

The Blotter

Magazine
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She Had a Dream about the King of Sweden. He Gave Her Things That She Was Needin'.

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Let's get right to it: Stories by Dan Copulsky, Matt Bender, and Ted Lawless. Photos by Ric Carter. Johnny Pence examines the ugly truth of vandalism in the wake of gentrification. Comix by OneNeck and McKenzie. And the Dream Journal too.

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See pp. 8-9 for more from this
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*This magazine may contain typos or
bad words*

Items Worth Mentioning from the desk of Johnny Pence

The End is In Sight

Recent meetings and discussions among the Blotter Brass have led us to a conclusion: We can't keep going at this much longer. It's mainly about money, but also about burnout. We haven't got a set date in mind, but there'll be a few more issues coming, anyhow.

I'll talk more about this again, I'm sure, but thanks to everyone who has supported us over the years: advertisers, volunteers, bands and venues who put on benefit shows. Also special thanks to all the great contributors who have given us ink to put on the pages.

If you think about it, keeping this thing alive for three years isn't such a bad run.

Watch this space for more information if you care.

That's all I've got to say about that.

—ediot@blotterrag.com

That's Not How You Treat the People You Love!

by Dan Copulsky

She's lying on the side of the road covered in blood. It's around her mouth, on her forehead, running down her arms and legs. Her clothes are dirty and her hair disheveled. I can hear her crying; the cars keep rushing by as she begs for someone to pick her up and help her. So I lift her out of the dirt and I wipe her face off on my dress. I tell her, "That'll have to do for now, sweetie," putting her into the basket on my bicycle. I peddle home, pumping my legs as fast as I can go—we need to get to the E.R., stat!

Okay, I'm not stupid. It's just a doll and that's not blood, it's paint. And judging by the work with the paint, I'm guessing it was an older brother this time. He took his little sister's doll, added the blood, and then she cried as she threw it away, disgusted.

The dolls always blame the boys, but I never can. I understand them too well. They feel hurt or emotionally abused and they want to cry, but they can't. But then there's the doll. And they can take that and rip it apart or paint it red and then maybe their sister will cry for them. I can understand the boys' need for emotional catharsis; that makes sense. It's the girls that get me. How could they care about the doll and then get rid of it just because it stops perfectly fitting their happy fantasy world?

That's not how you treat the people you love! You need to stick with them through the hard stuff! How are these girls ever going to have a healthy relationship?

But maybe I'm just projecting or something because it's the girls who torment me more at school.

Back at home, I throw a piece of paper over my desk for an operating table and carefully lay her down. Her shorts slide right off, her shirt's got two buckles in the back. This is supposed to be a strictly professional relationship, but I can't help but think she'd look cute. I mean, when all the blood's off.

I grab my doctor's bag and pull the stethoscope around my neck. I lay out the other instruments on my desk. And then I sit down on my bed, pull her into my lap, and start scratching off the paint. I wonder if Mom's got anything that will get this off quicker, but I really don't feel like explaining any of this right now. No Mom, I didn't do this to her, I found her like this. Yes Mom, I have enough dolls already, but this one needs my help. No Mom, I don't have delusions that dolls are actually real. Yes Mom, I clearly am having social problems and no, I don't want to talk about it.

Once all the blood's off, she is sort of cute. And then I recognize her. It's Sarah's doll. Ruth. I

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

Just Plain Crazy

i dreamed my in-laws were visiting, and that was cool, but i had a lot of other things going on.

first of all, kirk douglas was working on a movie with me and i finally had a chance to tell him how much i loved him. apparently, i have always seen him as a father figure. while we embraced and wept, i kept confusing his movie roles with charlton heston and quoting lines from Planet of the Apes, but he didn't mind. then we slow-danced and he grabbed my ass.

also, there were these two medieval knights dueling up on a hilltop outside my bathroom window. i wanted to take a shower but they could see into the bathroom. finally, i figured that they were probably just going to fight and not pay attention to me. but then the whole bathroom disappeared and the wind was blowing too hard and damn cold, so i just gave up.

then i was watching a reunion of sly and the family stone, and now sly stone was a teetotalling square-looking guy who dressed like an elementary school math teacher. the band was doing "Dance to the Music," and in the part where they break it down into instruments ("all we need is a drummer, for people who only need a beat," etc.), they changed into a new song that was even better. it went "if you change your plans for me, i'll change my plans for you," with that crazy sly stone falsetto, and it was really great.

—J.P., Athens

Please send excerpts from your dream journals to Jenny at mermaid@blotterrag.com. If nothing else, we love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.



drop her on my desk. I feel like I should be angry at the doll for ever being friends with such a bitch. And then I pick her up again, realizing I finally have an ally, someone who understands what Sarah's really like. But the thing is, this time I just can't bring myself to care about her. I never blame the boys for mutilating their sister's dolls, but this time he's the only one I can think about.

Maybe it's because there's a face to the evil this time. I was wrong about the age. It must

have been her twin brother, David. But face to the evil? That doesn't make any sense. David's pretty nice. Or at least he's quiet. If I empathize with the boys, what's different about this one? And in the case of David, this definitely reveals some deep-seated emotional problems at the root. There must be something weird going on in my sub-conscious.

The next day I fake sick. While he's at school and mom's at work, I walk across the neighborhood to his house. I don't know what I would have done if it was just locked, but things work out. His room is on the first floor, and his window is open. I slip in and leave the doll on his desk with the note in her hand. "DAVID, if you don't do



as I say, I will kill you. Bring me to the swings at the park and confess. Confess everything David, or I will kill you."

I wish this felt surreal, but it doesn't. I'm too aware of what I'm doing. It just feels normal. I mean, it's not normal for me to act like this, but it feels as if it's natural and right. I try to convince myself that I'm just trying to give him full emotional catharsis, but I just don't buy that. Freaking him out is giving me a sick sadistic pleasure. I'm worried.

They told you that nobody likes a smart ass?



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Then I head to the park. I hide behind the wood fence in the toddler playground and watch the swings. School should be out by now. Mom will be home soon, and she'll be upset if I'm not at home. She'll be angry, but she'll also be worried about my safety, and she'll use that to support her anger, to guilt me. I think I might be able to use the generally being a good kid card to make this slip-up slip by, but I'm still worried. And then David shows up and I just don't care. I forget about mom and

watch him.

He sits down on the swing with the doll. He's holding her gently. He's talking. I strain my ears. I can see his lips moving, but I can't tell what he's saying. Perhaps if I can put more distance between myself and the laughing toddlers, less between David and me. I try to creep closer. Moving forward, but around behind him, slowly closer. I need to know. Another step. I need to know his secrets but I still can't hear him. I could begin to speculate, but I want to

hear them from him, I want to know for sure. And I can't stay hidden if I go any farther.

But then he glances over his shoulder and sees me anyway. He stares at me. He's confused, or angry, or upset. I can't tell anymore. He sits there and looks at me blankly and I stand there looking back, now only a few feet away. I notice he's dropped the doll to the ground. And I know it's completely inappropriate, but I just can't help myself from blurting it out: "David, I really like you."

Ever under, Reaching by Matt Bender

And so it goes and so it goes, sings Effie, running a finger down the crust of her morning toast. She is sitting at her and Rupert's kitchen table. Hers and Rupert's. This is the problem of moving in with someone, when all of your stuff somehow transcends the bold print of personal property and you start finding things out of place or not quite as they should be. Little things, like these fork scrapes over here.

Why would anyone scrape a tabletop with a fork?

"There's no I in relationship," said Rupert once, trying to be funny.

Why had she ever started sleeping with him?

All of her belongings felt somehow public now. They became some small thing, a kernel of hers that she could chew or hide away under the dresser like something to find later,

when the time was right. As for now, she might as well invite the pigeons in to poop on the couch.

The table; they had bought together at Miracle Mart, their first non food related purchase. Its brown, wobbly legs matched the brown, wobbly kitchen of her and Rupert's "new" historic 1-bedroom apartment. The place had high ceilings and warped floors, Palmetto bugs that slipped in under the doors.

Sinister Bedfellows by McKenzie

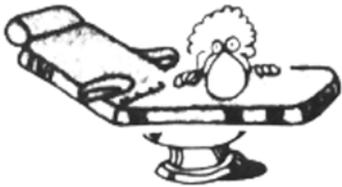


Vince was uncomfortable with the idea that his boyfriend was gay.



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These were the things Effie liked about the place.

While they were milling around town with the realtor (Rupert asking questions about the quality of water heaters after 1950, gas heaters before the 90's) and they happened on this place, Effie had sat down on the front porch and instantly made eyes with a tiny lizard that was crawling down the azalea bush. With a quizzical twist of it's head, the thing had snapped its honey-dripper tongue at her and scooted off.

"We'll take this one, please," she said. There was life here already!

But it wasn't that easy, of course. Sales of large things, like apartments, require large receipts on 9X11 legal-size pieces of paper. They require connection fees and dealers' fees and the bees knees and groceries and batteries and all the minute, useful things that a house should have, like thumb tacks. All this so that Effie can sit here, read the paper, slurp coffee, and tear little bits of bread from the middle of her toast that she can roll into doughy balls and flick behind the stove.

There is something with this newspaper, thinks Effie, staring. The comic strips seem to be getting smaller and smaller, jungled up into blotchy punch lines, marking up the page like a skin condition. How long has this been going on and has anyone else noticed? She can barely make out Heathcliff, and the signature fishbone hanging out of his mouth looks obscene.

Rupert is awake now. He has put on his favorite morning Rolling Stones album.

"I'll never be your beast of burden," he sings from the shower. If there is one constant in life, it is irony.

"Baby," he sing-songs to her, still carrying the tune, "I got to go/ to work, oh yeah/ but I'll see you when I get home/ remember we're having dinner with the Caulfields at 8, bwing-bweengo-bee-doo"

"Right-right, sugar tits," Effie says, not quite in key. The door slams and the next song comes on. Effie runs into their room and turns it off, determined not to let some other stranger into her head at least for another hour or so, even if it is Mick Jagger.

BEER

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What is a childless house-girlfriend to do? TV is depressing, and reading even more so. She had started a book by Sandra Cisneros that a friend had given to her, but had to stop. All these women discovering themselves. All these women having adventures with abusive husbands and Dia del Muerte festivals. She finally got to the one about little flowers on the wallpaper and had to lock herself in the bedroom until Rupert got home, banging on the door, saying that he badly needed to change his socks.

She had first met Rupert at a Karaoke club that her friend, Sandy, had dragged her to.

"You've been single for almost 8 months now, girlfriend. You need to get out and have some fun. Have a real meal instead of those noodle-cups, they go straight to your hips."

"Okay," said Effie, not thinking about her hips.

Rupert was on stage when they got in, singing a Sinatra tune. "Those ribbons in your hair--" and gyrating the lower half of his body as if he were Elvis Presley, or some kind of

wonked up washer and dryer combo.

"He's cute," said Sandy, pointing at him. Sandy hadn't had a boyfriend in almost 2 years.

They were sitting at the bar, drinking gin & ginger and absently flipping through the song books, when Effie felt somebody looking over her shoulder. She turned in the bar stool just as Rupert was leaning in.

"Thinking about doing a--" was all he got out before his drink had been knocked all down the front of his shirt by Effie's elbow.

"Oh shit, shit. Jesus," she said.

Sandy was looking at them, a dull glow in her eyes.

Rupert chuckled, like a fork scraping, looking down at the stain as it spread like murder across the front of his white linen shirt.

"Its okay, I think," he said,

"here, let me buy you a drink."

Sandy grinned.

This is how it all starts, thought Effie. One smooth, illogical shift.

"No, no," she said, "I'll--" but Rupert was already talking to the bartender, already pulling out his wallet, already putting 2 tall glasses of mint julep in front of her and Sandy.

He sat between them at the bar.

Dinner at the Caulfields' place, 8:30. Effie and Rupert bring a bottle of (their?) favorite table wine. It is only 9 dollars/ a bottle and doesn't taste like anti-freeze.

"Oh, you shouldn't have," Ms. Caulfield says, and "oh, look, Roger, wine!"

"Wine," says Robert Caulfield from the kitchen, then, poking his head out from behind the dividing wall with the kind of lunatic grin that only real estate agents and kindergarten teachers should be

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Photos by Ric Carter

Carter hails from the swamps of Eastern North Carolina. He was photo editor of The Washington Daily News for many years and was part of the the team there which won the 1990 Pulitzer Prize for Community Service. He now lives in Garner and Little Washington and is editor of The North Carolina Mason, the official publication of the Freemasons' fraternity in North Carolina.
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allowed to carry, "it sounds like a party tonight!"

How do they even know these people? Folks (folks!) Who listen to Kenny G and eat:

- cauliflower (some kind of joke?) boiled down with peas and some small black flecks which Effie assumes, for sake of appetite, is pepper.
- meatloaf, with stewed tomatoes stuffed inside. A raw layer of Italian seasoning crusted over the top.
- macaroni and cheese, also with black flecks in it, ones that looked much more like pepper.

Effie has 4 glasses of wine with dinner. She argues loudly against the death penalty and, forgetting herself, spears the last bit of meat-

loaf and gropes around in her purse to find a cigarette. All this in the Protestant abyss of the Caulfield's dining room.

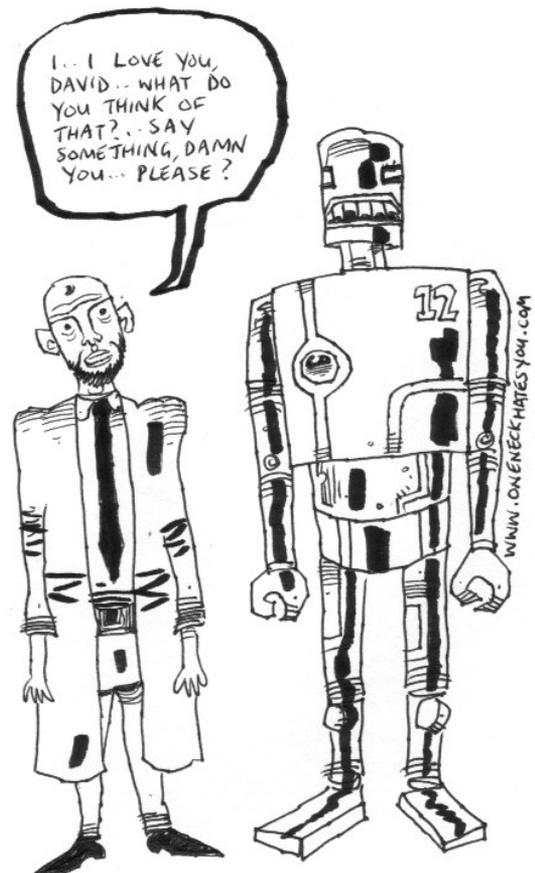
Rupert pulls her aside during a (nother) dull moment, one in which Roger has gotten up to switch out Kenny G with an Englebert Humperdinck album. The best -of hits, Volume 6.

"Effie, are you crazy? Smoking?" he says. His fingers are tight around her arm.

"Oh, Rupert, don't you just love Engelbert's rendition of 'Forever Love?'"

Rupert is making a face like when he comes home from the gym and finds her smoking. As if she were horrible. Horrible horrible horrible. Maybe that's what she is. Rupert is always too high on exercise and do-goodery, anyway. Manners that make his mind

A Cartoon (?) by OneNeck



soft, like an old egg.

On the ride home, Effie is hanging her feet out of the window. Its some kind of autumn all over, and there are no other cars on the road. The air coming in carries a briskness that should be bottled and sold to people living in less fortunate climates.

"Effers," says Rupert, who has been eyeing her suspiciously ever since she fell (stumbled, really)

down (stumbled, really) the porch steps while leaving the Caulfields house, "sometimes, baby-"

Cheap Trick is on the radio. Effie turns it up, drowning out everything. Let the sonic cleansing begin, she thinks, this is what music is good for.

"I want you to want me," she sings and, looking over, sees Rupert singing, too.

A yield sign scoots by the win-

dow on his side, yellow and black, like a bee flying steadfastly in the other direction.

"I need you to need me," Effie sings, sitting up and, one hand on the gear shifter, kisses him right on the lips. She hasn't kissed anyone in a moving vehicle since high school.

Rupert and his flonkey grin, just happy to be kissed and with his girlfriend.

Desperados Under the Eaves

by Ted Lawless

Still waking up in the mornings with shaking hands

And I'm trying to find a girl who understands me

But except in dreams you're never really free

Don't the sun look angry at me

—Warren Zevon, "Desperados under the Eaves" 1976.

It wasn't Los Angeles. Hardly. It was Southwestern Montana. There's no ocean. I suppose we

were desperados in the Warren Zevon sense - virile, mid-twenties, living in a 1,000 person Montana town. We weren't bandits. We were office workers. But, like Zevon's character, we had been known to wake up with



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When Urban Renewal Fails: The Scourge of Vandalism

photos from a 2-block area in and around the vibrant Boulevard Historic District, Athens, GA. photo study was restricted to etchings in wet sidewalks. no self-incriminating proper names, no (known) band names. 6 photos are shown; total collection is well over 3 dozen. collection area: Prince Ave, Barber St., DuBose Ave., Boulevard, Lyndon Ave.

photos by Johnny Pence



Roy Rogers + Dale Evans



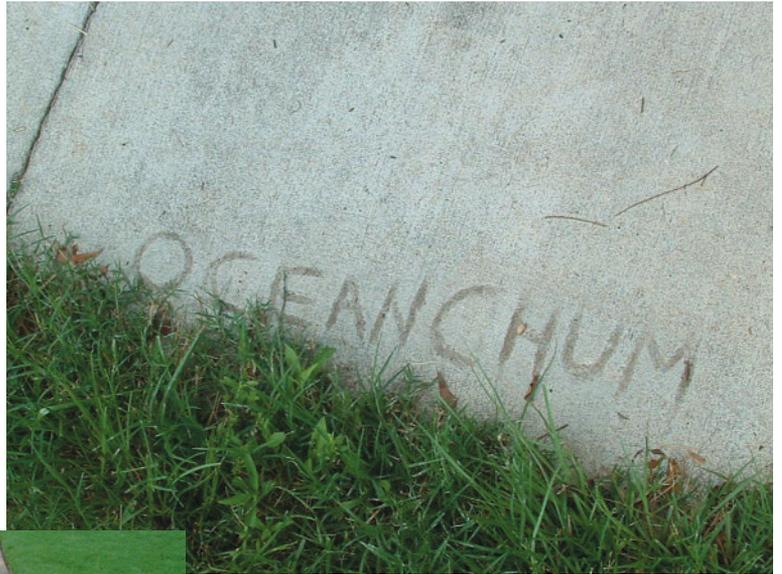
Square Man and Footprint

Cat and Cane





Ney York Rockers



Sha(o)ckler is hurting -- Fugly



Oceanchum

shaking hands. Our nightlife would have, by the modest and pure Midwestern standards that each of us had been raised, qualified us for some type of deflated social status - above felonious but slightly below reputable.

The sun was hardly angry. It was beautiful. It rained down on the Pintler range with more intensity than it had all summer. Its radiance was a motivating factor, as we had been out late the night before and had struggled through the daily office tedium. There was a distinct exuberance about the trip. It's been said that Missoula is Montana's Paris, which couldn't have been truer for us. It was filled with cafes, women, pleasantries and conveniences that we had been deprived of for months.

We traveled calmly but eagerly-75 miles one way. We ate dinner at a bar. We drank a few beers. We bought a nasty pornographic magazine for a friend's bachelor party. But we had a purpose for this trip, other than killing a Thursday evening. JJ needed a mattress. He had found one in the newspaper, slightly used and a price low enough to make it appealing. He was to pick it up at an apartment somewhere near the public library.

We circled the block twice. We were sure we were at the right place. JJ said the mattress was supposed to be on the back porch. He had called the person that afternoon and he said he would leave it there. All he had to do was slide a check under the door.

JJ pulled the truck into the

driveway. Scott and I stayed in the truck. JJ knocked several times. He waited. No one answered. There was no mattress to be had. Scott and I let out a giggle. JJ shuffled back to the truck. His head was slightly bowed. "Fucking mattress isn't there," he said. Scott and I let out another giggle.

JJ pointed the truck towards the highway and headed towards home. We stopped at the Town Pump convenience store. We bought a case of Pabst Blue Ribbons for the ride. We grabbed three or four each. I stowed three extras in the glove compartment. JJ put the rest in the back of the truck.

We pulled out onto interstate 90 and headed south towards home. The windows were down. The sun was receding behind the Bitterroots. But it was warm enough to make it that rare Montana day when a few inconsistent beads of sweat can form on your brow from merely riding in a car. The wind blew through loudly. One of us mumbled something about a CD. Willie Nelson starting to play through the speakers. There was no discussion. From time to time, we would disharmoniously join Willie. We drank our beers-swiftly, ravenously, contently.

Darkness fell. The old truck hummed along the highway at about 85 mph. We reached Drummond and our exit to state Highway One. The cab was filled with empty beer cans. JJ stopped the truck in the middle of the exit ramp. He got the rest of the beer from the back and threw the

empties behind the cab. Not a word was exchanged. Willie did the talking.

We were home in forty-five more minutes. The beer was gone. It was completely dark. We went to our favorite watering hole. Ordered more beer. Played the jukebox. The conversation never began. The end of the week made us hopeful. Responsible only to ourselves and with the majestic Pintler range serving as a mote against the wider world of ambition and opportunity-we carried on, satisfied and indifferent.

Dan Copulsky ("That's Not the Way You Treat ...") and **Ted Lawless** ("Desperados Under the Eaves") didn't provide bios. You show 'em, fellers! Bios are for squares!

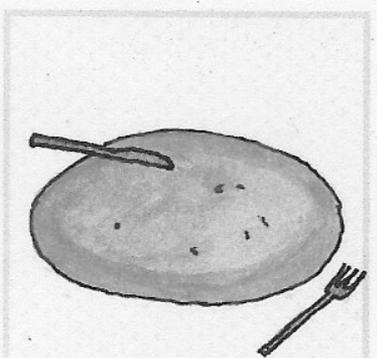
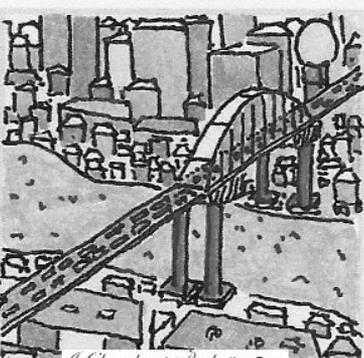
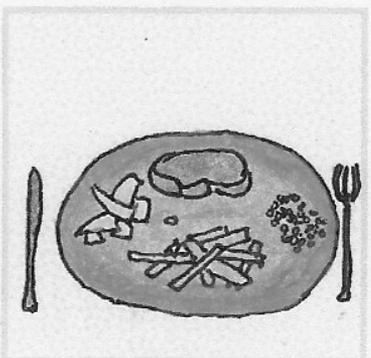
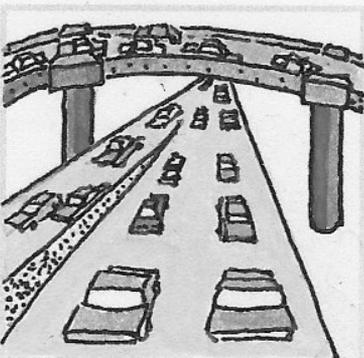
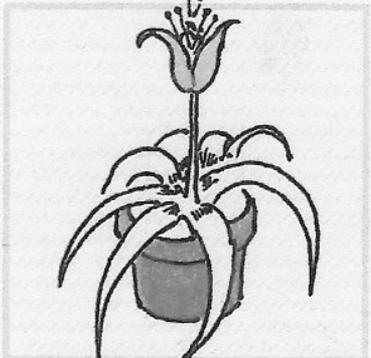
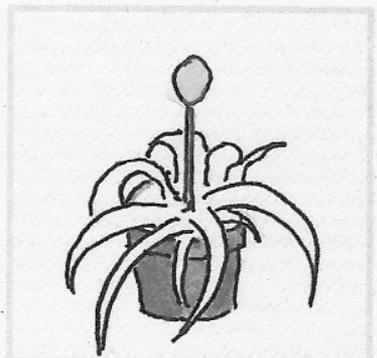
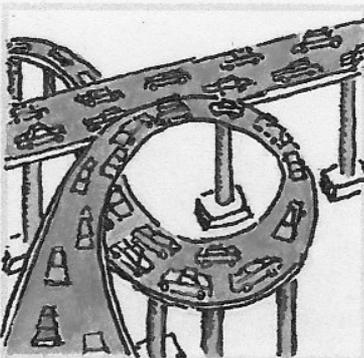
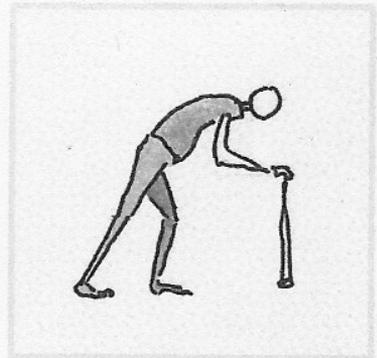
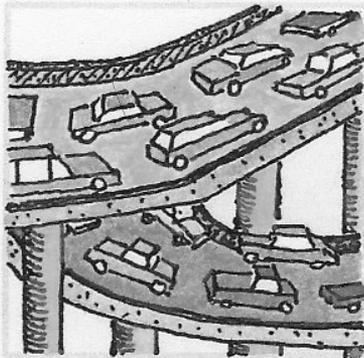
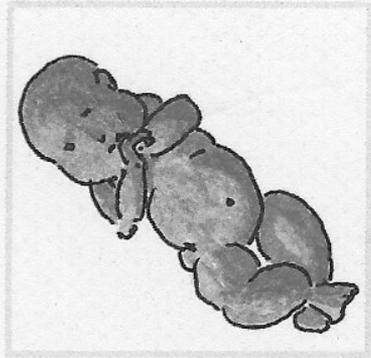
Not that these folks are square:

Matt Bender ("Ever Under, Reaching") is a descendant of Erik the Red, father of Lief, or so he claims.

Allen Sessions ("Hi-Way") recently doodled 17 years away as a molecular geneticist. He now doodles and does carpentry in Raleigh, NC.

McKenzie ("Sinister Bedfellows") is an old pal of ours who used to give us comix all the time. We'll take what we can get, I reckon.

HI-WAY



Shakori Hills

Grassroots Festival

of Music & Dance

Donna the Buffalo, The Sam Bush Band
 The Duhks, Preston Frank, Quetzal
 Eilen Jewell, The Biscuit Burners
 Big Fat Gap, Steep Canyon Rangers
 Sim Redmond Band, Corinne West
 Keith Frank & The Soileau Zydeco Band
 Carolina Chocolate Drops, Joe Thompson
 Rajamani, Green Grass Cloggers
 Benton Flippen, Turtle Duhks
 Randy Whitt & The Grits, Saludos Compay
 John Specker, Ralph Rodenberry
 The Overtakers, Memphis the Band
 CX1 Black Hole & The Bluegrass Boys
 Bombadil, The Believers, Cyrill Lance

October 5,6,7,8 Silk Hope, NC



Photo: Todd E Gaul

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 Four Days, Four Stages, Dance Tent, On-site Camping, Foods, Crafts, Kids' Area
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CAROLINA ROLLERGIRLS

vs.

SIN CITY ROLLERGIRLS
 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

SATURDAY
 SEP 16

PROVIDENCE ROLLER DERBY
 PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

SUNDAY
 NOV 19

ARIZONA ROLLER DERBY
 PHOENIX, ARIZONA

SUNDAY
 DEC 10

DOORS 5:30 PM • GAMES 6:30 PM

TICKETS

CarolinaRollergirls.com
 Percolator Lounge, Schoolkids (Raleigh)
 Skate Ranch

ADVANCE

\$10 adult / \$5 kids

DOOR

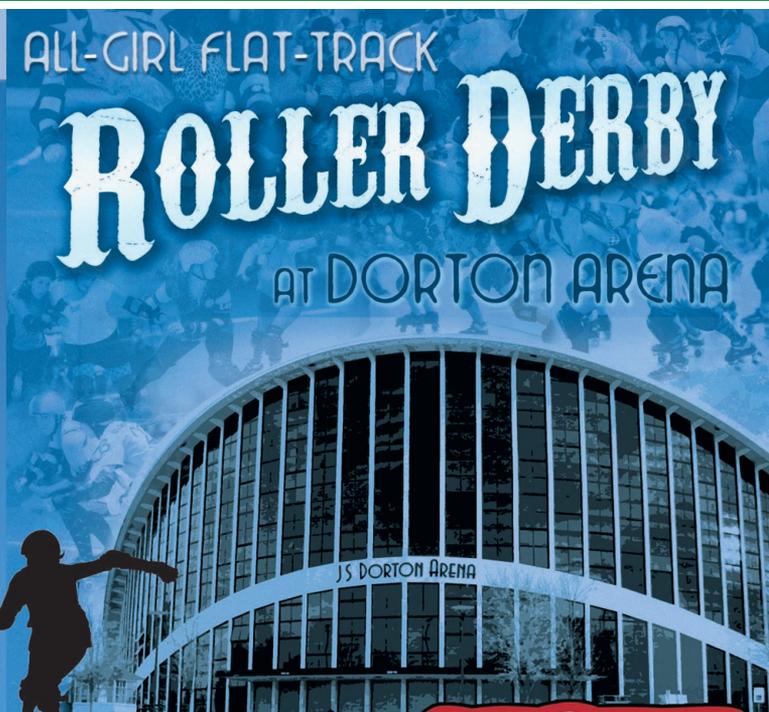
\$12 adult / \$6 kids



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ROLLER DERBY

AT DORTON ARENA



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