

*Pull over! Can't you see there's a parade coming?
Shake it up with Cameron Mitchell, Shelly Hehenberger,
Howie Good, Adam Thorn,
Phil Juliano's "Best In Show" and The Dream Journal.*

The Blotter

August 2009

MAGAZINE



THE SOUTH'S UNIQUE, FREE, INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE AND ARTS MAGAZINE

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Wouldn't wanna be a press release.
People would think that I was just good
fun.

Front cover "Compass" by Shelly
Hehenberger. See centerfold and
page 12 for more.

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"Future! Future!"

By 1983 I was in charge of a small cadre of telephone operators who had flown with me to the Lexington manufacturing facility to learn all aspects of the Electronic Typewriter line that was going to show the world that IBM was a technology leader, not merely a big-iron dinosaur. We were duly impressed by the gee-whiz robotics that built the typewriters, and by the many features of the typewriters themselves, bells and whistles that were going to simplify the lives of secretaries around the world, even before the phrase "bells and whistles" was a tag line in *buzz-word bingo* games across this great land.

Then one afternoon a manager I didn't like asked me to have a meeting. I suppose I didn't like him because he was older. Most of us were in our twenties, just out of school, holding the first real jobs that didn't involve fries or double-bagging. With his Ringo Starr haircut and 1970's baleen whale mustache, he was an amalgam of piteous attempts at cool. I really wasn't interested in anything he had to say.

"I want you to come work with me," he said. His voice was surreptitiously secretive as if he really wanted to say *I'm not offering this to everyone. Just special folks like you.* This was the other reason I didn't like him – I'd been taught that IBM was open and fair and that managers would naturally talk to each other about the best use of their employees, place them where they could do the company the most good. Bonk! (The sound of God smacking me in the back of my head with the flat of his hand.)

"Well, I appreciate it, but I'm in charge of technical support for the new typewriter line," I replied with a certain confident disdain. This was true – I had become the new go-to guy, way – View Halloo!! - out there on the cutting edge of pedal-powered flight and homing-pigeon communications. Electronic Typewriters, you understand, were going to sell like crazy, and we were going to teach folks how to use them! *I know, I know, it was incredible to us, too.*

"Let me explain. I'm putting together a crack team of guys and gals to sell the new Personal Computers by phone," Mr. Cool said smarmily, as if he was telling me some incredible news but not the insider stuff that he would hold back until he got my signature somewhere. He explained all about purchase orders and delivery schedules and custom model configuration, and like you I was bored, bored, bored. Besides, I was with Electronic Typewriters. Hadn't he heard me?

In the fullness of time I realized that I had been wrong about technology. I missed my generation's whiz-bang express. Or, being IBM, it was the whiz-bang local, with train changes in Stanford and Hartford. Whoosh! "Oh, there goes Bill. See ya' Gates, you freak!" Sort of like booking passage on the *Lame-oh*, Columbus's fourth ship that had the small leak in aft steering, *no problem, Cristobal, we'll catch you on the next go-round.* (I did, on the other hand, stay in close electronic-note contact with the typewriter division's engineers on one of IBM's early versions of e-mail, so I wasn't a total *luddite*, although there's no escaping the truth that sometimes things change before they change and if you can't see the signs in the distant smoke, or read beyond the bad packaging, you can end up under a dust-cover in a corner closet.)

And so it goes, in this case with writing and publishing. The changes are a-coming, they're on the horizon, storm-clouds, anvils thirty-five thousand feet high in a million shades of gray. So maybe they bring rain to the dustbowl. Or maybe hailstones on our fledgling wheat crop.

We've seen such tectonic drift before. If the bricks and mortar of record stores aren't gone the way of the dodo, they're at least as gone as a platypus - hard to find and not so cute and cuddly. No self-respecting teenager (there's an oxymoron) purchases tapes or CDs or any hard-copy of their chosen music functionality. They download it. (Once upon a time they downloaded it for free, because it was there. When *the industry* clamped down on free, they downloaded it for as close to free as they could get, like Che sneaking guns through the jungle.) What's next for music? Who knows?

The book publishing world is trying to get its head around the idea of online publishing, online books, *downloadable* books. Amazon's "Kindle" is a good start towards a solution. Frankly, I think what happens next is out of the hands of the publishing folks. Self-publishing, print-on-demand books, books downloadable to a "Kindle" like device for some small fee, all of these ideas ignore *the industry*, leave it in the typewriter dust. Publishers will adjust, try to steer the dinosaur into the sharp turn. People love books, they tell us. Palpable, warm, turnable pages. So we will definitely keep the old model for the old-model readers and authors, until they both become food for (book) worms. For all you new guys, well, here's how it goes: no advances. Self publish. Self-market. If they want you, agents will come looking for you. Websites that link to merch sites that link to publishers and printers. Book kiosks in airports that spin titles and story synopses like old jukeboxes used to spin forty-fives. Jack in your *Kindle* X-dot-oh, downloads are a dollar-fifty for the long flight home. Hey, why not kiosks next to the parking meters at the beach. You might still have a NY Times Bestseller, but no millions of copies in print. No "Harry Potter" wealth.

And what's the tipping point? Watch what the textbook folks do. If textbook writers and publishers figure out that they can do it right, publish ten or twenty-dollar downloadable versions of their hundred dollar tomes (and saving paper and ink and storage fees) they will have skirted the pop music lemmings over the cliff scene.

But you writers, you poets. Heads up! I am looking over an edition I found in a dollar-bin. 2007. "Best New Poets." Emerging voices who imagine some kind of fame, recognition for your MFA's effort. You want to be in print, in magazines, in chapbooks and collections, invited to read, to be heard, to drink sherry and talk about your craft, be patted on the back and sign your name with a fountain pen. You are like the young Cheyenne teenagers who climbed their ponies up out of the *Medicine Tail Coulee* to take on the Seventh Cavalry. There's futile, and there's really, really futile. The dream of being as comfortingly quotable as Robert Frost, or even the possibility of Emily Dickinson's posthumous fame are ether in a morning breeze. You see, there is only celebrity. There'll be no readings, only shout-outs and slams. There will be no long-form articles in competent journals, only contests with reading-fees. "Everyone writes poetry" will ring in your ears. You'll find a job teaching. You will be sent links to submission-sites by well-meaning lovers. I think that's OK. But if you wanted to be a famous poet, well, you picked the wrong century. And the wrong language. (Being a nineteenth-century Russian poet wasn't all beer-and-skittles either.) I think you'll keep writing because, so far, people still want to read, even if in ever shrinking IM-bites. It's time to see the writing on the walls. Maybe it's time to write on those walls ourselves.

Garry - chief@blotterrag.com

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CAUTION

Please be advised that somewhat occasionally we neglect all proprieties of good taste and form. There, I said it. I hope you're happy.

"Packing Him Up"

by Cameron L. Mitchell

He doesn't have a suitcase, so I'll have to use his black duffel bag. They say he'll only be gone for about four or five days – an extended weekend, basically. No, no suitcase anywhere, never having much reason to travel. He wants to change that of course, but in the meantime, there is no suitcase at all. He didn't carry one from childhood to college and then to the now after all that since his family never bought him one; they most certainly never travelled, or so he tells me. And I believe him. I've met his family, the ones he still talks to anyway.

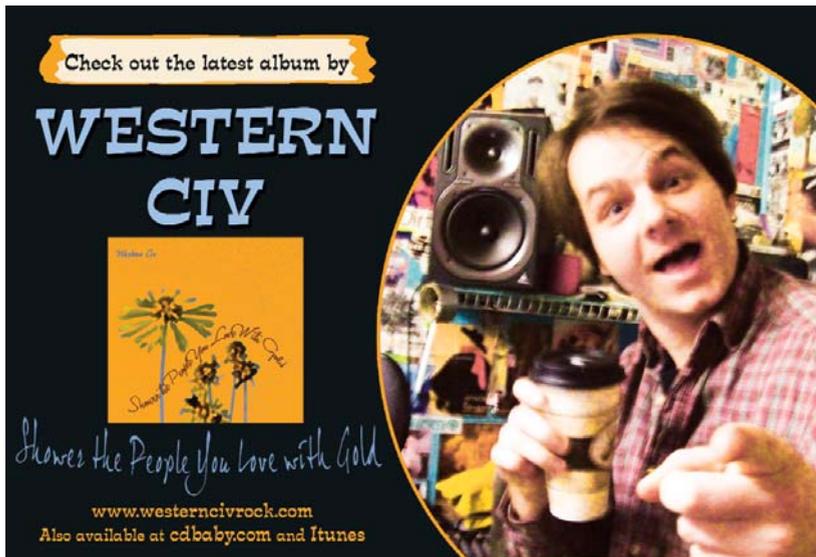
They are a nice and simple people for the most part. You wouldn't necessarily expect their arms to be so open wide when meeting me. I'm not exactly sure how he described our relationship initially, but they do know how important I am to him. How important – that feels odd to acknowledge at a time like this.

This packing I'm doing is for John, my friend, my – something. That's the tricky thing about us; we've yet to really define what we are, even after these three years. I know this much is true: John loves me, and

no matter how much he might deny it, he's stuck on me in such a dangerous way. Knowing he feels this way, I hold a certain power over him since I do not enjoy those exact same inclinations. I don't feel like I hold any dominance or control over John, but I bet he would say I do. That is, if he's being totally honest.

John, so common a name, he would say often. *That's me, common, plain, dirt-poor white trash.* I can hear him saying it now. Not really hear him at this moment, but his voice in my head as I do this. You better believe he's not common. And he knows it, which is why he can say such careless things with that sly smirk or grin of his. I'm never quite sure if he's grinning or smirking – on the verge of laughter or about to burst into an embarrassed fit of tears.

That's what he did months ago when I first told him of my plans. He looked at me long and hard, his gaze searing straight through me, seeing me like he always does in a way that no one else has, driving me almost mad myself. Maybe his lips trembled then, after I told him I had to move away. I just remember the glare. I just remember him turning away, retreating to his bedroom and



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burying his face into his blue comforter. And I went to him to offer my own comfort but he wouldn't rise again to look at me. I even tried pulling him back up, but he's stronger than he looks. He resisted me, preferring a certain death over letting me see his tears at my news.

So I left him like that. What else, I ask, could I have done?

That was a while back, but I know that's when it started. That's what brought me straight to where I am now. That's what brought us both here – me packing him up and him out there.

I will fold his clothes neatly, arranging them perfectly since I know a thing or two about packing things up in the tidiest, most space-efficient ways. If he were in my place right now, he'd put clothes away for me too. But they wouldn't be folded neatly. He'd struggle with them, haphazardly folding them, stuffing them into my big green army bag. He would know to use that bag. We know these things about each other.

He knows I like the Army bag despite what it might represent. The Army bag for the Army brat that is no longer a part of all that. Fresh from the dismissal is when I first met John. Back then, how I so

appreciated his openness, his way of not judging me. Everyone else judged. My family included. What a miserable predicament I had gotten myself into, having ended up cast out of a career that was more than that. It was something that I thought would be a life – my life. Serving one's country, that is the life I know. It is the life enjoyed by my father, by my sister.

How ashamed I was when I met John. So ashamed, walking around like a scared puppy with its tail hidden between its legs. I think he made that comparison. But it wasn't automatically easy between us. He yelled at me a lot back then. He offered a kind of unconditional acceptance, but is there really ever such a thing? After all, he yelled when I spoke

of being a Republican. He yelled when I said I agreed with the Bush policies.

You're fucking gay, he screamed over the phone as I drove back from work to my mother's place. *You think the president or any of his merry men would tolerate you for a second knowing that?*

I disagreed with him and showed him he wasn't the only one who could scream. The nerve of him to actually hang up on me! Later, we'd laugh about it all, and he even apologized for being so harsh. *There are just some things that get me riled up*, he said. And that excited me. He was so different. He offered a new way of looking at things. And yes, I came around about the Republican thing. Even John would say that's not to his

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credit – that is, while he’s calm and not in one of his frantic moods. He’d acknowledge that it is I who found my own way. He merely helped a bit along the way.

I owe a lot to John, but I do not owe him my life. And, sometimes, I think he wants that. Sometimes, I don’t know what John wants. I’m not sure he even knows what he wants.

He’ll need his sandals and a pair of tennis shoes. He likes having choices. There are of course the basic things everyone would know to pack: his toothbrush, clean underwear, pants, shorts, shirts – things like that. But I don’t think others would know to pack his face cream. It comes in a little green tube and supposedly keeps his skin from getting oily throughout the day. He wears it everyday. He’d feel strange without it. His face gets a little shiny, but I’m not sure the cream makes a big difference.

There’s also the notebook and pen for him to write. He’s always writing something, filling up tiny little notebook after notebook. His latest one, the one I’ll pack, sits on top of some unopened mail scattered across our coffee table. Sometimes he just makes lists of things he

needs to do over the next couple of weeks. Other times, he outlines ideas for stories. He’s not such a bad writer, really, even if some of the stories he’s let me read are a bit scattered, a bit abstract and hard to comprehend. Often, he speaks in riddles on the page. I told him once a story almost gave me a headache to read.

Good, he said. Imagine the pain it caused me.

Oh, Lord, I wonder if they’ll even let him keep a pen. Maybe I’m being silly, but a pen could be used as a weapon. I’ll pack it anyway. No matter how snug I get everything in his bag, I’m sure someone will go through it before it reaches him. Let them take the pen away if they must. At least I tried.

I make another trip to the bathroom to see if I’ve missed anything else he’ll need. There, in the mirror, I hesitate, surprised at the dark circles around my eyes. I hope he knows this isn’t easy for me either. I’ve barely slept a wink since the other day. Since our fight.

He was mad that I had another date but equally frustrated that he had no logical reason to be upset. We are not lovers, regardless of the fact that neither

one of us has seriously dated anyone since we met. John and I do everything together, so I can understand the confusion. In the midst of downing another drink, he yelled at me that I wasn’t spending enough time with him. Knowing I’d be moving eventually, he thought it terrifically cruel that I should choose that moment closest to the end to strike out for romance.

The dating thing just kind of happened. Maybe I needed to prove, once and for all, that I wasn’t as tied to John as it seemed to everyone. Some of my closest friends – friends I had even before John – laugh at the two of us as we deny that we’ll ever be lovers.

This apartment we share is full of pictures. John’s been careful to include shots of friends and family members, but I now see clearly that most of the photos are of just the two of us. There’s the one taken on our trip to the North Carolina coast. We stand smiling with the expansive, eternally blue ocean behind us. Can you believe that was the first time John had seen the ocean? In his early twenties and only a few hours from the coast, yet this was his first time seeing it. I am glad to have witnessed his awe.

That was an easy weekend jaunt with no great need for suitcases. We got matching tattoos during that trip. They are Hebrew letters, taken from John’s former fascination with Kabbalah. He got me into it as well. We never took it too seriously, but we shared a curiosity for the beliefs – and for the aesthetically pleasing look of the Hebrew letters. We laughed when strangers asked about the ink we both have on our right wrists. They would have



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thought it strange that we were Jews with tattoos since, apparently, that's often considered a big no-no; equally, they found it strange that we were mere gentiles who thought Hebrew letters were cool.

Yes, we have matching ink. Later, I'd add additional letters to encircle my wrist, creating a permanent Hebrew bracelet. John left his alone.

Another picture shows us all dressed up to go out clubbing. How often we've gone out to the gay clubs saying we'd try to meet guys but knowing we really wouldn't.

I wish he would take the pictures down. Maybe I should. It could make things easier.

This picture, again of just the two of us, doesn't do John justice. You can see his eyes are blue, but the camera's failed to capture him or give anyone a real idea of what's behind those eyes. I saw everything behind those eyes of his rise to the surface the other night when we fought.

I wonder what John saw in my eyes when everything got really bad. My eyes are green, not blue like his. I must remember this. While John says that my eyes change colors, taking on a slight blue tint at times, they are still very different from his eyes.

So I had a few drinks myself. No matter, for I can hold things together much better than John. And I didn't have any tiny white pills that I washed

down with the cocktail. Maybe it was a combination of the pills, of the alcohol, of the unrest in his head that brought on the fury that night. I do not know for sure. All I do know is, for a brief moment, looking into his eyes, I clearly saw everything I love and hate about John, all rolled up into one tangled, suffocating moment.

Before this moment, he spat things out at me with the ugliest tongue. He had created me, he madly screamed. I owed him everything, or so he said.

John with his crazy Jesus yearnings, thinking he saved me. Thinking he could save anyone.

It was too much. He raised an arm to me, and I grabbed it. I raised my own fist and he laughed at me. *Go on then, get it over with*, he screamed.

There has never been violence between us. John has known too much violence already. I have had my own share. But this couldn't happen. It couldn't escalate further.

So I fled. He tried to stop me, crying out for me to just stay.

Please, just stay.

I could not stay. I had to escape. If not then, I'm not sure

how much worse things would have gotten. On the verge of losing myself, of losing control over what I might do next, I chose to run.

And now here I am, back to the apartment, the silence of John's absence deafening. Here I am, packing a few things up for him. Here I am.

Can you believe that he called me once he realized what was about to happen? A mutual friend he called first, which was either a huge mistake or a lifesaver. We might never know for sure. This friend, she tried convincing him that he needed help. She tried to make him go in voluntarily.

But no, he called me. I didn't want to answer but could not ignore the ringing. His voice on the phone, sent across one cellular tower to the next, finally finding its way to me, so desperate, asking – begging me – what to do, what to do?

Can they do this?

No, no, they can't, I said.

They can't just take you away.

But they can. And they did.

And I know he threw a fit. No matter how crazy things could get between us or between the walls of that head of his, he

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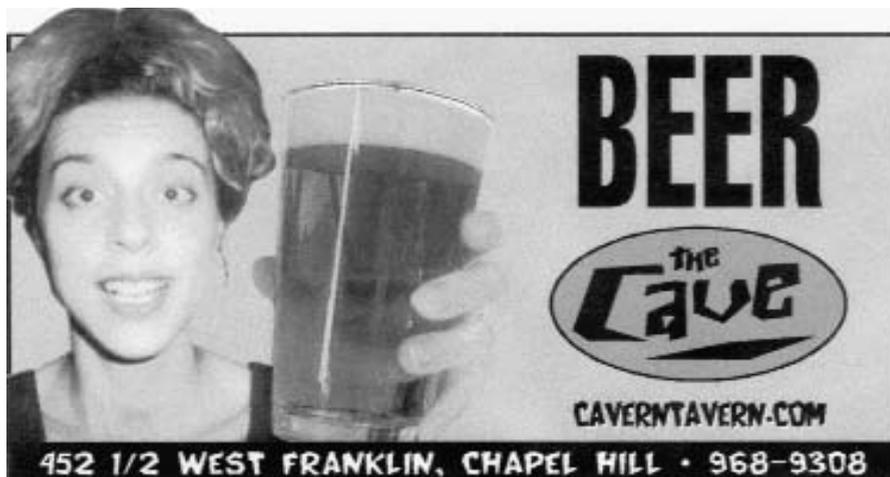
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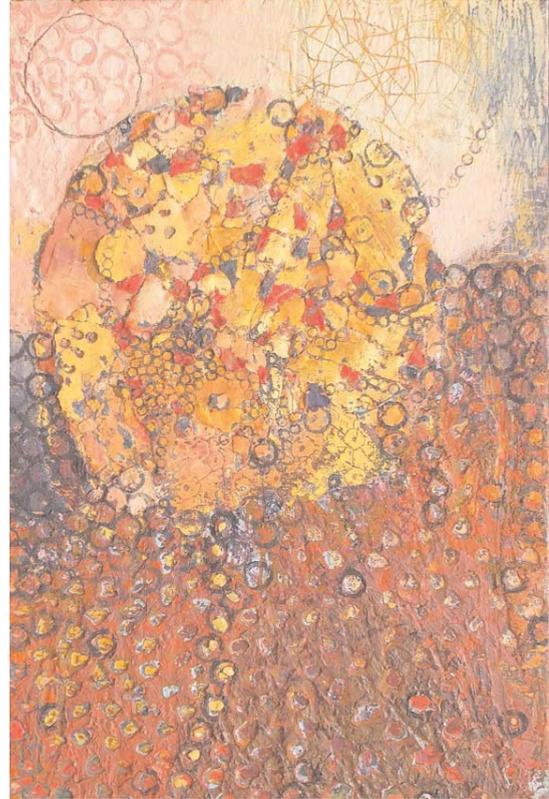


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Far left: Identity

Left: Paradigm

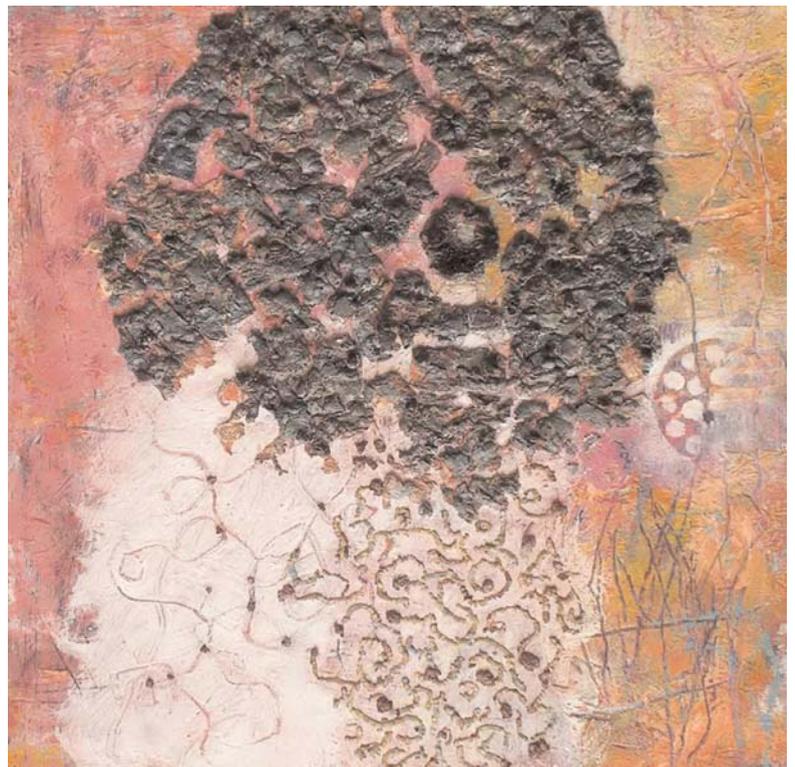
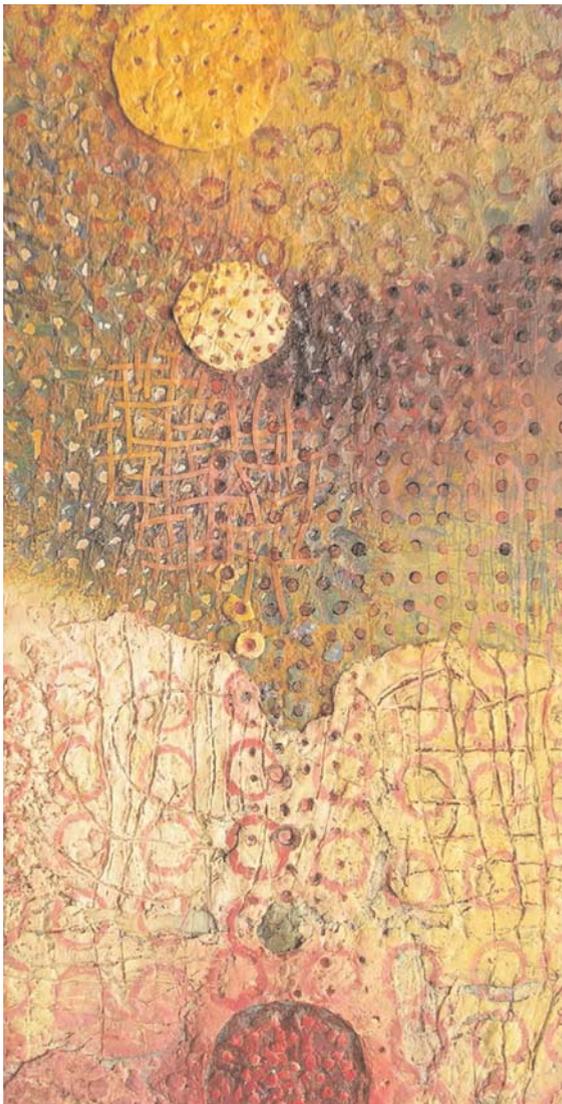
Right: Sequence

Below right: Understory

Below: Succession

Below left: Ecotone

Page 12: Juxtaposition



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garnered a kind of control still. He organized the chaos. Like his bedroom, always cluttered, he joked that he could tell if anyone went through his belongings. *It looks a mess in there, he'd say. But I know where everything is. And believe you me, I can tell when a sheet of paper has been ruffled, when a CD has been borrowed – I notice the smallest details despite the mess everyone else sees.*

Not being able to call the shots in there, I know he must be going mad. They've told me not to talk to him no matter what. I guess it's for the best, for now, but I fear John needs me the most right now.

So I'll finish up this packing for him. Nobody knows what he needs like me. I'll put in an extra pack of cigarettes, for what else will he have to do in there?

After I'm done with his bag, I must go and pack my own. I can't be here when he gets back.



The Blotter Long Form Fiction Prize For novella and novel length works.

We're looking for a few good books. Maybe you've got one, stuffed in a cedar closet or a sea-chest. Something dear to your heart, scribed in the blood and sweat of your imagination. So let us have it already! Quit teasing us with that cocktail chatter about how someday you're going to go get an agent and then you'll quit working the day-shift with Spartacus at the sulphur mine and buy that villa in Capua. No more stalling. Here's what to do:

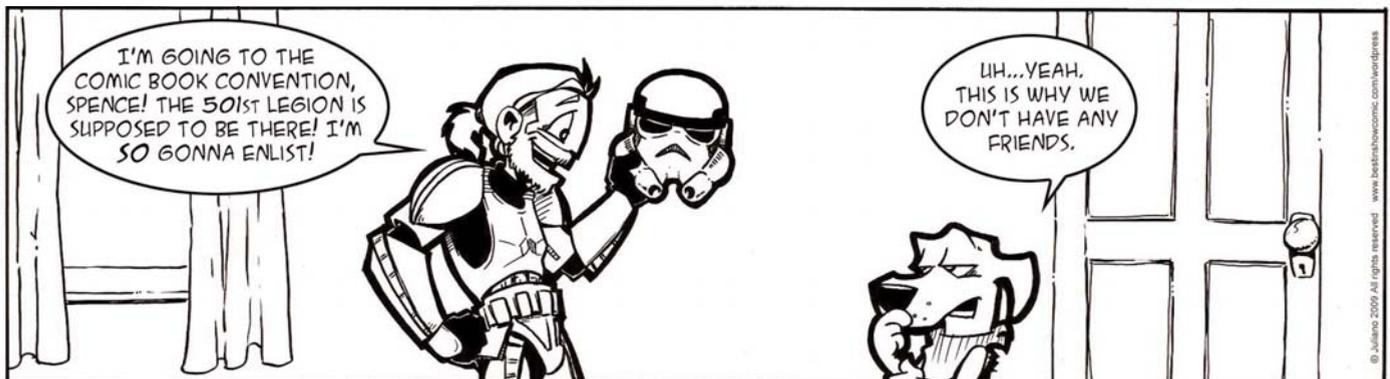
Send us the opening of your novel (or novella). You know, the first chapter - no less than 10 pages, no more than 20, typed & double-spaced. Add a one-page synopsis of the book (this can be single-spaced); and an entry fee (check or MO of \$25.00 US). You have to have the entire novel written! (because if you win, we'll want to see the whole enchilada.)

First prize is \$500, plus a "library" of books selected by The Blotter (many signed by the authors.) Second prize is \$125, again with a "library" of recent releases. Third prize will be just the "library". All placements, including honorable mentions, will receive an award certificate, proof positive of your success as an author, suitable for showing your mom.

We'll start accepting entries October 1 of 2009, and cut off on January 31, 2010, announcing the winners in May of that year.

Send entries to: **Blotter Fiction Contest, PO Box 2153, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515.**

"Best In Show" by Phil Juliano



"REFRIGERATE AFTER OPENING"

by Howie Good

When I wake at last from a hundred-year nap,
my wife is still on the phone

attempting to reason
with the Disputes Department,

and our daughter,

the beautiful, black-haired barista
who lives in a distant city,

is finishing up a double shift.
Her back was turned to me

throughout my dream,
her sun-brown shoulders shaking

as if she were crying.
Was it the small table of ghosts

that so upset her,
or had she seen reflected in the metal surfaces

water birds stupidly stumbling about on land?
There's nothing more honest than failure.

The spruce tree may become a cello,
but the heart – the heart chokes on its own blood.



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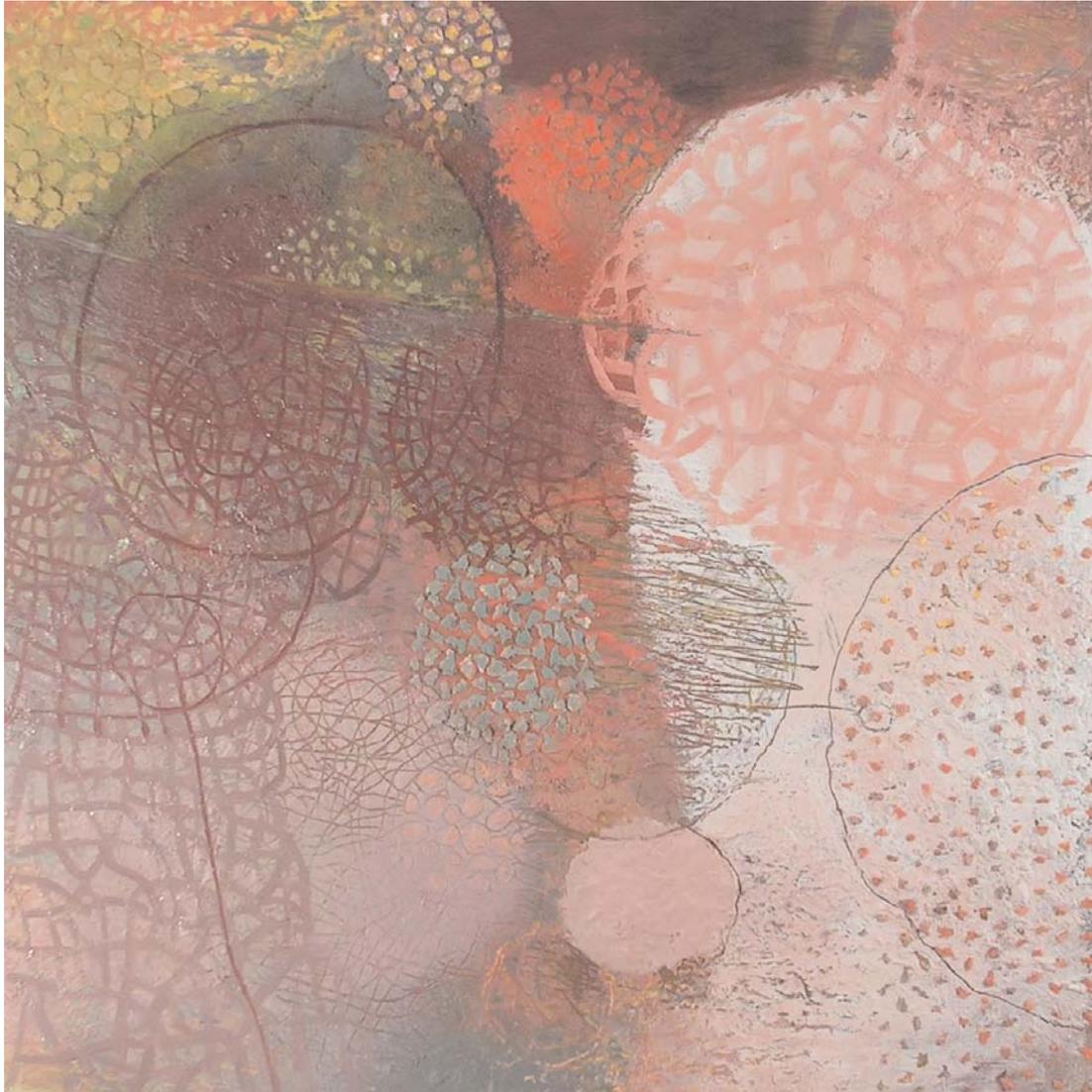
In her own words: The art of Shelly Hehenberger

Chaos and Cosmos - the process of art making as a paradigm for the living world

My work focuses on the intriguing process of drawing and painting as it is reflected in the patterns and processes of living things existing at all levels of nature. My way of working balances on an edge between the wholeness and connectedness of cosmos, and the unknown, uncontrollable, even dangerous territory of chaos.

I am interested in the ever-changing cycles of life as they exist in all their diversity within realms that are not readily seen. I often use patterning and other imagery which suggests microscopic or subatomic life forms. I am particularly fascinated by the theoretical idea of a unified field existing in a world seemingly fraught with entropy, and I strive to reflect this in the way I work.

For example, as I work on many pieces at once, I am constantly either layering marks or masking them out; taking surfaces apart or reassembling them in other forms. This continuous cycling and re-cycling of the materials creates a sense of the deconstruction of chaos connected to the creative energy of cosmos that exists at all levels of life. I find that I am drawn to both, to their mysterious interaction, and that tension is the driving force of my work.



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"Pop Nights" by Adam Thorn

Have you ever been abducted out at Lake Taumerson in late July by a UFO,
a Mexican construction worker with a sweet tooth for the flesh of young men,
or those pure intentions demanding to know why in the name of rock n' roll
you have become a fashion accessory to your own ideas?

After the Kayaks have been bolted up in the Aluminum shed
the family vans take the baboon children far from the gravel lot.
Anything goes at Taumerson Lake where Dana Heartwig's body was discovered floating on the bank, decapi-
tated, last October.
You turn to think and your old thoughts have gone to sit in movie theaters all day.

After the energy beam sucked you up did the occupants of ship X22M tell you the same thing they did me
before the hypnosis operation?
That the Science fiction novel is a dead language,
that the alien duo from the Simpsons is offensive, and the X Files are historical documents?
Since we fear rape and murder we lie to them about everything.
That's why they study hypnosis as a hobby, did they tell you that?
They wear belts around their doughy waists that dispense q-tips. Did you see?
Their hands magnetized to collect dust work indefatigably over fat black windows.
Above all they tossed me back in the cornfield because I have a dirty mind.

Did George, Jose, or Cortez spit between your legs before prying them apart on a blanket or
spin you around and around then spread you out up against the lookout tower?
With a rope around my neck and a letter in red you can't bury me.

And when all the papers and lamps in your rented apartment on Pomroy Place
are scooted one inch to the right,
all at once five minutes before you get home on Thursday nights do you know that it's me?
Who saw you tremble in braces,
Crying when Tommy Anton whammed you with that skateboard.
Who knows that you used to feed the Billy Goats in Siler City cigarette butts.

Do you tell yourself it is the land lord blood hounding for drugs?
Or the hungry crows that caw at the playground across the street in the morning-
"Corpse, corpse, corpse"
"No I'm just resting" You plead to congregation who shuffle modified dinosaur feet on the woodchips.

So your life gets abbreviated with a few cups of coffee a day, with a how are you too
as the asking smile fades, as the asking smile fades not knowing what it takes apart.
With a few drinks toward the end of the week.
In College Hill the doomed orgasms moan for dollar drafts and the bar tender goes into
Non-disagreeable machine mode, look it's 1 a.m.
The shaded lights hide the scars and things meant for feeling tomorrow.
The spirits move through bodies.
The Replacement's Alex Chilton never gets old.
You know I'll be waiting in the car.

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

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@blotterraag.com

I've noticed that peripheral vision has no place in my dreams. Anything outside my focal point is extraneous, less real even than dream real. At what level does the edge exist? Flatworld, misty, where dirt and rocks slide and tumble off into nothing, or onto the back of the turtle standing on a turtle into infinity.

Are the freckles on the girl who takes my drink order not there, unless I watch as she whisks away the empty glass and soggy bills from the stool's previous tenant? What about the street signs and window curtains and yard flowers and other things that I cannot be bothered with? Are they not there, except in an expectation that I have for places, a notational reality only.

Therefore, I wonder how much my dreams are telling me about myself, that I do not spend enough of myself at the periphery to gather the nuts and bolts of detail in order to transplant them to my, if you will, subconscious. Colors fade as if sun-bleached. Everything simplifies, loses its fractal complexity and interest. And if my head can turn to see, bringing a new angle into focus, my eyes cannot turn in their sockets, capturing an additional fact.

And thank goodness that no one can extract our dreams in toto from us, like videos for rent, so that I cannot be revealed as linear, tunnel-visioned, crystalline, boring.

DT - cyberspace

CONTRIBUTORS

Cameron Mitchell grew up in the small, mountain town of Burnsville, North Carolina. He earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He's had articles and short stories published in various magazines and journals and hopes to publish a memoir soon. He currently resides in New York City.

Shelly Hehenberger writes, "I received a BA in Fine Arts from Indiana University in 1990. I did my graduate work at the University of Cincinnati, earning an MFA degree in painting in 1994. I live near Chapel Hill, North Carolina." She was recently part of a group show at Caldwell Arts Council Gallery in Lenoir, and is currently solo at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church in Chapel Hill.

Howie Good, a journalism professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz, is the author of eight poetry chapbooks, including *Tomorrowland* (2008) from *Achilles Chapbooks* and *Love Is a UFO* (2009) from *Pudding House*. He has been nominated three times for a Pushcart Prize and twice for the Best of the Net anthology. His full-length book of poetry, *Lovesick*, is due from *Press Americana* this summer. You can drop in on him at

<http://apocalypsemambo.blogspot.com/>

Adam Thorn writes, "I grew up in Emerald Isle where the population fluctuates with the season. I'm living in Greensboro now and I'm in my early twenties. I wake up in Greensboro and think 'I live in Greensboro and I got fired from YUM YUMs. What to do?'"

Phil Juliano. Dad says, "who is this guy? He reminds me of Walt Kelly." And Dad would know.

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Sol Driven Train ~ Stop, Drop & Roll ~ The Old Ceremony
The New Familiars ~ Mad Tea Party ~ Luminescent Orchestrïi
The Steve Johnson Band ~ Boulder Acoustic Society
William Walter & Co. ~ Spiral ~ Morwenna Lasko & Jay Pun
Sxip Shirey ~ Blues and Lasers ~ Barcelona Institute of Gospel
Whitetop Mountain Band ~ Blue Mule ~ Kat Mills
Ananda Bellydance ~ 3 Minute Lovin' ~ The Transmitters
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