

◇ Defenestration ◇

Volume III, Issue IV

Table of Contents

Ally Harris, "bike ride 1"	2
Holly Day, Two Poems	3
Mike Brown, "I love you. Seriously."	5
Quentin B. Huff, "Sister"	6
Allison Landa, "Tragic Estates"	7
Brian G. Ross, "Carpet Burned"	8
John Ellingsworth, "An Interview With Spike Lee"	11
Larry Gaffney, "Invitation"	13
Malerie Yolen-Cohen, "A Less Than Remarkable Life"	14
Jeremiah Stansbury, "Monkey Bars" (with text by Luigi Fairbanks)	16
Leslie Lee, "Eyes And Fingers And Stuff"	18
Contributor Biographies	19

All content is © copyright their respective authors.

bike ride 1
by
Ally Harris

today my bike was
decorated, from
dusty garage-green
to wispy white, little
fluffy flags knotted in
the cackling sun of dawn.
they, trapped in my
wheel, made me think
i was hovering the
earth on a white down
pillow, instead of the
extermination of
Mother Duck's
ducklings that occurred
in my spokes
seconds earlier

Two Poems
by
Holly Day

First Time

I never would have done it
if I'd known my best friend's dad
was watching us through the window
watching me and his daughter
shirts off, holding a joint to each other's lips
silly and fourteen and
oh, it felt so exotic

wasn't prepared for the pamphlets on STDs
waiting for me when I got home
the lectures on the joys of heterosexuality
my mother's confused ramblings
on the painful lives of lesbians
I kept telling her
we didn't really do anything, but she
forbade me to ever go back to Diane's
and Diane's parents kept her
from seeing me

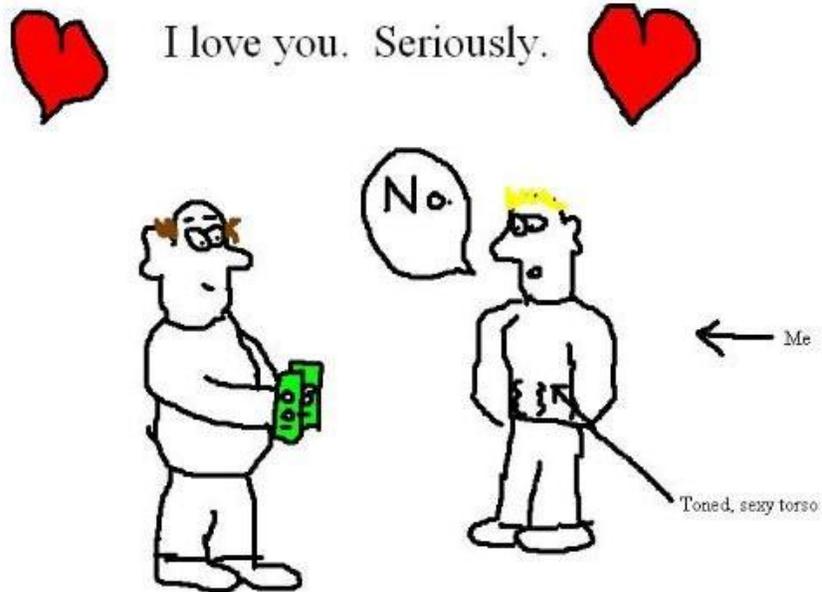
More Things I Didn't Want To Know

they say you can learn a lot about a man
by what he eats for lunch
or at least what he puts in his lunchbox

my co-worker, Al, brings same lunch to work
every day: a sandwich, an enema
and a clean, folded pair of boxers

all lined up in his metal lunch box
in the apparent order of use.

I love you. Seriously.
by
Mike Brown



lady, you are great
you're not even fat.
you're super frickin' fly
and i'm not just saying that.
your love makes me act so
deliriously
lady, i love you.
Seriously.

the sexy way you move
makes me want to whoop and holler.
i wouldn't ever trade you, lady
even for 200 dollars.
your love makes me act so
mysteriously
but, lady, i love you.
Seriously.

your silky smooth body
i'd love to caress
and later we'd play yahtzee
or something, i guess.
i'm head over heels. it's easy to see.
cuz lady, i love you.
Seriously.

Sister
by
Quentin B. Huff

Sister,

you snore like a plane crash,
drag femur and metal through fields of gravel;

like a drowning man who, as he gargles ocean,
belts out an opera in bubbles;

a lawnmower run up a tree trunk;

celery, peanuts, and chicken bones
stuffed down the garbage disposal;

like Dracula, asleep,
digesting blood from his favorite neck.

Tragic Estates **by** **Allison Landa**

Tragic Estates is a different kind of real estate development. We don't offer a community pool or spa, charge homeowners' dues, or shield our property with iron gates, brass-topped, sharp points making sure that should you try to tumble over our gilded line, you won't be doing it again.

Instead, we've got gummy worms. That's right, all the gummy worms you can eat. We've got so many gummy worms, in fact, that we have an interest list the size of our arm, and trust us, dear potential resident, that is one honey of an arm. No, Tragic Estates has no rules making sure your pesky next-door-neighbor mows their lawn, no specially designated schools or community parks with little teeter-totters for the brats that climb aboard, they climb aboard, and they teeter and totter and sometimes they fall off and break their necks and sometimes, sometimes that means.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Gummy worms, dammit, there isn't another residential development from here to Washoe that'll provide you with that. Imagine the possibilities. Real estate is expensive, my dog knows that. You're gonna break your back fixing that mortgage, nailing down all that insurance, getting the wife to do her share of packing and you know that she won't, you know you're just going to have to get her into a corner and wave your fist and.

Now I'm definitely getting ahead of myself. Brass tax: We built Tragic Estates for a reason. We wanted to be different, you know, just that, different. And we are. We are different. We aren't like Candy Ass Walk at Suck My Dick Lane down the way, no. Them, they're just an overpriced hunk of junk, those houses. And you know that new development down Route 81, the Blow Me Villas? They really did it up, the Blow Mes. They've got their own Blow Me Bridge, their own Blow Me Schools, I hear they're even coming out with a new Blow Me brand of carpeting, can't wait to see that. They're trying to make product there, you know, sell something different, something theirs, and I understand that, and I will even begrudgingly tell you that I respect the Blow Mes, I do.

But listen. Hear me good. They are no Tragic Estates.

Gummy bears. This is the key. When your marriage is falling apart and your kids are crying in the corner and they're like, Mom, Dad, we can't take this shit any more and the dog's out there and you know what, she's kind of looking good, looking tasty, looking like you can't figure out whether you want to barbecue her up or just plain fuck her so you decide to dump her in the canyon instead, just push her out the car and drive away because that's really the kindest thing, spare her, spare them, spare you and everyone .

Come to Tragic Estates. Live the lifestyle. Cry the tears and eat the bears. We promise you, we swear, nothing will ever be the same.

Carpet Burned
by
Brian G. Ross

My wife flipped through the carpet catalogue—page after furry page—hovering over some, quickly bypassing others. Every now and then she licked her thumb and touched it to the shagpile, as if she was reading one of her Jackie Collins novels.

Reds, blues, greens, and everything in between. After the first hour I gave up thinking that the final decision was anything to do with me. I wondered how anybody could tell a great carpet from a god awful one just by looking at these squares, ten inches by ten.

Some way off, a sales assistant studied us like living experiments.

Mary stopped at a sample, rubbed her hand over it like she was in love, and looked at me expectantly. I sighed. My head was starting to ache. Purple spots exploded in front of me, but I soon realised that was part of the pattern.

"What about this one?"

I knew that smile. It meant, go and fetch your slippers and sleeping bag, John. I threw her a smile of my own and looked at the square of hessian with little more excitement than I had approached the first sample about five and a half hours ago.

"What's that look for?" She snatched the carpet away, as if my lack of enthusiasm was a personal attack.

"It's horrible. I hate brown. And those spots—it's like it has a disease or something."

"It's not brown, it's champagne," she corrected. "And those are lavender whorls." The words rolled off her tongue like melted chocolate.

"I like champagne, especially with oysters." I yawned, but such primitive signs were lost on my wife. "And I like lavender, sprayed in the bathroom. Neither, do I appreciate on my floor." I flipped the carpet sample over and the reverse clarified what Mary had said. "Since when was champagne a colour anyway?"

"Since always," she said, as if that was answer enough. She grabbed the carpet book from me and continued flipping. "What about this one?" She thrust a square of woven vomit in my face.

"You want us to put this on the floor?"

She nodded.

"In our bedroom?"

"What's wrong with it?"

I thought about it for longer than the question deserved. I was beginning to wonder if my

wife was colour blind.

"If you put this in our bedroom, I'll be sleeping on the couch." I turned the square like a steering wheel. "It's too busy. It's like one of those pictures you stare at until you can see the spaceship."

"Don't be silly." She stole it from me. "It's mosaic puce."

"What?"

"The colour. Mosaic puce."

She said it slowly the second time, like a third-grader with a new word. I laughed, and seeing Mary frown, I realised it was for my own benefit. A salesman turned to face us and straightened his tie, ready for the ten percent that he was never going to get if I had my way. "I'm sorry, but I've thrown up better looking patterns than that."

Mary sighed. "Always with the jokes. You're not making this easy, you know?"

"Show me something plain then. None of this fancy-shmancy stuff." I shoved my hands into my pockets and swayed back and forth, like I was at sea. As I did, Mary passed over another half dozen squares before settling. She pointed.

"There. That's a little... quieter."

"It is." I held it up to the light, turning it this way and that.

"What on earth are you doing?"

I squinted. "I can't figure out whether it's blue or green."

She snatched it back and turned it over to show me. She pressed a fat finger to the hessian thatch. "It's petroleum cobalt."

I read it but couldn't believe it. "You've got to be kidding me. Petroleum cobalt?"

"Don't you like it?"

I scratched my chin. "Like it? I don't even know what the hell it is!"

"Why are you so fussy?"

"I'm an old fashioned guy. I like my colours straight up the middle."

"Fine." Mary threw the book at me. It fell to the floor. "You pick one then."

"What about wooden flooring?" I nodded in the direction of the laminate strips at the far end of the store. "It'd probably be a lot less bother."

"Teak or pine?"

"Huh?"

"Or actually, mahogany would probably go better with the dressing table. No, too dark. Cherry blossom."

"What's that you're saying?"

"You know, I've always liked oak."

"That's brown, right?"

Mary put the carpet book down and looked up at me, her mind already spinning with possibilities. "Great idea, honey." She reached for my hand and led me towards the wood.

An Interview With Spike Lee by **John Ellingsworth**

Award-winning director **Spike Lee** talks to **John Ellingsworth** about his upcoming film, the angry lesbian recidivist melodrama ***Nuns in the Hood***.

JOHN ELLINGSWORTH: In the past, you've described yourself as an "instigator". Just who are you hoping to offend with your new film?

SPIKE LEE: Everyone. But I want to be clear on this – by getting them angry I'm making them think. We wanted to jam pack as much as we could into this film within the allotted time, all the issues, so that it would be like an assault, and you couldn't watch it and then not go on to debate, discuss, and exchange ideas. That's why the film is so controversial.

JE: And so violent?

SL: The violence arises from the situation. You've got a Mother Superior [Dame Maggie Smith] who is just out of control. She prays for Jesus to burn up the homos, she prays for Jesus to kill the Mexicans and the Puerto Ricans. She's an out of control leader, and she's just a menace to mankind in general. I'm sorry, a menace to *humankind* in general, and nuns in particular. The whole convent has to stop her, and because she's been left alone too long and has too much power in their society, violence is their only recourse.

JE: A lot of the filming was done at the New York convent. Was it important to have that element of realism?

SL: Yeah, we actually hired a technical consultant. Her name is Sister Mary Eustace, who has been at the NY convent twenty-six years. We hired her and she worked with me on the script, which was written, but she looked at the script and pointed things out.

JE: What kind of things?

SL: Anything against convent rules. How a New York nun would spend a regular day. She also worked with the actresses. She was under a vow of silence and she couldn't speak except from two till four on weekends, so we had to work around that, but it wasn't as much of a problem as we anticipated. She turned out to be a charming, witty lady. We all fell in love with her on set.

JE: Does it have a big impact on the film, that kind of specialist input?

SL: Sure. We also had a lesbian technical consultant, Tristine Tormeno, who we kept over from *She Hate Me*. She put the actresses through something we used to call 'Lesbian Boot Camp', but now we like to refer to them as 'Lesbian Sensitizing Seminars'. All the actresses responded really well. Keira [*Pirates of the Caribbean* sensation Keira Knightly] told me Tristine changed her whole outlook on the role.

JE: Where does this film fit into your body of work?

SL: I don't see it in those terms. I see it as fitting into the whole filmmaking scene that's emerging right now. We're starting to see films, films like *Fahrenheit 9/11* and *Super Size Me*, that really reach out to their audiences politically. Those are great films but they're a minority and we need more of them. I mean, McDonalds is still doing OK. And look who's in the Whitehouse. The important thing is not to get apathetic, and I see films as becoming the intelligent alternative to the apathy of mass media and entertainment. That stuff is used as an opium. Movies, television, all these reality shows, the music, it's used as an opium to make people go to sleep.

JE: And news? Documentaries?

SL: The same thing. You just have to watch CNN giving the people what they want – news items they can nod all the way through.

JE: You're bringing them the truth about lesbian nuns?

SL: Let's be serious about this. It's not about nuns. Those nuns could be monks or cardinals. It's not about lesbians. They could be straight women or even homosexual men. The types don't really matter; this film is about a person in power, abusing that power, affecting every other person in the community.

JE: So does it matter that your early films have African-American characters? Or are they merely representative as well?

SL: You could generalize every film ever made. That's kind of a dead-end argument.

JE: The second half of this film is really going to shock people. It seems like the death of the Mother Superior, in the first half, is something you justify and perhaps condone, but the subsequent deaths are just innocent people who get caught up.

SL: I like to bring things to a proper conclusion. I mean not shy away from the violence. The end of the film should have dealt with that.

JE: And left Malcolm X dead. Or the homo bleeding on the sidewalk.

SL: It comes back to anger. It comes back to controversy. This is going to be a very circular interview. You see, in this country, in America, we need to get angry sooner rather than later. We need to get angry right now over global warming, over racial intolerance, over the American government acting on its oil interests, over the deregulating of the FCC [Federal Communications Commission], over the big, big corporations and the people who run them, who are just stealing money left and right, and over, most of all over that man George Bush Junior. We need to get in a rage about these things. The alternative is apathy until our lives become unlivable, and that's when the violence starts. Anger too late causes violence; anger at the right time can save us from it.

JE: Anger is our salvation?

SL: You could say that.

Nuns in the Hood is on selected release from Sunday 5th May 2006.

Invitation
by
Larry Gaffney

February 14, 2006

Dear Mr. Cheney:

It is my great honor to invite you to a complementary weekend of hunting at Sportsman's Paradise, a private game preserve located in the lush fields and rolling hills of central Arkansas. Because of the unfair publicity following your recent accident, I am certain that you will find Sportsman's Paradise to be *exactly* the kind of place where you can kick back and enjoy the thrill of the hunt without fear of unpleasant consequences.

Since our clientele are very successful men of the world—and are often in the public eye—we understand the need for privacy. To that end, we employ a security force second to none in the private sector, and many of our attendants have honed their skills with organizations such as Mossad and the KGB. Our vast preserve is surrounded by a thirty-foot-high, electrified, chain-link fence which not only prevents prey from wandering, but keeps out undesirable elements. Hunters at Sportsman's Paradise can rest assured that no one is watching, and nothing can escape.

But our safeguards are not limited to security and fencing. As you must realize, Mr. Cheney, you are not the only hunter to have suffered a slight mishap in the field. Who among us has not emptied a round or two into the well-camouflaged posteriors of our hunting dogs, confreres, or paid guides? At Sportsman's Paradise we prevent such faux pas in a number of ways. First, there is the "Restricted Range," where animals are penned within a small area to be picked off at one's leisure, without any of the two-legged variety getting in the way. (Unless of course your taste runs to Ostrich or Orangutan, both of which we can provide.) If, say, after a bagatelle involving birdshot and a friend's face, you are quite understandably gun shy, you may, at Sportsman's Paradise, beat your quarry to death with any of the hardwood staves and mallets you can purchase in the *Bash & Slash* boutique adjoining our fully stocked gun shop. Should you crave a more delicate act of venery, there is the option of throat-cutting, with hand-crafted knives and swords, also available at *Bash & Slash*. (In the case of prey larger than rabbit or quail, our attendants will pin the creature to the ground while you perform the kill.) Finally, if these measures strike you as lackluster, you may choose to hunt in the usual fashion, but with a team of our special scouts, clad in state-of-the-art body armor, and trained to unobtrusively flush birds and beasts from their lairs. Furthermore, all of our scouts willingly sign an agreement preventing them from bringing suit against a wayward shooter, or giving information to publicity hounds. And last, but certainly not least, these strapping young men are also skilled masseurs, eager to rub down tired, aging limbs after a day of sport.

Won't you join us for the hunt, Mr. Vice President? Our scouts are primed, the quarry is trembling, and we are locked and loaded. The only thing missing is your splendid company.

Very truly yours,

Durwood Scumble
Proprietor, Sportsman's Paradise

A Less Than Remarkable Life
by
Malerie Yolen-Cohen

David Sedaris, once said that he felt sorry for people who thought that unless they came from poverty or horrid conditions, they had nothing to write about—that “they thought that their whole life was worthless because it was less than remarkable.”

That’s easy for a gay ex-junkie to say.

Reasons I will never write a best-selling memoir:

1. I am not being abused—nor have I ever been abused in any way by a parent, child, grandparent, teacher, clergyman, sibling, husband, boyfriend or Michael Jackson.
2. I am not gay, bi, asexual or a horny housewife seeking quickies through craigslist.
3. I am not, nor have I ever been in jail for murder, rape, extortion, pillaging multimillion dollar companies, or pissing people off by being able to build a house with stuff found at the dump while selling stock on inside information and lying about it.
4. I do not wear a veil or burka, nor have I ever lived in a cave, near camels, under an authoritarian regime, or forced into an arranged marriage to a terrorist.
5. I’ve never circumnavigated the earth in a six foot row boat, climbed Mt. Everest in five hours, followed in the footsteps of the first Antarctic explorers, kayaked over Niagra Falls, or left a limb to atrophy under a boulder.
6. I have never suffered from an incurable or baffling illness, the Avian Flu or Monkeypox. I’ve never recovered miraculously from a terminal disease. I’ve never required the use of a feeding tube.
7. I don’t paint with my feet, use my head to type astute observations, or otherwise get around famously in a souped-up wheelchair.
8. I am not a Trump, Douglas, Kennedy, Bush, Heinz, or Rockefeller, nor am I related in any way, not even by six degrees of separation, to one. I’m not married to a Hollywood mogul. I am not a pregnant superstar.
9. I’ve never actually seen G-d, experienced stigmata or visions. I’ve never witnessed an image of Jesus or Mary in anything natural or manmade, fried or toasted.
10. I don’t take Ritalin, Prozac, OxyContin or steroids. I’ve never been diagnosed with Bi-Polar disorder or Adult ADD. I don’t have a kid in rehab. I don’t have a husband on drugs, unless you count the four thousand vitamin supplements he takes per day as drugs. Then, I guess I do.
11. I’ve never been a President of the United States or slept with one.

12. I've never been through an earthquake, hurricane, Tsunami, pogrom, Holocaust, terrorist attack or trapped in an elevator without food and water for a week.

13. I've never been a best-selling homosexual novelist living with a boyfriend in Paris.

Writing fiction might be the way to go. But for the life of me, I just can't make things up.

Monkey Bars
by
Jeremiah Stansbury

Text by Luigi Fairbanks



Here's another painting from Jeremiah Stansbury. Again, I circulated the piece to the other members of the staff in order to get their opinions on the piece. With Jeremiah's work, this often consists of trying to decipher what's actually going on in the painting.

Eileen: "Why is Liberace attacking that large red monkey? And why has he taken his shirt off? And why is he wearing my Shoes of Magnificence? Who painted this, Luigi? Who dares intrude on my life through such colorful portrayals of shoes, monkeys, and violence?!"

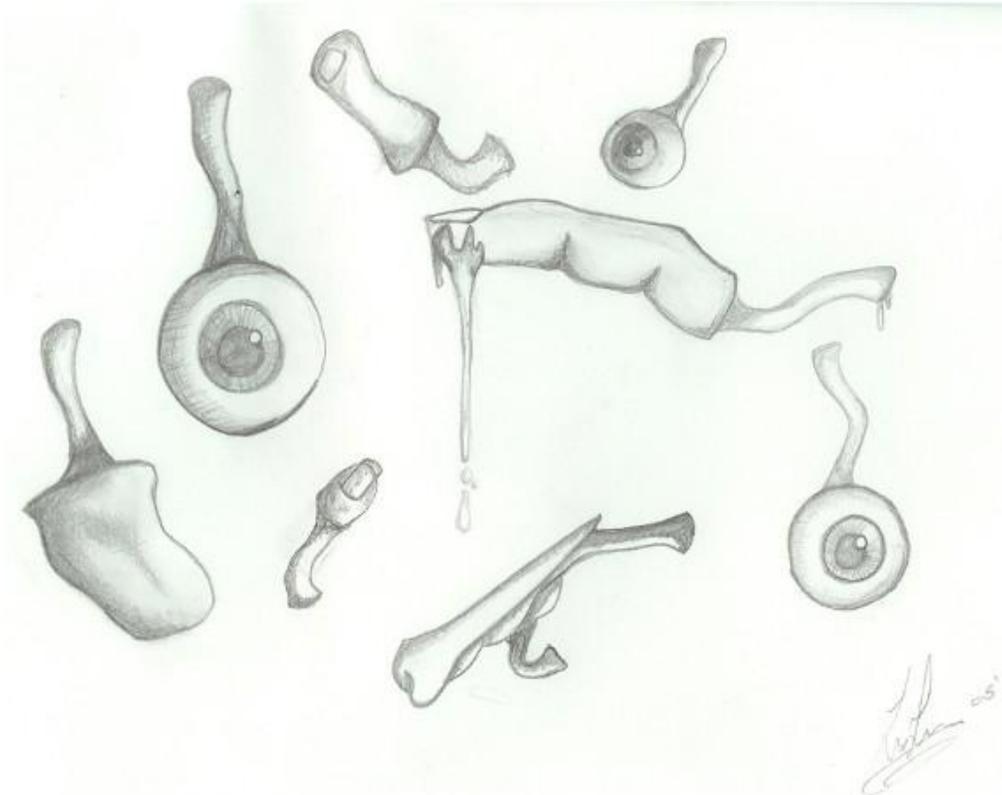
Genevieve: "You'll notice Freud being trampled upon at the bottom. At least, that's what Freud looked like when I trampled him in 1987."

Andrew: "Monkeys!"

Bigfoot: "My cousin Ralph was a nude model."

Haratron: "Oh, I get it. Monkey bars, as in the playground apparatus. Yeah, okay. That would explain the basketball hoop in there. When you said monkey bars I was imagining a bunch of monkeys getting drunk. This is totally different. Incidentally, my grandfather was melted down and turned into some monkey bars."

Eyes And Fingers And Stuff
by
Leslie Lee



While this may sound terribly disgusting, this was found in the lunchroom under a steaming serving tray marked "Surf & Turf." Eileen insisted that this consisted of neither Surf nor Turf, unless these stray bits of gore were found in the stomach of a shark.

Hope you weren't eating anything!

Contributor Biographies

The events in the poem published in this issue never really happened to **Ally Harris** or anyone affiliated with Ally Harris in any way, shape or form. But if it had, would it make this poem any funnier? The answer is: maybe.

Holly Day is similar to "holiday," which makes everyone around here think of Christmas, except for Andrew and Genevieve, who in an uncanny display of spontaneous unanimity agreed that it reminded them of *Ghostbusters*. Holly Day lives in an undisclosed location writing poetry that has nothing to do with ghosts or the busting thereof.

On **Mike Brown**: He was born in 1986 to convicted baby thieves. Actually, it's unclear as to whether his parents actually gave birth to him or if they stole him, but they assured him that they'd given up the baby stealing racket long before '86. Anyway, he had a childhood, where he mostly played video games and went to school from time to time. After his childhood was over, he mostly played video games and went to work from time to time. Then, one day, he had to write a biography of himself for *Defenestration* magazine. It wasn't that good.

On **Quentin B. Huff**: I'm an attorney, writer, visual artist, and professional tennis player who lives and works in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. I'm an associate at the Gerber Law Firm, PLLC. The firm is a civil litigation practice that represents artists, writers, musicians, producers, and other players in the entertainment industry. I love musicians, but vehemently despise other lawyers (for the obvious reasons). My family owns and operates Huff Art Studio, an art gallery specializing in fine art, printing, and graphic design. As a writer, my poems appear in *Pemmican Press* and will appear in the upcoming "Famous & Infamous" themed issue of *Switched-On Gutenberg*. I've never been musically inclined, aside from a short stint with the clarinet in the 7th grade and a few home-recorded hip-hop demos with a few of my friends. I have no pets, no addictions, no fetishes, and am suddenly realizing why people tell me I need to get out more.

Allison Landa was raised in a palace, spent her trust fund on Tic-Tacs acquisition, and enjoys wearing crotchless fishnet bodysuits. If you can guess which one of these is the blatant truth, send her an email at allison@allisonlanda.com.

Brian G. Ross was born and brought up on the seventh moon of Jupiter, but has recently left for pastures new after the gaseous lake of fire where he lived went down-market. He finds the burden of being a love machine almost too much at times, and views the internet as a blessing, as the cost of postal submissions from the far side of the Solar System was really beginning to eat into his finances.

There is a **John Ellingsworth** who lives in Philadelphia, goes canoeing, likes to hike, takes really pretty good photos, has a dog called Max, and keeps a blog. This is a different John Ellingsworth.

Bartleby-like, **Larry Gaffney** prefers not to say anything about who or what he is.

Malerie Yolen-Cohen says the following in limerick form:

Glossy magazines keep this writer writing
Though she spends most of her time inviting

Challenges and joy
With two teenage boys
Who keep this Mom's life exciting.

She also says, "I'm working on a book called *A Thousand Little Pieces*. I'm keeping the true stuff and throwing out the 999,000 lies."

Jeremiah Stansbury is a prolific artist who is currently being prolific in art. His artwork has been on display in numerous areas in the Memphis, Tennessee area and on that magical technological marvel known as the internet. In fact, you can see more of his work here: <http://www.absolutearts.com/clipinpics/>.

Luigi Fairbanks remembers the Alamo. He remembers because Ozzy Osborne peed on it.

Leslie Lee is a Canadian Princess with more money than the richest Tsars of Tsarasia. You can see more of her work at <http://pictures-and-pencils.deviantart.com>. Admission is free.