

The Blotter

Magazine
www.blotterrag.com

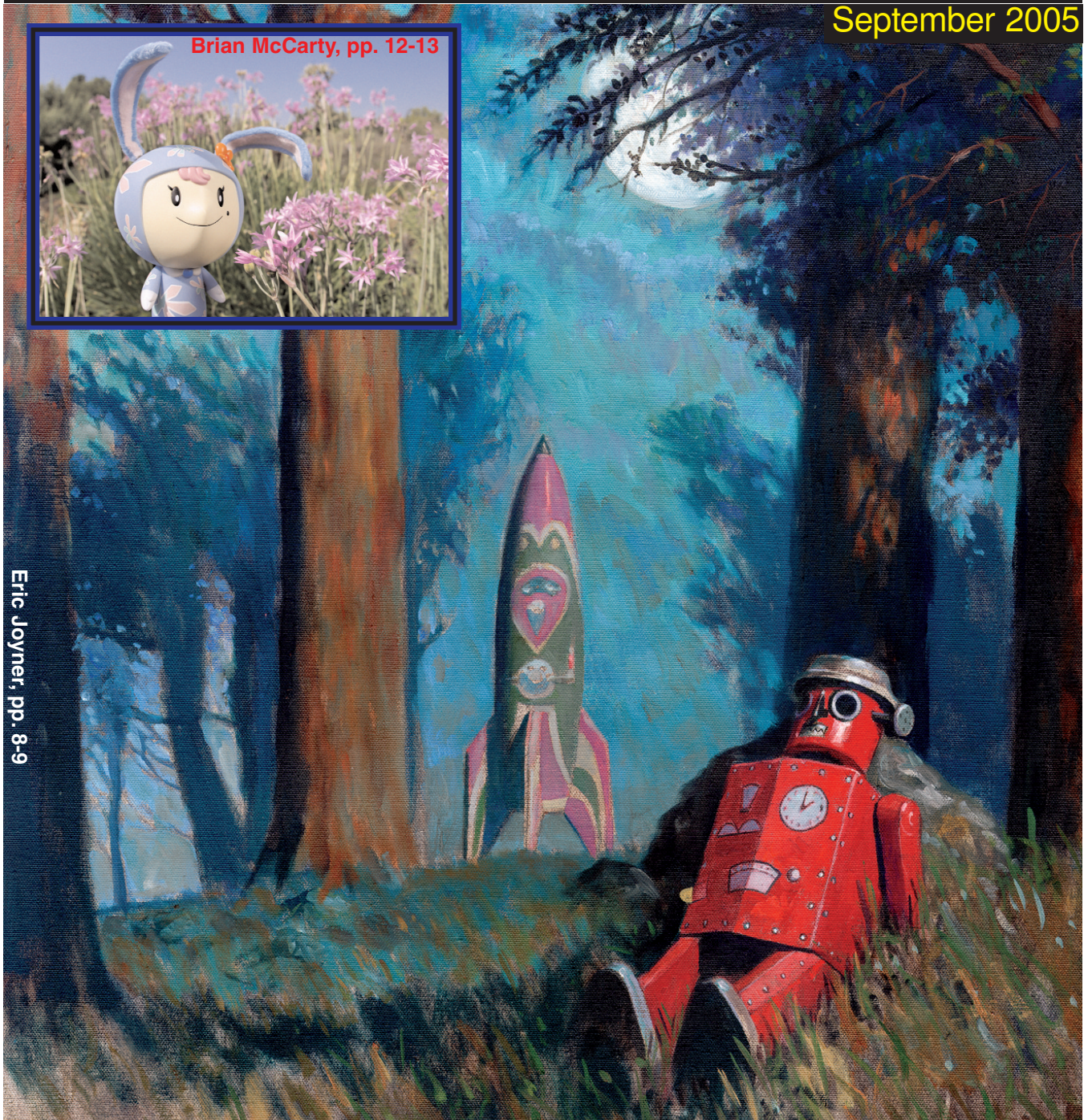
Exposing the Menace of Teen Santana Worship

Free in Asheville, Athens, Chapel Hill, Charlotte, Durham, Greensboro, New York City, and Raleigh

September 2005



Brian McCarty, pp. 12-13



Eric Joyner, pp. 8-9

Serious Business, People. Straighten Up.

The Art of Eric Joyner and Brian McCarty. Stories from Jasmine Rizer and Brent Powers. An Odd Letter from Scott Oates. Plus "Sinister Bedfellows" and the Dream Journal. Pay Attention.

The Blotter is:

Johnny Pence.....Singing Winds,
Crying Beasts
Martin K. Smith...Publisher-at-Large,
Treasurer
Jenny Haniver...Pseudonym

Advertisers and Subscriptions Contact:

Martin K. Smith
M_K_Smith@yahoo.com
919.286.7760

Submissions and Editorial Business to:

Jenny Haniver
mermaid@blotterrag.com

Johnny Pence, Editor in Chief
ediot@blotterrag.com
706.583.9098 (business hrs. only!
you may call for info. about snail-
mail submissions)

**All content copyright
2005 by the artist, not the
magazine.**

Cover art: *Traveler*, by Eric Joyner.
See pp. 8-9 for more of his. Inset:
Rabbit B by Brian McCarty. See pp.
12-13 for more of his.

The Blotter is a production
of The Blotter Magazine,
Inc., Durham, NC.
A 501 (c)3 non-profit
ISSN 1549-0351
www.blotterrag.com

We often use Bobco fonts, copyrighted
shareware from the Church of the
Subgenius. Prabob. We also use
Mary Jane Antique and other free-
ware fonts from Apostrophic Labs
and other fonts from other sources.



The Blotter Magazine is published month-
ly and distributed one weekend in the
first half of each month. We enjoy a free
circulation throughout the NC Triangle,
in select locations in NC and VA, and in
Athens, GA. Submissions are always wel-
come, as are ad inquiries and opportuni-
ties to cross-promote interesting events.

Subscriptions are offered as a premium for
a donation of \$20 or more. Send check or
money order, name and address to The
Blotter Subscriptions, 1010 Hale Street,
Durham, NC 27705. Back issues are also
available, 5 for \$5. Inquire about availabil-
ity by e-mail: ediot@blotterrag.com.

*This magazine may contain typos or
bad words*

Items Worth Mentioning
from the desk of Johnny Pence**New Orleans**

NOLA, I sure do love you. I hope you get better soon.

I can't turn on the news without getting choked up these days. It's worth mentioning that I have to write this bit about a week before the magazine's out on newsstands, so maybe by the time y'all are reading this, there will be no reason to be sad. Maybe everything will be cool. Maybe everybody will be found safe and alive, reunited with lost families, fed, rested, healthy, and they'll all have a place to sleep.

There's a feeling I get, and my friends are sick of hearing about it, but ever since about this time four years ago, it just feels like the world's reality train jumped the rails and ended up on the track that was intended for a 1980s sci-fi screenplay, heavy on the social satire. It's like we're living in *Robocop* or a *Max Headroom* episode. Think about it: Arnold Schwarzenegger is governor of Callyfourneeyah, we're ostensibly allied with the Russians, New Orleans is under water and on fire, gas is (currently) as high as five bucks a gallon. I've had enough of this movie. I'm ready for reality to get back where it should be. Or if it has to be a 1980s screen-
play, I want to be Crocodile Dundee.

Erratum

Bonehead. I spelled Jerry Budinski's name with a Y on the cover of last month's issue.

The Return of the Silly Movie

Blotter Silly Movie Nights return this month with a 9/15 showing of the classic *This Is Spinal Tap* (it's absolutely absurd that none of my fonts have an unmlauted n). Join Marty and some of our good buddies at Joe & Jo's in downtown Durham for a couple-hundred beers. Every glass of French Broad Brewing Co. beer you buy helps us raise money.

So it's not as if you wouldn't be happy to sit around and get hammered watching *Spinal Tap* again anyhow. So do it for a good cause this time.

Well, do it for a good cause after you write a check for a hundred bucks to the Red Cross, drop off a bunch of bottled water, and donate a pint of blood. You gotta love drinking when you're a pint low!

—ediot@blotterrag.com

Hump Day

by Jasmine Rizer

Monday

I am a secretary at the local newspaper, handling paperwork, visitors, and drama for the Arts and Entertainment section. People at work tend to confide in me, largely on the principle that you can tell anything to the help, because the help aren't real people. The one exception to this general rule is a the nice young Arts and Entertainment editor, one Arthur P. Harris. I call him A.P., because I like A.P. Carter a lot, and because I am perverse that way.

A.P. has problems in his personal life. One of his boyfriends is a really nice guy, but his other boyfriend is a moody Scotsman who spends a lot of time staring out the window and saying things like, "I miss Glasgow so much." Also, A.P.'s mother has announced that she is never going to come visit him again, because she can deal with the gay thing, but she cannot deal with A.P.'s having two boyfriends who know about each other, approve of each other, and sometimes make love to each other.

"Do you think it's weird?" A.P. asks me on Monday morning, when he is lounging around my desk. "The three of us being together?"

I shrug. "When you first told me about it," I admit, "I thought it was weird."

He kind of had no choice but

to tell me about it, because I once walked into his office to give him a message and found him giving first one of them, and then the other, a long, lingering kiss after they'd taken him out to lunch. Then the two boyfriends left together, discreetly holding hands under cover of their long coat sleeves as they walked towards the elevator.

"But you don't think it's weird now?" A.P. says.

"No," I say. "I don't think it's weird. You guys obviously care for one another. Or should it be 'each other'?"

"We love *one another*," A.P. says, managing to agree with me while also correcting me ever so slightly. A.P. is a romantic. He will not stand for any of this "care for each other" nonsense about people he loves.

"So tell your mom to blow it out her ass," I shrug.

A.P. looks horror-struck. "Isobel!" he says. "I could never talk to my mother like that!"

I have forgotten that you can't give brutally realistic family advice to people who were basically brought up in the Brady Bunch. I say something cruel and disrespectful to my mother at least once every couple of months, and then she tells me that I ought to be glad she gave up her medical career for me, and then we both cry, and then we make up and go shopping.

"Sorry, A.P.," I tell him. "I

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

dream analysis 101: the bridge

i often dream about a bridge that i have to cross in a car. this bridge doesn't exist in real life. it's always very familiar in the dream, but like i haven't been there in years. when i get there, the bridge is washed out, or just a couple of wooden boards and rocks and stepping stones—virtually impassable. but i always figure out a way across, and this has given me many adventures in the past, including driving underwater, lifting the car up and carrying it across, and some scary driving. it's usually a fun opportunity to improvise and make the best of a bad situation, but it has grown tiresome.

last night, as i approached the bridge, i remembered that it's the one i'm always dreaming about and i figured out it was a dream. i looked away and thought about how impatient i was getting with this bridge, and how it's time to do something about it. i looked up and it was a new highway department job, concrete, well-built, safe, and wide.

—S. M., Athens

Please send excerpts from your dream journals to Jenny at mermaid@blotterag.com.

If nothing else, we love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.



*"I got so drunk last night,
I was trying to call
Morocco!"*

The Blotter

now offers a

**Cheap Long-Distance
Prepaid Phone Service!**
(through Tel3 Advantage)

Morocco 20¢ - 26¢

England	2¢ - 3.5¢	Jamaica	7.5¢-8.5¢
France	2¢ - 4¢	Australia	2.5¢ - 4¢
Germany	2¢ - 4¢	Japan	4¢ - 6¢
Italy	2¢ - 4¢	Taiwan	2.5¢ - 3.5¢
Spain	2¢ - 4¢	China	2¢ - 3.5¢
Mexico	3¢ - 9¢	India	12¢ - 16¢

**and 1.9¢ / per minute
in the U.S. and Canada**

To register:

- 1) Call **1 800 330 6897** or visit the website below to sign up for TEL3Advantage™FLEX Plan. Please have a credit card ready.

To make a call:

- 1) Call **1 800 999 5090**.
- 2) If you are calling from a registered phone number, the system will recognize and read your balance. No PIN is required. If you are calling from an unregistered phone, you will need to enter your account number and 4 digit PIN (selected by you at sign up.)
- 3) Dial the number you wish to call, or select a number from your saved TEL3Advantage™ speed dial numbers. If your call doesn't go through, press ### to try the next carrier.

Activation code: **793193**

To sign up call: **1-800-330-6897**

Visit the website:

www.tel3advantage.com/?

AgentNumber=793193

didn't mean any disrespect to your mother."

"I know," he sighs. "It's just that not everybody can be tough like you, Isobel."

I stifle a giggle in my coffee cup. I am not tough; I'm just mean to my family. As a matter of fact, I am so not-tough that on the way into work this morning, I had a small crying fit because I saw a snail squashed on the sidewalk. I don't see any reason for disillusion A.P. on this point, though.

Tuesday

On Tuesday, I lose my temper at work—something I have never done before.

A semi-famous novelist is so upset over our review of his latest book that he has come down to talk to A.P. about it in person.

I have read the novel. It is a period piece. It is also a sexist diatribe whose moral seems to be

that women are sluts who deserve to be strangled with their own

elaborate underwear, or, barring that, left to die in filthy T.B.

wards. None of this would matter so much to me if the book

weren't so poorly written. It is the most boring thing I have ever

read in my entire life. Ten pages this semi-famous novelist spends

describing a woman's nipples. I actually fell asleep while trying to

read the hero's big climactic death scene, in which he is, of

course, murdered by a treacherous, treacherous woman.

The author paces the floor while he waits for A.P. to come

out, and eventually he looks at me sideways and says, "What I

really don't think your Arts and Entertainment editor understood

about my book is that it was conceived as a satire."

I intend to smile my best noncommittal smile in response

to this comment. Somehow, though, I end up opening my

mouth instead, and saying in a funny voice that I normally

reserve for making fun of my exes and my relatives, "Oooh, satire!

We all know what that means. That's what people say when

they've written something stupid."

Unbelieving, the novelist turns to me with open mouth

and asks, "What did you say to me?"

"Your book," I continue, knowing that I might lose my job

over this. "It's stupid."

"It is not stupid!" the semi-famous author shrieks, his voice

going up half an octave and then cracking.

I open my mouth in a loud and exaggerated yawn.

"Bitch!" hisses the author. He strides over to my desk and, in

keeping with the epithet he has just used, bitch-slaps me. It isn't

much of a slap, and I'm pretty sure it is more for show than any-

thing else. I raise one disdainful eyebrow at him.

"Aren't you going to cry?" he asks indignantly.

"Cry?" I echo mockingly. "Please. My mother slaps harder

than you."

Just then, A.P. walks out and greets the author with a hearty

handshake. As they walk away from the reception desk together, the semi-famous novelist shoots

me a suspicious glance over his shoulder. I wink at him, and he quickens his pace, practically dragging A.P. along with him.

To my astonishment, A.P. neither fires me nor says one single word to me about my altercation with the semi-famous novelist. Either he doesn't think it's worth firing me over, or the semi-famous novelist was too scared to rat on me.

I seem to be developing a really undeserved reputation as a tough girl.

Wednesday

I am sitting at my desk on Thursday morning, squinting into my coffee, still amazed and thankful that I didn't get fired the day before, when the telephone on my desk rings.

It's A.P. "Isobel," he says, and it sounds like he's shouting in a wind tunnel, "I need you to bring some papers by my house."

"But who'll watch the desk if I do that?" I ask him.

"Isobel, I'm the boss!" he replies with uncharacteristic impatience. "Just put up a sign

that says 'out to lunch' or something."

I am about to point out to him that I can hardly be out to lunch at eight-thirty in the morning, but he seems to be in a mood, so I decide to let the issue slide. "What papers are you talking about?" I ask him.

"I don't care. Grab something and get over here."

Ah-ha, I think. There is some sort of domestic trouble afoot.

When I get off the bus near A.P.'s home, I can tell as I approach that all kinds of things are going wrong. A good-looking, dark-haired woman about my mother's age is standing in the front yard waving her arms around. A.P. is standing on the sidewalk in front of the house, presumably waiting for me.

"Who's that, Arthur?" the good-looking middle-aged woman shrieks. "Is that your girlfriend? Is that your fancy woman?"

The Brady Bunch has gone to pieces.

"Thank God you're here," A.P. says, flinging his arms around me

and knocking all the air out of my lungs.

"I don't think this falls under 'other duties as assigned,'" I mutter. "What do you want me to do?"

"Deal with her. Please," he says, pointing at the woman. "You grew up in a house full of women. You know how to handle hysterical women. I spent most of my adolescence in a house full of men, where you dealt with hysterical women by going out for a beer and coming back when they'd had a chance to cool down."

"Is she your mom?" I ask him. He nods. "I thought she wasn't going to come visit you anymore."

"She changed her mind," he mutters. "I wish she hadn't."

I walk over to Mama A.P. and say, "Hi. I'm your son's secretary."

"Do you know about this?" she wails. "Do you know about this depraved life he leads? With these TWO MEN?"

"I think it's nice," I say. Unflappable. With the *sang-froid* that I learned from growing up one of three sisters. It is my first rule of catfighting. Never rise to the other woman's bait, or you will quickly become a hysterical woman, too,

Sinister Bedfellows

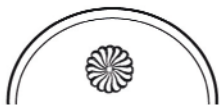
by mckenzee

I had that dream again. I'm flying, then falling,

then getting raked.



Open for business!

www.still-point-press.com
434-409-5021

Still Point Press

Charlottesville, Virginia

:: Letterpress Printing :: Print & Web Design ::
 :: Book Binding :: Handmade Artisan Books ::
 :: Special Projects ::

**chinese
shaolin
center**

**Traditional Shaolin
Kung Fu and Tai Chi**

Mission Square Plaza (across
from the mall), Atlanta Hwy.,
Athens

www.shaolincenter.com
706.534.1381

Present this coupon for membership discounts



and then your opponent can go all stony and disgusted and say, "I can't talk to you when you're like this."

"It's DEPRAVED!" Mrs. Harris insists.

I take her arm and say, "Come on inside, Mrs. Harris."

Maybe, I reflect, this is my karmic payback for not getting fired when I really should have.

A.P. follows me into the house, at a cautious distance from the hysterical woman.

"Which way is your kitchen?" I ask. "I'll bet your mom would like a cup of coffee."

"I don't want their filthy free-love coffee!" Mrs. Harris wails.

"Mom, you don't understand how it works," A.P. says wearily, putting his hand on my back and steering me into the kitchen. "My home life is nothing like those hippie communes we used to live on when I was a kid."

I can tell, as I locate the coffee pot and start messing around with it, that this discussion is probably going to go on for a long, long while. There will be recriminations, and tears, and a general state of fur flying, and I will be expected to keep mother and son from killing each other. That's fine. Keeping family conflicts from escalating into police incidents are one of the things at which I am best.

Still, all things considered, I think that I am definitely going to ask for a raise tomorrow.

Jasmine Rizer lives in Athens, Georgia. She works in an academic library, and spends most of her free time listening to her sad music collection (to which she still stubbornly refers as "records"), playing with her astounding menagerie of cats, and staring into space while thinking of nothing in particular.

HPB and Me by Brent Powers

Editor's Note:

A good bit of what makes this piece hilarious to me is likely to be lost on people who don't immediately see the initials HPB and think of Helena

Petrovna Blavatsky. She is definitely worth a Saturday-morning Google search, but briefly:

She was a proto-New-Age (then called "occult") mystic from about the turn of the last century. Her school of thought, Theosophy, influenced a lot of hotshot thinkers of the day—and of later days. She was a little like the Deepak Chopra of the 1880s, a little bit far out, but she kept respectable company. It was also the age of the Spiritualists and the Twilight Club, all fun to read about. Khoot Hoomi, mentioned here, was a real person.

Okay, so trust me, this is funny. If a bit obscure. And nerdy.

—JP

JAZZ NITE
Tuesday 7-10pm

PIZZA PALACE
DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS
HOMEMADE DESSERTS

\$3.00 off
Dine in ONLY
Not valid with any other discount
\$10.00 minimum. Expires 8-31-05

NEW LOCATION!
3218 Guess Rd., Durham 620-9700

NEW HOURS
Lunch: Tue-Fri 11am-2:30pm
Mon-Thu 4:30-10pm • Fri 4:30-10:30pm
Sat 11am-10:30pm

ARRIBURITOS

Burritos, Tacos, Nachos & more!
Fabulous Homemade Salsas & Great Margaritas

Monday-Saturday 11am-10pm Closed Sunday
 711 W Rosemary St Carrboro carrburritos.com **933.8226**

Helena Petrovna was—how shall we say?—*one hot mama*. All of us have written our ultimately embarrassing confessions—for who would believe men capable of such prowess? Indeed, the photographs published in the tabloids would suggest the membership of some dweeb coven. But the woman *did it to you*. She made more of you, which you found irrecoverable in the bedchamber of any other sexpot: housemaid or courtesan, nay, indeed, even that of your own wife or main squeeze of the moment ... But who would believe me? No one believes me when I show documentation of my dealings in the drayage business, let alone surreptitious .mpeg feeds of my various (rare) successful amours. But farewell it, farewell it ... I must tell you now of HPB as I knew her.

First of all, she was much younger then, and less the blimp with eyes of fire you see in Theosophical picture books. Indeed she was buxom, as was the fashion of those years (Tolstoy has made much of the Russian variety in his tiresome discussions of sex love). In any case, I first ran into her at a rare book sellers in the Polk Street Gulch. She was examining a misfire book by some Kropotkin-infected fanatic when I entered and caught her scent—it was a mixture of heavy French tobacco and pressed garlic sachet with a light nose of thousand-year eggs. It drew me like an adhesive gas. She felt my presence (I was blow-

ing on the back of her neck so that her hair swayed this way and that way; I do this with women; sometimes it works). Looking up from her book with distaste, those eyes, fierce even then, bored into me like radiant power drills. I gasped in drumrolls of post-Romantic respiration, while I had simply been blowing before, as I say, to a soft, erotic inner beat, almost a Polonaise.

She smiled her strange, moist smile that always seemed pitying to me.

"You have the longfellowed face of a Seeker of Truth. Are you?"

"Well," I fumbled. "I was looking for a Thomas's. I'm in drayage, you see. My card."

I gave her one and she closed her tiny fingers over it so that it crumpled with the sound of small fish skeletons trod upon by reindeer.

She violently tossed away the works, both hand and card, and said with some heat, "I have no need of this trash! I want your Higher Self, and I want it now. Come."

And she gasped me by the ear and tugged me out the door. Could I resist? Could I even hesitate? You don't say No to the Mama; that's what I know and I'm saying so, O ye hot boys who hanker after Higher Things, waving your dicks in the wind. No, no. Never. Wherever she goes, you must follow, even unto the end of that big, fat rainbow bridge, with country fiddles raging in your most secret heart.

She often came to me under the covers of darkness, the heavy Russian quilts she favored, and

The Regulator Bookshop

and

The Blotter

present

Our Latest

Serious Literary Event

friday, Sept. 23

7:00 p.m.

Ninth St. Durham,
NC, USA

Join past and present Blotter authors, artists, poets, and special guests. Open mike readings follow. (Sign-up for open spaces, 5-minute time limit for open-mike readers)

Support Independent
Bookshops

Support Independent
Weirdo Arts Rags

Support People Who
Have the Guts to Read
Their Stuff in Public

Thanks.

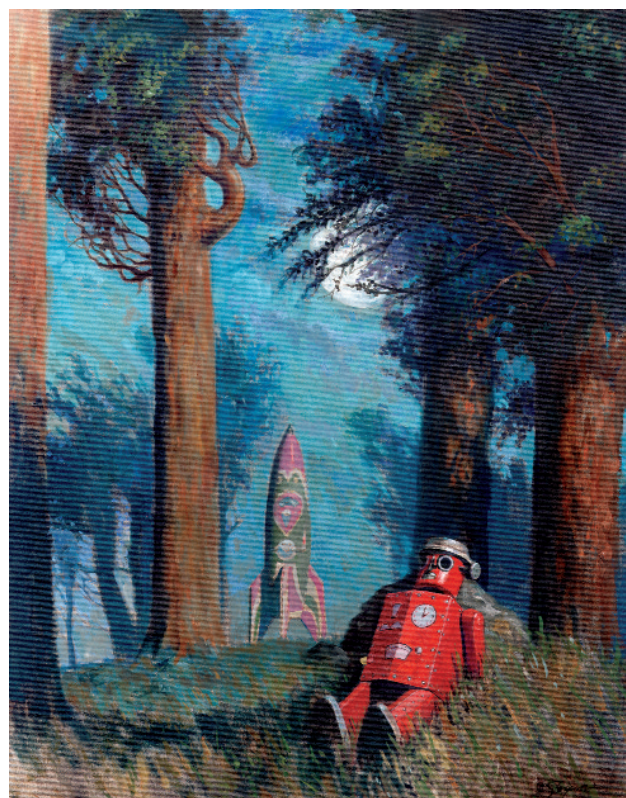
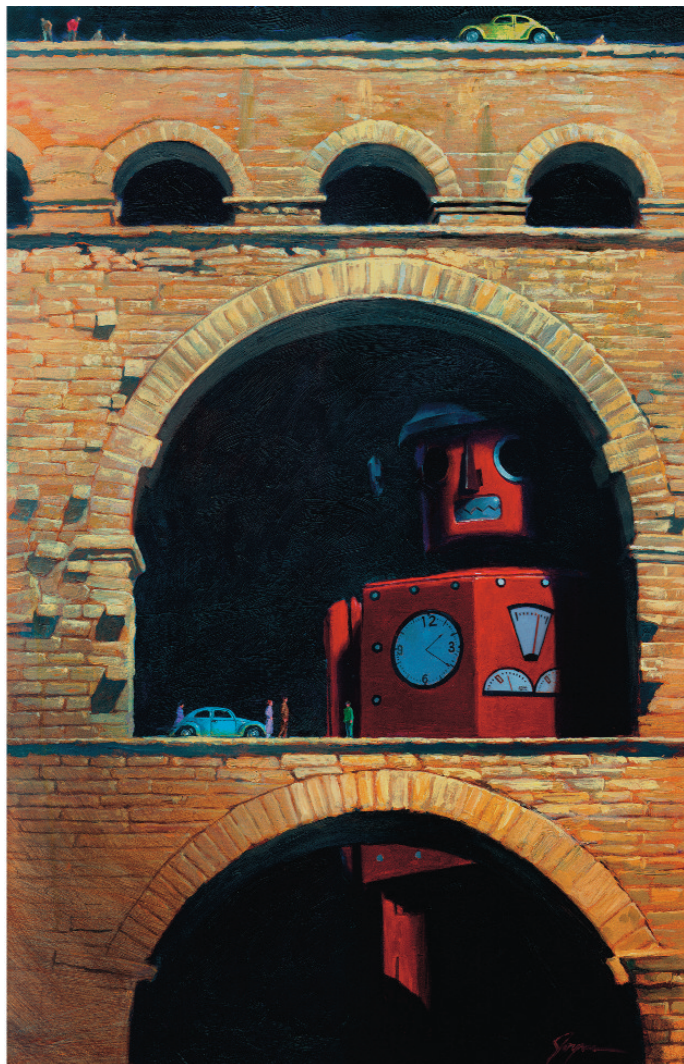
The Regulator

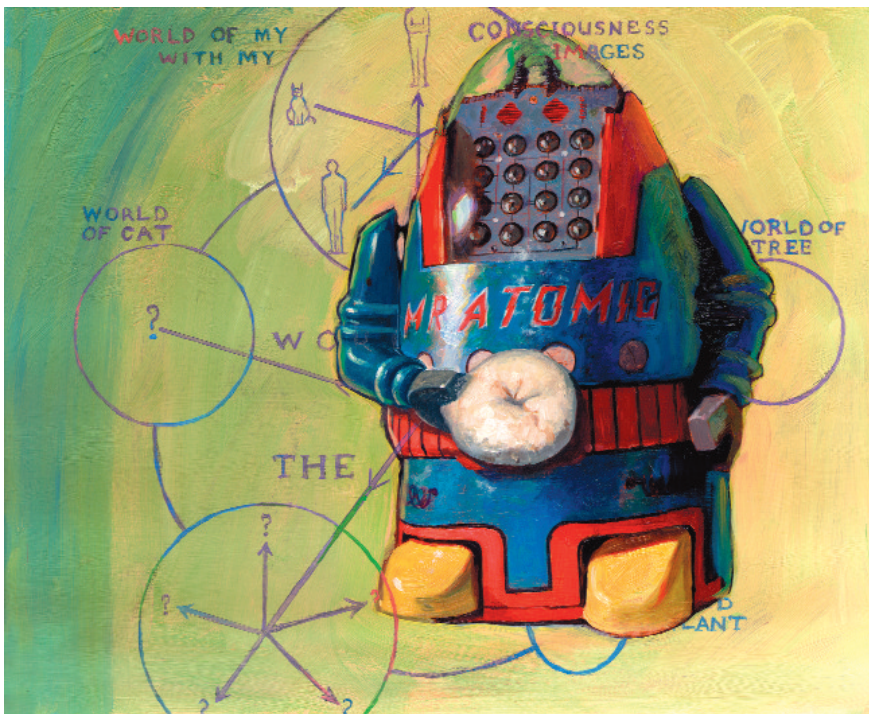
720 Ninth Street
Durham, NC 27705

Tel: 919-286-2700

Fax: 919-286-6063

www.regulatorbookshop.com





ERIC JOYNER

"Japanese toy companies in 1950's & 60's made fascinating robots, spacemen & space ships made of tin. Over the years I've managed to collect a few. I eventually decided on creating a body of work with them as the central focus."

111 New Montgomery St. #402, San Francisco, CA 94105, 415.305.3992 eric@ericjoyner.com

THE DUCK & HERRING CO.'S

POCKET FIELD GUIDES

SEASONAL APPLICATIONS FOR THE
LITERARY SOUL

BUY NOW - SUBMIT STORIES
WWW.DUCKANDHERRING.COM

sarajo berman

RCST #190
registered craniosacral therapist
by appointment only

919-688-6428
sjberman@mindspring.com

Noah's Ark Kennel and Cattery

Boarding & Grooming

1217 East Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Telephone: (919) 932-7322

Hours:

Mon & Fri: 8 am - 5 pm

Tues - Thurs: 8 am - 4 pm

Sat: 8 am - 3 pm, Sun: pick-up by appt.

Owner/Manager
Lynn Patterson

Altered Image

Hair Designers, Inc.

1113 1/2 Broad St
Durham, NC 27705
(919) 286-3732

the indie

THE INDIE presents a multicultural perspective to current sociocultural issues by providing a community-based monthly newspaper.

THE INDIE

70 Woodfin Place, Suite 001, Asheville, NC 28801
Tel: (828) 225 5994
E-Mail: raindance60@hotmail.com



requested congress ("a good bonk- ing," she said). I always obliged her, suffering the promptings of her estrus, which took many perverse forms I cannot deny that I myself found most delectable. Then she would simply leap up like one suspended by narrow-gauge wires which are harshly yanked by some Aetheric Force or Court Jester of the Higher Planes. One often heard Laughter from Elsewhere at such times.

"Khoot Hoomi is very pleased," she would say in her stage whisper, then fly from the room, clutching her nightie, and I'd swoon into the sleep of the just and dream of my elephants back home in Nova Burbank.

"Boy, you'd better feed that thing if you wanna keep up with me," she warned, and unloaded cookbooks from her saddlebags.

These were all in French, yet written in Cyrillic characters, and I could not decipher them. I dare not reveal my ignorance of the more genteel tongues and so I cribbed from the Scarpier hot dog who lived down the lane. This bloke gave me the scoop on all the Russo-Franco-Cyrillic falderal, which translated into simple, heavy soups and stews; little meat-stuffed dumplings, deep fried in the fat of a lamb; hair-raising amounts of sour cream scooped from vast basins set out in the middle of the table with the Russian-style wooden spoon which is of the proportions of a ladle, and plopped out over everything in sight, even the delicate arugula greens, the sun-dried tubers and tomatillos from the Hills of Home. I would laboriously climb up from the table, having dutifully "fed my thing," then run into the loo where I'd sur-

Wanna see more?

OPEN LATE
7 DAYS!

Cherry Pie

Get a piece...

1819 Fordham Blvd
Chapel Hill
919-928-0499

CLIP & SAVE THIS AD FOR
20%* OFF!

*Not valid with other offers. Expires 9/13/05
Must be 18 to enter. Proper ID required.

BEER

the Cave

CAVERN TAVERN.COM

452 1/2 WEST FRANKLIN, CHAPEL HILL • 968-9308

reptitiously gag myself with a feather.

Easter was the worst. That's when she would have in her remaining relatives from Petersburg, and I was expected to marinate lamb in the wine of the country, uncouth spices, onions cut in such a way as to coil and wriggle while cooked over a pit of live coals with the dripping meat—Oh, yes, and I prepared it, fire and all, like some engine-room lughead, lobbing coal into a vast barbecue facility she had me fashion from half an oil drum. I skewered the meat on long dress swords, the blades of which I then suspended between the tines of pitchforks driven into the hard soil of our district. I stood out there in the fog, turning meat while they all drank and carried on. Occasionally they'd come outside and pinch my cheeks. "Little banana boy," they'd call me at such times. All sorts of less flattering things, in point of fact, but always including a banana in there somewhere. They found this word enormously useful in their humorous exchanges, for the fruit itself was, to their minds, unnatural, an obscenity, an "unspeakable dildo for loose lips," or, "cephus fallacious, as in the Book, and obviously an instrument of the Devil." Or sometimes simply "Peter ha ha ha ..." Only it was sounded, "Peter. Ha. Ha. Ha." It had a ritual, hortatory, perhaps occult significance. I did not like the sound of it. I pissed on their graves in my mind.

But then we all ate and drank vast amounts of any goddamned

thing we could find. I told them stories of my youth in Nova Burbank, which is a place they had thought to be fabulous back in the old country. Hence they were delighted with my embellishments, which grew more and more fantastic as I continued to imbibe of the hard stuff.

"There we punch cattle," I told them. "Punch 'em out good. There we set a man straight with plowshares, we don't twist him up with no stinkin' yoga. There we walk tall under heaven. We don't stoop to the Lord's mischief. We set things to rights where He fucked up. We wear our gun belts slung real low so we can reach for 'em quick when the Saracens roll in. We do not suffer the curved blade nor the wooden nickel. We tell em, 'This here is OUR land....' etc., etc. I went on and on. They all thought it was extremely weird and edifying in the vulgar American manner.

Sometimes she would say to me, "Bront [for thus she pronounced my name], you must learn to respect the Teachings. You cannot simply play act at this like some Barrymoran. Now watch."

She would then perform some feat of prestidigitation which I knew for a fact she'd ripped off from Robert Houdin, yet I, feigning ignorance even of parlor tricks any junior G man with a magic set would have picked up by the age of eleven, confessed to my incapacity.

I would then take dictation from Khoot Hoomi after Madame had gone into absorption. I sup-

pose I am to blame for some of his, Hoot's (for I called him such), more comprehensible pronouncements. E.g., "Show your gums when you speak. The gums are not only the seat of the teeth but also the throne of elocution." Or, "Always pee against the grain of an elm, for this is the Way of the Adept." Then of course some of his famously colorful reminiscences of the life he suffered on this our Lower Plane are, I confess, the efforts of your obedient servant:

"When I was running Codeine out of Kathmandu for my Meditation Instructor I came across a gang of yak herders who spoke in tongues. It is from them that I learned the Mantra of the Corida, the Secret of the Turning Dye Box, the Linking Rings, and most importantly the Missing Twenty-Third Trump of the Book of Thoth. Also they taught me to yodel."

I just blithered away like that. She ate it right up.

"Except for the parts that make me wet," she said. "These must go the way of the pollywogs. Meanwhile, grab your mop, sailor!"

Whereupon she'd jump me, a vast winged bovine you'd expect to've crushed the juices out of any thin joyboy were it not also the case that the heat of her passion transmuted into a kind of helium which brought her weight down to that of any old Art Death bimbo you'd meet on the club circuit, and as a consequence you experienced this amazing avalanche of endorphin-infused angel food cake, which, massive as a gas giant yet equally buoyant, hence able to bounce around in our own dear Pacific, mixed metaphors and all, without



Be My Slave. Figure by
Superdeux (superdeux.com)
model: Isobel

BRIAN MCCARTY, TOY PHOTOGRAPHER





Not to imply that Mr. McCarty is himself a toy, rather that he photographs them. Since the toys and characters are copyrighted to other people, here's the text from a readme.txt, which he swears will clear up any copyright questions when combined with the photo captions:

All Images (c)2004-2005 McCarty PhotoWorks - All Rights Reserved.
License - One time use only in one issue of The Blotter Magazine.
Credit must read: photo by Brian McCarty mccartyphotoworks.com.

opposite: *Silypinkbunnyvan*.
Figure by Jeremy Fish
(silypinkbunnies.com)

right: *Vespa Va Vroom*

above: *Rabbit B*. Figure by
Gary Lo (protoy.com.hk)



causing the surfer discomfit nor the prying submarine boats of the Worker's Soviet fear of exposure by the prying Zapruders of this world ... Yes, yes, where was I? Right. Flesh, O flesh, swarming around you, carnality informed of spirit, "Light in Extension," she always said, as she took you into her, as she worked you over in such a way that you no longer wondered at Kropotikin's mysterious deathbed utterance to Wagner, "Everything must go, my dear Richard, except for that big hunk of love."

... Oh, heaven and earth, what can I tell you? I could say more, much more. She left me an empty husk, a shadow of the ghost I was, for she did leave me at last, as she left everyone, hopeless and alone, to wander forever in search of her, to see her in every tawdry one-

night stand in every fleabag hotel from here to the heartless malls of Monrovia. I see her in a sow's eyes, an ear of corn, a tympanist gone blue in the face. I find her everywhere: under dressers, hiding out at dairy farms, selling indulgences on Telegraph Avenue. I ask, "Are you the one ...?" and they answer, "Fuck, no, idiot son! Do I look like the one? I am the Many, in fact, just call me Legion." I talk to the trees, lecture the birds, spout Heidegger into canyons, only to have it all echoed back at me in terms suitable for the Entire Family. I skulk, I lurk, I give chase to gum wrappers. I step on cracks, wonder as I wander, whistle Dixie in Deutschland. O, I am lost, I tell you, a wisp, a revenant, a thing that goes bump in the night to songs that only Bing could sing. "Helena

Petrovna!" I cry, "Helena Petrovna!" inadvertently instructing expensive parrots in shops to which they are always returned with abusive complaints. ("All the dumb bird can say is the same dumb thing over and over, I try to teach it some Tennyson all I get is this 'Helena Petrovna' in notes of purest miserable to hear which irritate the piss outta my neighbors, they're calling me up before the council see if they can't get me defuckto, I don't need a bird like that, gimme another bird," so the proprietor has to say, "You wanna bird, here's a bird, eat this bird, you sumbitch mofo.")

Helena!

Helena!

Helena Petrovna, hear me!

Brent Powers "is so bitchin' he could just shit." His words.

we are
The Blotter
and

THIS IS



silly movie night returns. free show thursday 9/15.

Thunerbirds at 8:00, Movie at 9:00. DVD door prize.

Sales of French Broad Brewing Co. beer will benefit The Blotter Magazine



restaurant and pub



427 W. Main Street, Downtown Durham, at Historic Five Points. 688-3322.

Look for the brick building with green awning, outdoor seating and white Christmas lights...

A Letter To Duke University Psychology Department by Scott Oates

The following letter was written during the height of a psychotic mania back in 2001. Manifestations of psychosis include hallucinations, delusions, incoherence, grandiosity, distractibility and self-destructive activities. I found this "letter never sent" typed up and taped in my journal of that time. I'm interested in finding people's reactions to it because, though serious at the time written, I find it hilarious now.

Department of Psychology at Duke University
Research Interests
Duke University
Durham, NC

Attention: Psychological Studies

Dear Department of Psychology at Duke University:

Subject: Parapsychological Research

Hello. I am known as "the nice guy" from Raleigh, the one who has been posting poetry and messages on the internet under the handle "motocaster." Perhaps you have heard of me, perhaps not. I became aware of a grant your department received in the field of parapsychology while I was an employee at the State Historic Preservation Office in Raleigh. While I'm unfamiliar with the intricacies of the field of parapsychology and the grant itself, I'm very interested in both. I have made no secret of the fact that I have schizoaffective disorder, and I'm realizing that I have a "shark-type*" personality (please excuse the non-technical terminology on that one).

When psychotic, I believe that I'm some sort of guru or sage. I would like to offer my history and myself in a natural, unmedicated state as a vehicle of research (I'm currently taking an antipsychotic, a mood stabilizer, and an antidepressant). While this immodest proposal may present ethical concerns, I urge you to realize that these are my sincere wishes as I would like to learn more about myself and have others learn as well. I realize that it is characteristic of psychotics to believe they have some sort of supernatural power, but that's why y'all are studying this field of research. I have always been a pacifist, have never been institutionalized due to a strong superego, and would be willing to sign agreed upon release forms that you think would be prudent for the university. I realize that your instincts may tell you to dismiss my request with a "we appreciate your offer, but no" letter. I ask that your faculty please give my request serious consideration, though. I will be happy to come in for any type of interview that you would like to give me. Whatever you do, please let me know the status of my request.

Sincerely Yours,

Scott Oates

* by "shark-type" I meant a "moral interpreter.

Scott lives in Raleigh and is currently working on his first creative nonfiction book tentatively entitled "The Celestial Kings." You can reach him at motocaster@yahoo.com.



Donna the Buffalo, John Anderson
Tift Merritt, Mamar Kassey, The Duhks
Bío Ritmo, Avett Brothers, Kieth Frank
Mamadou Diabate, Railroad Earth
Nawal, Larry Keel, Jim Lauderdale
and much more...

Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9 Silk Hope, NC



www.shakorihills.org 919-542-8142

Four days, Four Stages with more than Fifty bands, Dance Tent, Kids Area, On-site Camping, Foods, Crafts, Workshops, Fiddler's and Band Competition, Poetry Slam and great friendly folks! All on 75 beautiful acres in Chatham County, North Carolina (Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill, Triangle area)

BLOTTER BOOKS

**FLYING SOON
WITH YOUR HELP**

If you like what you read in the magazine, you'll love what we want to put in books. But we need YOU to Join the Fight!

Any donation is welcome. You can donate online at blotterrag.com or send a check to 1010 Hale St., Durham NC 27705.

A donation of \$50.00 or more entitles you to a free signed copy of Johnny Pence's *Waking Up* when we can afford to print it.

The Blotter Magazine is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Your contribution might be tax-deductible.

