

◇ Defenestration ◇

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Oh My Darling, Darling, Doe-eyed Dental Hygienist
by
C.L. Bledsoe

You have no right to scrape away the love
that has accumulated in the spaces in our lives. You know
whose name I spit each morning; swallow each night
into the dream of a life straighter and whiter
than new dentures. You and I will stand side by side,
wearing the days down (those too tough to chew).
I've planned it all out, you see, in that cavity in my heart
where these feelings have grown, hidden; blossomed
into a sweet smelling aftertaste of love. But uproot your own desires,
and we will both fall like dominoes, or a bridge
with no foundations. Oh my darling, darling
doe-eyed dental hygienist, I can not wash these words
from my mouth; floss the meat of my needs out from between us:
my heart is being ground between the molars of your disdain and derision,
all I ask is that you schedule me an appointment in the waiting room
of your eyes, and I will sit there, reading the old magazines of hope,
and wait until you can pencil me in for a filling.

Cushioning the Blow
by
David Gwilym Anthony

We thought it best to leave the cat with Ted along with Grandma, when we went away. No sooner were we home from holiday than, bluntly, he announced the cat was dead.

"Listen!" I said, "Bad news is better told obliquely—like this: 'Bess went climbing on the roof, and fell. Her legs and back were gone. They tried to save her but she was too old.' "

Ted—who's direct but not a thoughtless man—was chastened (so he said) and mortified. "Don't worry, Cousin Edward," I replied. "We all drop clangers. By the way, how's Gran?"

"Not great," he said, "In fact, to tell the truth, last night she went out climbing on the roof....."

Three Poems
by
Fran LeMoine

Getting Old

He misses
the old photographs
where everyone had
ruby eyes
and occasionally
the top of a head or two
didn't make it in.

Wound

A deep cut of noise,
her screaming at him
that way.
All he did was
forget to listen.
He said he was sorry.
The wound can only be healed
by sutures of silence
and she won't shut up.

Your Philosophy Over the Phone

Uh-oh.
Here you are again.
Pouring out

your take on things
in your Nyquil voice
and with jailhouse sincerity.

Trying to sell me
a taste of inspiration
that even you won't swallow.

If I hang up,
you'll call back.

Luckily,
my "hmmms" are in good shape.

4 rings
by
J.D. Nelson

at the sound of the tone,
please heave your lame
& plumber
& we'll get flack to you
as soon as popsicle
< meep >
yeah it's me
hey I woke up
this morning w/ a tattoo

it says:

listen to the past
& step boldly
into the furniture.

I was wondering if you
might know anything
about it, because I sure don't

did I trip the question switch
like deliverance
come charging through
w/ an eight-sided rainbow
distance yourself
from the flame-makers

lower me down
to the next platform
I have to get off
around here somewhere

I might as well be
in your neighborhood
w/ a cup of horse blood

Sharp Dressed Man
by
Bryon Quertermous

It was approaching midnight when Kent Wayne, half drunk on bad martinis, said, "Detroit needs a superhero."

"Like Robocop," the old guy next to him said.

"Robo who? Why are you talking to me?"

"Detroit can't buy a quarterback or a pitcher. How the hell they going to get a superhero?"

Instead of arguing with the man, Kent finished his last martini and went home to dream about his life as a superhero. The next morning he put on his best suit, his fancy cuff links, and his red socks then headed out of the city to find someone to make his dreams come true. He found his man in Royal Oak at a clothing boutique.

"I, Kent Wayne, as one of Detroit's most respected citizens, have decided to be a superhero," he said, after yanking the doors open dramatically.

The boutique's owner, a short fat man named Julius Nero with a taste for shiny muumuus, was on the other end of the brightly lit studio arranging his swatches. He dropped a swatch of Emerald City Green and scooted over to meet Kent Wayne.

"Mr. Wayne, My name is Julius Nero and I own this store. How can a humble clothier such as myself help you?"

"I need to be the best dressed superhero in Detroit."

"I'm not sure I've ever designed a superhero costume before."

"Lois Watson wore one of your dresses to the Detroit Police Formal this year and it was spectacular. It had a cape and a mask and all the trimmings. Of course I'd expect mine to be more tuned to my masculine persuasion, but I think you'll do just fine."

"Would you like a mask Mr. Wayne?"

Kent grabbed Julius's squishy face and pulled it close to his own.

"Look at this face Nero, I'm too good-looking for a mask. How would the citizens of Detroit ever know I was their superhero if they can't see my face?"

"Yes, I understand completely. So what do you anticipate your superpower being Mr. Kent?"

"Superpower?"

"You must have some kind of special power that will enable you to go up against super villains."

"I'm wealthy and good looking. Why do I need a superpower?"

"Perhaps you could have fantastic tools and gadgets then. Maybe a suit that makes you fly."

"It seems I haven't completely thought this through."

"You were just responding to your civic calling. I'm sure we can turn you into a fine superhero."

"I want to be the best superhero in this city Nero. The best do you hear?"

"Let me see what I have in the back room. Why don't you start thinking of a name? There's some paper on the desk there."

"Yes! A name. The name is what the people remember you know. I'll call my publicist," Wayne said.

"You could also play around a bit and see if you may have a superpower hidden in there somewhere."

Nero disappeared into a back room and Kent was left alone with his thought. The list of names he came up with on his own was short and repetitive. And bad. And they all started with "the." Too be fair though, Kent Wayne was an idiot and not a scholar of superhero lore. When he crumpled the paper up and threw it across the room, Kent noticed how high off the ground Nero's design table sat. That made him think he could fly.

On the edge of the large, slippery, slightly tilted, desk, Kent closed his eyes and leaned forward. And then he leaned back and decided to try a less dangerous power first. There were a couple of thick metal bars on the shelf with all of Nero's swatches and designs that caught Kent's eye. With his well-manicured hands wrapped around one of the bars, Kent pushed himself to the verge of aneurysm trying to bend it, first physically then mentally.

"Super-strength is kind of a brutish power don't you think Nero? Maybe I can read minds."

The fact that he couldn't read his own mind never registered with Kent.

"Nero, pick a number while you're back there," he continued.

"Fourteen," Nero said from the back room.

"Don't tell me."

Kent reformatted his brain and waited for the fog of telepathy to overtake him. He saw numbers and letters and even a Muppet or two but he didn't see Nero and for a while couldn't find his way out of the fog and sort of fell asleep. When he woke up a few seconds later he said, "I'm rich and good looking. If I can't fly, nobody can," and scrambled on top of the desk. Then he jumped into the floor. Nero came out from the back shortly afterward, carrying a gold hanger.

"You flew further than a penguin Mr. Wayne. Congratulations."

"You better have a good costume for me Nero," Kent said with his face still in the floor.

"Oh yes indeed Mr. Kent. Please stand up."

While Kent struggled with his balance and, let's be honest here, his ego, Nero sat on the desk and let his feet dangle from the edge and the hanger dangle from his finger. Kent was immediately captivated.

"A while back I was in India and had a chance meeting with a priest selling some very interesting items," Nero said. "He asked me what my business was and when I told him it was clothes, the priest reached deep into his suitcase and pulled out this."

"Ooh. Ah," Kent said. "Come on Nero."

"It's a suit of clothes weaved with a magical thread only visible to the most intelligent and sophisticated people. The priests used it to determine who was eligible for religious paradise and who was to be sent...elsewhere.

"Uh..."

"You can see the outfit can't you? I'd hate to think Detroit's most notable citizen isn't intelligent or sophisticated enough for the job."

"Of course I see it. It's beautiful," Kent said.

He grabbed the hanger and began to molest it. Nero fed Kent's delusions and helped move him into the best light to make the hanger most attractive.

"Gold definitely looks good on me and the chicks will be sure to flock to my side," Kent said.

"And you can know which ones you want to be with and which ones aren't true believers. Why don't you try it on?"

Kent Wayne wasn't afraid to show off his custom-tailored silk boxer shorts underneath his custom-tailored suit pants.

"It comes with its own set of shorts of course," Nero said.

Kent Wayne's superpower was quite obvious when he stripped off the boxer shorts. Nero tried not to stare and while he helped Kent wiggle into the suit he also tried not to get hit.

"How's it feel?" Nero asked.

"Like I'm not wearing anything at all."

"Excellent. Let's give it a test run."

"Oh, uh, I think I should let it warm up or fit to me properly or whatever. We can't rush this."

"Nonsense. I've arranged a press conference for you and The Mayor in five minutes. The whole city is going to turn out to see The Mayor anoint Detroit's newest superhero.

"The whole city?"

Give me a sign
by
David Gaffney

Lucy screeched to a halt, jumped out and stomped down the street. I sat for a time watching her diminishing figure in the mirror then decided to catch her up. As I walked I noticed a sign in a shoe shop window; THIS IS NOT THE RAILWAY STATION and began to think about handmade signs. A lot of annoying things have to happen a lot of times to persuade you to make a sign. Company-made signs are obviously not good enough to communicate what the public need to know. They always have to get out their marker pens. Here was another, on a cake shop door; WE DO NOT SELL PIES.

I caught her up at McDonalds (NO ROLLERBLADES) and followed her into the toilets where she sat down and cried in a cubicle. Blu-tacked above a murky mirror a sign said THE TOILET BRUSH IS FOR STAFF USE ONLY.

Big Brothel
by
Jack Goodstein

Announcer: Wednesday at Eight. Six professionals! Six amateurs! All with their sights on the golden bed that awaits the last girl laying: Big Brothel-Premiere Wednesday at eight on DON, the family network. Twelve happy hookers with their eyes on the prize. Like the Chicken Ranchette.

Chicken: Two years with those cowpokes at the chicken ranch. This place'll be a piece a cake. Least the johns won't be smellin' a cow patties.

Announcer: The Grad Student.

Grad Student: It doesn't take an M.B.A. to figure out there's no percentage in giving it away, if you can turn a buck turning a trick.

Announcer: Twelve tempting tarts living and loving in the Big Brothel. And the DON cameras will be there 24/7. The Call Girl.

Call Girl: Guys like a girl with class. Some style. Those slam bam thank you Sam street hos don't have a prayer.

Announcer: The waitress.

Waitress: A few nights on your back beats the hell out of eight hours on your feet. Hell, a couple of years you could buy the damn restaurant.

Announcer: Every week the hooker who earns the least will be asked to turn in her condoms and leave the Big Brothel. Until only one is left. Who will be the last girl laying. Wednesday at eight on DON, the family network, the games begin.

Girls: Tune us in and we'll turn you on.

Shoo!
by
Jonathan Shipley

Her bed of dahlias was her true love. She had a full garden filled with all sorts of flowers—black eyed susans, snapdragons, several varieties of lilies (oh how she adored their fragrance)—but her dahlias were her favorites. Their size and dizzying array of color astounded her as she tended to them every morning before retiring to the greenhouse with a glass of iced tea to tend to her budding orchids (she had three and they were delicate little things).

She would do all this each day except Friday when she'd drive herself to the synagogue for prayer and worship. She loved God and she had always taken a shine to the rabbi, Rabbi Adam Stern, his sermons always enlightening and emboldening her to continue on with her life happily without her dear husband Eli who passed in 1998. She had so much to look forward to! Like her flower beds and greenhouse work.

That is why she became alarmed when she saw a wasp in her greenhouse. She flew out the door and said to it with stinging words, "I don't want you around here! Shoo!" The wasp, however, stayed in the greenhouse.

Her rhododendrons actually won first prize in the town flower show. She received a big ribbon and a fifty dollar gift certificate to Olive Garden. She took Mildred with her and ate more soup and salad than she could remember. And the bread sticks! The fertilizer for her rhodies were in the greenhouse so she went inside, the following day, and noticed four other wasps in the far corner. This would not do.

"You are not welcome here!" She yelled. "This is my home! You scat now!" But scat they would not do. "Very well."

She went to the local nursery and bought a can of wasp killer. "I hate to do it," she said to the clerk, "but that's MY greenhouse. I don't want to be run out of my own greenhouse."

That night, when the wasps were slumbering, she snuck out with her spray can and flashlight, flung open the door, illuminated the wasp nest, and fired the spray.

"HEY! What are you doing?!" They howled and the white Anglo Saxon Protestants got into their BMWs and drove away.

Value Meal
by
Matt Camplomi

--It's becoming very obvious, at least to me, and I'm the one concerned here, that I'm very easily influenced by advertising.

--I've noticed.

--So you've noticed.

--I have noticed.

--It's that obvious, then.

--It is something that I've noticed.

--Christ. I didn't know it was that noticeable. I was going to--

--It's not that noticeable.

--Oh.

--I mean . . .

--Well, I was going to explain how . . .

--I think I . . .

--But I could still . . .

Ellipses

--You should . . .

--Me too . . .

"Let me first say that my earliest childhood memories aren't about baths or siblings or toys or even birthday candles, dogs or cats or swimming pools, not grandma, not grandpa, not a meal or Christmas or Easter bowties or that stupid bunny Halloween outfit.

"I think the first thing I really remember was a billboard."

It was for Rick E. Raisins. And I loved raisins. I loved them dearly, but not because I enjoyed them; it was only the advertising campaign that won my heart.

"I remember it so well."

I do.

"Sometimes I still think about it."

And I go out to Rick E. Raisins.

"It's certainly not because I love raisins."

I don't even particularly like Rick E. Raisins. There are certainly other places I'd rather be.

"I particularly love the Onion Flamers at T.G.I McHooters. I try to get out there at least three times a week."

Christ, Maggie really hates me for that, too.

I think she understands.

"Really, I understand," she says.

That's good enough.

"Probably."

How about some Pizza Poppers?

"You thinking what I'm thinking"

AHAB'S BODACIOUS WHALER!

--You saw the commercial for Ahab's the other day, didn't you?

Well, she might've. But she probably didn't commit it to memory like I had.

And that's what she told me.

--You know they've got Cheesie Fingers now, right? Right?

Well, she said she'd seen the ad, but she didn't really like Ahab's.

--But that's where we went last year for your birthday. Remember?

Maggie did remember, of course. Maggie had a great memory. She was a very smart person and, really . . .

--Sometimes I think you're very lucky.

--Why's that, Mag?

--Because you really are a walking turd. You know that, right?

Starbucks has recently started a new ad campaign, which really surprised me. I didn't really think Starbucks needed to advertise. I guess more fool me, right?

Anywho, it turns out that they have a new Caramel LoCarb Mochacino.

I had no idea!

It's really a good thing they told me.

They went on to tell me about all their new LoCarb menu options.

I consider that a great service. I take it very personally. It makes me feel special; it makes me feel wanted.

--Have you seen the new ads for Flecky's?

--I thought you hated Flecky's.

I do hate Flecky's.

--Yeah but their Value Specials can't be beat. They've really got some great Value Options.

--But you hate Flecky's. I've tried to get you to go there before and you've said you hate Flecky's.

--But they've got new Value Specials!

I think sometimes that I should tell Maggie about the incredible things I've seen on TV. There's so many great options out there.

I think sometimes that Maggie doesn't realize how important it is that these wonderful people tell me how great their products are.

I mean, shit, why would they go to the bother if they didn't truly believe that their Onion Bloomers were the best Onion Bloomers \$5.95 could buy?

It's not like they would lie to me.

And then there's Fun Priced Tuesday's where you can buy any Fun Priced Appetizer and get a second one for half off.

That is one heck of a deal.

Maggie's got to understand that that is one of a heck of deal, right?

--Don't you ever wonder about how my day went? Maggie asks me. Don't you ever want to ask me what I've done all day instead of . . . instead of . . .

Maggie starts to cry.

--Sweetheart . . .

--I just . . .

I feel sometimes that Maggie doesn't understand the importance . . .

--Maggie, you know that I love you.

Maggie knows that I love her. I love her so much.

--Why don't you tell me about the new LoCarb Menu at Queequeg's, Jay.

I smile and can't resist touching her shoulder and wiping the tear of her cheek.

--I'd love to tell you, sweetheart.

Letter From Home
by
Ryan Nemeth

Dear Zachary,

It sounds like your first semester away at school is going great. We're all very happy for you, and we miss you. Your brother Kyle made the junior varsity basketball team, and your father is working a lot (like always).

It's great that you decided to join the rowing team. When I was in college, we thought all the rowers were fags. But I guess things change.

We just got your grades—you made the Dean's List! Congratulations. You are very smart and I am happy for you. When I was in school, I was always too busy trying to "do" everyone on the basketball team to focus on exams and homework. I suppose I matured a little when I started dating your father. But soon enough, our relationship turned into just another bucket of distractions. We spent more time with each other than we did studying. I guess when I was that age, getting coked up and screwing him and his friends was my number one priority. It was all a lot of fun, but my grades suffered.

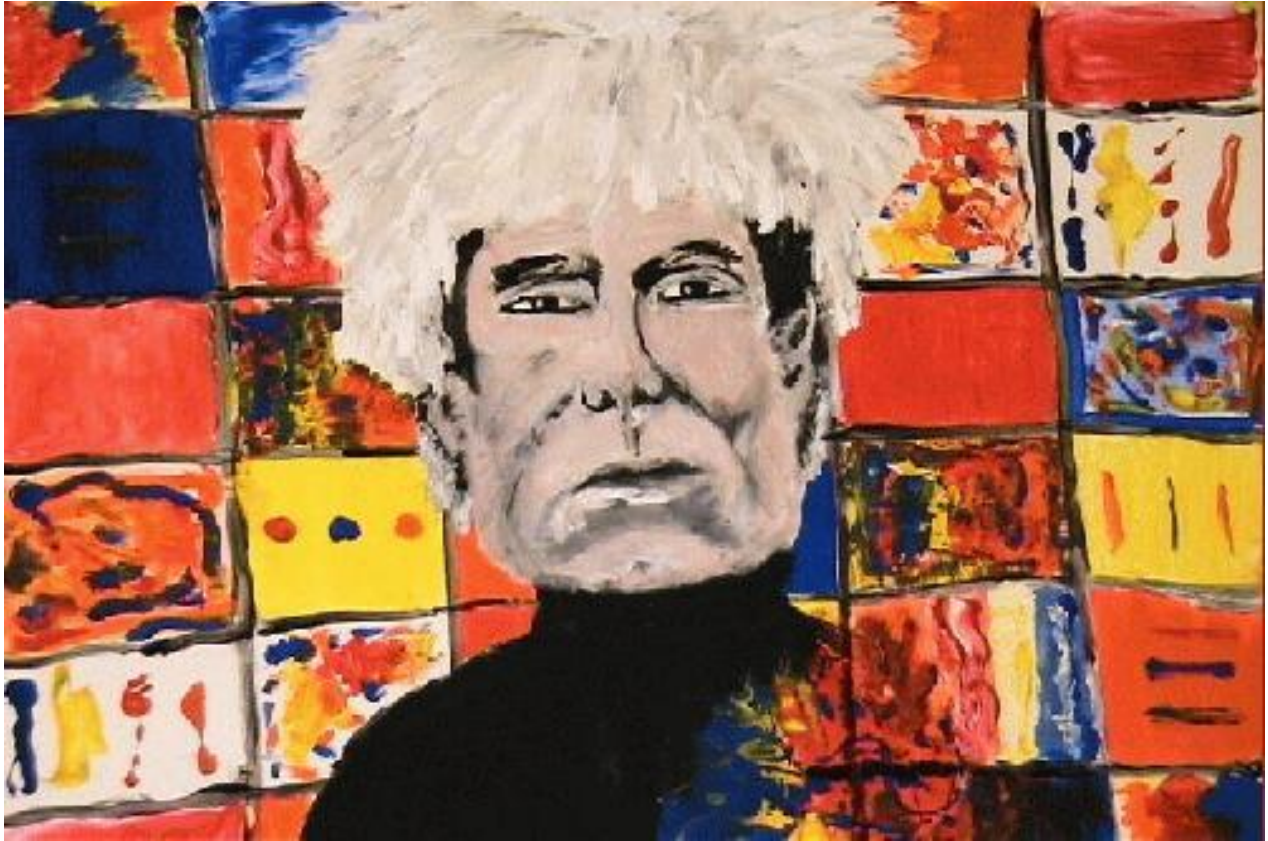
Gosh, it seemed like I was pregnant every other week! If I actually sat down and tried to count all the abortions I had during my junior and senior years—let's just say I'd need another hand. The doctors wouldn't let me have the last one—they said I was "too far along" (whatever that means). But, when it did sink in that I was stuck with you I was able to pressure your "father" into marrying me. Like they say: "when one door closes, another door opens."

Look at me, going on about my boring past. Like you care what your old mother has to say. Ok, well I have to help Kyle with his algebra (you know how your brother is with math). Keep up the good work and we'll see you in a few weeks.

Love,
Mom

I Painted Andy Warhol
by
Sara Holt

Text by Luigi Fairbanks



As you can clearly see, this is a portrait of Andy Warhol, painted by Ms. Sara Holt using the following painterly materials: finger paint, gouache, and oil paint.

Actually, “clearly” isn’t the right word in these circumstances, as I had no idea who Andy Warhol was until I typed his name into a search engine. The *Defenestration* heads said that I should write a little biography about Andy Warhol to accompany Ms. Holt’s painting, but I haven’t really had the time.

According to Ms. Holt, “Andy was the biggest art icon of the 20th Century. I painted this hoping to show both his larger than life personality and also, the vulnerability of the man himself. I named it *I Painted Andy Warhol* as a little play on the movie title, *I Shot Andy Warhol*.” Armed with this information and very little else, I created biography below. I had to make stuff up wherever I found holes in his life story.

Andy Warhol was born sometime in the 20th century to parents who had no idea he’d grow up to have one of the greatest heads of hair the world had ever seen. He grew to an age somewhere in the double digits, and painted pictures of things like soup, which he ate every

day to remind him of his adventures on a Mississippi steamboat. After painting enough pictures to fill fifteen very large rooms and the basement of a disreputable New York nightclub, Mr. Warhol retired the art scene to roam the steppes of northern Asia, fighting demons and teaching the locals the mystic path of enlightenment known as Warholism. Later in life, he returned home only to discover that someone had shot him, and that it really hurt. Nursing his gunshot wound, he decided to go into hiding, revealing himself only at posh banquets or the occasional supermarket run. Andy Warhol enjoyed Kung-Fu movies, buttered popcorn, and the banter of ravens and madmen.

I like it, anyway.

Moments of Randomness, Episode 1
by
Stephanie O'Donnell

Moments Of Randomness

It's almost customary at this point, if you're on the program "MTV Cribs", to refer to your bedroom as a place where "the magic happens". Of course, by "magic", they usually mean "dirty, dirty sex."

I say why not get creative for once? If I ever get famous enough to the point where my presence on the show is warranted, and it comes to the part where I show my bedroom, I will say this:
"This is where the magic happens! No, really, this is where it all goes down. Me and my Wiccan friends will come over, cast spells, make potions, and afterwards we'll all watch 'Charmed'!"



Contributor Biographies

C.L. Bledsoe didn't do it. No he didn't. He did not. Anyone who says he did is a lying potty mouth who is gonna get it when Dad comes home. And then you'll see.

David Gwilym Anthony was born in Ffestiniog, North Wales, and soon afterward his family moved to Hull. He was educated at Hull Grammar School and St. Catherine's College, Oxford, where he studied modern history. His life has been "spent in the near aura of famous poets: Dafydd ap Gwilym, greatest of the Welsh bards; Philip Larkin, one-time librarian of Hull University; Andrew Marvell, who also went to Hull Grammar School." He now lives in Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, a stone's throw from the churchyard where Thomas Gray is buried. He works in London, in financial services. His poems have appeared in various magazines, e-zines and anthologies in the UK, USA and Japan. His first book, *Words to Say*, was published in 2002. *Words to Say* is available from Amazon. His second book, *Talking to Lord Newborough*, is now available from Barnes & Noble and Amazon. It is also available direct from the publisher, Alsop Review Press.

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.

J.D. Nelson once taught a stingray to speak French. Poorly.

Bryon Quertermous's first play, a shameless rip-off of the *Maltese Falcon*, was produced when he was 19. His stories have appeared in *QUA*, *Captive Ape*, and *The Whitewater Review* among others. He is currently in the creative writing program at Eastern Michigan University. Visit him at his blog, *Coping with Sanity* (<http://bryonquertermous.blogspot.com>)

David Gaffney wrote this story on the back of a Mexican wrestling star using nothing but shaving cream. True story.

Jack Goodstein (not to be confused with Jack Goldstein, a usurping doppelganger who often takes credit for his work) is a playwright who has read "Death of a Salesman," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Hamlet" in preparation for "Big Brothel" which was originally staged in Pittsburgh by Sunday Night Live and then by the Harrogate Theatre in England in their evening of one minute plays called "Gone in 60 Seconds." This production should be available for downloading on the internet at their web site in the near future.

Jonathan Shipley is a cardinal, a senior ecclesiastical official in the Roman Catholic Church, ranking just below the Pope. He also is red and has feathers and is allowed to roost in the eaves of Saint Peter's Basilica. When he is not roosting he is updating his blog (<http://www.jonathanswackyworld.blogspot.com/>) and reading the texts of Pope Sixtus II.

Matt Campolmi used to be from Athens, GA, where he was voted king of the beers—for one night... by magical beer gremlins. Today, he lives in New Jersey and wonders what that smell is.

Ryan "The Bully" Nemeth gets into a lot of fights. He's currently studying at the Improv Olympic in Chicago and living at Bezo's house. One time when he was counting, he made it

all the way to the highest number there is. Ladies: he's single and he's probably not a murderer!

Sara Holt paints worlds, times, and places she'd rather be experiencing. When she's not painting the faces of her famous friends, she's scraping together money for Chinese food and wondering with all the hullabaloo over the "hot new painter," why she's still soooooo broke. Other than that, she spends her time being the superhero of her own life, cuz that's the way, uh-huh, uh-huh, she likes it, baby!!!

Luigi Fairbanks is currently under arrest for grossly misrepresenting what Andy Warhol's life was really like. To find out *factual* information regarding Andy Warhol, type in "Andy" followed by "Warhol" into any friendly neighborhood search engine. Ask your parents for help before using the internet, kids!

Born and raised in New York, **Stephanie O'Donnell** created the character "Poley Polarity" when she was 10 years old. At age 15, she had the character copyrighted on the advice of her father, a full time artist who also was interested in cartooning in his youth. Recently, Stephanie has developed her characters into the comic strip "The Original Nutty Funsters", which ran during the 2004 summer edition of the K-State Collegian. Bill Watterson's "Calvin and Hobbes" is at the top of her list of major influences.