Well how should I know? This is the Victorian Era and I am a repressed woman! I shall never beat thy Woody, I mean, Glockenspiel again!"*

Torture For Athletes by **Larry Gaffney**

I believe I am not alone in being sickened by the misconduct of pampered, overpaid athletes. Although the mewling jock-sniffers at ESPN would have us think otherwise, American sport fans are fed up with egocentric celebrations, demands for higher pay by millionaires, and criminal behavior such as drug abuse and thuggery. As a corrective for the improprieties of athletes, I suggest the procedures of motivation and discipline recently employed by the now deceased, former Iraqi Sport Czar, Uday Hussein.

Mr. Hussein, whose great passion was soccer, had little use for sideline cheering and positive reinforcement, preferring to goad his players to excellence by the threat of torture. His methods were so drastic that by comparison our own tyrants of sport—Woody Hayes and Bobby Knight come immediately to mind—would seem to be gurus of loving kindness.

The Iraqi soccer team's failure to distinguish itself against international competitors is not a fair reason to reject torture as an effective inducement. Iraq is a small country with a limited pool of world-class athletes, and even fear of the bastinado could not always ensure victory. But the American athlete—weight-trained, beef-bred, and supplement-saturated—is a hardy specimen from a much larger pool, and would, I believe, stand up quite well to the rigors of torture.

Imagine how a good flogging might improve the demeanor of a haughty superstar like Randy Moss. The screeches and grunts of bratty tennis professionals will cease when cattle prods are applied to their throats. Substance abusers will "just say no" after being forced to take drugs that cause terrifying hallucinations or protracted nausea.

Errors in the field of play can be addressed by appropriate means. One of Mr. Hussein's favorite practices was to count the number of bad passes made by his soccer players, who would then be punched in the face an equal number of times. Similar punishment would no doubt improve passing in the NFL, though it would mean fewer endorsements for quarterbacks with bruised, swollen faces. Players who consider themselves too good to hustle (who, for example, merely trot to first base on a ground ball) can be placed in a labyrinth and pursued by starving dogs. The pay-per-view broadcast of such an event would undoubtedly generate extra funds for more elaborate and exquisite schemes of torture.

I will not deny that it is sensible to wonder if the public torture of athletes might further dehumanize our culture; nevertheless, I believe that the commonweal will be improved by my proposal. Millions of baseball fans, for example, have suffered terrible disappointment over the ordeal of Pete Rose, whose denial of guilt in connection with a gambling scandal has kept him from his rightful place in the Hall of Fame. How much easier it would have been to put Mr. Rose in the stocks for a few hours, allow him to be pelted with feces and rotten produce, then hose him off and transport him directly to Cooperstown for a gratifying induction ceremony.

And the practice of extreme chastisement need not be confined to rogue athletes. Veteran's Stadium was famous for having an on-site municipal court expressly designed to restrain and punish the many Philadelphia fans given to rowdy behavior. Perhaps all stadiums should

have not only courts of law, but well-equipped torture chambers so that the drunk who spits on your coat and shouts obscenities at your children can suffer, fittingly, the immediate extraction of his tongue.

Implement this plan and let the churls of sport beware! We may happily find ourselves in a world very like the olden days when ballplayers were grateful to be asked for an autograph, everyone on the field hustled all the time, and you could take your family to a game without fear of drunken abuse. Fines and suspensions? Forget it. Torture and mutilation is a much better idea.

Multi-Tasking
by
Victor Schwartzman

Mary multi-tasks. She is a modern person. At work, she takes orders on the phone and while chatting with the client types the order into the computer while checking her three open windows for more. After work, she goes out with the girls for drinks. Once she had three relationships at the same time. As soon as she gets home, Mary pops a frozen dinner in the microwave, boots up, goes online, opens her email and Word, starts file sharing, brings up an all news cable channel; when the microwave beeps she gets dinner and eats while reading email, listening to the news and making comments in her favorite chat room. The dinner does not taste like much, but she is not thinking about it. The email is mostly spam, but she only glances at it, maybe missing a few interesting ones. When the chat room gets boring, she types an odd word into Google, just to see what comes up. In bed she gives herself multiple orgasms.

Mary is in group therapy.

Wooden Teeth
by
My Eklund

Text by Luigi Fairbanks



Luigi: For months now I've been trapped under a concrete tube somewhere in the *Defenestration* HQ subbasement, where my current office is located. Recently rescued by Cedric, our building's ratcatcher, I'm back on the job and interviewing people like a good *Defenestration* staff writer should! This month I had the pleasure of speaking with My Eklund, who has drawn an unusual picture of a man with wooden teeth. Hello, My!

My: Hello, Luigi. Is it always so dark down here? And why does it smell... rotten...? I left a tomato sandwich under a radiator once by accident, and it smelled kind of like this. Do you even have a radiator down here?

Luigi: Now, My, *I'm* the one doing the interview...

My: Of course. I know. But I just thought that—

Luigi: "Wooden Teeth." An interesting bit of artistry.

My: ...I got the idea from a Seinfeld episode. The one when Elaine tells Jerry about a dream she had, where Jerry "had these wooden teeth." So I drew a man with wooden teeth.

Luigi: And the bear costume?

My: No idea where that came from.

Luigi: It really is a very nice bear costume.

My: Thank you.

Luigi: You didn't model it off of anything, did you?

My: Not at all. Drew it from nothing.

Luigi: Are you sure? Because it reminds me *exactly* of a bear costume I had when I was in college. I wore it to all of my creative writing classes. They called me "Luigi the Bearman," and my fellow students would laugh and feed me honey and berries, and when I graduated they wrapped my diploma around a salmon. It's good to have a gimmick in college, understand?

My: I... guess so...

Luigi: What I'm getting at, My, *if that's even your real name*, is that my precious bear costume was stolen by someone on a moped on my trip to northern Europe. That wouldn't be *you*, would it?

My: Of course not! Don't be silly!

Luigi: Admit it! It was you! I want my bear costume!

My: But I don't *have* it!

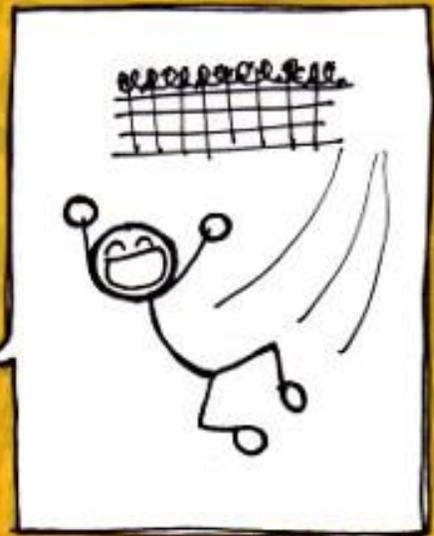
Luigi: Luigi the Bearman SMASH!

(Editor's note: This is where the interview abruptly ends. Cedric the ratcatcher found the tape on the floor of Luigi's office. We don't know whether My is safe or not, and most of the *Defenestration* staff say that Luigi's been seen on the roof recently, sulking and sucking honey out of a bottle.)

The Marians
by
Truccie



the Marians



truccie



Contributor Biographies

Fran LeMoine: a.) Lives in New Hampshire; b.) Earns money by writing descriptions for an auction house's monthly catalog; c.) Has had two collections of poetry published, most recently *The Moon Makes No Difference To Me* (Asterius Press, 2002); and d.) Is working on a collection of short fiction that's turning into a novel.

Gerald Bosacker has been living incognito among the Smurfs for over fifteen years. He is more familiar with their anatomy than Smurfette would like you to believe.

Li Min Hua is the author of more than 1,650 published items The University of Michigan collects all his papers. He has read at more than three score venues in Britain, Canada, China, Hong Kong, and the USA. He is an emeritus professor of English at Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey.

Willie Smith says: "Please remember: this isn't Prague, and the Thirty Years War is over; unless, of course, we are in the midst of another one."

Adam McGrath was born in England in 1974 and now lives in Ireland. Really, he has no serious complaints about life. His collection of short stories, *An Unfortunate Assemblage of Villains*, which includes both previously published stories and new material, was released through lulu.com in 2005. If you're insatiable and want to know more, check out <http://www.ballyerkbooks.com>

David Gaffney wrote this story on top of a ham sandwich using nothing but condiments. True story.

Alison Burke has been suffering from intolerable bouts of flashbackery since her traumatic head injury in early 2002. Since then, her mind has wandered to and from the Victorian Era in the most inconvenient places.

Larry Gaffney unashamedly gorges on Mallomars and loves kitty-cats. Nevertheless, he is a manly man who would enjoy going a few rounds with Ted Nugent.

Victor Schwartzman says: "I have been writing since I was able to, and at 59 I'm finally sending my stuff out, having recovered from the many literary rejections of my teenaged years (I kept every single one, Freud could tell me why if he'd just get that damned cigar out of his mouth). Frankly, that someone other than myself will have the opportunity to read my stuff is both amazing and a little embarrassing. Normal bio stuff would add that I am married, have two kids, and work as a Human Rights Officer, but I'm not normal, so why should my bio be, and is a bio bee like a honey bee?"

Readers disturbed enough to like Victor's stuff should check out <http://weaklyherald.tripod.com>. The site features ten early chapters of a graphic novel about a community newspaper. Readers can download the chapters for free 'cause no one has said they'll pay for them.

My Eklund's biography is as follows: "Well... My name is My Eklund. I'm 19 and live in Sundsvall Sweden. I have been drawing "seriously" for about a year. I have just finished 3 year of art school, and I will soon be cleaning hotel rooms, yay!"

Luigi Fairbanks has been a largely unrecognized staff writer at *Defenestration* since the magazine was first forged in the fires of the magical volcano Galmigulax.

Truccie is currently doing her final years of high school at "Marian College." She officially started doodling to tackle her boredom at the age of 4 and with this mastered skill, she won the "Illustrator of the Month" and "Best Drawing Award" in her junior years. As she was growing up, drawing became a passion and provoked her to dream of becoming a cartoonist. But of course, reality slaps her in the face and directs her to dream of becoming a dental therapist instead. She still draws to entertain herself and the wider community through the internet at <http://truccie.deviantart.com>