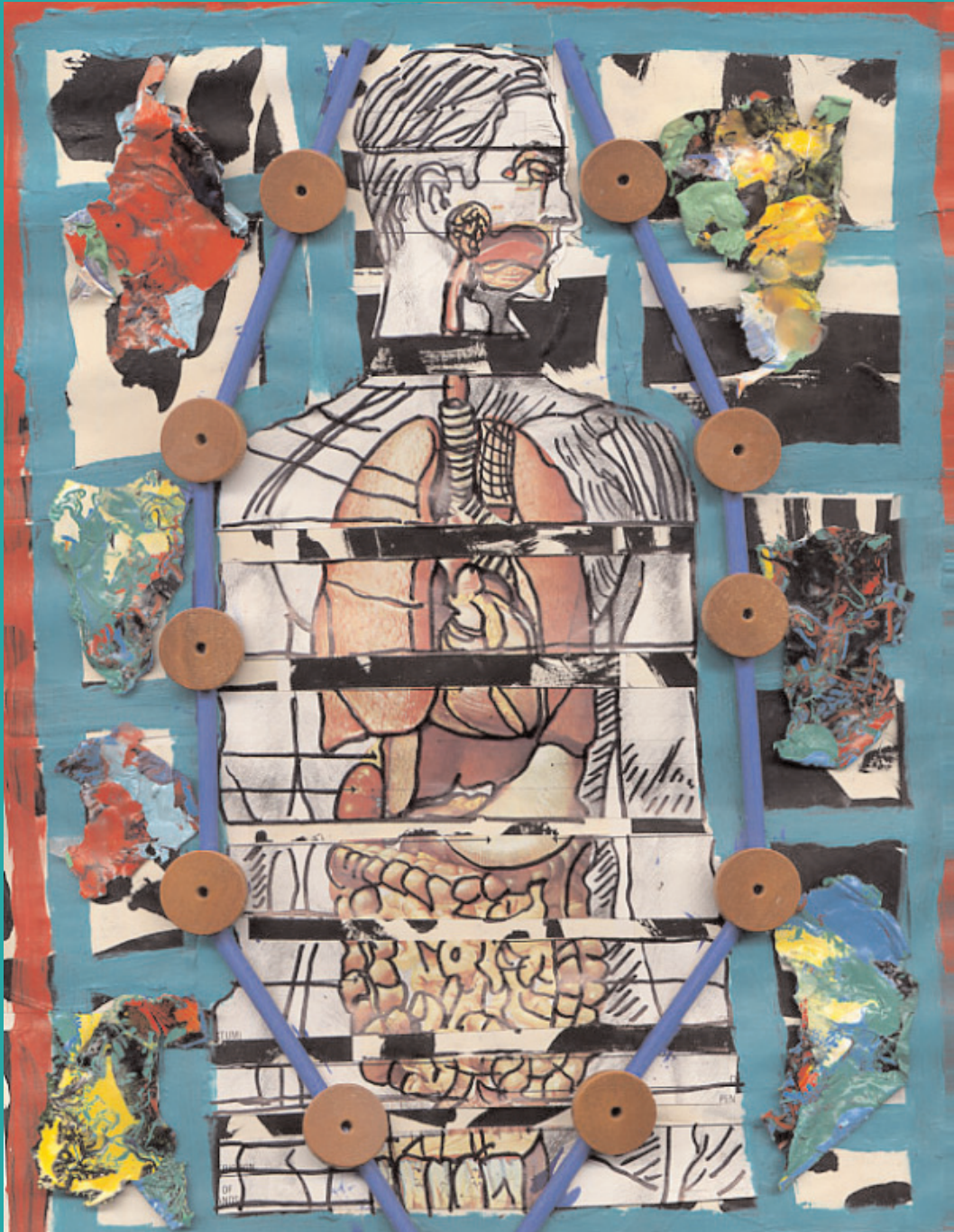


*Aint got nobody that I can depend on, 'cept
Wendy Thornton, Lara Falberg, Sonny Rag,
Shane Armstrong, Ira Joel Haber, William Lusk Coppage,
Dragin & Best In Show & The Dream Journal.*

The Blotter

October 2010

MAGAZINE



THE SOUTH'S UNIQUE, FREE, INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE AND ARTS MAGAZINE
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**I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I
can press release.**

Front cover, a collage by Ira Joel
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"Time is on my side"

I'm fifty-three this month and this is what I do: I write, I read, I make breakfast and switch out the clean dishes in the dishwasher for dirty. I feed the cat, the rabbits, the chickens and guineas – hens and pig. I check the Weather Channel for this Wednesday. I brush my teeth and rinse out the sink after I brush. I talk to myself about how much it has rained and make a mental note to buy the birds more cracked corn. I put on my hat and drive to Southern States and buy them more cracked corn, and I don't care. I cut green apples into wedges next to peanut butter. I help the girls with arithmetic. I don't answer simple equations, I but help them find the answer themselves. I define what an integer is. I remind them that seven times seven is forty-nine every time. I sit in the car and read three pages of a book, prior to school's release. I spell hard words, and use them in a sentence. I sign permission slips, I review homework. I explain metaphor versus simile versus analogy versus allegory. I smile, I hug, I dance, I tickle. I cajole. I use cajole in a sentence. I say "cajole Angelina Jolie" five times fast. I say no to machine gumballs at twenty-five cents a pop, but share a stick of Juicy Fruit. I push metal carts down aisles and think about meatloaf and boiled potatoes and sliced tomatoes. And Gouda. And endive. I compare French-cut green beans to other cuts of green beans less nationally aligned. I teach the lyrics to Eleanor Rigby. I try to make clear the lyrics of Eleanor Rigby. I collect leaves for a science project. I put a science project on Powerpoint, so that the key bullets fade into focus, in Cerulean Blue. I cut red apples into wedges, and put them on a plate next to carrot sticks and rolled up sweet-sliced ham and string-cheese and saltines and call it a Smorgasbord. I brush hair. I chase a cricket with a piece of toilet paper. I put a load of clothes in the washer, take a load of clothes from the washer and put it in the dryer and turn on the dryer and take a load of clothes from the hamper and put it in the washer and turn on the washer. I check a boo-boo on the back of a finger, and spray some Neosporin on it. I peel an old Rugrats band-aid (an unused, old Rugrats band-aid) and put it over the sprayed wound.

I listen to a recording of Glenn Gould playing a Haydn piano concerto. I heat up a cup of tea in the microwave. I remember to turn on the dryer. I think about baked potatoes. I stretch my aching back and fold some clothes. I drive to and from school, twice each day. I wash my hands a lot. I check more homework. I point out where seven times seven somehow slipped by as forty-eight. I smile and frown and stand in front of the oven, peering into its depths at baking potatoes or boef bourguignon. I eat a sandwich, or a couple of carrot sticks or some yoghurt or an English muffin. I reheat my tea. I play Yahtzee or Life or Parcheesi or Monopoly. I roll sixes, or twos. I draw pictures with colored pencils. I sing songs with the wrong lyrics to see who's listening. I pull out the broom and dustpan to sweep up some runaway Cheerios. I listen to the telephone's cheerful ring and to the subsequent voice on the answering machine to decide if I want to talk to the caller. I call out for someone to answer the phone, because it is a friend of theirs on the phone. I listen to her giggle with her friend on the phone. I talk to the guinea pig while he eats Timothy grass. I brush the cat while he naps. I read my e-mail. I write elegant letters that I send as e-mail. I listen to The Academy of St. Martin in the Field, led by Sir Neville Marriner performing a Bach oratorio of some richly fantastic ilk. I write. I read. I eat a cookie. I stir a pot of soup. I say bedtime prayers. I unlock a door. I close a window. I carry the garbage down the hill. I glance up through the branches of the trees at the stars.

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com

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The Blotter Magazine, Inc.

(again, a 501(c)3 non-profit) is an education concern. Our primary interest is the furthering of creative writing and fine arts, with the magazine being a means to that end. We publish in the first half of each month and enjoy a free circulation throughout the Southeast and some other places, too. Submissions are always welcome, as are ad inquiries.

Subscriptions are offered as a premium for a donation of \$25 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 re. same by e-mail: chief@blotterrag.com.



CAUTION

Ow! Quit it!

"Grace"

by Wendy Thornton

I wonder if my grandmother will turn over in her grave. I don't want to disrespect the feelings of one so adamantly against organized religion. But surely there was something on the night breeze that inspired me to step through the doors of this church.

I was a precocious child. Raised in an irreligious household, I prayed early and often – to the moon, to the trees, to the first star. Star of wonder, star of light... Nature my cathedral. My mother, who read to us incessantly, gave equal weight to the plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millet, and the Psalms. She made no distinction between John the Gospel writer and John Keats, the dead-before-his time author. My intellect was honed as much by Robert Frost as by Matthew, by Walt Whitman as by Ecclesiastes, by Mark Twain as by Moses.

"Do you have 'The Book of Common Prayer?'" I ask an owl-eyed clerk at our local independent bookstore.

"By Joan Didion? Sure, in contemporary fiction."

I grimace, embarrassed. "No, I mean the real prayer book. You know." Feeling like a fool, I fold my hands in prayer. He blushes.

"Oh, that. No, we don't carry religious books."

* * *

When I broach the subject of how to take communion, the priest says, "It's a gift; not a test. You don't have to know anything." The problem is I know too much, but the context is all mixed up. I don't know what goes with what. In a southern lit class I learn there once was a place called Sewanee, Tennessee, where Episcopalians lived a rarified, dignified, though artificial life. In a history class I learn about Henry VIII who spurned the Pope like an irate lover. I wonder about joining a religion based on adultery. Perhaps I misunderstand.

My grandmother would most certainly not understand.

Helen the Cynic. When she was dying of lung cancer, she told me about a visit she'd had in the hospital from a pudgy Baptist preacher. The preacher said, "I see here on your admission form you've written 'Not Applicable' beside the religion box."

My grandmother, sharp as a tack at eighty-four, snapped, "Isn't that information supposed to be confidential?"

"Not from me. I'm here to help you. Now, Helen, just where do you think you'll go after you die?"

Grandmother twisted around in the bed, groaned as the movement placed pressure on her cigarette-scarred lungs. She said crisply, "Same place as you, Buster, six feet under." The preacher looked startled. He did not visit again.

My grandmother is not cruel, nor is she flippant. She believes in being realistic and realistically, to her, there is no God. She tells me that if all the churches and religious organizations in all the world gave their money and their possessions to the poor, there would be no poverty. She writes irate letters to magazines and newsletters about the corruption inherent in



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organized religion.

Once I visited her when she was on a particular rant about Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, a pair of "Bible-thumpers" who owned lavish homes, a theme park, and who presented their shows to the public via satellite. One night, during my visit, she woke me at 4:00 a.m. to watch Jim Bakker release the floodgates on two rivers in his theme park to fill a lake so the faithful could water-ski. "Do you see this?" she cried, outraged. "Do the faithful need to water ski?"

She believed there has never been a worse time in history. The world is plagued by cons and gullibles. "It's always been this way, Nana," I said, but she scoffed with a noise that was practically visible in the room.

"It's much worse now. People used to have common sense. Now they just let you rob them blind."

I argued with her, because I knew she was dying and I didn't want her to go out with such a negative view of the world. What if God doesn't take negative people? What if I never saw her again?

"You really want to believe, don't you?" she said, pat-

ting me on the shoulder. "Okay, if there's anything out there, when I die I'll let I know."

Dubiously, I responded, "I don't think you can do that."

"Who says?" She laughed.

Waiting is the hardest part.

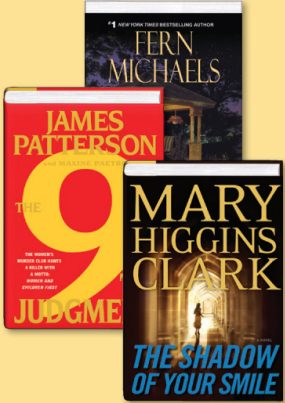
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How do I tell the priest that, as a child, I could go to whatever church I wanted as long as I didn't try to drag Mom and

Dad? He would never understand the chaos of Sunday mornings when my brothers and sisters and I all dashed off to different churches in the cars of friends. Always a visitor, never in the choir.

I was embarrassed because I never joined anything. I switched churches frequently. Consequently, in any given year, I might go Methodist for three months, attend Temple a few Fridays, hit the high points of the Baptist youth groups in the sum-

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The Blotter

mer (they always had the best day camps) and attend Catholic mass at Christmas and Easter. Oh, I loved the incense and the ceremony.

My grandmother was Lutheran, so for her sake, a warped kind of tribute, I don't become Lutheran. I take up with the Episcopalians. I believe God is politically correct and the Episcopalians certainly pay for their open-minded policies. Shortly after I join the beautiful old church downtown, some madman burns it to the ground. Satan's voices resound in his ears. He is locked in a padded cell with a helmet on his head to keep him from banging it.

I finally find a church and it burns down. Figures. The priest says I must forgive. I tell the priest I don't have time. He looks at me with what I imagine is a skeptical look. "Really," I hear myself say in an annoying little girl's voice. "I'm very busy."

"Don't have time for God?" he intones sonorously, but his lips don't move. It turns out he is smiling in an understanding way and hasn't said a single word. Whose voice was that, anyway?

But it's true, I don't have

time. I'm the end-product of the feminist dream, all things to all people, driven, powerful, in charge. I work, go to school, have a career, manage a house full of people, and still find time to volunteer. In short, I'm beat. Short for beatitude. Racking up accomplishments on the billiard table of life. I'm proud of my achievements, and we all know what pride goes before.

I have never been an especially spiritual person. Oh well, yes, there was that one moment on the beach when I felt as if I were lifting off the ground into the sky. I was a teenager and had moved in with my boyfriend. My parents had disowned me. I had a terrible fight with said boyfriend on the beach one afternoon. Fearing I would cry, I looked out towards the incoming waves and the water turned crystalline in the sunlight and I stretched out my arm towards the sun and felt myself rising off the sand. But that was after a long day on a hot beach and could have been chalked up to a hallucination fueled by lots of marijuana and cheap beer.

Of course, there was another time, long after I'd quit the drugs and drinking. I was in

labor. I'd been cut from stem to stern and I screamed like a banshee and all I could think of was nothing and suddenly something intruded into my hysterical subconscious and my whole being flew into the sound that overrode all misery, the sound of my baby's first cry, and I never felt a moment of pain again. I was hers. God in my baby girl's lusty bawl. But hey, that could be maternal instinct. Something's gotta keep you from killing the little suckers when they get to be teenagers.

Still these moments of grace accumulate. I like the priest of the Episcopal Church. I like his Christmas sermon in the middle of the charred ruins of the church. I contribute heavily to the rebuilding fund. But I do not join. One Sunday morning, the priest is walking down the aisle during the processional and he stops beside me in the pew. The choir stops, confused. Some of the singers run into each other, and as they wait for him to continue, their voices grow a little less ebullient. He stands next to me, singing heartily. I feel as if I am the focus of the whole damn congregation. I mouth the words to the song.

The priest leans over and whispers, "So, when are you coming to my newcomer's class?"

"Next week," I hiss back, my cheeks crimson. He smiles and marches on, singing vigorously.

* * *

Just before my grandmother died, she sent me scrolls listing every member of her family back to the 1500s. I am



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shocked to find that she came from a long line of Lutheran ministers. One of my relatives started the first Lutheran church in the U.S. Another started a Lutheran college. This information so confuses me, I think about converting to Lutheran. But I decide to stick with what I know. I've become comfortable with the Episcopalians. I like their smiles.

I remember the night my grandmother died. After the phone call announcing her death, I went outside to cry so I wouldn't wake the children. The wind blew through the pines and the stars were particularly intense. The air was lightly scented with honeysuckle blossoms, a magical summer night. I heard a voice, Helen's voice, say – as clearly as if she were sitting beside me staring at the stars – “It's all right,” and I didn't feel like crying anymore.

In my skeptical moments, I'm sure that was merely my subconscious comforting me in my hour of grief. Still, I remind myself, she said she'd let me know. After the newcomer's class, I promise the priest I'll be there Sunday morning.

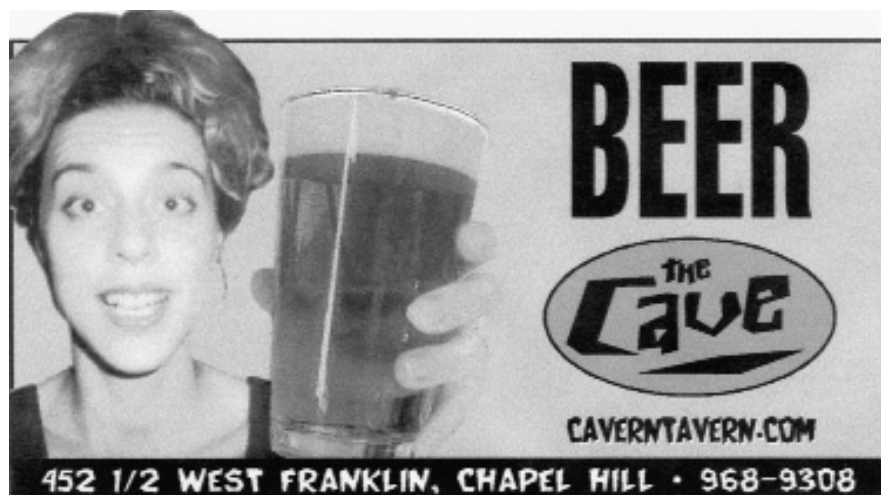


“Letter to the Editor”

by Lara Falberg

Garry! Hello there. How goes it? Have you tired of both feeling and hearing about how crazy the heat is? I was on the bus a couple of days ago. A woman on the verge of elderly ascended the steps with the use of a cane, labored breathing, and determination. She thuds down next to a scant woman of Indian heritage, and proceeds to attempt to engage her in light analysis of the humidity and how it compares the last year. The tiny, cranky Indian woman would not look at her, nor would she answer. The older rider fanned herself with her book titled, “Lucky Day”, took an emphysema breath, and tried to lure her seat companion in again with a bit of a different strategy. “Is it very hot in India?” she asked the disinterested woman. Now she had her attention, score! The disinterested woman was now ready to react, but she had venom in her incisors. “What is your point in discussing the heat? There is no point, it is obviously hot, and it is

hot everywhere in the Summer. Only people who have nothing of interest or intellect to say insist on prying open the needless topic of the heat, and how uncomfortable it is. We are all hot, it is not worse for you. You probably also need to mention every Friday that it is, indeed, Friday yet again, and how glorious this news is. Hallelujah!” The older, obese lady sat stoically fanning herself, looking to the horizon for guidance in how to respond. The horizon never answered her. She then looked down to her ample chest with grape juice stains and crumbs perching in wait to be acknowledged for their sea of answers. A heavy sigh ensued. She looked blankly at the younger, nasty woman. “I did not mean to offend your intelligence. But I will never feel the need to lash out at someone with no goal other than to be unkind, so I'm quite comfortable with that knowledge. Enjoy your day.” The Indian woman got up and moved. I looked around and everyone's mouths were slack with interest and opinion. And that's why you ride the bus. You can be guaranteed you will not have any unexpected human interactions alone in your mini cooper with Nine Inch Nails as your only companion.





Ira Joel Haber -
 Brooklyn, NY
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"Chopin's Birthday"

by Shane Armstrong

I am seven rows back from the stage. A Russian piano playing prodigy appears unaware that the audience is following every rise and fall of her delicate, pale wrists; her fingers building Chopin's Marche Funebre. My eyes begin to lose a direct point of focus as I seek solace and a moment of clarity in the music. My breathing becomes more even. At the moment of full escape into music my mind races back to reality. Before me a long boney finger is scratching through the thin white hair of old age. Its owner is shifting uncomfortably in her seat. To her left the man she came with shifts, almost in unison. I'm taken by their dance. He pulls up the sleeve of his sweater to check the time. The irony is not lost. What does it feel like to hear the music of death when your hourglass is dripping its last worn down grains?

Adolescence rife with experimentation and adulthood punctuated frequently with drink has left my mind weakened. I am trying my damndest to appreciate the

music that fills the room but not forgot the unease exhibited by the old couple. Their movements are sharp, uncomfortable even, as if they are unable to find a position in their seat. The march of death is approaching its grand finale. The old couple is unable to remain still. I wonder if I can reach in my pocket for a notebook, a substitute for memory, without disturbing those around me. My responsibility of being a writer is in a battle against my responsibility of being a courteous audience member. I must remember this event without the use of a crutch.

My mind questions why I care if I offend those around me by writing? It's what I do. Write. And they have been annoying me since the start of the show with their chatter, applause when none is called for, and their inability to hold a paper program without causing the mind grating noise of paper scratching against paper. If one day my talent of writing becomes equal to their talent of annoying, I should find success. I attempt to push this

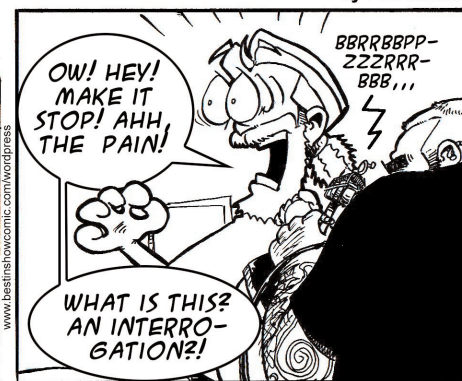
train of thinking from my mind. I can only focus on the old couple if I am not to forget this moment.

My stars of tonight's writing continue to shift. The woman now looks down into her lap. The man, continuing this uncomfortable waltz, follows her lead. What are they thinking? Are they recalling times with loved ones? Do they ponder how the end will come? Thinking of choices made? Do they find regret in these moments? Peace? Do they love each other? Are they thinking of which one of them will go first? Could they hope to go together? I keep asking myself questions hoping this will keep the scene fresh in my mind.

The ghosts begin to rise from the grave, signally the end of the movement. Tonight's muses cease their shifting. Their bodies relax; attention is given back to the stage. Applause takes the air once held by music. I have no need to reach for my notebook now; the scene is engrained in my head. If only I could have heard the music.



Best In Show



by Phil Juliano

"We, Real and/or Cool"

by Sonny Rag

Q-tip Daddy's ride is powder coated a matte-gray-black, although I suspect it is not yet where he wants it to be. One expensive step away from a real go-go smash box *machina*. We meet head-to-head in the parking lot. I'm driving the five-over-four-and-a-door kidmobile, alzheimer's beige. Still, my head shakes automatically, because the guy's car seems pale, the opposite of cool, fly, da funk, whatever the current verbal shit is. Or is it because he really has no plan to ever topcoat it? No, that doesn't matter, either.

He wears his single-size Yankees ball cap in the ultra edgiest manner: they are shipped in a stack to retail outlets everywhere silver-stickered, flat brimmed, off-kilter, too large for his skull, pulled down tight over the tips of his ears. Like I find so many things that young people do, it looks like what we would have called "retarded" back in the day. But I get it, no, I do. I wore my freak long to piss off Pops. Dirty and long and torn was our thing. "Thing" was our thing. Saying "what the *fuck*" was jagged nails

across a blackboard to the old crew-cut.

And that's all it is, isn't it? The mangling of the language. Partaaaaay, aaaight Bow-eeee? is just part of jacking up the old folks. Changing behavior, one sad turn of the crank. Tweaking what seemed valuable. Telling Mom and Dad to kiss off. Kerouac did it - well, not Jack but Neal did it and Jack wrote it down. Tom Wolfe wrote about it, too; surf-dude-bums in California that thought they invented it, freakin' out the citizens. Alex and his droogs did it, too, in print and film with that perfectly English manner of thrashing about. And everyone else since then. And that's just my point. Who cares? We get it. You're young and hip and full of crap. It's all hair and words.

But here, facing Q-Diddy, I frown. Something in this scenario just isn't working. There's a stack of clothing on the passenger seat of his Moto. Not returning from the suds 'n' duds all basketized. On hangers, folded over so they won't slide when he accelerates or brakes, stacked so high

looking out of his passenger mirror isn't possible.

He's been tossed out of somewhere. The look is just too boneheaded, he's not rolling on to grind some working girl. He's no *mack*. My righteousness rolls downhill, picking up speed. I chuckle. There's not even enough going on here to assume he may have been living at his girlfriend's house, hanging out while she does her second-shift blue smock gig at Marshall's.

Diddy revs his gas while I flick the left turn blinker to follow him into prevailing mall lot traffic. He does a ziggity-zag around a speed bump, because his superfine composite material wheels with flash blades rotating backwards like the glitter of comets approaching then skirting around the sun before heading off into the cosmos don't handle stop-cutting-through-the-lot bumps very well. But at the top there's too much cross traffic to ignore, so he brakes and, by god and by golly, his who-knows-whatmobile farts out.

"Way to go, home away from homeboy." So say I, superior court judge of all things variously lame and pathetic.



DRAGIN



by Michael Cole

"Homecoming Game"

We hopped the fence while the game
was still in the first quarter. Once inside,
we snuck slugs of vodka from a flask
engraved with a smiley face—X's for eyes.
Climbing underneath the filled bleachers,
we clung to skeletal support beams,
the remains of a bombed out factory.
I followed you and tugged at the second-hand
flannel trailing around your waist.
Feet stomped overhead and sent popcorn
and candy wrapper shrapnel down.

The final horn sounded.
Your black painted nails pinched my waist,
pulled me closer. As our lips met,
those above ascended to their feet.
Fathers gave up sons,
while mothers cried for their return.
Foam fingers tips dragged the ground.

I had no place to be, except with you.
As the bleaches emptied, we crawled
out the shadows and made our way
to the top of the press box. Alone,
we watched the dance of headlights
caravan and lead the defeated home.

Two by William Lusk Coppage

"My Grandpa Reminds Me of Charles Bukowski"

There is a photo of Bukowski reading a book while sitting on the toilet.

A film crew pokes at him with their lens. Bukowski's white short-sleeve button-down cinches tight and pulls at his belly. He leans slightly over to the right as if he just took a look at what he had left—like it is something sacred.

Grandpa also leaves the door wide open to the bathroom. He sits, counting tiles with his toes. Grandpa even pees sitting down. He once said, *I'm sick of your Nana bitching about piss on the toilet seat!*

From the doorway I watch him tuck in his white shirt, then run his back-pocket comb through the faucet, through his hair—slick grey, peppered with white-black grains.

Then like a bear at first sunlight, he emerges out of the bathroom. His inching pace down the hallway ends with a crash on the coral-colored couch. He lets out a low roar, *Betty Jane, I'm in the living room now; Betty Jane, you hear me?* like drunk Bukowski signaling to one of his groupies.

Grandpa calls for his wife's camera lens of an eye to document that he is not alone, but still here, suffering with the living like everyone else.

Call for Entries!

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3. In a world chock-full of scandal, transparency is very important to us, and we make every effort to eliminate any conflict of interest situation from going down in our contest. Blotter volunteers and their family members and/or employees are prohibited from entering our contest.

To enter the contest, please submit your work with a \$25 entry fee by check or money order to: The Blotter Magazine, 1010 Hale Street, Durham, NC 27705. Entries must be received between October 1, 2010 and January 21, 2011 (you see, we're already giving you an extension, so don't put it off!)

Your entry must contain the following: no less than 10 pages, no more than 20 pages of the opening of your novel or novella, (or subject/character-connected short story chapbook) typed & double-spaced, without your name. On a separate cover page type your name, snail-mail and e-mail address, telephone number, the title of your novel or novella and a one page synopsis of your novel or novella. Remember, you have to have the entire book written, so that if and when you win, you can show us the rest!

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So that's it, then - now get to work!



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Please send excerpts from your own dream journals.. If nothing else, we'd love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.

mermaid@blotterrag.com

On vacation in Nicaragua, staying on the volcanic Isle de Ometepe, itching after getting eaten alive all night by some invisible somethings and a bit sick after an ice cube encounter the day before, I dreamt that I met Rodney Dangerfield who in the dream resembled my drunk trucker uncle. He was complaining that his coffee was cold and in a chipped cup and seemed to be feeling rather down. "It's like you get no respect," I offered, and he perked up. "No respect! I'm going to use that!" -And that is how I personally gave Rodney Dangerfield the idea for his famous comedy routine a full 5 years and 6 months after his death. Impressive, no?

A. White- cyberspace

CONTRIBUTORS

Wendy Thornton's work has been seen in *MacGuffin Magazine*, *Beat Magazine*, *Shadowtrain*, *Chicago Poetry Magazine* and many other fine literary journals. She hails from Gainesville, FL.

Lara Falberg is a hot number currently living and teaching Yoga in Columbus, OH. Or was it that she is teaching Hot Yoga? Anyway, she cracks us up.

Shane Armstrong writes, "I discovered your magazine on a recent trip to visit family in South Carolina. I dragged them to Athens, GA having to see the home of REM and The B52's and there on a shelf, in a restaurant whose name escapes me, was a magazine with a picture of the Buddha. I read the whole thing before my lunch came; thankful for some literary prowess and for something that gave me a break from listening to my in-laws speak of their most recent golf game." And, for those of you who are navigating at home, it's only fifteen miles to the love shack.

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn, NY and is a sculptor, painter, book dealer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows in the USA and Europe, and he has had 9 one-man shows. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum of American Art, New York University, and The Guggenheim, and he has been published in many fine journals. Currently he teaches art at the United Federation of Teachers Retiree Program in Brooklyn.

Sonny Rag is a mystery wrapped in a flour tortilla splashed with an enigmatic sauce.

William Lusk Coppage received his BFA in poetry from UNC-W, and is now in his final year of the MFA program at McNeese State University in Lake Charles, LA. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Decomp*, *Blue Earth Review*, *Mikrokosmos*, *You Must Be This Tall to Ride*, and *Word Riot*. You can also check him out at williamluskcoppage.blogspot.com.

Phil Juliano supports the number-two pencil coalition, and he votes.

We had some of **Michael Cole's** cartoons, then we ran out, and now we have more. How cool is that?

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Final Tid-Bits: So much to talk about, you'd think I never get out at all. I love fall, and the weather finally cooling down, but it only does so after throwing a few hurricanes our way, so I'm torn about naming it my favorite season. Baseball season is winding down, the girls and I like the Cardinals and we're making it a family tradition to get sort of sad this time of year as a lack of relief pitching sinks another HMS Playoff Opportunity. I'm struggling to keep up with sixth grade algebra, so I'd appreciate your prayers. Hey, even if you aren't entering our Long Form Fiction contest, send us any spare paypal dinero you have lying around, and we'll put it to good use making this the best pulp literary magazine you've ever pointed your googlies at. Visit your local independent bookstore, they have air-conditioning or heat, depending on the whims of the season, and sometimes they serve sherry in little glasses, but I don't really like sherry and anyway they've plenty of things to read - I don't want to hear any of you saying, "I'm bored." Got it? Good!

THE CAROLINA ROLLERGIRLS HAVE GOOD TASTE

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